



Spread the word!

Each year on 21 February, the world celebrates International Mother Language Day. This event shines the spotlight on just how important it is to preserve and protect *all* languages used by *all* groups of people throughout the world! And nothing could be more relevant for South Africa, as Carole Bloch, Director of PRAESA, explains.

“It’s normal to use our mother tongue every day, isn’t it? No, it’s not! It is actually only normal for mother tongue English speakers, and some Afrikaans speakers, to carry out their daily business in their mother tongue (or home language). Most people in South Africa do not have this privilege.

I am often asked why I think most school children in South Africa do so badly at reading and writing. Well, think about how shaky their foundations are – apart from anything else, most children have to switch to a language they barely know after only three years at school – usually English! That means doing all of their reading, writing, learning, tests and examinations in this language. Many people think that our children would be even more disadvantaged without English. But here’s the point: it’s not a matter of pitching English against African languages! It’s about using African languages as well as English, not one at the expense of the other. We have to use all of our languages, especially in print, to develop and value them.

To understand and communicate at school, you need to use a language you know. You need to be given the opportunity to see and understand the world through your own language so that you’re more likely to be motivated and inspired to learn new things. And then, to get to know a new language, you need teachers who are well-trained and language role models.

And, of course to learn to read, you need lots of books and stories. In South Africa, we have great children’s literature from around the world, including stories from Africa, but these stories are mainly in English. Don’t all children in 21st century South Africa deserve books and stories in their mother tongues so that they can be nurtured into the magic and wonder of reading?

This year, on 21 February, help spread the word about the importance of using your home language/s to grow children’s literacy.”

Hasa ditaba tsena!

Selemo le selemo ka la 21 Hlakola, lefatshe le keteka Letsatsi la Matjhaba la Puo ya Letswele. Ketsahalo ena e bea sehlohlolong bohlokwa ba ho boloka le ho sireletsa dipuo tsohle tse sebediswang ke dihlopha kaofela tsa batho lefatsheng ho pota! Mme he ha ho se ka tshwanelang Afrika Borwa ho feta sena, jwaloka ha Carole Bloch, Molaodi wa PRAESA, a hlalosa.

“Ho tlwaelehile ho sebedisa puo ya rona ya letswele letsatsi le leng le le leng, ha ho jwalo? Tjhe, ha ho jwalo! Ho tlwaelehile feela ho babui ba English e leng puo ya bona ya letswele, le ba bang ba babui ba Afrikaans, ho phetha mesebetsi ya bona ya letsatsi ka puo ya bona ya letswele (kapa puo ya lapeng). Batho ba bangata Afrika Borwa ha ba na monyetla oo.

Hangata ke botswa hore ke hobaneng ke nahana hore bana ba bangata ba dikolo Afrika Borwa mona ba hloleha hakana ho bala le ho ngola. Jwale, ako nahane feela kamoo metheo ya bona e sa tsitsang ka teng – ho feta ntho tse ding kaofela, bana ba bangata ba lokela ho fetohela puong eo ba sa e tsebang kamora dilemo tse tharo feela ba le sekolong – hangata puo eo ke English! Sena se bolela hore ba etsa mesebetsi yohle ya ho bala, ya ho ngola, ba ithuta, ba ngola ditoko le dihlalobolo ka puo ena. Batho ba bangata ba nahana hore bana ba rona ba ne ba tla sokola le ho feta ntle le English. Empa ntlha ya bohlokwa ke ena: Ha se taba ya ho thelekisa English le dipuo tsa ba batsho! Ke mabapi le ho sebedisa dipuo tsa ba batsho mmoho le English, e seng ho sebedisa e nngwe ho hatella e nngwe. Re lokela ho sebedisa dipuo tsohle tsa rona, haholoholo dingolweng, bakeng sa ho di hodisa le ho di nka di le bohlokwa.

Ho utlwisisa le ho buisana le ba bang sekolong, o lokela ho sebedisa puo eo o e tsebang. O lokela ho fuwa monyetla wa ho bona le ho utlwisisa lefatshe ka puo eo e leng ya hao e le hore o tle o tsebe hore o kgothaletswe le ho hlohlletswe ho ithuta dintho tse ntjha. Mme hape he, hore o tle o kgone ho tseba puo e ntjha, o hloka matitjhere a rupelletseng hantle le bao e leng mehlala ya puo setjhabeng.

Mme, ehlile ho ithuta ho bala, o hloka dibuka le dipale tse ngata. Afrika Borwa mona, re na le dingolwa tse lokileng tsa bana tse tswang lefatsheng ho pota, tse kenyeletsang dipale tsa Afrika, empa dipale tsena hangata di ka English. Na bana bohle ba mongwahakgolong wa 21 Afrika Borwa ha ba tshwanelwe ke dibuka le dipale tse ngotsweng ka dipuo tsa bona tsa letswele e le hore ba tle ba hodisetswe ho dimaka le mehlolo ya ho bala?

Selemong sena, ka la 21 Hlakola, thusa ho jala molaetsa mabapi le bohlokwa ba ho sebedisa puo ya lapeng ho hodisa tsebo ya bana ya ho bala le ho ngola.”



Drive your
imagination

Story Power.
Bring it home.
Tlisa matla a pale ka lapeng.





Drive your
imagination

Story stars

Sharing stories in different ways

Zanele Ndlovu is the author of our cut-out-and-keep book on pages 3 to 6. She is also a storyteller, actress, song writer, musician, dancer and publisher. Zanele's inspiring work has taken her all over the African continent where she has performed at many different kinds of festivals. Recently we spent some time chatting to this talented and passionate Story Star about stories and reading.

Who told you stories when you were a child?

My aunts and cousins at my grandmother's house. They used to tell me my grandfather's story called *Xinyaragwegwe* which is Xitsonga.

When did you start telling stories? Who did you tell them to?

I started telling stories when I was twelve. I told them to my aunts and cousins during the school holidays.

What is your favourite story to tell?

I love "The boy who cried wolf". It has a good lesson: If you lie about being in trouble, when you really need help, no one will be there to help you because they won't believe you!

Where do you get your stories from?

From books and from storytellers on the radio and at live performances. I also make up my own stories.

What language/s do you tell and write stories in?

I tell my stories in my mother tongue, isiZulu, and also in English. I write my stories in isiZulu because I think it's important to preserve my mother tongue – many people can't read and write in isiZulu. Then I translate my stories into other languages.

How are stories that are told, different from written stories?

When you tell a story, it benefits only the people who are there at the time, unless they pass it on. When you write that story down, it will be there for generations to come.

Do you ever read a book more than once?

Yes! Some books can't be read only once!

My favourite place to read is ...

... in a tree!



Zanele Ndlovu



Dinaledi tsa pale

Ho pheta dipale ka tsela tse fapaneng

Zanele Ndlovu ke mongodi wa buka ya rona e sehswang-le-ho- ipolokelwa e leqepheng la 3 ho isa ho la 6. Hape ke mopheti wa dipale, seapadi sa ditshwantshiso, mongodi wa dipina, sebini, motantshi le mophatlalatsi. Mosebetsi o kgothatsang wa Zanele o se o mo isitse hohle kontinenteng ya Afrika moo a seng a bapetse meketeng e mengata e fapaneng. Moraorao tjena re ile ra qeta nako e itseng re buisana le Naledi ena ya Dipale e nang le talente ebile e inehetse mosebetsing wa yona mabapi le dipale le ho bala.

Ke mang ya neng a o phetela dipale ha o ne o le ngwana?

Borakgadi ba ka le bomotswala tlung ya nkgono wa ka. Ba ne ba hlola ba mphetela pale ya ntemoholo e bitwang *Xinyaragwegwe* e leng puo ya Xitsonga.

O qadile neng ho pheta dipale? O ne o di phetela mang?

Ke qadile ho pheta dipale ha ke ne ke le dilemo tse leshome le metso e mmedi. Ke ne ke di phetela borakgadi ba ka le bomotswala ka nako ya phomolo ya dikolo.

Ke pale efe eo o ratang ho e pheta ka ho fetisisa?

Ke rata "Moshanyana le Phokojwe". E na le thuto e lokileng: Ha o bua leshano ka hore o mathateng, mohlang o hlile o leng mathateng ka nnete, ha ho motho ya tla tla ho o thusa hobane ha ba sa tla o kgolwa!

O fumana dipale tsa hao hokae?

Dibukeng kapa ho bapheti ba dipale diradiyong le dipapading tsa kalaneng. Hape ke iqapela dipale tsa ka.

O pheta le ho ngola dipale ka di/puo dife?

Ke pheta dipale tsa ka ka puo ya ka ya lapeng, isiZulu, le ka Senyesemane. Ke ngola dipale tsa ka ka isiZulu hobane ke nahana hore ho bohlokwa ho boloka puo ya ka ya letswele – batho ba bangata ha ba kgone ho bala le ho ngola ka isiZulu. Kahoo ke fetoletsa dipale tsa ka dipuong tse ding.

Dipale tse phetwang, di fapana jwang le dipale tse ngotsweng?

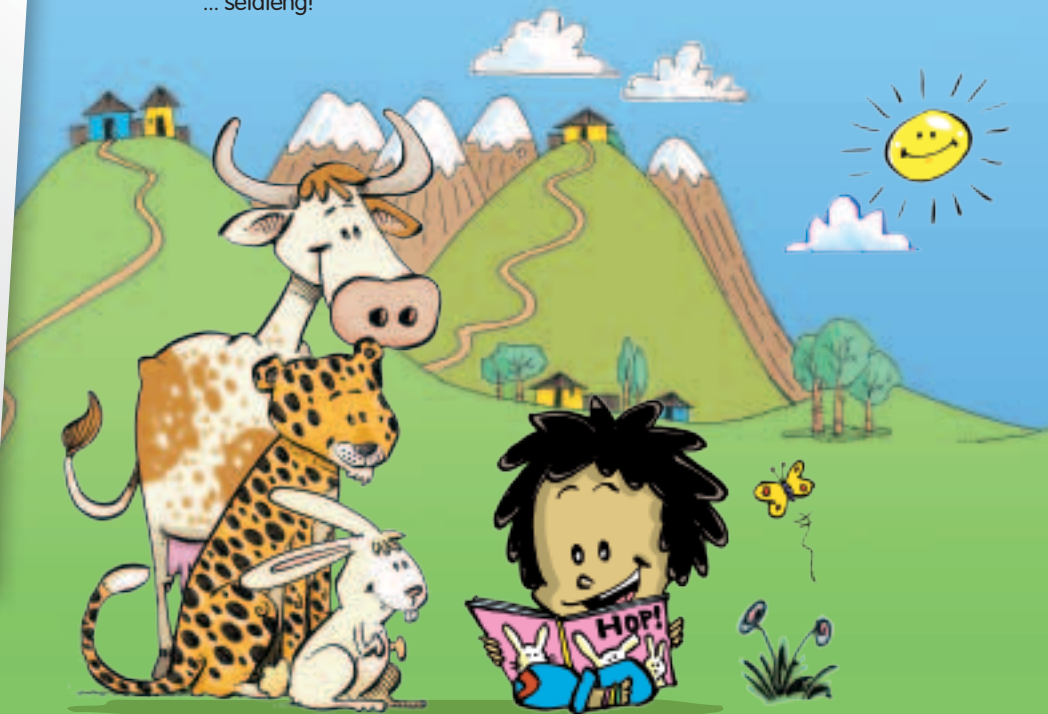
Ha o pheta pale, e tswela batho ba moo feela molemo ka nako eo, ntle feela le ha ba ka e fetisa. Ha o ngola pale eo, e tla dula e le teng ho isa melokong e tlang.

Na o ye o bale buka makgetlo a fetang bonngwe?

Ee! Dibuka tse ding ha ho kgonehe hore di ka balwa hang feela!

Sebaka seo ke se ratang haholo ho balla ho sona ke ...

... sefateng!



Create your own cut-out-and-keep book

1. Take out pages 3 to 6 of this supplement.
2. Fold it in half along the black dotted line.
3. Fold it in half again.
4. Cut along the red dotted lines.

Iketsetse bukana e-sehswang-le-ho-ipolokelwa

1. Ntsha leqephe la 3 ho isa ho la 6 bukaneng ena ya tlatsetso.
2. Le mene ka halofo hodima mola wa matheba a matsho.
3. Le mene ka halofo hape.
4. Seha hodima mela ya matheba a mafubedu.



“Ke a leboba!” ha rialo Nozulu, a matha ho toha sefateng sa
avocado a bile a sa helle morao. Ha a fihla lapeng, a pakela dijo
le diparoto mekotlaneng ya bana ba hae, mme a sebedisa tšale,
a pepa lesca le le leng mokokotlong mme a tlamella le leng ka
pele sefubeng. Mme, ntle le ho bolella mang kapa mang hore o
ya kae, a gala lecto la hae ho ya ka hodima thaba.

Jwale, ka nako eo Nozulu a neng a ntse a bua le sefate sa
avocado, motinyane (woodpecker) o ne o ntse o dutse ho
le leng la makala a sona. Motinyane ona wa fofa ho ya ho
motswalle wa ona Gogo Bavikile ho ya mmolella ka baeti
ba tlang. Nonyana eo ya fumana Nkgono a ntse a etsa
uMakhweyane e nyha.

“Motswalle,” ha rialo motinyane, “ho na le mme le bana ba hae
ba tlang ho tla o bona. Ba hloka thuso ya hao!”

Pele, Nkgono Bavikile o ne a thabile haholo. Empa e so be
neng, a kenwa ke pelaelo. Empa eitse ha a hopola hore nonyana
ena e ntle e bile motswalle wa hae ka dilemo tse ngata, mme ha
e esoka e mo thetsa le kgalé, a gala ho thaba hape.

Ka mora nakwana, ha Nkgono Bavikile a tswa ka dung ya hae
ho ya kopana le baeti ba hae, a fumana Nozulu a dutse ka ntle,
a kgathetse ka mora ho nyolosa thaba a pepile matahla a llang.
Ehlile, ba ne ba ntse ba lla. “Ningwe! Ningwe! Ningwe!” ba
lla, “Ningwe! Ningwe! Ningwe!”

Etse hang ha a bona Nkgono Bavikile, tšhepo ya Nozulu ya
boela ya kgutla. “Dumela Nkgono,” a rialo ka boikokobetso.
“Ke hloka thuso ya hao.”

“Thank you!” said Nozulu, running from the avocado tree
without once looking back. At home, she packed food
and clothes in her babies’ bag, and using a shawl, wraped
one baby onto her back and the other one onto her chest.
Then, without telling anyone where she was going, she
made her way up the mountain.

Now, when Nozulu was talking to the avocado tree, a
woodpecker had been sitting on one of its branches. This
woodpecker flew to its friend Gogo Bavikile to tell her
about the visitors that were on their way. The bird found
Gogo making a new uMakhweyane.

“My friend,” said the woodpecker, “a mother and her
children are coming to see you. They need your help!”

At first, Gogo Bavikile was very happy. Soon, though, she
was overcome with doubt. But when she remembered
that this beautiful bird had been her friend for many years,
and had never lied to her before, she grew happy again.

A while later, when Gogo Bavikile came out of her house
to meet her visitors, she found Nozulu sitting on the
ground, tired after climbing the mountain carrying her
twins. Of course, they were crying again. “Wah! Wah!
wah!” they cried, “Wah! Wah! wah!”

As soon as she saw Gogo Bavikile, Nozulu’s hope was
restored. “Hello, Gogo,” she said humbly. “I need
your help.”

UMAKHWEYANE



Zanele Ndlovu
Charlotte Hill O’Neal

UMakhweyane is published by Izilimi Zase-Afrika which publishes books in the indigenous languages of Africa in order to help preserve them. Izilimi Zase-Afrika was started in 2014 by Zanele Ndlovu. Zanele is a social activist and artist – she is a storyteller and writer, and plays indigenous African musical instruments. As part of her work she visits schools, children’s homes and community centres where she runs creative writing workshops and tells stories.

UMakhweyane is currently available in isiZulu, but there are plans to make it available in other South African languages too. To order a copy, email izilimi.zaseafrika@gmail.com.

UMakhweyane e phatlaladitswe ke Izilimi Zase-Afrika e phatlalatsang dibuka ka dipuo tsa ba batsho ba Afrika bakeng sa ho ba thusa ho di boloka. Izilimi Zase-Afrika e qadilwe ka selemo sa 2014 ke Zanele Ndlovu. Zanele ke mohlalani wa tsa phedisano hape ke senono – ke mopheti wa dipale ebile ke mongodi, mme o bapala diletswa tse fapaneng tsa mmimo wa seAfrika. Jwalo ka karolo ya mosebetsi wa hae, o etela dikolo, malapa a bolokang bana le diising tsa setjhaba moo a tsamaisang diwekeshopo tsa ho ngola dingolwa tsa boiqapelo le ho pheta dipale.

UMakhweyane hqjwale e fumaneha ka isiZulu, empa ho na le merero e teng ya ho etsa hore e fumanehe le ka dipuo tse ding tsa Afrika Borwa. Bakeng sa ho otara khopi, romela imeile ho, izilimi.zaseafrika@gmail.com.

Nal’ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign to spark children’s potential through storytelling and reading. For more information, visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi



Nal’ibali ke letsholo la naha la ho-balla-boithabiso bakeng sa ho tsoseletsa bokgoni ba bana ka ho ba balla le ho ba phetela dipale. Bakeng sa tlhahisoleseding e nngwe, etela www.nalibali.org kapa www.nalibali.mobi



Nozulu le Mlilo ba ne ba nyakalalelse haholo ka bana ba bona ba batle, esitana le baahi ba motse kaofela. Ho ne ho ena le bothata bo le bong feela – mafahla ana a ne a lla molebeli “*Ngwe! Ngwe! Ngwe!*” ba ne ba lla ha ba fejwa, “*Ngwe! Ngwe! Ngwe! Ngwe!*” ba ne ba lla leha ba *tlamcha* hore ebe ba robetse. “*Ngwe! Ngwe! Ngwe!*” ba ne ba lla hle, bosiu le motsheare.

"Let's go inside, and you can explain your problem to me," said Gogo, picking up Nozulu's bag.

"You know, Gogo, my children have cried day and night ever since they were born – even now you can see they're crying!" explained Nozulu. "When I was praying in front of the avocado tree, a voice told me that you're the only one who can help me with this problem."

Gogo took the children from their mother and put one on her back and the other one on her chest, the same way their mother had. Then, she took her *uMakhweyane* and played it. While she played, she sang a nursery rhyme.

At this, something unbelievable happened. Nozulu and Mlilo's children started smiling, wriggling about and laughing! Nozulu was amazed – for the first time since their birth seven months earlier, her children were happy! She laughed and cried at the same time. "This is amazing!" she said at last. "Thank you so much, Gogo. Never grow tired of doing good! How can I repay you for helping me?"

"I would be happy if you visited me at least once a week," replied Gogo Bawikile. "I have no family and no human friends – my friends are the birds, the buck, the trees and the stars. You are the only human being I know."

"Of course, Gogo," replied Nozulu. "We will definitely visit you once a week."

From that day onwards, the villagers never accused Gogo Bavikile of witchcraft again. Instead, they climbed Mount Bees to visit her, and learnt to play and make *uMakhweyane*. They were always happy, and they loved and had great respect for the instrument. Gogo was happy too, because she had people around her to teach. As for Nozulu and Mlilo's children, they were the happiest of all. They grew up singing and playing the *uMakhweyane*, and calling Gogo Bavikile their great grandmother.

Cosi cosi iyaphela. And here I rest my story.

Ha ba utlwa sena, batho ba tantsha, ba bina mme ba natefelwa ... esitana le mafahla!

Ho tloha tsatsing leo, baahi ba motseng ba se ke ba hlola ba qosa Nkgono Bavikile ka boloi le kgale. Ho feta moo, ba palama thaba ya Mount Bees ho ya mo etela, mme ba ithuta ho bapala le ho etsa *uMakhweyane*. Ba ne ba dula ba thabile, mme ba ne ba rata ebile ba hlomphe seletswa seo haholo. Nkgono le yena o ne a thabile, hobane o ne a dula a ena le batho bao a ka ba rutang. Haele bana ba Nozulu le Mlilo bona, ba ne ba thabile ho feta bohle. Ba ile ba hola ba bina ba bile ba bapala *uMakhweyane*, mme ba bitsa Nkgono Bavikile nkgono wa bona.

Cosi cosi iyaphela. Ha ho sa le seo nka se buang.



Nozulu and Mlilo were overjoyed with their beautiful children, and so was the community. There was only one problem – the twins cried non-stop! “Wah! wah! wah!” they cried when they were fed. “Wah! wah! wah!” they cried, even when they were supposed to be asleep. “Wah! wah! wah!” they cried, day in and day out.

Nozulu was worried. She hadn’t slept for ages, and she wasn’t enjoying motherhood. And now, the villagers of Tshopiya suspected that Gogo Bavikile was behind this too. “That witch is at it again with her *uMakhweyana*!” they said. “Even though we chased her away, she hasn’t mended her ways!”

One morning, Nozulu again woke up at three o’clock, and went out to pray in the veld. “I give thanks for the blessing of my beautiful twins,” she said, sobbing bitterly. “I love them to bits, but there’s just one problem – they have not stopped crying since the day they were born! Never once have I seen them laughing! I need some help to make my children change!”

At that moment, Nozulu heard a voice from the avocado tree behind her. “It’s so sad to see you unhappy, Nozulu, my child,” said the voice. “I share your pain. The good thing is that I have a way to help you. Only one person can make your children stop crying. That person is Gogo Bavikile, who lives up on Mount Bees. Take your children and go see her.”



“Ha re keneng ka tlung, mme o le o ntlhalosetse bothata ba hao,” ha tšalo Nkgono, a nka mokotlana wa Nozulu.

“O a tseba, Nkgono, bana ba ka haesale ba gala ho lla ho doha mohla ba tsवालwang – le hona jwale o ka iponela hore ba ntse ba lla!” ha hlalosa Nozulu. “Ha ke ne ke rapela ka pela sefate sa *Avocado*, lentsewe le ile la mpolella hore ke wena feela motho ya ka nthusang ka bothata bona.”

Nkgono a nka bana ho mma bona yaba o pepa e mong mme e mong a mmea sefubeng sa hae, ka tsele e kang ela eo mma bona a neng a ba nkile ka yona. Yaba o nka *uMakhweyana* wa hae mme a e letsa. Yare ha a ntse a e letsa, a mma a bina thotokiso ya bana ba banyane.

Eitse ha a etsa sena, ha etsahala ntho e nngwe e makatsang. Bana ba Nozulu le Mlilo ba gala ho bososela, ho raharaha le ho tshelal! Nozulu o ne a maketse haholo – lekgotlo la pele haesale ba hlaha dikgweiding tse supileng tse felieng, bana ba hae ba ne ba thabile! O ile a tshelha a ba a lla ka nako e le nngwe. “Sena se a makatsa!” a rialo qetellong. “Ke o leboha haholo feela, Nkgono. O se ke wa kgathala ho etsa botle! Ebe nka o lefa ka eng bakenng sa seo o nketseeditseng sona?”

“Ke ne nka thabela ha le ka nketela bonyane ha nngwe ka beke,” ha araba Nkgono Bavikile. “Ha ke na ba leloko ebile ha ke na metswalle eo e leng batho – metswalle ya ka ke dimonyana, letsa, difate le dinaledi. Ke wena feela motho eo ke mo tsebana.”

“Ehile, Nkgono,” ha araba Nozulu. “Re tla fela re o etele ha nngwe bekenng e nngwe le e nngwe.”



Down in the village of Tshopiya, Nozulu lived with her husband, Mlilo. They had been married for about ten years, but had no children. The people of Tshopiya suspected that Gogo Bavikile had bewitched this family, using her *uMakhweyane*. But Nozulu didn't believe this. Every morning, she woke up at three o'clock and went to the veld to pray. "Creator of heaven and earth," she said each time, "please bless my family with children. People are gossiping about me and saying that I'm bewitched. May I be blessed, and these enemies be shamed."

Finally, Nozulu's prayers were answered, and she was blessed with twins.

Tlase motseeng wa Tshopiya, Nozulu o ne a dula le monna wa hae, Mlilo. Ba ne ba nyalane dilemo tse ka bang leshome, empa ba se na bana. Batho ba Tshopiya ba ne ba belaela hore Nkgono Bavikile o loile lelapa lena, a sebedisa *uMakhweyane* ya hae.

Empa Nozulu o ne a sa dumele seo. Hoseeng ho hong le ho hong, o ne a tsoha ka hora ya boraro mme a eya thoteng ho ya rapela. "Mmopi wa lehodimo le lefatsheng," kamchela o ne a rialo, "ke a kopa hore o hlohonolofatse lelapa la ka ka bana. Batho ba a ntsheba mme ba re ke loilwe. Ako ntlhohonolofatse hle, mme dira tsa ka di tle di swabe."

Qetellong, dithapelo tsa Nozulu di ile tsa arajwa, mme a hlohonolofatswa ka mafahla.



Nozulu and the twins stayed with Gogo for several weeks. When Nozulu asked Gogo to teach her the nursery rhyme and how to play the *uMakhweyane*, Gogo even taught her how to make the instrument! Out of the goodness of her heart, she also gave Nozulu a beautiful *uMakhweyane*. She had many of them, because she made a new one every day.

From then onwards, Nozulu's twins were always singing, dancing and laughing. When they finally bid Gogo farewell and returned home, Mlilo and all the people of Tshopiya were amazed at the change in the twins. Nozulu explained to them how Gogo Bavikile had helped her, and that the *uMakhweyane* she held was not used for witchcraft, but rather to play ancient folk songs that instilled a love of culture.

Nozulu le mafahla ba dula le Nkgono dibeke tse mmalwa. Ha Nozulu a kopa Nkgono hore a mo rute thotokiso ya bana le tsela ya ho bapala *uMakhweyane*, Nkgono a mo ruta le ho etsa seletswa seol! Ka pelo ya hae e ntle, a fa Nozulu *uMakhweyane* e ntle. O ne a ena le tse ngata, hobane o ne a etsa e le mgwe letsatsi le letsatsi.

Ho toha mohlang oo ho ya pele, mafahla a Nozulu a ne a dula a bina, a tantsha mme a tsheha. Ha ba se ba dumedisisa Nkgono ba tlamecha ho kgutlela hae, Mlilo le batho bohle ba Tshopiya ba ne ba makaleitse tsela eo mafahla ao a neng a fetohile ka yona. Nozulu a ba hlalose tsa kamoo Nkgono Bavikile a mo thusitseeng ka teng, le hore *uMakhweyane* eo a dipina tse monate tsa ditshomong tse kenyang lerato la dintlo tsa bofhaba.

Your story

Here is a picture and a story sent to Na'ibali by two different reading clubs. Enjoy them – and send us your stories and drawings! You stand a chance of having them published in the Na'ibali supplement, or on the Na'ibali Facebook page. Remember: it has to be all your own work!

This is a drawing of the python, Patch, from the Tuft and Patch books that have appeared in past Na'ibali supplements. It was done by Nhlonipo Shamase from Peaceful Reading Club in Nongoma.

Sena ke setshwantsho sa masumo, Patch, ho tswa dibukeng tsa Tuft le Patch tse ileng tsa hlahella ditlatsetsong tse fefileng tsa Na'ibali. Se entswe ke Nhlonipo Shamase wa Peaceful Reading Club mane Nongoma.



Send your writing and pictures to: info@nalibali.org, or PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wyecroft Road, Mowbray, 7700.

Pale ya hao

Sena ke setshwantsho le pale tse romeletsweng Na'ibali ke ditlalo tse pedi tse fapaneng. Natefelwa ke tsona – mme o re romelle dipale le metako ya hao! O na le monyetla wa hore di phatlatswe tlatsatsong ya Na'ibali, kapa leqepheng la Na'ibali la Facebook. Hopola: e tlameha hore e be e le mosebetsi wa hao ka ho phethahala!

When my eyes are closed I saw a cat and milk and the cat won't to drink the milk so the cat was afraid of the owner because they are going to shout at her. the cat was on the floor sitting waiting to drink because it is so hungry.



Machika Ntswaki, Dynamaid Diamond Reading Club

Pale e ka hodimo e ngotswe ka Senyesemane ke Machika Ntswaki wa Dynamaid Diamond Reading Club. E bua tjena: Ha ke tutubala ka bona katse le lebeso. Katse e ne e batla ho nwa lebeso, empa e ne e tshaba hore monga yona o tla e omanya. Katse e ne e dutse fatshe mme e batla ho nwa lebeso hobane e ne e lapile haholo.

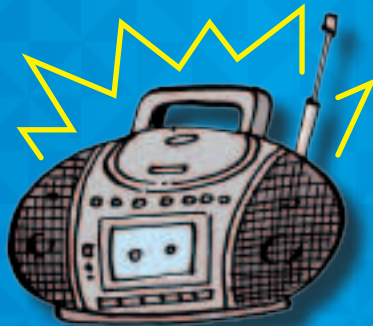
Romela mongolo le ditshwantsho tsa hao ho: info@nalibali.org, kapa PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wyecroft Road, Mowbray, 7700.

Na'ibali on radio!

Enjoy listening to stories in Sesotho and in English on Na'ibali's radio show:

Lesedi FM on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday from 9.45 a.m. to 10.00 a.m.

SAfm on Monday to Wednesday from 1.50 p.m. to 2.00 p.m.



Na'ibali radiyong!

Natefelwa ke ho mamela dipale ka Sesotho le English lenaneong la radiyo la Na'ibali:

Lesedi FM ka Mantaha, Labobedi le Labone ho tloha ka 9.45 a.m. ho fihlela ka 10.00 a.m.

SAfm ka Mantaha ho isa ka Laboraro ho tloha ka 1.50 p.m. ho fihlela ka 2.00 p.m.



Tlalo ya Dano ya Tlalo ya ho Bala le ho Ngola ke tlalo ya batlameho ho natefelwa hore bana ba nwa ba fumanane boitlalo bo tswang pale le ho bala le ho ngola. Glala www.nalibali.org ho bala tlalo le ho ngola. Tlalo ya Dano ya Tlalo ya ho Bala le ho Ngola.

Story corner

Here is the last part of the story about how a young boy helped Baboon and Monkey to learn an important lesson. Enjoy reading or retelling it!

Phindulo and the pumpkin (Part 2) By Kai Tuomi

"Yes, Phindulo, but what are we going to do about the pumpkin?" asked Monkey.

"I don't know," said Phindulo. "But I can tell you what we did with the apples."

"What?" asked Monkey.

"We had a party," said Phindulo.

"A party?" asked Baboon.

"That's right," said Phindulo. "We had a big party. We invited everyone. There were friends and neighbours, gogos and grandpas, cousins, nieces and nephews. We decorated our little house with streamers and balloons. Mama made her special apple pies and tata squeezed the older apples into delicious, cool apple juice. We played games together and danced. It really was a lot of fun. And everyone ate until they were full and happy."

"I love parties," said Monkey.

"Well, why don't we have a party?" suggested Baboon.

"Good idea," said Monkey. "We can share the pumpkin and eat it together!"

"That's wonderful!" said Phindulo, laughing.

Baboon gave Monkey a big hug.

"Will you come to our party?" Monkey asked Phindulo.

"I would love to," he said.

Baboon and Monkey smiled happily. And the three friends cooked the very big pumpkin. They each made different things to eat. Monkey baked a pie with a golden crust and gooey centre. Baboon made a spicy soup. Phindulo fried up sweet fritters with cinnamon and sugar!

They did not have any streamers or balloons, but they played games and sang songs and ate as much pumpkin as they wanted.

Soon, other animals arrived. Elephant brought sweet marulas and nuts. Giraffe came with bottles of bubbling spring water to wash down the delicious food. Even Warthog was there with delicious sweet potatoes.

Everyone shared their food and drink. They all laughed and sang and ate until the sun hung low in the sky, like a big ripe melon.



Illustration by Natalie and Tamsin Hinrichsen
Setshwantsho ka Natalie le Tamsin Hinrichsen

Hukung ya dipale

Ena ka karolo ya ho qetela ya pale e mabapi le kamoo moshanyana a ileng a thusa Tshwene le Api ho ithuta thuto ya bohlokwa ka teng. Natefelwa ke ho e bala kapa ho e pheta hape!

Phindulo le mokopu (Karolo ya 2) Ka Kai Tuomi

"Ee, Phindulo, empa re tla etsang ka mokopu?" ha botsa Api.

"Ha ke tsebe," ha rialo Phindulo. "Empa nka le bolella seo re ileng ra se etsa ka diapole."

"Eng?" ha botsa Api.

"Re ile ra etsa moketjana," Phindulo a araba.

"Moketjana?" ha botsa Tshwene.

"Ehlile," ha rialo Phindulo. "Re ile ra tshwara moketjana o moholo. Ra mema batho bohle. Ho ne ho ena le metswalle le baahisane, bonkgono le bontatemoholo, bomotswala le batjhana. Re ile ra kgabisa ntlo ya rona e nyane ka malente le dibalunu. Mme o ile a etsa phae ya hae e ikgethang ya apole mme ntate a tlholla diapole a etsa lero la diapole le monate le phodileng. Re ile ra bapala dipapadi mmoho mme ra tantsha mmoho. Ho ne ho hlile ho le monate haholo. Mme batho bohle ba ile ba ja ho fihlela ba kgora mme ba ne ba thabile."

"Ke rata meketjana," ha rialo Api.

"Jwale, hobaneng re sa etse moketjana?" Tshwene a etsa tlhahiso eo.

"Ke kgopolo e ntle eo," ha rialo Api. "Re ka arolelana mokopu ona mme ra o ja mmoho!"

"Ke hantle haholo!" ha rialo Phindulo, a tsheha.

Tshwene a haka Api haholo.

"Na o ka tla moketjaneng wa rona?" Api a botsa Phindulo.

"Nka thabela hoo," a araba.

Tshwene le Api ba bososela ke thabo. Mme metswalle ena e meraro ya pheha mokopu oo o moholohadi. Ba etsa dintho tse fapaneng tse ka jewang. Api a baka phae e nang le lehoho le mmala wa kgauta le bohare bo bonolo. Tshwene a pheha sopho e dinoko. Phindulo a hadika diforithase tse nang le sinamone le tsewerekere!

Ba ne ba se na malente kapa dibalunu, empa ba bapala dipapadi mme ba bina dipina, yaba ba ja mokopu o mongata kamoo ba ratang.

Hang diphoofole tse ding tsa fihla. Tlou a tla le dimarula le matokomane a monate. Thuhlo a tla le dibotlolo tsa metsi a tshikgunyang a sediba ho theosetsa dijo tse monate. Esitana le Kolobemoru o ne a le teng ka dipotata.

Bohle ba fana dijo le dino tsa bona. Ba tsheha, ba bina le ho ja mmoho ho fihlela letsatsi le dikela kamora dithaba, jwaloka lehapu le lehoho le butswitseng.

In your next Nal'ibali supplement:

- Find out about Tell-a-Fairy-Tale Day
- A fairy-tale, *The Three Billy Goats Gruff*, to cut out and keep
- Story Star: Introducing a child author from Cape Town
- A new Story Corner story, *The Boerwors Man*

Do you run a reading club? If so, register with us at www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi – and we'll send you a free Nal'ibali reading club starter pack filled with tips, activities and ideas for your club!



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- Tshomo ya, *Diphoko tse Tharo tsa Gruff*, eo o ka e sehlang le ho e boloka
- Naledi ya Pale: Re tsebisa ngwana eo e leng mongodi ya tswang Cape Town
- Pale e ntjha ya Hukung ya Dipale, *Monna wa Boroso*

Na o tsamaisa tlelapo ya ho bala? Ha ho le jwalo, ingodise le rona ho www.nalibali.org kapa www.nalibali.mobi – mme re tla o romella pakana ya ho qala ya mahala ya tlelapo ya ho bala ya Nal'ibali e tletseng dikeletso, diketsahalo le mehopolo bakeng sa tlelapo ya hao!