

EDITION 183
USHICILELO 183

English
IsiXhosa



We are 10 years old!

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



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.



Sineminyaka eli-10 ubudala!

Kulo nyaka, iphulo likaNal'ibali lokufundela ukuzonwabisa libhiyozela isikhumbuzo sonyaka we-10! Ngonyaka wama-2012, uNal'ibali wasungulwa njengephulo lelizwe lokufundela ukuzonwabisa. Injongo yalo yayikukumeka nokumilisa inkubeko yokufunda kuMzantsi Afrika uphela ukuze ukufunda, ukubhala nokwabelana ngamabali – ngazo zonke iilwimi zoMzantsi Afrika – kube yinxalenye yobomi bemihla ngemihla. Ukwenza loo mbono uzaliseke, uNal'ibali uvelise amabali abantwana amaninzi amangalisayo ngazo zonke iilwimi zoMzantsi Afrika. La mabali kwabelwana ngawo kulwimi-mbini wohlelo lwethu, njengeencwadi eziprintiweyo namabali kanomathotholo, kwiwebhusayithi yethu nakumaqonga onxibelelwano, ukuze umntwana ngamnye onwabele ibali yonke imihla!

Umntwana ngamnye ukusuka ekuzalweni ukubheka phambili

Neentsana ngokwazo zinganako – yaye zimelwe ukuba – zonwabele ibali yonke imihla. Abantwana bafunda ukufunda ngokuqala bafundelwe baze bafunde ukuzifundela ngokwabo. Ngokuya uzifundela ngokuvakalayo kwaye uthetha neentsana, kokona zitsho zive ngakumbi. Ukwabelana ngeencwadi ezinemifanekiso, izicengcelezo namabali kunceda ukubafundisa isigama nolwimi – kuze kukhuthaze ingqondo yabo ukucinga! Ezi zizakhono ezingundoqo kwimpumelelo esikolweni, yaye kukuthi thina njengabantu abadala nabagcini babantwana ukubonisa isimilo sokufunda ukusukela oko besebancinane.

Yonke imihla imizuzu nje eli-15

Ukuzinika ixesha ufundela abantwana bakho kusuku oluxakekileyo kubabonisa indlela ababaluleke ngayo kuwe. Ukufundela abantwana bakho yonke imihla:

- ★ kwenza isiqhelo esonwabisa kuze kubancede ukuba babe ngabathandi beencwadi babe ngabafundi ubomi babo bonke.
- ★ kuthetha ukuba uyabenzela ixesha. Inkumbulo yamaxesha oneliso naye iya kuhlala kubantwana bakho ubomi babo bonke.

Yonwabelani amabali nilusapho

Enye yezona ndlela zokukhulisa ezilumkileyo esinokuzenza kubantwana bethu kukubamamela nokuthetha nabo nokwenza kunye izinto. Ezi zinto ziyazenzekela xa iintsapho zichitha kunye ixesha ngosuku ngalunye, kubaliswa yaye kufundwa kunye amabali.

Iimpumelelo ezi-4 ezilula

1. Funda ngolwimi lwabo.
2. Funda into abayithandayo.
3. Funda iincwadi eziprintiweyo.
4. Fundani kunye.



What's inside this BUMPER edition?

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



Yintoni equlethwe kolu shicilelo LUTYEBE KANGAKA?

- ★ Qalisa uhambo losapho lokufunda namhlanje! (iphepha 2)
- ★ Iindlela zokubhiyozela uSuku lokuFunda ngokuVakalayo lweHlabathi (iphepha 2)
- ★ Ipowusta entsha! (iphepha 3)
- ★ Incwadi ekhethekileyo kaNal'ibali esikwe-yaza-yaginwa ngoSuku lokuFunda ngokuVakalayo lweHlabathi
- ★ Amabali ali-10 aSuku lokuFunda ngokuVakalayo lweHlabathi ngesiNgesi (amaphepha 7–16) nangesiXhosa (amaphepha 17–26)
- ★ Ikona entsha yebali (amaphepha 30 nama-31)



Drive your
imagination



IT STARTS WITH
A STORY.
KONKE KUQALA
NGEBALI.

Celebrate World Read Aloud Day with us!

Each year Na'ibali 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 Na'ibali 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

Ukufunda kunye nulusapho kunganika iiyure zolonwabo. Yaye njenganto zonke ezonwabisa, ukufunda kungenzeka naninini na, naphi na! Funda ibali phambi kwexesha lokulala, emalanga, xa ulinde umntu okanye into, okanye xa niseluhambeni – naliphi na ixesha elikusebenzelayo!

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 Na'ibali 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!



Bhiyozela nathi uSuku lokuFunda ngokuVakalayo lweHlabathi!

Unyaka ngamnye uNa'ibali uvelisa ibali elikhethekileyo lokwabelana nawe ngoSuku lokuFunda ngokuVakalayo lweHlabathi. Ibali lalo nyaka, *Umbhiyozo epakini*, libhalwe ngumbhali woMzantsi Afrika uMabel Mnensa yaza imizobo yenziwa ngumkhathuni uRico yaye libonisa abanye abadlali bakaNa'ibali abathandwa kakhulu. Lifunde nosapho lwakho ngoluSuku lokuFunda ngokuVakalayo lweHlabathi, umhla wesi-2 kweyoMdumba 2022!

Qalisa uhambo lokufunda nosapho namhlanje!

Yenza isibhambathiso sokufunda ibali ngoSuku lokuFunda ngokuVakalayo lweHlabathi ngomhla wesi-2 kweyoMdumba 2022 uze ukhethe ukuqhubekela ufunda noNa'ibali unyaka wonke. Nantsi indlela yokwenza isibhambathiso:

- ★ Ndwendwela ku-www.nalibali.org/wrad-2022 ukubandakanya usapho lwakho, iklabhu yokufunda okanye isikolo.
- ★ Thumela lo myalezo ngoWhatsApp "WRAD" ku-0600 44 22 54 uze ulandele izikhokeli ukungena.
- ★ Khuphela kwi-intanethi ibali nangalo naluphi na ulwimi kwezili-11 zaseMzantsi Afrika, nangesiChichewa, isiFrentshi, isiLingala, isiPhuthukezi, isiShona okanye isiSwahili.
- ★ Ziqhelanise nokufunda ngokuvakalayo phambi kosuku olukhulu!
- ★ Khuthaza usapho lwakho nezihlobo ukuba nazo zenze isibhambathiso.

Singakwenza oku! Masikhuthaze isigidi seentsapho zaseMzantsi Afrika zifunde ngoSuku lokuFunda ngokuVakalayo lweHlabathi!

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 Na'ibali 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.

Iindlela zokubhiyozela uSuku lokuFunda ngokuVakalayo lweHlabathi

1. Yenza **umsebenzi webali** omnye okanye nangaphezulu kule icetyiselwe ukwenziwa kwibali *Umbhiyozo epakini* kwicandelo elithi "Yenza ibali linike umdla!" kwiphepha 29.
2. **Ekhaya:** Yibani noRhatya lokuFunda ngokuVakalayo nosapho nezihlobo. Fundelanani iincwadi enizithandayo nize nabelane ngokuba kutheni nizonwabela kangaka.
3. **Esikolweni sakho:** Lungisa indawo yokuFunda ngokuVakalayo neencwadi ezahlukeneyo ezifanelene nobudala babantwana obahlukeneyo. Cela amavolontiya ukuba afundele ngokuvakalayo amaqela abantwana kule ndawo ikhethekileyo ngalo lonke uSuku lokuFunda ngokuVakalayo lweHlabathi.
4. **Ekuhlaleni:** Lungiselela isici sokwabelana ngamabali kwithala lakho leencwadi okanye kwindawo yasekuhlaleni. Mema abantu abadala nabantwana beze bazokwabelana ngamabali usuku lonke. Ungafumana amaxwebhu eengcebiso ngeelwimi zaseMzantsi Afrika ezahlukeneyo onokuzikopa simahla kwi-intanethi kwicandelo "Lokwabelana ngamabali" kwiwebhusayithi kaNa'ibali: www.nalibali.org.
5. **Emsebenzini:** Cela abantu osebenza nabo ukuba baphise ngeencwadi ezinokunikezelwa kwisikolo sasekuhlaleni okanye kwiklabhu yokufunda. Cela abasebenzi ukuba bachithe ixesha befunda ngokuvakalalayo ngexesha lekhefu, ngelomhlango okanye emva komsebenzi.



Drive your
imagination



UMzantsi Afrika apho A South Africa where



umntwana ngamnye yonke imihla
onwabela ibali.



every child enjoys a story
every day.



Contact us in any of these ways:

Qhagamshelana nathi nangayiphi na enye kwezi ndlela zilandelayo:

www.nalibali.org

www.nalibali.mobi

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

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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.

Khulisa ingqokelela yeencwadi yosapho

Ndwendwela iwebhusayithi yethu, www.nalibali.org, ukufumana amabali okufunda ngolwimi lwakho lwasekhaya. Usengaphulaphula amabali amanyelwayo onokuwakhuphela simahla kwi-intanethi. Ngaphezu koko iwebhusayithi yethu ayibizi mali, into ethetha ukuba ungafikelela kuyo ungahlawulelanga data!

- ★ Fumana ikopi yasimahla yolwimi-mbini wohlelo lwethu eposini (iyi ku-<https://www.nalibali.org/story-resources/supplement-distribution> ukufumana ekufutshane nawe) okanye kwelinye lamaphephandaba akhankanywe ezantsi kumaphepha 1 nelama-32. Uhlelo ngalunye lunamabali amathathu: iincwadi ezimbini onokuzisika-uze-uzigcine nebali elidana kwiNdawo yamabali.
- ✓ Ncamathisela amabali eNdawo yamabali kumaxwebhu ekhadibhodi (umzekelo, ibhokisi endala yesiriyeli) uze uwogqume ngeplastikhi ukwenza ukuba ahlale ixesha elidana.
- ✓ Songa iincwadi onokuzisika-uze-uzigcine, uze uthunge okanye usebenzise isiteyipla ukudibanisa amaphepha ukuze zihlale ixesha elidana.
- ✓ Gcina iincwadi zakho ozisike-waza-wazigcina namakhadi amabali ebhokisini okanye elaphini okanye kwingxowa yeplastikhi.
- ★ Yiba nentengiso yenyama eyojiweyo okanye ikeyiki ukuqokelela imali yokuthenga iincwadi. Uze uthenge iincwadi kwivenkile yeencwadi ethengisa iincwadi ezindala nakwiimarike zangaphandle.
- ★ Cela usapho lwakho nezihlobo ukuba bakuphe isipho seencwadi.
- ★ Tshintshiselanani ngeencwadi nosapho nezihlobo.
- ★ Bhala awakho amabali abantwana kunye nabantwana. Uze udibanise amaphepha ukwenza incwadi.
- ★ Khangela amabali kumaphephandaba neemagazini. Wasike uze wenze amakhadi amabali.



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 IsiXhosa.
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.



Yenza iingqokelela zeencwadi zamabali EZIMBINI zeWRAD

1. Khupha amaphepha 7 ukuya kuma-26 olu hlelo.
2. Amaphepha 7 ukuya kuwi-16 enza incwadi enye yesiNgesi.
3. Amaphepha 17 ukuya kuma-26 enza incwadi enye yesiXhosa.
4. Songa amaphepha encwadi nganye phakathi ulandele umgca wamachokoza aluhlaza.
5. Sika ulandele umgca wamachokoza abomvu.
6. Thunga okanye usebenzise isiteyipla ukudibanisa amaphepha ukuwagcina ekunye.

Yenza incwadi ENYE onokuyisika-uze-uyigcine

1. Uxwebhu olunamaphepha 5, 6, 27 nama-28 lwenza incwadi enye.
2. Landela imiyalelo engezantsi ukwenza incwadi.
 - a) Songa uxwebhu phakathi ulandele umgca onamachokoza amnyama.
 - b) Yisonge phakathi kwakhona ulandele umgca oluhlaza.
 - c) Sika ulandele umgca onamachokoza abomvu.



Drive your imagination



Kodwa ngaphambi kokuba agqibe,
kwakala ingxolo kazi ekhenkceayo.
Wonke umntu wajongajonga efuna
ukubona ukuba inokuba yintoni.

"Kwakhle," watsho uTin. "NGOKU
MAKU...."

ezahlukeneyo.

UJosh wahlukuhla nentye. Zazinezandi
UJosh wahlukuhla eyokuqala waphinda

zimbi:

"Wamkelele Josh, watsho uTin. "Zama ezi nkatshaza

sakhe esiqhutywayo esinamavili asisa eqongeni.

UJosh waphakamisa isandla sakhe. Amadoda amabini apha kumisa isitilo

wahleka uTin.

"Ingaba ukhona umntu ongushapha? Uphi uJosh? Makancede eze apha,"

"UJosh! Chonga uJosh!" Wakhwaza watsho uNeo.

"Ngoku sidinga inkatshaza," watsho uTin.

around to see what it could be.

But before she could finish, there was a loud clanging noise. Everyone looked

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

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

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

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

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

"Josh! Pick Josh!" shouted Neo.

"Now we need a shaker," said Tin.



noHope dbabaza kuzisebenzisa.

igqamileyo kunye namaphosha. Kwakukwakhona neentonga zokubetha uNeo
zekofu ezazineziziko zeplastiki. Iinkonkxa zazihonjiswa ngephapha elimibala
bakugqabela eqongeni uTin wabathatha wabasa ngakwinkonkxa ezine ezinkulu

UNeo noHope babengabokugqala ukuphakamisa izandla zabo. Batha

"Okokugqala, ndiza kudinga ababethi bamagubvu ababini."

elingafezekisa eli phupha! "Wancuma uTin ejonge kuloo nginginye yabantu.

Utin walaqaza. "Iphi ibhendi? Yho! Andiyiboni nangoisihengele. Ayinguwo

umbhiyozo ngaphandle kwebhendi. Ndiza kudinga uncedo. Ligela lodwa

"Ewe, ewe!" yakhwaza yatsho inginginye.

ibhendi iWe Can ize kuninceda?"

"Nonke behu!" wakhwaza watsho uTin. "Masibhiyozeni! Okanye ingaba nifuna

Hope to use.

brightly coloured paper and buttons. There were also drumsticks for Neo and

took them to four large coffee tins with plastic lids. The tins were decorated with

Neo and Hope had their hands up first. As they climbed onto the stage, Tin

drummers."

this dream!" Tin smiled as she looked at the crowd. "First, I'm going to need two

not a party without a band. I'm going to need some help. Only a team can save

Tin looked around. "Where is the band? Oh no, I don't see them anywhere. It's

"Yebo, yesi!" shouted the crowd.

Band to help you?"

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

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.



UNeo, uJosh, uHope noGogo baphulaphule unomathotholo xa
besiva isibhengezo esichulumancisayo: IBhendi i-Tin and the We
Can iza kuba isenza umboniso epakini. Amagcisa asuka kwiindawo
zonke zaseAfrika, uBella ngqobo noNoodle basepakini. Kodwa iphi
iBendi i-We Can? UNeo, uHope, uJosh, uBella noNoodle
balindwe ngummangaliso.

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



UNal'ibali liphulo likazwelonke lokufundela ukuzonwabisa
elinjongo yalo ikukuvuselela nokwendiselisa inkcubeko
nesithethe sokufunda kuMzantsi Afrika uphela. Ukuze
ufumane iinkcukacha ezithe vetshe, ndwendwela
ku-www.nalibali.org okanye ku-www.nalibali.mobi



Drive your
imagination

A party at the park Umbhiyozo epakini

Mabel Mnensa
Rico Schacherl



World Read Aloud Day 2022
USuku lokuFunda ngokuVakalayo lweHlabathi 2022



UNeo wathi khakamfu ingalo kaHope. "Jonga," watsho, uTin useqongen! Kodwa iphi ibhendi iWe Can?"

Ngaphambi kokuba uHope aqhendle, uTin wasondela ngasembokweni. "Moweni!" watsho. "INGABA SELE NIKULUNGELA UKUJALA LO MBHIYOZO?"

"Ewe, ewe!" yakhwaza yatsho inginginya!

Utin waqalisa wadlala isiginci sakhe. "Phindani emva kwam," watsho njengoko eqalisa ukucula. "Unyawo lwasekhohlo emva,"

"Unyawo lwasekhohlo emva," yacula inginginya.

"Unyawo lwasekhohlo emva," watsho uTin.

"Unyawo lwasekhohlo emva," yacula

UJosh kunye noHope babencumle becula nabo, kodwa uNeo yena wayesadlaqaza ekhangela ibhendi.

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.



UNeo, uJosh kunye noHope, bonke babesendlwini kaGogo. Babethetha behlekela phezulu kumnandi.

"Shhhhh!" watsho uGogo. "Andiva ukuba bathini kunomathotholo. Yizani, sonke masimameleni inkqubo yam endiyithandayo."

Wonke umntu wathi cwaka kwamanyelwa. Ngesiquphe beva umsasazi ekhankanya igama lepaki yabo.

"Wow! Ipaki yethu yindumasi!" watsho uNeo.

"...kwaye uTiniso, owaziwa ngelikaTin, uza kuba esenza inkqubo epakini ngale mvakwemini kunye neWe Can Band. Iimvumi ezivela eZimbabwe, eNigeria naseMalawi zizakuba zithatha inxaxheba. Wonke ubani wamkelekile ukuba abeyinxalenye yalo mbhiyozo!" watsho umsasazi.



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.

UNoodle wangena waqonda eqongeni erhuca emva kwakhe iitoti ezazibotshelelwe ngomtya.

"Itshaym!" wakhwaza uTin. "Bendiba ndizilahle!"

Wabaleka waya eqongeni uBella. "Noodle!" wakhwaza. UNoodle wabaleka waya kubella neetoti zikhenkceza emva kwakhe.

"Kulungile," watsho uTin ehleka. "Ndicinga ukuba uNoodle naye ufuna ukubayinxalenye yebhendi iWe Can. Yaye ndicinga ukuba ufuna ukusijoyina," watsho ekhomba kubella.

Utin wancedisa uBella ukungena eqongeni yaye bekunye bakhulula iitoti zeezishaym emzimbeni kaNoodle. Emva koko uBella noNoodle baya kuma ecaleni kukaNeo, uHope kwakunye noJosh.



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?**

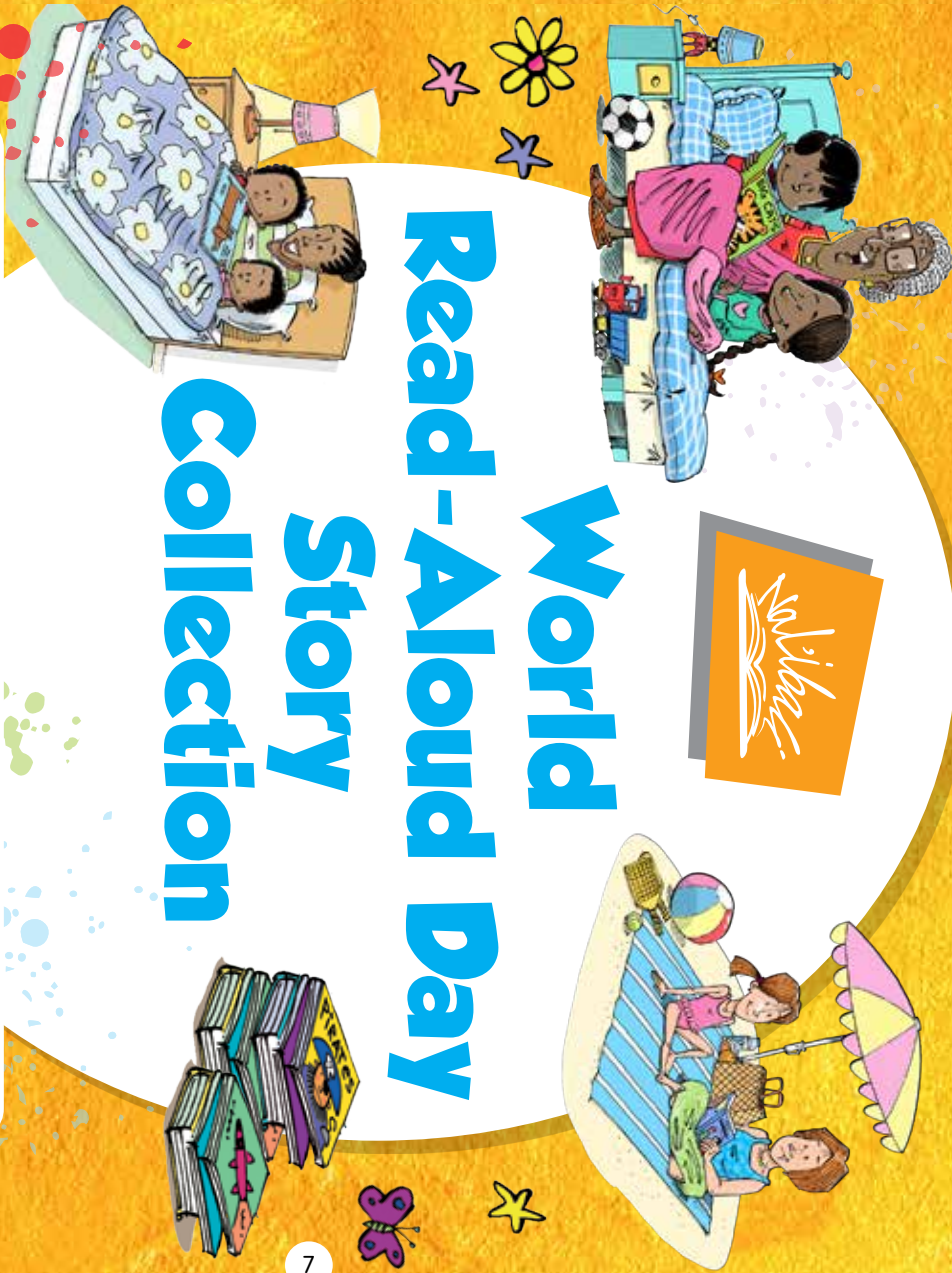
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10th Anniversary edition

World Story Collection



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

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

ENGLISH

A gold star and a kiss for Thoko

written and illustrated by
Niki Daly

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

“Brazil!” said Afrika.

“Japan!” said Josh.

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

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

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

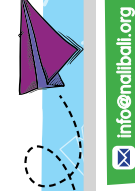
“Home,” laughed Neo, “I’m hungry!”

“Me too,” said Bella.

“Woof!” said Noodle.

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

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



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Fly, everyone, fly!

Story by Sihle Nontshokweni ■ Illustrations by Magriet Brink and Leo Daly

Afrika, Dintle and Mme wa Afrika were on a bus on their way to visit Gogo. "Yey! 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!



WORLD READ ALOUD DAY 2020

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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.



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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It starts with a story...

Neo and the big, wide world

Story by Vianne Venter

Illustrations by Rico

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

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

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

Then, she opened the book.

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

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

As Gogo read, Neo

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

He heard the voices of the veld.

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

"It's a beautiful day!"

chirped the cicadas.

"Come away, come and play," whispered the wind in the long grass.

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



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

No, he was alone. He ran forward, dribbling the ball. Suddenly a Diamond's player appeared. Neo looked him straight in the eyes as he kicked the ball

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

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

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



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

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



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

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

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

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



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The final minute

Story by Zukiswa Wanner

Illustrations by Rico

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

"I'm bored! You promised you were going



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

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



Share a story today!



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

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

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

"So many stories?" Neo asked.

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

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

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

Neo stepped in to cool his hot legs.

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

Neo thought how good that would be.

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



light of the setting sun.

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

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

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



boy goodnight.

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

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



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The best sound in the world

Story by Niki Daly

Illustrations by Rico

Bella was bored and Mom had housecleaning to do.

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

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



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

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

Dugga, dugga, dugga! went a road drill. Grrrrrrrrrr! growled Noodle at the drill. Doef, doef, doef! came the loud music from a taxi.

Hanna, hanna, hanna! went a lady talking loudly on her cellphone. Tuk, tuk, tuk! went her high heels on the pavement as she walked by. Thwack, thwack, thwack, thwack, 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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INal'ibali yenzelwe iintsapho!

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Ukuthetha ngeencwadi namabali

Ukufunda ngokuvakalayo kusinika ihuba lokuthetha nabantwana belu ngeencwadi namabali.

Ukuthetha ngamabali kubaluleke ngokufanayo nokubafundela: Thethani:

* ngemifanekiso nabalinganiswa

* ngoko kwenzeka ebalini.

Nazi izinto ezimbilwa eninokuthetha ngazo. Khumbula ukuba injongo isoloko ikukuba nikonwabele ukufunda kunye kungekhona "ukuvavanya" ulwazi lomntwana wakho ngoko ukufundileyo.

*** Ucinga ukuba kuza kwenzeka ntoni ke ngoku?** Buza lo mbozo kwilindawo ezahlukeneyo zebali. Kunceda umntwana athalekelele into eza kwenzeka – isakhono esisetyenziswa ngalo lonke ixesha ngabafundi abanobuchule.

*** Jonga appha. Ubona ntoni?** Chitha ixesha ujongisisa yaye usonwabela imifanekiso ekwiincwadi zemifanekiso.

** Yalatha kwiinxalenye ezahlukeneyo zomifanekiso.

** Thetha ngoko ukubonayo.

** Ceda umntwana wakho akhangele abantu okanye izinto ezikumifanekiso.

** Thetha ngendlela abhalewe ngayo amagama. Ngaba mkhulu okanye mancinci? Kutheni?

*** Eli bali likwenza ucinge ngantoni okanye uzive njani?** Amabali amokunceda abantwana baqonde baze bamelane nezinto ezenzeka ebomini babo. Thetha izinto ezinjengezi:

** Eli bali lindikhumbuza indlela ekubaluleke ngayo ukuphatha abantu kakuhle. Likukhumbuza ntoni wena?

** Ndibe ndavuya xa abantu baselalini besindisa izilwanyana. Wena uzive njani?

*** Ucinga ukuba kutheni kuye kwenzeka le nto?** Buza umntwana wakho imibuzo eza kunceda akwazi ukuzigqibela ngesizathu sokuba izinto ezithile zisenzeka kwibali nesizathu sokuba umlinganiswa avakalelwe okanye enze izinto ngendlela ethile.

*** Ucinga ntoni nge? I.... ikwenze waziwa njani?**

** Belimnand' ibali?

** Ngubani oyena mlinganiswa umthandayo?

** Yiyiphi eyona ndawo uyithande kakhulu/kancinci kwibali?

** Ibali likwenze waziwa njani?

** Ucinga ntoni ngendlela eliphele ngayo eli bali?

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Ukubhiyozela Uhlelo Lwe-10



Ingqokelela Yamabali Osuku Lokufunda Ngokuvakalayo Lwehlabathi



Xa wonwabela ibali nabantwana bakho yonke imihla,

- ★ ubabonisa ukuba ucinga ukuba iincwadi nokufunda zibalulekile.
- ★ kukunika izinto eninokuthetha ngazo njengosapho.
- ★ kwakhekha ulwalamano olomeleleyo phakathi kwenu.
- ★ kubanceda babone ukuba ukufunda ngumsebenzi omnandi futhi onomwuzo.
- ★ kubabonisa indlela esifunda ngayo nendlela iincwadi ezisebenza ngayo.
- ★ kubavumela ukuba bonwabele amabali abangekukwazi ukuzifundela wona.
- ★ kubakhuthaza ukuba bafunde ukuzifundela kwaye baqhubeka nokufunda.
- ★ kubenza baqhuhle ekufundeni nasekubhadeni nezakhono zemvakalelo ukuze bakwazi ukughuba kakuhle eskolweni naseluntwini.

ISIXHOSA

Inkwenkwezi egolide nokuphuzwa kukaThoko

Libhalwe lazotywa ngu NikiDaly

ULwesihlanu yayisoloko ilusuku olubalulekileyo “lweeMbasa eziziNkwenkwezi”.

Ukuza kuthi ga ngoku, uThoko wayesele efumene inkwenkwezi etyheli yezibalo, ebomvu yokubhala kakuhle nomsebenzi ococekileyo kunye nezuba “yezandla ezicocekileyo”. Inkwenkwezi eziluhlaza zezokuncedisa uNksk McKensie, ngokumphathisa ingxowa yakhe enkulu ukusuka emotweni ukuya eklasini. Inkwenkwezi egolide yeyokufunda. Iinkwenkwezi ezigolide yayizezona zona!



Iinkwenkwezi zazisoloko zinikezelwa

phambi kokuba kukhale intsimbi yokuphuma kwesikolo xa kanye wonke ubani engxamele ukuphuma aye kuhlalana nomama, utata, umakhulu okanye umakazi ebaleni lokudlala. Wonke ubani waya kuhlalana nomzali wakhe, ngaphandle kukaThoko, owayehlala kufutshane nesikolo wayehamba ngeenyawo ukugoduka. UThoko wayehlala nomama wakhe emva kwevenkile yokuthunga impahla kaMakhulu wakhe.

Enye into eyayibangela ukuba ulwesihlanu abelusuku olumnandi kakhulu kuThoko kukuba wayefumana imali yokuthenga izimuncumuncu endleleni egodukayo. Lo ke ulwesihlanu yayingulwesihlanu wethamsanqa elikhulu kuba uThoko wafikisana noNksk McKensie kwindawo yokumisa imoto waza wamncedisa wamphathisa ingxowa yakhe enkulu wayisa eklasini. Mhlawumbi wayeza kuphumelela inkwenkwezi eluhlaza. Kodwa ngokuqinisekileyo, inkwenkwezi egolide yayingcono kakhulu.

Kutsha nje, uThoko wenza iinzame ezithe chatha zokufunda kakuhle – xa efunda ubonakalisa iimvakalelo, uyanqumama emva kwekoma kwaye uyema kwisingxi ukuze aphefumle. Oyena mlesi wayefunda kakuhle kakhulu yayinguBrendan, abanye abantwana

ababembiza ngokuthi “nguMehwayabawa” kuba wayefunda iincwadi ezininzi kakhulu.

UThoko wancedisa uNksk McKensie wahambisa amaphepha okusebenzela. La maphepha okusebenzela ngolwesihlanu

ayemalunga nexesha – kwaye lalicotha kakhulu namhlanje kuThoko. Ukuba nje wayenakho ukuhambisa iintsiba zewotshi esephapheni zikhawuleze zifike zime kwiXesha leeMbasa eziziNkwenkwezi! Ngexesha lomculo, wayengakwazi ukulinda ukuba kude kufikwe kumgca wokugqibela weculo elitsha. Ukulinda iimBasa eziziNkwenkwezi kwakubuhlungu kakhulu.

Kwakuhleliwe nje ngephiriyodi yokugqibela esikolweni, kungenziwa nto. Ngoko ke uThoko waggqiba kwelokuba afunde. Lo gama wayefunda, walibala kwaphela ngexesha – kwaqala iincwadi yanye, kwaza kwalandela enye nanye ngokunjalo. Ngethuba esongeza ngalo izihloko zeencwadi kuluhlu lweencwadi azifundileyo, uNksk McKensie wayesele ekulungele ukubhengeza abaphumelele iinkwenkwezi.

UShane, uRhapelang, uCorne kunye no Taitum bonke bafumana iinkwenkwezi ezityheli. UGift, uGaswin, uAydon, uChleo noKay-Lee bona bafumana iinkwenkwezi ezibomvu. URoche, uShaunique kunye noMiska bafumana iinkwenkwezi eziluhlaza. UDana Rose, owakwaziyo ukuhlamba ubumenyemenye obuluhlaza eminweni yakhe ngexesha lesidlo sasemini, wafumana inkwenkwezi ezuba. Kusenjalo, uThoko weva igama lakhe libizwa.

“UThoko kunye noBrendan,” wabhengeza uNksk McKensie, ejonge kuluhlu lweencwadi ezifundiweyo. UBrendan wayefunde iincwadi ezintlanu waze yena uThoko wafunda ezintandathu! UThoko wayengathi anganyibilika luvuyo njengokuba uNksk McKensie wayebeka inkwenkwezi egolide kwibunzi lakhe.

watsho uAfrica ekhupha umzobo webhloni yephepha.

“Kwawu, ayisentle nje,” watsho ulosh. “Ngenye imini ndifuna ukuba ngumqhubi webhloni. Kodwa khawume! Ndiza kukubonisa ukuba kubhahazelwa njani. Ndilingantse,” wakhwaza.

UJosh waphakamisa izandla zakhe waza wacula:

“Jika ekhohlo, jika ekunene. Jika ekunene, jika ekhohlo.

Phakamisa iingalo zakho uze ucimele.

Ekhohlo, ekunene, phezulu, phantsi.

Siza kubhabha sijikeleze.”

UAfrica, uNeo, uBella noHope bangenelela kwangoko.

Njengoko ulosh wayejikajika ngesitulo sakhe esinamavili, abanye babaleka bajikeleza iingalo zivulekile becula behleka.

Yaye eneneni, uNoodle wangenelela! Bayeka xa bonke



uJosh.

“Yimi Neo, khawume! Uya phi?” wabuza uAfrica.

“Ndityagoduka,” wahleka uNeo, “Ndilambile!”

“Nam,” watsho uBella.

“Hawu!” watsho uNoodle.

UHope wajonga ixesha. “Sisihyiwe lishesha lelantshi,” watsho.

“Kubhelele sibaleke.”

“Hayi,” watsho ulosh. “Masibhabhe!” Bahleka bonke, bolula iingalo zabo. . . . babhabha bagoduka.

babephelela ngumphetumlo.

“Ngoku masenze ibhloni zamaphepha,” watsho uAfrica.

Wavula ubhaka wakhe waza wakhupha amaxwebhu

amaphepha ambalwa. “Ndiza kunibonisa emanikwenze.”

“Ingase ibe babesifundisile le nto esikolweni,” watsho uHope njengoko wayelandela imiyalelo kaAfrica.

Esakuba wonke umntu egqibile, uAfrica wathi, “Phambi

kokuba uyibhabhise ibhloni yakho kufuneka ugqibe ukuba ufuna ukuya phi. Njengoko uphosa ibhloni yakho emoyeni

khwaza igama lelizwe athumela kulo ibhloni. Inye, zimbini, zintathu – BHABHA!” Baziphosa bonke ibhloni zabo emoyeni.

“Eyam ndiyithumela ezimbabwei!” watsho uNeo.

“Eyam iya eNgilani!” uBella noHope bakhwaza ngaxeshanye.

“Brazil!” watsho uAfrica.

“Japhani!” watsho ulosh.

Abantwana bahleka njengoko babebukela ibhloni zabo zibhabha esibhakabhakeni. UNoodle wabaleka ejikeleza ekhankatha ezama ukubamba ibhloni zamaphepha!

“Ngoku niyazi ukuba akunyanzelekanga ukuba nibe kwibhloni yokwenyani ukuze nikwazi ukubhabha,” watsho



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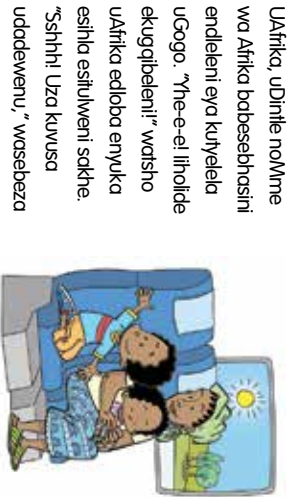
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Bhabbhani, nonke, bhabhani!

Libali likaSihle Nontshokweni ■ Imifanekiso izotywe nguMagriet Brink noleo Dady
 ■ Liguqulelwe esiXhoseni nguSindiswa M Mbokodi



UAfrika, uDintle noMme wa Afrika babesebhasini endleleni eya kuyelela uGogo. “The-e-el ilholide ekugqibeleni!” watsho uAfrika edloba enyuka esihla esitluweni sakhe. “Sshhi! Uza kuvusa udadewenu,” wasebeza uMme wAfrika.

“Uxolo, Mama,” wasebeza uAfrika.

UAfrika wazama ukuhlala azole, kodwa zange okwazi.

“Ndingwenela ukungula le bhosi indida ibiyibhloni,” watsho ekhupha esolula iingolo zakhe esenza ngathi ngamaphiko ebhloni. “Ukuba besibhobha, ngekukudala safika kwaGogo.”

“Ndiyazi,” watsho uMama, “kodwa nceda uhlise iingolo zakho phambi kokuba uxhole umntu ngeminwe yakho.” “Owu, le bhosi icotha kakhulu,” wazama uAfrika. “Soze siyokufika.”

Yathatha iyure, kodwa ekugqibeleni ibhosi yema baze bakwazi ukunbona uGogo ebawangangangisela izandla ebulisa. “Kangangokuba bendinemincili ndifike apka kwangethuba,” watsho uGogo ebanga ebophuza bonke.

“Beskule bhosi idlokoxoyo, ingxolayo, indida ixesha elide kakhulu, Gogo,” watsho uAfrika.

“Ndiyazi,” wancuma uGogo. “Ngoku, masigodukeni sonke. Ndine! nekeyi enilindeleyo yoye uNko noMbali baza kufika ngokukhawuleza.” “Oko kwamncumisa uAfrika kuyo yonke indlela eya kwaGogo.



Nengoko uGogo wayesika ikeyiki wathi, “Ngoku ndandisemncinane sasingendbhosi. Ngoku kukho iimoto, iileksi, ibhosi, oololwe ...”

“... neebhloni,” watsho uNeo xa babengena endlwini benoMbali. UAfrika watsho waya kubulisa obabho bakhe. Woyechulumandle kukubabona kwakhona.

UMbali wabhekabhaka. “Mmmmm tano,” watsho ekhomba ikeyiki.

UGogo wahleka wabonika elowo silayi. “Ujosh, uHlope noBella baza kusityelela ngomso,” watsho.

“Nohloole,” watsho uMbali.

“Nohloole,” wangqina uGogo.

Ngosuku olulandelayo wonke umntu wawuka kwokusasasa.



“Ndiabazi kokuhle ababho beu,” watsho uMme wa Afrika, “baza kufika apka phambi kokuba ngqibe isidlo sakusasasa.” Kanye ngoloo mzuu wonke umntu weva ukukhokotha.

“Noodle, khwume!” wakhwaza uBella, niengokuba wayelandela uNoodle bengena endlwini. UNoodle wayenenincili kakhulu ukubona wonke umntu.

Kungekudala uJosh noHlope bafika waze wonke umntu waqalisa ukuthetha ngoxeshanye. UGogo wawada iindlebe zakhe. “Gqibani ukuya nize niphume!” watsho uGogo efunanela obantwana obodadana noNoodle phandle ukuba boyokudlala.

“Josi,” watsho uAfrika, eiyhalela isitilo esihamba ngamawili kwindawo yokudlala, “uyakhumbula ngokuya ndandilapha ukuba wena waphumelela ukhuphiswano lweekoyithi?”

“Ewe,” wahleka uJosh. “Soze ndiyilale loo nto.”

“Ngoku ke, masibe nokhuphiswano lweekhloni zephhepha.”

“Khelekenke, khelekenke!” yakhala intsimbi

yesikolo waze uThoko wagqotsa ukuphuma emasangweni esikolo. Wayengxamele ukubonisa uMama noMakhulu inkwenkwezi yakhe egolide.

Xa wayefika kwindawo uNksk Ismail awayethengisa kuyo amaqebengwana, ubuso bakhe babushushu kukubaleka. Intombazanana kaNksk Ismail, uSharifa, wayezenza unovenkile. Wanika uThoko iqebengwane walifaka kwinxoxwana yephhepha emncumele. “Enkosi,” watsho uThoko wagqotsa engxamise.

“Mama! Makhulu!” wakhwaza, engena kumnyango ongapambili, “Jongani ndifumene ntoni?”

UMakhulu waphakamisa amehlo kumthungo wakhe waza uMama wakroba ekoneni.

“Molo, Thoko!” babulisa. “Bekunjani esikolweni?”

“Jongani!” watsho uThoko. UMama noMakhulu bajonga lo gama uThoko abolathisa kwibunzi lakhe.

“Sijonge ntoni, Thoko?” wabuza uMakhulu.

“Inkwenkwezi yam egolide!” watsho uThoko ephelelwe ngumonde.

“Inkwenkwezi egolide etheni?” wabuza uMama..

“Le,” watsho uThoko, efuna ngomnye kwibunzi lakhe. Kodwa awakuvayo yayilulusu lwakhe olumpuluswa! Inkwenkwezi egolide yayingekho! UThoko wasuka wakhala niengokuba ecacisa indlela ayifumene ngayo inkwenkwezi egolide yokufunda.

“Uzigqibele phi usenayo?” wabuza uMama.

“Esikolweni,” waphendula uThoko.

“Uye wenza ntoni ukuphuma kwesikolo?” wabuza uMakhulu. UThoko wachaza indlela yakhe ukusuka esikolweni, elila njalo.

“Eshi, yinkwenkwezi yephhepha nje kuphela,”

watsho uMama. Kodwa yayingelophepha nje. Yayiyinkwenkwezi egolide ekhetheke kakhulu.

“Sula iinyembezi sihambe siye kuyikhangele inkwenkwezi yakho egolide,” watsho uMakhulu.

UMakhulu wanceda uThoko ukulanda umkhondo, waphinda indlela ebeyihambile, bajika ekoneni baza bahamba ngendlela ebuyela esikolweni. Xa befika kwindawo yokuthengisa amaqebengwana kaNksk Ismail bayifumana inkwenkwezi kaThoko – ithe nca kwibunzi lentombazanana yakhe! Esakuba elivile ibali likaThoko ellusizi wathi, “Sharifa sithandwa sam, laa nkwenkwezi uyicholeyo yekaThoko.” Kodwa uSharifa omncinane wayeyithanda le nkwenkwezi igolide kaThoko. Xa uNksk Ismail wayezama ukuyisusa, wakhala kakhulu baze abantu abadlulayo bacinga ukuba uyabulawa.

UMakhulu wajonga kuThoko. “USharifa mncinane kakhulu ukugonda ukuba yintoni ebubulungisa nengebubo. Kodwa wena umdala

ngokwaneleyo kwaye uyakwazi ukucinga. Myeke ayigcine inkwenkwezi egolide yakho,” watsho. UThoko wacinga umzuzwana. Iikona zenkwenkwezi egolide zaziphethukile zijonge phezu, kwaye yayikhangeleka ngokungathi iza kuphinda iwe kwakhona. “Kulungile,” watsho uThoko.

“USharifa angayigcina.” Kodwa wayesebuhlungu ngaphakathi. Inkwenkwezi ezigolide akulula ukuziphumelela.



Ngexesha lokulala, uMakhulu waphathela uThoko isipho esikhethekileyo athe wamenzela sona – inkwenkwezi egolide emenyazelayo ethungelwe kwisihombiso sasentloko. “Le yeyokuba ngoyena mlesi ofunde iincwadi ezininzi,” watsho uMakhulu. Erwa koko waphuza uThoko ebunzi wamsebezela esithi, “Oku kokokuba yintwazana enovelwano ncingela abanye.” UThoko wabamba ibunzi lakhe waza wacinga kancinane phambi kokuba abive bubuthongo. “Inkwenkwezi ezigolide ziba neekona eziphethukayo kwaye ziyawa. Ukuphuzwa kona kuhlala naphakade!”

Aqala njani amabali

Libali likaWendy Hartmann
Imifanekiso yekaTamsin Hinrichsen
Liguqulelwe esiXhoseni nguNobuntu Stengile



Uthe ke lo mfazi
wanga usapho lwakhe
ze wahamba. Wagqiba
kwelokubaabuze isidalwa
ngasinye adibana naso
ukuba sinalo kusini na
ibali esinokumncazela
lona. Isilwanyana
sokuqala ahlangene
naso yayingumvundla.
Weza utsiba-
tsiba ngeenyawo zawo
ezinkulu.

"Mvundla!" wakhwaza.
"Ingaba akho na amabali onawo?"
"Amabali?" ubuzile uMvundla. "Owu, ndinamakhulu-
khulu, amawaka-waka, hayi ndinezigidi zawo."
"Mvundla, nceda undiphe ambalwa ukuze
ndonwabise abantwana bam."

wayekhangela iinkuni ezityekezwe lulwandle,
ukuze aziqingge enze izinto ezintle: iintaka, abantu nazo
zonke iintlobo zezilwanyana.

Phakathi evelini usapho lonke lwalusebenza nzima
luze ukutshona kwelanga luhlale ngasemilweni. Ngeli
xesha kwakumyama kakhulu ukuba basebenze okanye
badlale okanye bachwele kwaye lalingekafiki nexesha
lokuba balale. Kungeli xesha kanye ke apho abantwana
bathi bacela umama wabo ukuba ababalisele ibali.

"Mama," babongoze ngelitshoyo "sifuna amabali.
Nceda usibalisele libe linye."

Kodwa wathi akuzama ukucinga ngebali, akatsho
ukuza nalo. Wayengekho phakathi kwakhe nomyeni wakhe
owayenebali anokubalisele abantwana.

Ngenye imini, lo mfazi wagqiba kwelokuba acele
uncedo kubamelwane bakhe.

"Ingaba akho amabali eninawo?" wababuza.

"Ha-a-ayi," bahlunguzela iintloko, "asinawo."

Kwakungekho mabali. Kwakungekho maphupha ...
nto leyo ethetha ukuba kwakungekho mabali anemilingo.

Umyeni wakhe ucebise ngelithi, "Mfazi, ndicinga
ukuba uhambe uyokukhangela amabali. Mna ndiza
kubajonga abantwana nendliu le. Hamba uyokufuna
amabali, ze uthi wakuwafumana ubuye nawo."

esikhusela iliso. UJosh wasibophelela isidalwa kwikayiti
yakhe. Baza balunga!

Abantwana bazimela emva kwetyholo bakhulula
intambo yekayiti. Umoya onamandla wasithatha isidalwa



babaleka baya kunceda. Bamfumana ephantsi usodolophu
ecaleni kwesidalwa noNoodle esasikhonkotha. Abantwana
bancedisa ukuzalisa uNoodle logama uBella nomama
wakhe babenceda bephakamisa usodolophu.

Waza uHope wacacisa ukuba izicwangciso zakhe



zonakele njani. Waphulaphula usodolophu, wathi
esakugqiba uHope, wamjonga nje ... waza waqalisa
ukuhleka. "Kaloku, ngoku ungabhala elakho ibali lesidalwa
esoyikekayo," wacebisa watsho usodolophu.

Nangona isicwangciso sikaHope singazange sisebenze,



yayilusuku ababeza kulukhumbula bonke!

wasinyusele esibhakabhakeni. Senyuka, senyuka, senyuka,
sibhabha esibhakabhakeni kude nabo.

Ngaxesha nye, uBella nomama wakhe babefikile
epakini bezokuwakisa uNoodle. Wathi uNoodle akubona
isidalwa sijinga esibhakabhakeni, waqalisa ukukhonkotha
exhuzula umnxeba wokulawulainja. UBella wazama
ukubamba umnxeba wokulawula kaNoodle, kodwa
waxhutha kakhulu kangangokuba kwafuneka amyeke.
Nanko ebaleka uNoodle enqumla ipaka. UBella nomama
wakhe bamleqa.

Saza isidalwa saqala ukundandela ezantsi sibhekise
ngakwintloko kasodolophu kanye xa wayesenza intetho
yakhe! UNoodle wayebalekela ngakuye esakhonkotha
isidalwa – noBella nomama wakhe bengekudanga
belandela ngasemva.

UJosh wawutsala umtya wekayiti, ezama ukunyusa
isidalwa sinyukele esibhakabhakeni, kodwa kwaba
sekukade. UNoodle waxhumela isidalwa, wagila
usodolophu wamwisa. Amaphetshana anentetho
kasodolophu aphaphatheka agcwalisa ipaka, baza abantu
baqalisa ukubalekela macala onke.

UNeo, noJosh noHope noBella nomama wakhe



Ukuvuselela umdla ebantwaneni
ngokubalisa amabali nokufunda

www.nalibali.org www.nalibali.mobi nalibaliSA @nalibaliSA

Usuku lokukhunjulwa

Libaili likalorato Trok
Imifanekiso izotywe nguRico
Liguqulelwe esiXhoseni nguSindiswa Mbokodi

“Khawulezisa, Neo, asinaxesha lininzi!” watsho uHope ebeka phantsi ingxowa yakhe enzima. UHope noJosh babelinde uNeo. Bonke babesiya epakini njengenxenye yesicwangciso sikaHope!

UHope wayeqale ukucinga isicwangciso emva kokufunda incwadi entsha umama wakhe awayenthengele yona. Yayingentombazana eyayisindise ngobukroti ilali yayo kwisidalwa esasisoyikeka. UHope wayonwabela incwadi kangangokuba wagqiba ukuyifunda ngosuku wada waphupha ngesidalwa esoyikekayo ngobo busuki!

“Ndiyathemba ukuba loo nto usicwangcisele yona iza kusomwabisa. Kutheni ungxame kangaka nje?” UNeo wabuza uHope njengoko wayevala ucango olungaphambili. UNeo wayenxibe umnqwazi wakhe awuthandayo wabaphangi baselwandle nesicikwana esikhusele iliso.

“Andazi nto tu ndiyafana nawe, Neo. UHope ucele nje ukuba ndize nekayiti yam epakini,” watsho uJosh ekhomba ikayiti yakhe.

“Ndithebheni, niza kuyonwabela le nto!” watsho uHope ehamba ngaphambili kwabahlobo bakhe. UNeo noJosh balandela, bezama ukungashiyeki.

Bathi bakufika epakini, babona usodolophu enhangqwe yinyambalala yabantu. “Kwenzeka ntoni?” uJosh wabuza inkosikazi eyayimi kufutshane.

“Kaloku, ixesha elide, usodolophu ubesoloko etumana izikhalaZO kuba kungekho mthunzi waneleyo epakini,” yatsho. “Ngoko ke uqinisekise ukuba kutyalwe imithi emininzi emisha yaye namhlanje ulapha ukuzovuyisana

ngoku nomntu wonke.”

“Yho hayi! Ipaka izele kakhulu ukuba isicwangciso sam singasebenza,” watsho uHope, edanile.

“Esiphi isicwangciso?” wabuza uNeo noJosh ngaxeshanye, bejongana.

“Nisakhumbula ngebali lentombazana elikroti eyasindisa ilali yayo?” wabuza uHope. “Kaloku, bendinethemba lokuba siza kwenza isidalwa esoyikekayo, sisibophelele kwikayiti kaJosh size sisibabhise phezu kwepaka. Kodwa jonga ngoku!” watsho uHope ekhomba abantu abonwabileyo behangce usodolophu.

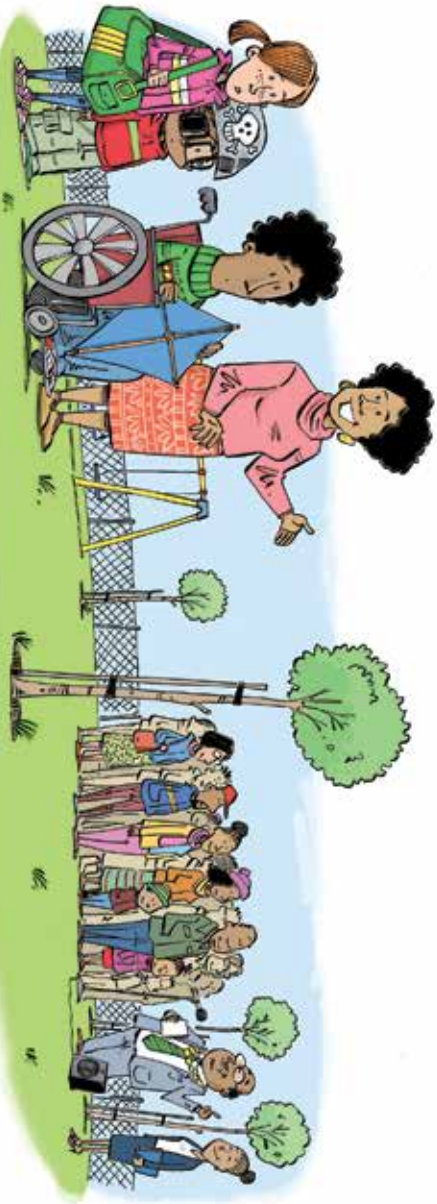
UNeo wabona indlela uHope awayelusizi ngayo.

“Sisicwangciso esihle eso, Hope!” watsho. “Masiye phaya emva kweiaa tyholo likhulu. Akukho mntu uza kusibona phaya.” UJosh noHope bangwala bevumelana baza bahamba.

“Josh, hamba uye kufuna izinti. Neo, khulula umnqwazi wakho wabaphangi baselwandle nesiciko sokukhusela iliso,” wayalela uHope njengoko wayekhupha iimpahla zakhe zekarati nebhiloni kwingxowa yakhe.

UJosh wazifumana izinti ezibhityileyo ngasemqomeni wenkunkuna baza abahlobo abathathu bahlala emva kweytholo besebenzisa umtya osuka kwingxowa kaHope ukuzoluka ziphambane ukwenza umzimba wesidalwa. Waza uHope wawuthele ibhiloni wayibophelela yenza intloko yesidalwa.

Basinxibisa isidalwa iimpahla zikaHope zekarati, nomnqwazi kaNeo wabaphangi baselwandle nesiciko



“ndikhangela amabali.

Ingaba uyazi ukuba ndingawafumana phi na?” “Ewe,” watsho ukhosi, “ndiyazi ukuba ngubani onokukunceda. Yya kulaa ndawo kudibana kuyo ilwa nolwandle.

Yima apho ubize ufudo lwaselwandle olukhulu.”

Lo mfazi walubulela waza wemka ethoba

kabini nje kuphela ufudo olukhulu lwaselwandle lwaza lwanyuka luphuma emanzini, kuvakala ukuphaxaza kwamanzi okukhulu.

“Musa ukoyika,” lwatsho uFudo lwaselwandle.

“Bambelela kweil gqokophe lam. Ndiza kukusa kubantu baselwandle abazi zonke izinto nawo onke amabali.”

Behla, behla, behla baya ezantsi elwandle, emazantsi kanye, bafika kukunkani nokumkanikazi wolwandle.

“Ngubani lo ke ngoku?” wabuza ukunkani.

“Lo ngumfazi ovela kumhlaba owomileyo ophezu kwamanzi ethu,” usebeze watsho ukumkanikazi.

“Ufuna ntoni, mfazi wasemhlabeni owomileyo?”

wabuza ukumkanikazi. “Amabali, Kumkanikazi. Ingaba unawo kusini na endinokuwafumana ndiye nawo kubantu bam?”

“Ewe sinawo,” watsho ukumkanikazi. “Kodwa ingaba wena unayo into oza kusitshintshisela ngayo ngamabali ethu?”

“Ningathanda

ndininike ntoni?” wabuza umfazi.

Ukunkani nokumkanikazi bancuma. “Asikwazi ukuya kumhlaba wakho owomileyo. Singathanda ukubona ukuba unjani. Siphathele into ukuze sibone ukuba zinjani izilwanyana nabantu



abaphila kuwo.”

“Ndiza kwenza njalo,” watsho umfazi.

Ufudo lwaselwandle olukhulu lwamthatha lwambuyisela kumhlaba owomileyo lwaza lwamhlinda lo gama ekhawuleza ukugoduka ukuya kuxelela umyeni wakhe konke ngohambo lwakhe.

“Owu,” watsho echulumancile. “Ndiqinge izilwanyana ezininzi, neentaka nabantu. Ungazithatha zonke.”

Kwakamsinyane umfazi wayesele ebuyele elunxwemeni ephethe isipha sezinto eziqingqiweyo.

Kwakhona ufudo lwantwila lwaya naye neso sipha ezantsi kanye.

Akuzibona ukunkani nokumkanikazi ezi zinto, bavuya kakhulu baza bammika unokrwece omhle.

“Wena nabantu bakho sinipha isipho samabali.

Nanini na xa nifuna ibali, bekani lo nokrwece endlebeni, nimelele,” batsho.

“Kodwa khumbula oku,” wamsebezela endlebeni ukunkani, “ibali lakho lokuqala ligala ngohambo lwakho lokuza ezantsi apha kutshi.”

Ekugqibeleni xa lo mfazi ebuyela elunxwemeni,

umyeni wakhe, abantwana bakhe kunye nabantu bonke belali babemlindle.

Babebase umlilo omkhulu owawungangqaza utaka iintlantsi ebumnyameni.

“Ke ngoku,” bonke bamkhwaza, “sibalisele ibali. Sibalisele ibali!”

Umfazi wancuma.

Waphakamisa unokrwece wathi, “Ewe ... Nal’ibali ... nali ibali. Ssshhh. Mamelani ngoku.”

Le ke yaba yindlela ibali lokuqala elabaliswa ngayo. Emva koko lo mfazi wabeka unokrwece endlebeni wabalisa amabali amaninzi.

Kwaye, ukuba eli libali lokuqala olivayo, khumbula ukuba, maninzi kakhulu amabali asezezayo.



Isipho sikaSisanda

Libali likaGcina Mhlophe
Imifanekiso izotywe nguJiggs Snaddon-Wood
Liguqulelwe esiXhoseni nguNobuntu Stengile

Yonke imihla xa uSisanda oneminyaka esibhozo efika ekhaya, evela esikolweni, wayekhulula impahla yakhe yesikolo, atye isidlo sakhe sasemini ze adlale umlabalaba kunye notatomkhulu wakhe.

Babesonwaba kakhulu xa behambisa “iinkomo” zabo ebhodini kangangokuba wayengafuni ukuyeka.

Kodwa ubeye utatomkhulu amkhumbuze ngokuba ufuna ukuba ngumphathi wasebankini ngenye imini xa sele ekhulile.

“Uza kuyenza njani loo nto ukuba akufuni ukuya kwisikolo samabanga aphakamileyo?” wayemqhula atsho utatomkhulu wakhe.

USisanda wayesuka ahleke. “Hayi, ndiza kuya kwisikolo samabanga aphakamileyo nasedyunivesithi ngokunjalo. Yiyo loo nto ndisebenza nzima kangaka esikolweni!”

USisanda wayemde kakhulu xa kuthalekiswa neentanga zakhe – wayefuze utata wakhe. Wayefana nomama wakhe ngobuso bakhe obungqukuva kunye noncumo lwakhe oluhle. Bobabini abazali bakhe babevuka kwakusasa baye emsebenzini kumyezo wezilwanyana owawukufutshane.

Ngethuba kungena isikolo sikaSisanda kunye nabahlobo bakhe, inqwelo ngeenqwelo zabakhenkethi zazisele zithontelene emyezwweni ukuya kubona izilwanyana zase-Afrika ezihle kunene.

Xa wayebhiyozela usuku lwakhe lokuzalwa



kunyaka ophelileyo, uSisanda wafumana isipho esikhethekileyo – abazali bakhe babemfumanele imume yokuba enze itheko lakhe kumyezo lowo wezilwanyana. Iindulamthi ezisemyezweni zazinomdla wokusondela kweli qela labantu.

Zazitsale iintamo zazo ezinde ukuze zikubone kakuhle okwakusenzeka ethekweni kwaye zazikhangeleka ngathi nazo zivalifuna iqhekezana lekeyiki. USisanda wayezithanda iindulamthi. Zonke izilwanyana zazimenza umdla, kodwa yayiziindulamthi ezithe cwaka nezizolileyo ezazibe umxhelo wakhe. Wayenokuzibukela imini yonke ukuba wayenokunikwa ithuba.

Ngomnye ulweshlanu, utata kaSisanda wabuya emsebenzini phambi kwexesha. Wayebonakala ekhathazeke kakhulu.

“Ingaba kukho into embi, Tata?” wabuza njalo uSisanda.

“Namhlanje ibubu leenyosi lihasele laluma imazi yendulamthi,” ucacise watsho utata kaSisanda. “Intloko yayoy ibidumbe kokuya kutyiwa ziinyosi kangangokuba amehlo ayo amahle ebevaleke ngci. Sizame yonke into ukuyisindisa, kodwa oko akuncedanga nto – iye yafa. Eyona nto ibuhlungu kukuba isenenkonyana elincinane elidinga ukuba nonina walo.”

“Owu bethuna!” watsho uSisanda eqalisa ukulila. “Akwaba bekukho into endinokukwazi ukuyenza. Elo nkonyana lendulamthi inokuba lilila njengam lo.”

USisanda walila ixesha elide. Umama wakhe wazama ukumthuthuzela. Wade wazama nokumfundela ibali lesibini ngexesha lokulala ukuzama ukumceda ukuba alibale ngendlela awayeyisizela ngayo inkonyana yendulamthi. Ekugqibeleni, uSisanda wade wabiwa bubuthongo ethuthuzeiwa sisandi selizwi likamama wakhe. Ngentsasa elandelayo uSisanda wavuka enecebo alicingileyo!

“Ndingaphangela nawe namhlanje?” wabuza kutata wakhe. “Ndinesipho endingqwenela ukusinika inkonyana yendulamthi.”

eziqhenyayo.

“Yhoo!” watsho uAfrika, ethabathekile. “Ungubani igama lakho?”

“NdinguAsanda,” watsho.

“NdinguAfrika. Wakufunda njani ukwenza loo nto?” wabuza uAfrika.

“Ndaqala ndazama ukuhamba ndithwele iincwadi,” watsho. “Kufuneka intloko uyigcine ingashukum’ xa uhamba.” Wabuyisela ibhotile yesiselo entloko kuAfrika. “Hamba kancinci ngoku, impumlo ithi qwa emoyeni, okwenkosana.”

USisanda wahamba wajikeleza uAsanda ethe chu, intloko eyigcine ingashukum’ yona impumlo ithe qwa emoyeni. Yaza ibhotile yangawi!

“Jonga Mai! Ndijonge ...” watsho uAfrika, kodwa wayengamboni umama wakhe! Umntu othile wagila uAfrika yaza ibhotile yesiselo yawa. Kodwa wayelibele ngebhotile – wayefuna ukwazi ukuba uphi umama wakhe!

“Uphi, Mama?” wakhwaza. Zange kubekho mpendulo. “Mama!” wakhwaza ngakumbi. Akwabikho mpendulo.

“Umama wam ulahlekile!” watsho uAfrika kuAsanda. “Besisendleleni eya kwiivenkilana ethengisa iincwadi esekoneni, kodwa ngoku akakho!”

“Ndiya kwiivenkilana ethengisa iincwadi nam! Ndiza kuthenga iincwadi yamabali ngemali endiyongileyo. Mhlawumbi umama wakho usevenkileni ethengisa iincwadi.

Masiyokumkhangela!” wacebisa uAsanda.

Bobabini uAsanda noAfrika bahamba phakathi kwezihwele zabantu. Ngequbuliso uAfrika weva igama lakhe! “Afrika! Afrika! Uphi?”



“Lilizwi likamama elo,” watsho uAfrika. “Owu bethu, ulahlekile! Ndiyeva ukuba ukhathazekile. Kuvakala ngathi ukufutshane nevenkilana ethengisa iincwadi. Yiza, masibaleke, Asanda!”

Bobabini abantwana babaleka ukuya kwiivenkilana ethengisa iincwadi, yaye ngqo phambi kwayo, yayinguMme wa Afrika noDintle. UMama wazivula iingalo zakhe waza uAfrika wabaleka ngqo waya

kungena kuzo.

“Molo Mama, akukho ngxaki?” wabuza uAfrika. “Ungazikhathazi ngoku, sinifumene ninoDintle. Anisalahlekanga.”

UDintle wayonwabe kakhulu ukubona ubhuti wakhe. UAfrika wagoba wamanga.

“Mama, lo nguAsanda, umhlobo wam omtsha,” watsho uAfrika. “Undifundise ukungecelelela ibhotile yesiselo entloko. Ufuna ukuthenga incwadi.”

“Molo Asanda, ndiyavuya

ukukwazi,” watsho

uMme wa Afrika

encumile. “Ngoku

masijongeni

iincwadi

siboneni ukuba

singafumana

ntoni na!

Afrika,

khumbula

ukuba

wawufuna

ukufunda

ukwakha indlu

yentaka.”

Bonke

bathatha

ixesha bejonga

iincwadi waza

uMama wafumana

eyayibonisa indlela yokwenza izinto ezahlukeneyo ngomthi.

“Ndiyacela, ungandithengela yona?” uAfrika wamcela umama wakhe.

“Ewe, ukuba uyayithanda,” watsho uMama.

Lafika ixesha lokuba kuhanjwe. “Jonga, Asanda!

Ndigoduka nencwadi yam ndiyithwele!” watsho uAfrika engcekelele incwadi yakhe entsha.

“Ungalibali ukuyithi qwa impumlo yakho emoyeni njengenkosana!” wahleka uAsanda.



Up'hi?

Libali lika-Ann Walton

Imifanekiso izotywe nguRico

Iguqulelwe esiXhoseni nguSindiswa Mbokodi

“Siyokuthenga! Siyokuthenga!” UAfrika

watsiba-tsiba phambi koDintle. Umama wakhe

uMme wa Afrika wamncumela, waza uDintle

waqhweba izandla.

“Ewe,” watsho uMme wa Afrika, “ngoko ke nxiba

izihlangu zakho. Kufuneka sikhawuleze. Kusafuneka

sihambile siye esikhululweni sebhasi.”

Esikhululweni sebhasi, babebani nzi abantu

ababelinde ibhasi. Besakuba bonke bengeni le

ebhasini, bonke babexinene. UMme wa Afrika

wamningatha uDintle. Kwahlala omnye umama

ecaleni kwakhe. UAfrika wahlala kwelinye icala

likamama wakhe, ecudiseke ngasestileni. Kodwa

wayengakhathazekanga konke konke kuba lento

yayithetha ukuba uza kukwazi ukukroba ngefestile.

Ekugqibeleni umqhubi wakhwaza, “Isikhululo



ethengisiweyo.

“Uyakwazi ukwenza laa nto wena, Mama?”

uAfrika wabuza umama wakhe.

“Ukwenza ntoni?” wabuza uMme wa Afrika.

“Ukuthwala izinto entloko ngoluya hlobo,”

watsho uAfrika.

“Ewe ndiyakwazi. Kulula,” watsho umama wakhe.

UAfrika wambukela lo mama ehamba esinka

wada wanyamalala kwisiqu sabantu ababeme

phakathi kweevenkilana.

“Ndiqinisekile nam ndingazithwala izinto

entloko!” watsho uAfrika ezithethela. Wabona

ibhotile yesiselo yepplastiki eyayingenanto phantsi.

Wayichola wayithwala, kodwa kwafuneka eyibambile

kuba yayimana isiva.

“Wee!” kwatsho

intombazana kufutshane

naye. “Ndiza

kukubonisa ukuba

yenziwa njani loo

nto!” Wathatha

ibhotile yesiselo,

wathwala entloko

yakhe, waza

impunlo eyithe

qwaa, wahamba

wajikeleza uAfrika

oku kwenkosazana



Abazali bakhe bajongana, bancumelana baze bathi, “Ngokuginisekileyo, ungaphangela nathi.” Yayiyimini eshushu le kodwa kwakusibekele. Emeyezweni kwakuzole apha ngendlela engaqhelekanga.

“Ndicinga ukuba ilanga aliphumanga namhlanje kuba lisizela inkonyana yendlulamthi,” watsho uSisanda.

Indlovukazi enkulu kakhulu yayionga olu sapho ludlula kuyo.

“Mhlawumbi ithe nga ukuba kutheni

intombazana encinane iphangela nabazali bayo nje,” watsho umama kaSisanda.

USisanda wanqwala, “Iza kumangaliswa

ngakumbi xa ifumanisa esona sizathu,” wacinga njalo uSisanda.



Bayifumana inkonyana yendlulamthi imi yodwa.

Yayithokombisile, iijingisa loo ntamo yayo inde namehlo ayo amakhulu namdaka eyekhangeleka edangele. USisanda wasondela kangangoko

anakho apha kuyo. Wawula ingxowana yakhe waza wakhupha kuyo incwadi. Emva koko, abazali bakhe

besamangaliswe, wagalisa ukufundela inkonyana yendlulamthi. Yayika intloko ilandela ilizwi lakhe

yaze yamamele ngokungathi iyaliqonda igama ngalinye. Ekugqaleni, abazali bakaSisanda babecinga

ukuba ukufundela indulamthi yindlalo kwaye yinto engaqhelekanga, kodwa yaguquka indlela abacinga

ngayo xa bebona indlela eyayizole ngayo inkonyana – amehlo ayo anobubele ejonge kuSisanda.

“Ibali lam livenze yaziva ingcono,” uSisanda uxelele utatomkhulu wakhe bakufika ekhaya.

USisanda wayeyindwendwela le ndulamthi incinane amaxesha amaninzi emva kwemini

nangeempelaveki. Kwaye ngalo lonke ixesha eyindwendwela, wayeyiphathela ibali elitsha aza

kwabelana ngalo nayo. Aba bahlobo babini batsha babekhangeleka befanenelele kakhulu kangangokuba

nabakhenkethi abadlulayo babebafota.

Kancinci-kancinci indulamthi encinane yomelela. Abantu bomyezo weziliwanyana

babeyikhathalele kakhulu kwaye nalo lonke uthando eyayilufumana kumhlobo wayo omtsha, uSisanda, lwalusebenza ngokomlingo.

Ngenye imini umlawuli womyezo weziliwanyana wacela uSisanda ukuba amthiye igama lo mhlobo wakhe mtsha.

“Ndicinga ukuba uThokozani ligama

eliminandi,” watsho uSisanda.

Ngosuku olulandelayo umlawuli womyezo

watsalela utitshala kaSisanda umnxeba. Wamema

bonke abantwana abafunda eklasini kaSisanda

ukuba beze emeyezweni baze kubona uThokozani.

Le ndulamthi intle yayikhulile inde kwaye yomelele

kwezi nyangana zintathu ukususela kutyelelo lokugala lukaSisanda.

Ngomhla wohambo, abantwana abafunda

iBanga le-3 abangamashumi amane babelinde

ngothakazelelo ukuba kuvulwe amasango omyezo

weziliwanyana. Emva koko, ngokuzingca okukhulu,

uSisanda wakhokelela wonke ubani kuThokozani.

Abanye babantwana bajongela indulamthi ende

bemangaliswe. Abanye babo babegqitheka

ngobuphakuphak. Utitshala wabo, uNkosazana

Khanyile, wasuka nje yena wazincumela.

“Umhlobo wakho mhle kakhulu, Sisanda.

Umenzele ububele kakhulu,” watsho utitshalakazi

ngokuzolileyo.

“Ngubani igama lakhe?” yabuza enye

inkwenkwe.

“UThokozani uthetha ukuthi ‘vuyani,’ wacacisa

njalo uNkosazana Khanyile.

Abantwana bahlala phantsi bamamela lo

gama uSisanda ebatfundela

ibali awayelifundele

uThokozani

mhla begala

ukuhlangana.

Umlawuli

womyezo

wabafota.

Abakhenkethi

ababezidulela

nabo babafota.

Kwanentatheli

yephephandaba

lasekulaleni

ugobo nayo

yabafota.

Yathembisa ukuba

ifoto yabo iza kupapashwa kwiphephandaba

kwakansinyane. Wonke ubani waqhweba izandla.

Esinjani sona isipho! Ukufundela impiliso

yomhlobo.



Yabelanani ngebali namhlanje!



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UNeo kunye nehlabathi elikhulu nelibanzi

Libali likaVianne Venter
Liguqulelwe esiXhoseni nguNobuntu Stengile
Imifanekiso yekaRico

UNeo wakroba phandle ngefestile yegumbi lakhe, ejonge ubungwevu nokusibekela kwezulu nezantyalantyala zamanzi ezidame kweso sitalato sibonakala naso singwevu kwakunye nabantu abamanzi nababonakala bengwevu, bekhawuleza kuba bebeleka loo mvula ingwevu ibaxhaphazayo. Wayengakwazi ukuphuma phandle, kwaye wayesele emfundele zonke iincwadi zakhe uMbali.

Kanye ngelo thuba, kwangena uGogo, iinwele zakhe zivukuzwe ngumoya ovuthuza phandle. Wayephethe into ethile ngesandla. UNeo wayeyibona ukuba yinto ebusibaca, ebusikwere, nenemibala emininzi le ... kwaye iyavuleka – kanye oku kwetyesi enobutyebi!

“Le yayiyeyona ncwadi ndiyithandayo xa ndandisemncinane njengawe lo,” uGogo wamxelela oko uNeo. “Lo yayingumnyango wam wokungena kwihlabathi elikhulu nelibanzi.”

Emva koko, wavula incwadi leyo. Kwiphepha lokuqala kwakukho umfanekiso wendawo yomlingo, ekude kakhulu nengafaniyo nale mini imbi nengwevu, isibekeleyo ayibona phandle. Ithafa laliluhlaza yaka, kuthe rhwelele imibalanzana ebugolide namdaka apha naphaya, phezulu kuthe gqume isibhakabhaka esihle, esikhulu nesizuba, kunye nelanga elishushu, elityheli, litshisa loo mhlaba uphantsi kwalo.

“Wowu! Ingaba le nto yinyaniso?” wakhuya uNeo.

UGogo wancuma. “Akuyazi na? Onke amabali ayinyaniso, ukuba uyakholelwa kuwo,” watsho. Emva koko wolatha indawo kwelo phepha apho kwakuhamba khona inkwenkwana, engangoNeo lo kanye, inqumla ithafa.



Njengokuba uGogo eqhubeka nokufunda ibali, uNeo wawavala amehlo akhe wemkisela ngengqondo yakhe, wenyuka iinduli ... wanqumla loo mhlaba mkhulu nomdaka ngebala ... waya kutshona kwilizwe elikhulu nelibanzi. Weva amazwi asethafeni.

“Phuma! Phuma!” yacula isitsho intakana encinane.

“Yimini entle lei!” yatswina yenjenjalo nenyenzane. “Yiza, yiza uze kudlala,” wasebeza usitsho umoya phakathi kwaloo ngca inde.

UNeo wakhumbula imvula engwevu nenethayo,

waze wazibuza ukuba ingaba kuloo meko angaphuma phandle kusini na. Kodwa ebalini, ungenza nantoni na oyifunayo. Kwakungekho mvula apha. Uthe ke ngoko, uNeo wahamba, enqumla ithafa.

Into yokuqala awayibonayo yayinde kwaye imdaka ngebala, inomzimba owomeleleyo nowenziwe ngokhuni. Yayineengalo ezinde nezimdaka ezazifikelela esibhakabhakeni, kunye nentloko enkulu ecekethekileyo neneenwele ezingamagqabi eziluhlaza nezazishukushukuma ziye ngapha nangapha kuloo mpepho ifudumeleleyo.

“Molo,” watsho uNeo ewathe gqa amehlo.

“Uyintoni?”

“Ndingumthi. Ndibona konke okulapha kula mathafa mahle nabugolide. Gwencela unyuke uze kubuka kunye nam.” Umthi wathoba waya kuye, waze

waze wazibuza ukuba ingaba kuloo meko angaphuma phandle kusini na. Kodwa ebalini, ungenza nantoni na oyifunayo. Kwakungekho mvula apha. Uthe ke ngoko, uNeo wahamba, enqumla ithafa.



uNeo naye wagwencela.

Kuloo masebe omthi apho phezulu, uNeo wayekwazi ukubona apho liphela khona ihlabathi. Kwaye kwakukho izinto ezininzi kuyo yonke indawo, kude phaya kunaye, kangangokuba wangenwa luloyiko akucinga ngazo zonke ezi zinto kwanendawo akuyo apha emthini.

Kodwa umthi wambamba wamkhusela, waze wamsebezela usithi, “Hamba uye kuhlola ilizwe. Musa ukoyika. Lihlabathi elimangalisayo, elikhulu nelibanzi eliya.”

Ngoko ke, naye uNeo wehla emthini waze wahamba indlela yakhe, enqumla ethafeni.

Kungekudala uhlangene nesidulana sentlabathi eqinileyo nesinemingxuma, engathi yiminyangwana emincinane. Wayesiva amazwi angathi sisigidi

Yakhala impempe baze bangena phakathi ebaleni kwakhona abadlali ukuze kuqalise isiqingatha sesibini. Umdlalo waqhuba ngendlela izinto ebezisenzeka ngayo kwisiqingatha sokuqala ... kwade kwasala umzuzu nje omnye!

Ibhola yayikuNeo. Walaqaza

ejonga ukuba ingaba akakho

na oweqela leDiamond

okufutshane kuye. Nakanye,

wayengamakiswanga, eyedwa

jwi. Wabaleka waya

phambili, eqhuba ibhola.

Ngephanyazo wathi gqi

umdlali weDiamond.

UNeo wayemjonge tsho

emehlweni lo gama

akhaba ibhola ethe

yaphuma phakathi

kwemilenze

yalo mdlali.

Kwathi nkxwe

ngababukeli,

bekhwaza ngenxa yemincili.

Omnye umdlali weDiamond weza kuNeo ukuze axhwile

loo bhola. Ngokukhawuleza, uNeo wayigqithisela kuPriya.

Wonke umntu wayebambe umphefumlo lo gama uPriya

ethatha ibhola, eyikhaba ngamandla.

LADUMA!

Unozinti weDiamond zange ayibone nokuyibona ibhola

xa isiza! UPriya wayelifakile inqaku.

Kungekagqithi nomzuzwana nje omnye, laphela ixesha.

Uthe uPriya esabuyela phakathi emva kokubhiyozela inqaku, usompempe wayivuthela kakathathu impempe yakhe ukusonga umdlalo! IMaqhawe yayiwuphumelele umdlalo!

UNeo wavuya kangangokuba wabaleka waya kuPriya,

wafika wamfunqula!

Bobabini babaleka ukuya kumaqabane eqela labo



nakumqeqeshi wabo owayesecaleni lebala, baze bonke baxhawulana. Emva koko, uPriya noNeo bathi ngqe ukuya kutata kaNeo. URahul wayeyivuthela ngamandla ivuvuzela yakhe.

“Lo ibingumsebenzi omhle kakhulu noyifaneleyo iayisikhrim, Priya noNeo,” watsho utata kaNeo. “Ingaba amaqhawe ethu amabini angakuthanda oko?”

“Ewe! Singakuvuyela kakhulu ukufumana iayisikhrim,” wabaphendulela uMbali. Bahleka bonke akutsho.

UNeo wafunqula uMbali wambeleka xa babesiya kuthenga iayisikhrim. Nokuba akawafakanga amanqaku amabini njengoko ebefuna, kodwa uncedise itshomikazi yakhe ukuba ifake inqaku lempumelelo! UPriya yena?

Wayevuya kakhulu kuba elo yayilinqaku lakhe lokuqala alifakele iMaqhawe. Isandi sevuvuzela kaRahul sasiluncuthu oluvakala ngathi ludlalelwa yena nje kuphela.



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“Ndiza kufaka

amanqaku amabini namhlanje, Tata,” watsho uNeo ngelixa enxiba iibhutsi zakhe zebhola ekhatywayo.

“Kwaye

ndiza kuncedisa ngokongeza amanqaku amathathu kulawo, Malume,” watsho uPriya owayesandul’ ukufika kuloNeo ehamba nomtakwabo omncinane, uRahul. URahul wayephethe ivuvuzela yakhe ebornvu kwe.

Wahleka uTata kaNeo. “Kulungile ke, ndiza kuhlala ethembeni lokuvuyisana nani kahlanu!”

“Nam, Malume! Ndingalubonisa uvuyo lwam?” wabuza uRahul.

“Ewe, nakanjani nyana,” watsho utata kaNeo encedisa uMbali ekunxibeni izihlangu zakhe. “Mashambeni ke ngoku!”

Bonke bangena emotweni. UNeo wayehlali ngaphambili. Wayekhe wahlala apho amayeeli amaninzi ngaphambili. Wayeqinisekile ukuba xa uyise enumumela, iya kuthi yakuba mide ngokwaneleyo imilenze yakhe, akwazi kwangoko ukughuba imoto. Kwakubukeka kulula kakhulu oko. URahul noPriya bahlala ngasemva bekhage uMbali. Bamnyumbaza waza ke wagijitheka naye.

Ngephanyazo, babona sele befikile ebaleni lebhola. Babefake kanye ngesesha ukuze uPriya noNeo bakwazi ukujoyina amaqabane egqela labo leMaqhawe Football Club, ukuze nabo bazifudumeze ngokunjalo. Namhlanje babedlala neDiamond Football Club.



“Khumbulani ukugqinisekisa ukuba niza kuyifiphalisa

ukukhanya kwayo kakhulu iDiamond Football Club de emva komdlalo inyanzeleke ukuba ilitshintshe igama layo, ibe yiCoal Football Club,” watsho umqeqeshi.

Kungekudala lafika ixesha lokuba abadlali babaleke besiya kungena ebaleni. Usompempe wavuthela impempe yakhe, waza waqala umdlalo.

Umdlalo waqala ngokucothayo, kodwa waqalisa ukutshisa kungekudala. Kwakukho ingxolo enkulu kakhulu ngenxa yeentsapho zabantwana bamacala omabini amaqela ebhola, ababetsho ngesankxwe, bekhuthaza abantwana babo. Ibhola yayiba kweinye icala lecala ithuba elitshande ukuba lidana, kuthi xa kubonakala ngathi iya ngasezipalini, omnye wabadlali ayibe ayigxothel! Umdlalo waqhuba ngolo hlobo kwade kwaphela isiqingatha sokugqala.

“Ndikruqkile yile nto! Benthembiise ukuba niza



kufaka amanqaku,” wayesitsho uRahul xa uNeo noPriya besondele, besiza kuphumla ngasemigceni esemacaleni.

“Ewe nangoku. UMbali ufuna amanqaku, uMbali ufuna amanqaku,” waphindaphinda esitsho uMbali. “UMbali uyozela ngoku,” woleka ngelishoyo ezamla. UNeo noPriya basuka nje bayiya intsimi lo gama bebalaka ukuphindela kumaqabane egqela labo.

sabantu abaxakekileyo, kwaye kwakuvakala nezingqi zeenyawana ezincinane, ngathi kubaleka izigidi ezithandathu zabantu abaxakekile.

“Molweni! Ningobani?” uNeo wakhwaza, ekrobe komnye waloo mnyango.

“Molo!” kwaphendula ilizwana elincinane.

“Sizimbovane. Sibalisa amabali ehlabathi elingaphakathi apha. Ingaba uyafuna ukuweva amanye awo?”

UNeo wayewathanda amabali, ngoko ke wahlala phantsi waphulaphula. Iimbovane zabalisa amabali azo asethafeni nasehlathini, kwakunye nawasezintabeni nawezixeko ezikude.

“Amabali kanti maninzi kangaka?” wabuza watsho uNeo.

“Ubuninzi bamabali buyafana nobuninzi beenkwenkwezi ezisesibhakabhakeni,” zaphendula iimbovane.

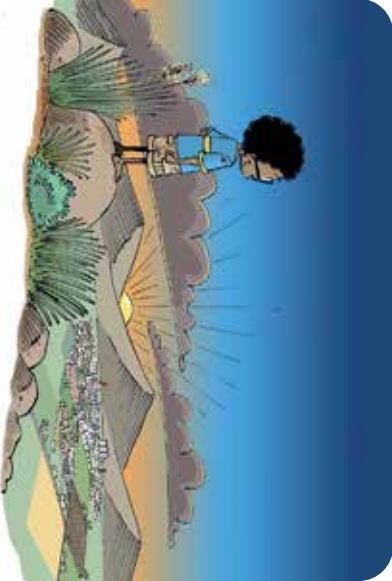
UNeo wawangawangisa ngesandla, exelela iimbovane ukuba zisale kakuhle, lo gama yena aqhubeka nendlela yakhe, enqumla ethafeni.

Ekugqibeleni, uNeo wahlangana nomlambo oqukuqela amanzi, ukusuka kusasa ukuya ebusuku, unqumla kuloo ntlambo. UNeo wangena kuwo ezama ukuphozisa iinyawo zakhe ezishushu.

Amanzi atshiza iinyawo zakhe aze ahleka. “Ndingumlambo. Ndisuka ezintabeni ndiye elwandle. Yiza, ndilande! Ndiza kukugodusa.”

UNeo wacinga indlela ekungamandi ngayo oko. Ngoko ke, wawulandela umlambo ukunqumla kuloo ntlambo naphakathi kwezo ntaba. Ekunye nomlambo lowo, bazula yonke loo mva kwemini phantse kwada kwasebusuku, de ekugqibeleni uNeo wafikelela encotsheni yenduli.

Phezulu apho, uNeo wayibona kakuhle idolophana



encinane, ihlambulukiye kukucocwa zezo mvula, yaze yamenyezeliswa lelo langa lqala ukutshona.

Emva koko umlambo wandyonkya ngobubele, “Hamba ke ngoku, ugoduke. Kukho abantu abakuthandayo phaya emva, abalinde ukwabelana nawe ngamabali.”

UNeo wehla endlulini apho, wangena edolophini. Wabona izitalato ezixakekileyo ezinqumla idolophu, kanye njengomlambo lowo. Wabona izindlu, zifudunyezwe kukukhanya kokutshona kweelanga nokugqala korhayu. Ngaphakathi kwezo zindlu, abantu babexakekile, kanye njengeembovane ezincinane awayehlengene nazo.

Ekugqibeleni, uNeo wakroba efestileni apho wabona ixhegwazana elidala, elineengalo ezomeleleyo kunye neenwele ezifana namasebe omthi omkhulu,



livala incwadi laza lathoba laphuza inkwenkwana encinane lisithi busuku benzolo kuyo.

UNeo wacinga ngethafa kunye nomthi, neembovane kwakunye nomlambo. Kwaye uthe xa ebukele eli xhegwazana, kwavela umnyama owakhanyisa ngemibala eqaqambe kakhulu loo ndlwana encinane, eyayikhangeleka ngathi ngumfanekiso osencwadini yamabali. UNeo wacinga ngamahlandinyuka akhe amanqalisayo kumaphepha eyona ncwadi ihandwa nguGogo, waze wacinga ngaye noMbali ekhaya.

Zithe ke iingcinga zikaNeo zamthatha kuloo ncwadi, zamfaka ebhedini yakhe, kwigumbi lakhe elifudumeleyo, elikwindlwana yakowabo encinane.

Yiyo kanye loo nto ke, ekutini ngalo lonke ixesha ihlabathi likhangeleka lisibekele okanye lingewu, linganiki mdla, kwaye negumbi lakhe likhangeleka lilincinane kakhulu, uNeo ewula incwadi. Ungena kumnyango ophakathi kuloo maphepha, aze ahambe aye kwihlabathi elikhulu nelibanzi.

Yabelanani ngebali namhlanje!



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Esona sandi siqaqambileyo ehlabathini

Libali likaNiki Daly
Imifanekiso izotywe nguRico
Liguqulelwe esiXhoseni nguMlami Matshingana

UBella wayenesithukuthezi lo gama uMama ecoca indlu.
"Phuma noNoodle niyokubethwa ngumoya,"

wamecebisa ngelitshoyo uMama.
UNoodle walandela uBella ukuphuma kwakhe phandle,
wafika wachophela ecaleni kwakhe, kwipavumente. UBella
wazamla akugqiba wasezela umoya. Wawungavakali
uhlaziyekile tu. Kwakunuka umsi weemoto ezidumayo.



Vruuum! yahamba imoto. Pooop! yahamba nenye.
Drooom, drooom, drooom! sahamba isithuthuthu. Tshi-
tshi-tshi-tshi-tshi! yahamba iveni endala enamavili amadala
nomzimba orusileyo.

UBella waqalisa ukubala izandi ezikhoyo
kokumngongileyo. Zazizine awayesele ezivile!
Driii-driii-driii! watsho umatshini wokugrumba indlela.
Graaa-graaa! uNoodle wagragramela umatshini. Dufu,
dufu, dufu! watsho umculo ongxolayo uphuma etekisini.

Pepere-pee, pepere-pee, pepere-pee! latsho inenekazi
likhwaza xa lithetha kwiselula yalo. Ohwayi, qhwayi,
qhwayi! zatsho izihlangu ezichophileyo kwipavumente
xa lihambayo. Gxashi, gxashi, gxashi! imbaleki yagqitha
ibaleka ngakuBella. Hawuuu, hawuuu, hawuuu! uNoodle
wakhonkotha imbaleki. Vityooo, vityooo, vityooo!
yantiyontya ikhwelo inkwenkwe isebhayisekileni.

"ZILISHUMI ELINESIBINI izandi!" watsho uBella.

Kodwa yonke le ngxolo ngoku yaqalisa ukwenzela
uBella isiyazi, wabona ukuba makayeke ukubala waza wathi,
"Yiza Noodle, masiye emva kwendlu apho kuthe cwaka
kamnandi khona."

Emva kwendlu, iimoto zavakalela kude kakhulu.

Bakwazi nokuva ingonyana emnandi entyilozwa yintaka

xa isithi, tsiyo-tsiyo. UBella wacimela, waphulula uNoodle.
Kusenjalo, bobabini batsiba ngesaquphe!

"**Yhoooo! Shuuuu! Yhoooo!**" Eyona ngxolokazi
yayisothusa yathi gqi endlwini kaGogo, kwelinye icala
lodonga olungasemva. Ngokukhawuleza, uBella wabaleka



ukuya kuxelela unina ngakuvilleyo.

"Kukho ingxolokazi eyothusayo ephuma endlwini
kaGogo!" kwakhwaza uBella phakathi kwaloo vruuu, vruuu!
wevakyhumklina engxolayo. UMama wayicima ngoko
nangoko.

"Andivanga nto tu nje mna," watsho uMama.

"Mamela!" watsho uBella. Wayiva ke ngoku uMama
ingxolo!



"**Yhoooo! Shuuuu! Yhoooo!**"

"NguGogo lowo," watsho uMama. "Khawuleza!

Masibaleke siyokujonga ukuba kwenzeka ntoni na."

UMama, uBella noNoodle behla ngendlela bebaleka,

bajikela ekoneni besiya endlwini kaGogo. Bafike uGogo

esekhitshini evuthela isandla sakhe ngamandla.

"**Shuuuuu!** Ndizitshise esandleni ngengozi ngoba
budenge bembiza eshushu!" wakhala esitsho uGogo.

"Sifake emanzini abandayo eli xa ndilanda ikiti yoncedo



lokuqala," watsho uMama, waza wathi ngeeee ukubuyela
kwakhe – phaqa, phaqa, phaqa.

Wabuya ngokukhawuleza uMama ephethe ibhokisana
encinci emhlophe nenomngamlezo obomvu esicikweni.

Wakhupha amafutha wathambisa isandla sikaGogo, waza
akugqiba wasibopha ngebhandeji.

"Gogo, awuzukwazi ukupheka unesi sandla
sibuhlungu," watsho uMama. "Wena nosapho lwakho niza
kutya nathi isopholo ngobu busuku."

"Enkosi kakhulu," watsho uGogo. "Thatha noba

bubhanxa balaa mbiza ineembotyji uhambe nayo

uyokongeza ekutyeni kwethu."

Ngexesha lesidlo sangokuhlwa, kwafika uGogo
nosapho lwakhe.

Mhmm, Mhmm! – benza eso sandi bakuva ivumba
elimnandi lokutya okuphekwe ngekheri ngumama kaBella,
kwaza kwagalelwa neembotyji zikaGogo. UNoodle naye
waphakelwa kancinci esityeni sakhe. Xhafu, xhafu! wakutya
konke wakugqiba ngephanyazo. Emva koko xhapha,
xhapha. Wasela amanzi agcwele isitya sakhe!

"Ndiyavuya kakhulu nindivile xa ndigxwala, ndikhwaza,"
watsho uGogo kuBella.

"Bendisabala izandi endizivayo ukuva kwam le ngxolo,"
watsho uBella.

"Owu bethu, nasi ke esinye isandi," watsho uGogo
egobela ngakuBella. Mncwaa! waphuza uBella esidleleni.
UBella walilibala ngoku inani lezandi azibalileyo, kodwa esi
sona sasiqaqambile!

"Esi sesona sandi ndisithandayo!" watsho encumile.

Ngexesha lokulala, uMama wabuza uBella wenjenje,

"Uyasazi ukuba sesiphi esona sandi ndisithanda kakhulu



mna?"

"Sesiphi?" wabuza uBella.

"Sesi!" watsho uMama, enyumbaza uBella esiswini.

Ha, ha, ha, gi, gi, ha, ha, ha, ha! wahleka uBella.

Ewe! Intsini sesona sandi siqaqambileyo kwihlabathi
jikelele. Awutsho?



Ukuvuselela oko abantwana banokukwazi
ukukwenza ngokubalisa amabali nokufunda

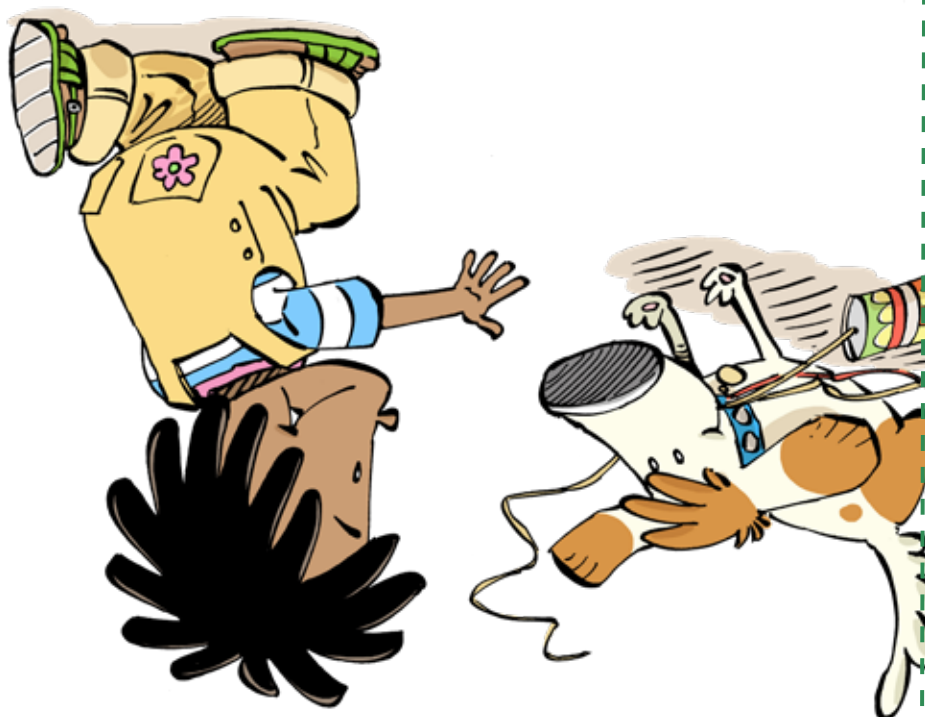


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Neo grabbed Hope's arm. "Look," he said, "Tin's on stage! But where is the We Can Band?"

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," sang the crowd.

"Right foot back," sang Tin.

"Right foot back," sang the crowd.

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

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

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

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

Kungekudala umbhiyozo wawuqhuba. UTin wayecula ingoma yakhe ngelixa uNeo, uHope, uJosh noBella nabo babedlala izixhobo zabo zomculo.

Imvumi nganye yacula ingoma yelizwe layo.
Inginginyayayivuya iqhwaba izandla. Bayithanda
inkqubo!

“Niyabona,” watsho uTin kwiWe Can Band, “eli qela lincinci libe luncedo! Ndiyabulela kwesi sine ... nakuNoodle, wonke ubani uwonwabele umbhiozo!”



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

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

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

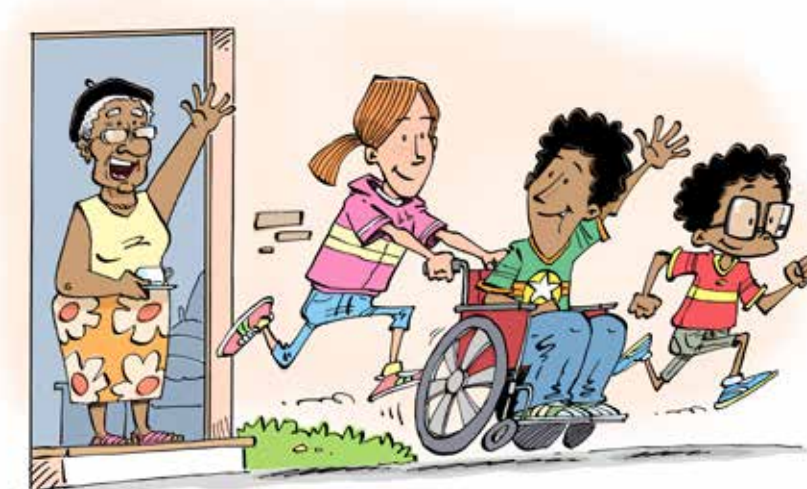
"Okay, off you go then. Stay close together," said Gogo.

"Gogo," watsho uNeo, "Uvile? Bathi wonke ubani wamkelekile. Sicela ukuya?"

UGogo wajonga uNeo wancuma. “UKuba uJosh noHope bayavunyelwa ukuba bahambe, nawe ungahamba,” watsho uGogo. UJosh noHope babesele bengaphaya komnyango ngokuphazima kweso ukuya kucela imvume kubazali ukuba babe yinxalenye yombhiyozo wasepakini.

Bathi xa bebuya beze kuthatha uNeo, uHope waxelela uGogo ukuba uBella nomama wakhe nabo bayaya.

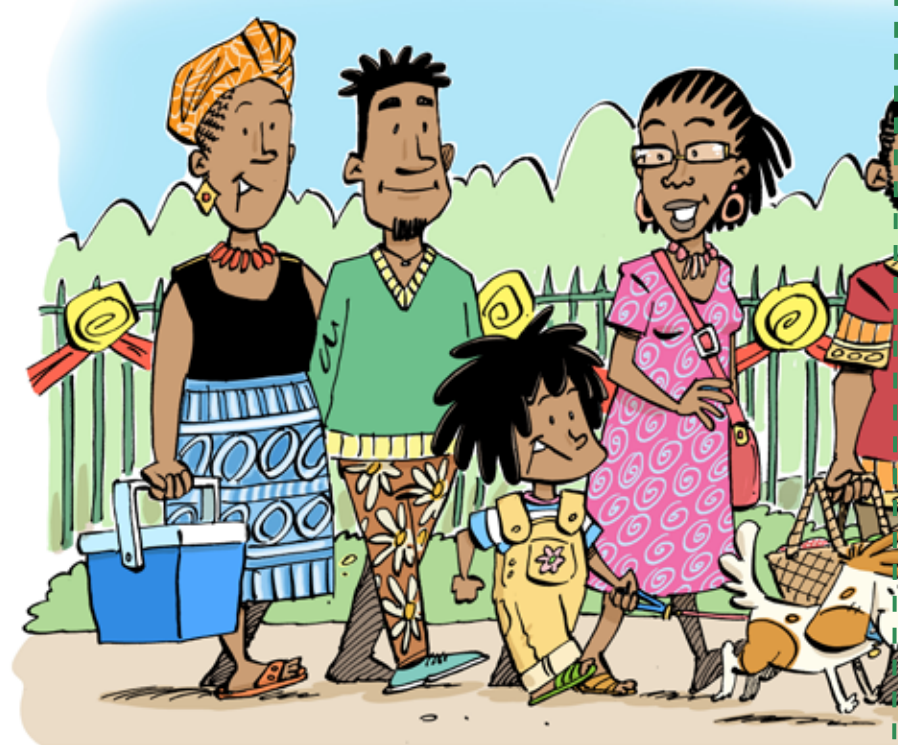
"Kulungile, nawe ungahamba ke. Nihlale nikunye," watsho uGogo.





Epakini, uNeo wabona uBella nomama wakhe kwankqu noNoodle wayezile!
"Ndicinga ukuba wonke umntu wengingqi yethu ulapha," watsho uNeo. "Kukho
ndabantu abatsha kananjalo."
"Mame! ... " watsho uJosh. "Ingaba abanye baba bantu bathetha isiFrensh?"
"Ewe!" watsho uHope. "Kwaye ndiva nesichewwa naso nesishona."

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.

UTin wadlalisa isiginci wathi, "MAWUQALISE UMCULO!"
Njengoko uTin wayekhomba kuNeo noHope, baqalisa ukubetha amagubu. UTin wacula, "Unyawo lwasekhohlo emva," wabuya wakhomba kwinginginya.
"Unyawo lwasekhohlo emva," yacula inginginya.
Okulandelayo uTin wakhomba kuJosh owashukumisa iinkatshaza zakhe ngaxeshanye ehambelana nesingqi.
"Unyawo lwasekunene emva," wacula uTin.
"Unyawo lwasekunene emva," yacula inginginya.
UTin wakhomba kuBella. Umqolo weetoti zenza ingxolo emyoli njengoko uBella wayezijiwuzisa ezingqubanisa enye kwenye. UNoodle wakhonkotha yimincili.



Get story active!



Yenza ibali linike umdla!

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

A party at the park

Before you read the story

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

After you've read the story

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

Nantsi imisebenzi onokuyilinga nosapho lwakho. Isekelwe kuwo onke amabali akolu shicilelo loHlelo lukaNal'ibali: *Umbhiyozo epakini* (amaphepha 5, 6, 27, ama-28) nethi *Ihobohobo elincinci elizigwagwisayo* (iphepha 31).

Umbhiyozo epakini

Phambi kokuba ufunde ibali

- ★ Cella abantwana bakho ukuba babelane nawe ngeengcinga zabo malunga nekhonsathi abanokuthanda ukuya kuyo. Babuze ukuba yeyiphi eyona nto abanokuyilangazelela yaye ngubani abanokuthanda ukuya naye.

Emva kokuba ulifundile ibali

- ★ Thethanani ngezixhobo zomculo ezahlukeneyo, izandi ezizenzayo nendawo ezivela kuyo. Thethanani ngokuba zeziphi izinto zasendlwini ezinokwenza izixhobo ezifanelekileyo (umzekelo itoti yekofu engenanto ukwenza igubu okanye iibhotile ezingenanto ukwenza izayilofowuni).
- ★ Khetha isixhobo esinye okanye ezibini enithethe ngazo, qokelela oko ukudingayo ukuzenza uze uphulaphule izandi ezizenzayo xa uzidlala.
- ★ Cella abantwana bakho ukuba bazobe eyona ndawo bayithandayo ebalini. Abantwana abadadlana bangabhala ngetheko abangathanda ukuba nalo, into enokwenzeka embhiyozweni yaye ingubani oya kuba lapho.
- ★ Kwintetho yeqamza ngalinye leengcinga, bhala into ocinga ukuba umdlali ngamnye ucinga ngayo. Uze ufakele imibala emfanekisweni.



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?



Ihobohobo elincinci elizigwagwisayo

- ★ Sebenzisa udongwe, intlama yokudlala kanti nePrestiki ukwenza abadlali ebalini, okanye zoba eyakho imifanekiso yabo uze uyisike. Sebenzisa abadlali bakho ukubalisa ngokutsha ibali ngendlela yakho!
- ★ Ingaba unamanye amabali owaziyo aneenyoka neentaka kuwo? Kwenzeka ntoni kula mabali? Ingaba ikhona indawo afana ngayo neli bali?



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



Ihobohobo elincinci elizigwagwisayo

Ibhalwe nguNicky Webb Imifanekiso nguVian Oelofson



Kudala-dala kwaye kukho ihobohobo elincinci elalizigwagwisa ngeentsiba zalo ezintle ezityheli nomlomo walo okhazimlayo omnyama. Lalihlala kwiingcongolo ezingasemlanjeni likhwaza nabani na owayenokuliphulaphula, “Ndijonge! Andimhlanga? Jonga iintsiba zam eziqaqambileyo ezityheli! Jonga indlela umlomo wam okhazimla ngayo elangeni!”

Ezinye iintaka nezilwanyana zazingalithandi ihobohobo elincinci. Yayingeyonto nje yokuba lizigwagwisa, koko lalikwakhohlakele.

“Yhee Ngwenya!” wakhwaza uHobohobo, “Unamazinyo amabi gqitha. Makhulu, azingxavula, atyheli, yaye unamasuntswana okutya axinge phakathi kwawo! Phuuu! Ndiqinisekile unqwenela ukuba ube ubunomlomo omhle ofana nowam!”

UNgwenya watshona phansti kwamanzi waza wacinga ngendlela ekwakunokuba mnandi ngayo ukuba uHobohobo wayexinge kumazinyo akhe!

Xa yayilixesha lokuba uHobohobo akhe indlwana yakhe, wenza njengendlela yakhe yesiqhelo yokuzigwagwisa. Endaweni yokuba akhethe izijungwana zengca neengcongolo neentsiba ngokufana nezinye iintaka, wachola iziqwengana zamaphepha akhazimlayo namaphepha akhazimlayo okubopha iiswiti, awazolukela endlwaneni. Wathi akugqiba, indlwane yakhe yabe ikhazimla idanyaza elangeni. “Yhe nina,” wakhwaza uHobohobo. “Jongani indlwane yam! Ayintlanga ngokumangalisayo? Jongani indlela ekhazimla ngayo elangeni!”



Ufudo lwathi chu ludlula ezingcongolweni lwaza lwema ukuba lujonge indlu kaHobohobo engaqhelekanga. “Awunqweneli ukuba unge unendlu efana neyam, Fudwazana?” wantyiloza uHobohobo. “Eyakho idangele kwaye iyakruqula. Jonga ukuba eyam ikhazimla kangakanani.”

UFudwazana wanikina intloko, “Ndonwabile liqokobhe lam Hobohobo. Liyandikhusela, yaye kuphela kwento ebalulekileyo kum leyo.”

Okulandelayo, impukwana yedobo yakroba ikwinqumba yamagqabi omileyo. Isiqwengana sefoyile kwindlwana kaHobohobo satsala umdla wayo. “Yho, Hobohobo, indlwane yakho iqaqambe kakhulu,” yatswina.

“Ayinjalo?” watsho ngebhongo. Awudinwanga, Mpukwana, kukuhlala kumagqabi amdaka nasezintsaseni? Hayi ukuba lusizi nokunganiki mdla kwendlu yakho.”

“Hayi, Hobohobo,” watsho uMpukwana. “Xa ungangam, ujongene nokutyiwa zezinye izilwanyana ezininzi. Xa ndithe ndavunduza ndatshona kwinqumba yamagqabi am, akukho mntu unokundibona yaye oko kunqanda ukuba ndingatyiwa. Ndikhethe ukukhuseleka kunokuba ndizisole.”

“Ndiqinisekile ukuba unomona,” enyevula uHobohobo umlomo ewuphakamisele emoyeni.

Ngoku kwakukho inyoka enkulu kufutshane nomlambo eyayilele ubusika bonke. Yathi xa ivuka, yaziva ilambe kakhulu, yaza yaya kukhangela into emnandi yokutya ukuzalisa isisu sayo. Yadihana nofudo oluncinci lothe ilanga. UFudwazana wajonga kwakanye kulwimi olulencezayo lukaNyoka namehlo aziingqanda waza warhoxisa intloko yakhe wangena eqokobheni lakhe. UNyoka wamqhoqhoza kambalwa uFudwazana, kodwa kwabonakala ngathi liqokobhe nje eliqinileyo, ngoko ke wemka eyokukhangela into awayenokuyiluma.

Kungekudala uNyoka wabona uMpukwana, owayeqokelela iinkozo nezinye izinto ezimnandi eza kwenza isidlo sasemini. Warhubuluzela ngakuye, ezama ukungangxoli kangangoko kwakunokwenzeka, kodwa isisu sakhe esasixuxuzela sambhaqisa. UMpukwana watsiba ngokukhawuleza kangangoko imilenze yakhe yayinokumthwala waza wajubalaza ngokukhawuleza wehlela emazantsi enqumba yamagqabi akhe omileyo. Walala apho ethe cwaka, kungashukumi nelinye ibhovu. UNyoka waxhokonxa amagqabi ithutyana, kodwa ngoku isisu sakhe sasigquma kakhulu. Wayelambe kakhulu ukuba angomba kuwo onke loo magqabi ngesidlo esincinci esingangoMpukwana, ngoko ke wedlulela phambili.

Kungekudala wazifumana esezanti ngasemlanjeni. Apho, into engaqhelekanga kakhulu yatsala iliso lakhe. Yayikhangeleka kanye ngathi yindlwane, kodwa yayikhazimla idanyaza kwilanga eliqaqambileyo. UNyoka wabona uHobohobo ebhabha engena endlwaneni. “Isimanga ukuba intaka ingazami ukufihla indlwane yayo kwinyoka elambileyo,” wazixelesa uNyoka.

Wachwechwa ngokuzola ukuya ngasemlanjeni waza wenyuka ngeengcongolo ukuya kwindlwane kaHobohobo. Ngethamsanqa, xa kanye wayeza kufaka intloko endlwaneni aze atye intakana, wabonwa zezinye iintaka, ezahlahlambayo zatswina zisenza isilumkiso. UHobohobo watsiba waphuma ngokukhawuleza kuseliithuba endlwaneni waza wakwazi ukubaleka, kodwa uNyoka wayibetha yawela phantsi indlwane entle, apho yaqhekeka yahlukana.



“Oko kuza kukufundisa, Hobohobo, ngokuba lithanda njezu,” zatswina ezinye iintaka.

“Yaye jonga,” yakhwaza intakana, “Iintsiba zakho zijike zamdaka ngebala!”

UHobohobo wajonga iintsiba zakhe ngokoyika. Ngokwenene zazimdaka ngokupheleleyo ngebala. Waziva eneentloni. Kwakungaphelelanga nje ukuba ephantse watyiwa, kodwa indlu yakhe yayitshatyalalisiwe yaye neentsiba zakhe ezintle zazimdaka ngebala zifana nje nezezinye iintaka.

UHobohobo wayefunde isifundo. Wayeka ukuthanda injezu waza waqalisa ukuba nobubele kwezinye izilwanyana. Nangona iintsiba zakhe zaphinda zajika zaba tyheli kwakhona, kude kube namhla, ubusika ngabunye, zijika zibe mdaka ngebala kwakhona ukumkhumbuza ngobuyatha bakhe.



A cartoon illustration of a family of four sitting on a pink sofa, reading books. The father, with dark hair and a beard, is on the left, holding a book. The mother, with dark hair and a pink bow, is next to him, also reading. A young girl with dark hair is sitting between them, reading a yellow book. A young boy with glasses and a red shirt is on the right, reading a book. A small table next to the sofa holds a lamp with a purple shade and a yellow base. Several books are scattered on the floor in front of the sofa, including one with a dog on the cover and another with a boy on the cover. The background is a simple orange and white pattern.

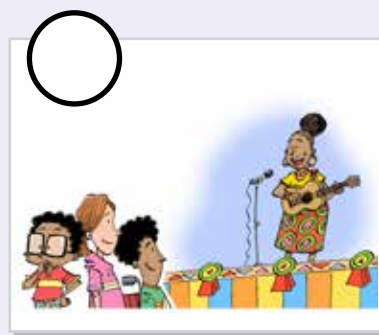
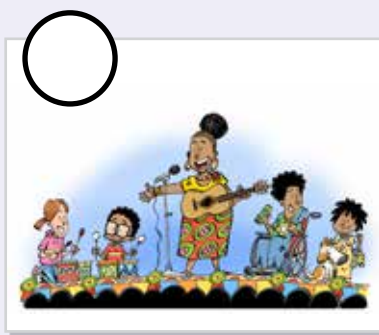
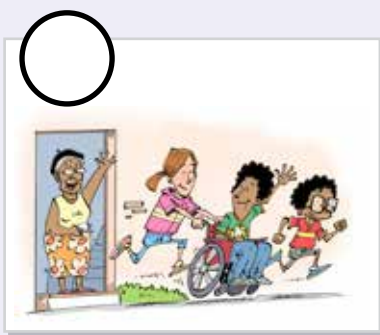
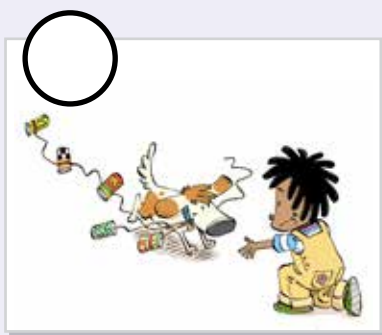
1.

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1. Sika ukhuphe ibheji ulandela umgca ongamachaphaza abomvu.
2. Faka umbala emfanekisweni.
3. Sika isangqa esilingana nebheji ngobukhulu kwikhadibhodi ephephece, umzekelo, ibhokisi yesiriyeli.
4. Sebenzisa iglu ukuncamathelisa ibheji ekhadibhodini.
5. Sebenzisa into yokuncamathelisa eqinileyo ukuze uncamathelise umva wesipelitana ngasemva kwibheji yakho. Okanye ugqobhoze umngxunyana emantla ebheji ze ufake iwulu okanye umtya ukuze ukwazi ukuyijingisa entanyeni yakho.
6. Yonwabela ukunxiba ibheji yakho xa ufunda okanye umamele amabali ngoSuku lokuFunda ngokuVakalayo lweHlabathi.

2.

Jonga le mifanekiso ethathwe kwibali elithi *Umbhiyozo epakini*.
Yfakela amanani ukuze ilungelelane nendlela izinto ezenzeka ngayo
ebalini. Ngoku sebenzisa imifanekiso ukubalisa ibali kwakhona.



2.

Lungisa oonobumba abaxutyiweyo ukufumana izixhobo zomculo ezihlanu kwibali *Umbhiyozo epakini*.

ingcigisi

mbintsiii

oomakushu

Answers: 2. 13, 1, 4, 2; 3. drumsticks, guitar, drums, chimes, shakers
Impendulo: 2. 3, 1, 4, 2; 3. amaphini, isigingci, amagubhu, intsimbi, ooshukuma

Abakwa**Nal'ibali** bakhona ukuze bakunike inkuthazo nenkxaso. **Qhagamshelana nathi** nangayiphi na enye kwezi ndlela zilandelayo:



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Produced by The Nal'ibali Trust. Translation by Sindiswa Mbokodi. Nal'ibali character illustrations by Rico.



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