



Is my child reading?

Learning to read is a journey of discovery. As you travel through the world of storybooks with your children, you'll uncover different treasures and pleasures along the way.

You may notice that your child who used to run off when you tried to read to him, now has a favourite picture book which he brings to you to read – over and over again! Or maybe you're surprised the first time that your older child sits down with her younger brother and pretends to read to him from a familiar picture book.

If you read with your children regularly, you will notice that their book habits change over time. Here are some of the "signposts" that point out a successful reading journey.

- ★ Babies may become quiet as you start to read a book to them, showing that they are listening, and sometimes they may clap or kick their legs to show their excitement. Some babies make sounds as you read to them. They are trying to imitate you.
- ★ As children start to try to "read" on their own, they often turn the pages of the book, looking at the pictures while they make up their own story. (Sometimes they tell a different story each time!) This shows that they have learnt that the pictures give clues to what the story is about.
- ★ Are there some storybooks that your children ask you to read again and again? You may find your children "reading" these books on their own by looking at the pictures and telling the story. They may use a mixture of their own words with some of the actual words from the

story. This is an important step in learning to read because it means that children realise that written words stay the same each time you read them.

- ★ As children begin to read aloud for themselves and come across an unfamiliar word, you may notice that they try to guess what the word is by using what has already happened in the story to help them. Or, they may use the accompanying picture to give them clues to what the unfamiliar word might be. These are clear signs that your children are well on their way to being independent readers. They know that reading is about making meaning.

When you go on a journey, you are not called a "traveller" only once you reach your destination. Learning to read is exactly the same. Your children are readers at each stage of their reading development journey.

Lees my kind?

Om te leer lees is 'n ontdekkingsreis. Terwyl jy saam met jou kinders deur die wêreld van storieboeke reis, sal julle verskillende skatte en plesiere langs die pad ontdek.

Jy sal dalk oplet dat jou kind, wat gewoonlik weggehardloop het wanneer jy vir hom probeer lees het, nou 'n gunstelingprenteboek het wat hy vir jou bring om te lees – weer en weer en weer! Of dalk is jy verbaas wanneer jou ouer kind die eerste keer saam met haar jonger boetie gaan sit en maak of sy vir hom uit 'n geliefde prenteboek lees.

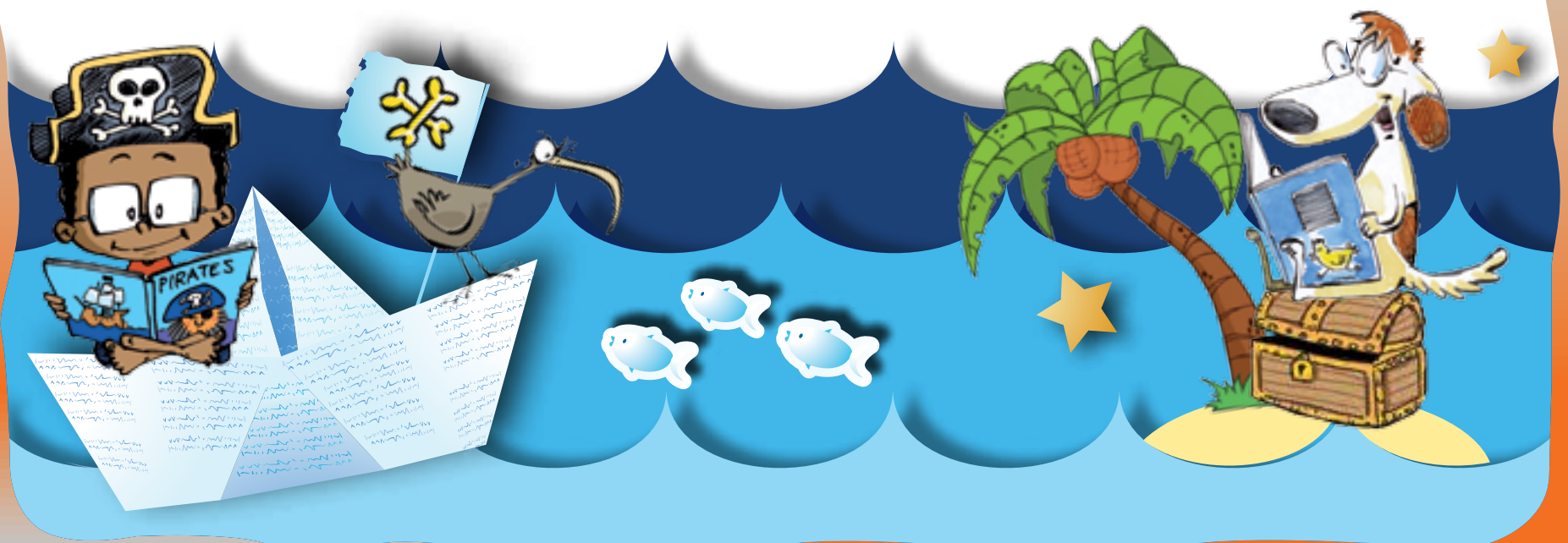
As jy gereeld saam met jou kinders lees, sal jy oplet dat hulle boekgewoontes oor tyd heen verander. Hier is van die "padtekens" wat op 'n suksesvolle leesreis dui.

- ★ Babas sal begin stil raak wanneer jy vir hulle 'n boek begin lees, wat wys dat hulle luister, en soms sal hulle hul hande klap of met hul bene skop om hul opgewondenheid te wys. Sommige babas maak geluide wanneer jy vir hulle lees. Hulle probeer jou naboots.
- ★ Wanneer kinders begin om op hul eie te probeer "lees", blaai hulle dikwels in die boek en kyk na die prente terwyl hulle hul eie storie opmaak. (Soms vertel hulle elke keer 'n ander storie!) Dit wys vir ons dat hulle geleer het dat die prente leidrade gee oor waaroor die storie gaan.
- ★ Is daar sommige storieboeke wat jou kinders jou vra om weer en weer te lees? Jy mag vind dat jou kinders hierdie boeke op hulle eie "lees" deur na die prente te kyk en die storie te vertel. Hulle kan 'n kombinasie van hul eie woorde saam met van die regte woorde uit die storie gebruik. Dit is 'n belangrike stap in die proses om te leer lees,

want dit beteken kinders beseft dat geskrewe woorde dieselfde bly elke keer wanneer jy hulle lees.

- ★ Namate kinders hardop vir hulself begin lees en 'n onbekende woord teëkom, sal jy dalk oplet dat hulle probeer raai wat die woord is deur dit wat reeds in die storie gebeur het, te gebruik om hulle te help. Of hulle kan die prente by die woorde gebruik om vir hulle leidrade te gee oor wat die onbekende woord kan wees. Dit is duidelike tekens dat jou kinders goed op pad is om onafhanklike lesers te word. Hulle weet lees gaan daarvoor om betekenis te vorm.

Wanneer jy op reis gaan, word jy nie eers 'n "reisiger" genoem wanneer jy jou bestemming bereik het nie. Om te leer lees is presies dieselfde. Jou kinders word in elke fase van hul leesontwikkelingsreis as lesers beskou.



Drive your imagination

Story Power.
Bring it home.
Bring dit huis toe.

Nalibali
It starts with a story...

Poem in Your Pocket Day



Every April, on Poem in Your Pocket Day, people around the world celebrate by selecting a poem, carrying it with them, and sharing it with others throughout the day at schools, shops, libraries and workplaces. This year Poem in Your Pocket Day is being celebrated on 28 April.

Poetry is best when it is shared. So, Poem in Your Pocket Day is the perfect time to surprise someone with the gift of poetry – either by giving them a poem you have written down, or by reading or saying a poem aloud for them. Here are some ideas for celebrating the day.

- ★ Start a Poem in Your Pocket giveaway at your school, reading club or workplace. Get everyone to write down a poem (or just a verse from a poem) that they enjoy on a piece of paper. Let them put these in their pockets and then find people at school or work on 28 April to give the poems to.
- ★ Turn your street or community into a “poem place”. Put a note in everyone’s letterbox asking them to write down a poem they enjoy and then deliver it to their neighbour on 28 April.
- ★ Write your own poems. Choose five words from a page of one of the stories in this supplement and make these into a poem. Or, choose four or five picture books or novels and then create a poem using the words in the titles of these books. Read your poems aloud to each other.
- ★ Read your favourite poem aloud to at least three other people.
- ★ Make bookmarks with your favourite lines of poetry on them and then give these away at your school, library or closest shopping centre.
- ★ Create a poetry wall in your classroom, reading club or library. Display the poems the children have copied out or created so that everyone can have fun reading them.

You can find lots of short poems on pocket cards to download here: [Pinterest.com/PomeloBooks](https://www.pinterest.com/PomeloBooks). Share them, read them aloud, use them to inspire you to write your own poems, or translate them into your home language.

Daar is baie kort gedigte op sakpaskaartjies wat jy kan aflaai by: [Pinterest.com/PomeloBooks](https://www.pinterest.com/PomeloBooks). Deel dit, lees dit hardop, gebruik dit om jou te inspireer om jou eie gedigte te skryf, of vertaal dit in jou huistaal.



Gedig in jou Sak-dag

Elke jaar in April, op Gedig in jou Sak-dag, vier mense oor die hele wêreld fees deur ‘n gedig te kies, dit saam met hulle te dra, en dit deur die dag by skole, winkels, biblioteke en werkplekke met ander te deel. Hierdie jaar word Gedig in jou Sak-dag op 28 April gevier.

Poësie is die beste wanneer dit gedeel word. Gedig in jou Sak-dag is die perfekte tyd om iemand met die geskenk van ‘n gedig te verras – jy kan of vir iemand ‘n gedig gee wat jy neergeskryf het, of jy kan vir hulle ‘n gedig voordra of voorlees. Hier is ‘n paar idees om die dag te vier.

- ★ Begin ‘n Gedig in jou Sak-weggee by jou skool, leesklub of werkplek. Vra almal om ‘n gedig wat hulle geniet (of net ‘n vers van ‘n gedig) op ‘n stukkie papier neer te skryf. Laat hulle die gedigte in hul sakke sit en dan op 28 April iemand by die skool of werk vind vir wie hulle die gedigte wil gee.
- ★ Verander jou straat of gemeenskap in ‘n “poësieplek”. Sit ‘n nota in almal se posbus en vra hulle om ‘n gedig wat hulle geniet neer te skryf en dit dan op 28 April by die bure af te lewer.
- ★ Skryf jou eie gedigte. Kies vyf woorde op ‘n bladsy van een van die stories in hierdie bylae en maak ‘n gedig daaruit. Of kies vier of vyf prentebroeke of romans en skryf dan ‘n gedig deur die woorde in die titels van hierdie boeke te gebruik. Lees julle gedigte hardop vir mekaar.
- ★ Lees jou gunstelinggedig hardop vir ten minste drie ander mense.
- ★ Maak boekmerke met jou gunstelingreëls uit gedigte daarop en deel dit dan by jou skool, biblioteek of naaste winkelsentrum uit.
- ★ Maak ‘n poësiemuur in jou klaskamer, leesklub of biblioteek. Stal die gedigte wat die kinders neergeskryf of geskryf het uit sodat almal dit kan geniet om die gedigte te lees.



NAL'IBALI ON RADIO!

Tune in to your favourite SABC radio station and enjoy listening to children's stories! To find out the days and times that Nal'ibali is on the radio, go to www.nalibali.org/audio-downloads/.



NAL'IBALI OP DIE RADIO!

Skakel in op jou gunstelingradiostasie op SABC en geniet dit om na kinderstories te luister. Om uit te vind op watter dae en tye Nal'ibali op die radio is, gaan na www.nalibali.org/audio-downloads/.



Drive your imagination

Your story

Here are some poems sent to Nal'ibali by our readers. Enjoy reading them aloud. You too can send us your poems, stories and drawings! You stand a chance of having them published in the Nal'ibali supplement, or on the Nal'ibali Facebook page. Remember: it has to be all your own work!

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

Jou storie

Hier is van die gedigte wat ons lesers vir ons by Nal'ibali gestuur het. Geniet dit om dit hardop te lees. Jy kan ook vir ons jou gedigte, stories en prente stuur! Jy staan 'n kans dat ons dit in die Nal'ibali-bylae of op Nal'ibali se Facebook-blad sal publiseer. Onthou: dit moet alles jou eie werk wees!

Stuur jou skryfwerk en prente aan:
info@nalibali.org, of PRAESA,
Suite 17-201, Gebou 17,
Waverley-besigheidspark,
Wyecroft-weg, Mowbray, 7700.

Popcorn

Mealies, mealies in the pot
Make it very, very hot.
Sizzle, sizzle
Pop! Pop! Pop!
Popcorn's ready now!
Yum!

Lesedi Shamal, 10 years old

Springmielies

Mielies, mielies, in die pot
Hulle spring en hulle hop.
Skiet en spring
Plof! Plof! Plof!
Elke pit nou opgepof!
Njam!

Lesedi Shamal, 10 jaar oud

(Hierdie gedig is oorspronklik in
Engels geskryf. Vertaal deur
Anita van Zyl.)

Fruit time

It is fruit time
And it is Spring time
And the lemons are sour
Because they are expensive
The pears are pretty
And the apples are red.

Jovian

(This poem was originally
written in Afrikaans. Translation
by Ilse von Zeuner.)

Vrugtetyd

Dit is vrugtetyd
En dit is Lente tyd
En die suurlemoene is suur
Want hulle is duur.
Die pere is mooi
En die appels is rooi.

Jovian

Poem

A worker who lives in Koffiefontein,
Met two beautiful little girls.
He said with a sigh,
While painting behind his back,
"You've just been glued to the bench you are sitting on!"

Renise Cupido

(This poem was originally written in Afrikaans. Translation by
Ilse von Zeuner.)

Gedig

'n Werker woonagtig in Koffiefontein,
Kom af op twee pragtige meisies so klein.
Hy sê met 'n sug,
Terwyl hy verf agter sy rug,
"Die bank waarop julle sit is pas gelym!"

Renise Cupido

Science class

In the dark laboratory
works old Professor Astorium.
We call him Prof. As.
He always wears a white coat.

He pours gruesome green goo into tubes
and lets the fat white mice run about.
Everything shudders, shakes and wobbles
and makes the girls squeal.

He does strange experiments.
All this for a few extra cents.
He looks at weird stuff under microscopes
and leaves us with the mess and dirt.

Manwill Meyers, Grade 6

(This poem was originally written
in Afrikaans. Translation by Ilse von Zeuner.)

Wetenskapklas

In die donker laboratorium
werk ou Professor Astorium.
Ons noem hom somer Prof. As.
Hy dra altyd 'n spierwit jas.

Hy gooi grillerige groen goeters in buise
en laat hardloop vet wit muise.
Alles bewe, skud en dril
en laat die meisies gil.

Hy doen eienaardige eksperimente.
Dit alles net vir 'n ekstra paar sente.
Hy ondersoek snaakse goed onder mikroskope
en los ons met die gemors en vuil hope.

Manwill Meyers, Graad 6





Get story active!

Here are some ideas for using the two cut-out-and-keep books, *The magic mokoro*, (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12) and *Whose button is it?* (pages 7, 8, 9 and 10) as well as the Story Corner story, *Tortoise takes a taxi* (pages 13 and 15). Choose the ideas that best suit your children's ages and interests.

The magic mokoro

In this story a kind and wise old woman with magical powers helps the people of a nearby village while she teaches their chief a life lesson. Children aged 4 and older are more likely to enjoy this story. With younger children, you may want to show them the pictures as you retell the story more simply in your own words.

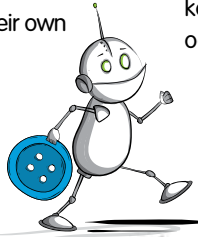


- ★ After you have read the story aloud, discuss some of these questions with older children.
 - ★ In what ways do you think the woman was kind and wise in the story?
 - ★ Why do you think the people from the village liked her?
 - ★ What do you think of the way that the proud and greedy chief treated the woman? How do you think she felt?
 - ★ What advice would you have given this chief?
 - ★ What lesson do you think the woman wanted the chief to learn? Do you think he learnt it?

- ★ Suggest that your children use cardboard boxes (like cereal and biscuit boxes, and egg cartons), coloured paper, glue, glitter and paint to make the fish and mokoro in the story. Then let them use clay, playdough or Plasticine to make the story characters. Encourage them to retell the story in their own way using their story props.

Whose button is this?

In this story, Tinny Tim sets out to return a lost button. Along the way he goes exploring, has a miraculous escape, and makes new friends. You can share this story with children of all ages.



- ★ As you read the story together, do some of these things.
 - ★ **Page 3:** Ask: "Where could the button have come from?" Then say, "Let's read on to find out."
 - ★ **Page 5:** Point to the shoelace and say: "Look! He's getting away by swinging on the shoelace."
 - ★ **Page 8:** Point to the part of the dog shown in the picture and ask: "What do you think this is?"
- ★ Give your children sheets of newspaper, old buttons and socks, pieces of fabric, some wool, and glue and suggest that they make the doll from the story.
- ★ Encourage older children to try writing and illustrating a story of their own using the framework of this one to guide them. They could use a different "lost" object and different characters, but keep the rest of the story the same, or they could change other details of the plot too. Let them read their stories to other children and/or family members.

Tortoise takes a taxi

This story is about Nkululeko, a tortoise who is keen to go on an adventure. A taxi driver takes him to the city, the beach and the mountain and he has a fantastic time, but he learns that home is where he most likes to be. This is a good story for reading aloud or retelling.



- ★ Let your children use egg cartons, cardboard, paint and glue to make the tortoises in the story. They can use other scrap materials (like bottle tops and cereal or biscuit boxes) to make the taxi. Encourage them to use the story props they made to retell the story in their own way.
- ★ Suggest that your children draw a map to show the places Nkululeko went to on his adventure and the order in which he visited them.

Raak doenig met stories!

Hier is 'n paar idees om die twee knip-uit-en-bêreboekies, *Die betowerde mokoro*, (bladsye 5, 6, 11 en 12) en *Wie se knoop is dit?* (bladsye 7, 8, 9 en 10), asook die Storiehoekie-storie, *Skilpad se taxirit* (bladsye 14 en 15), te gebruik. Kies die idees wat die beste by jou kinders se ouderdomme en belangstellings pas.

Die betowerde mokoro

In hierdie storie help 'n goedhartige en wyse ou vrou met towerkragte die mense van 'n nabygeleë dorpie terwyl sy hul hoofman 'n lewensles leer. Kinders van 4 jaar en ouer sal hierdie storie geniet. Met jonger kinders sal jy dalk vir hulle die prente wil wys terwyl jy die storie op 'n eenvoudiger wyse in jou eie woorde oortel.

Bespreek van die volgende vrae met ouer kinders nadat jy die storie hardop gelees het.

- ★ Op watter maniere dink julle was die vrou in die storie goedhartig en wys?
- ★ Waarom dink julle het die mense van die dorpie van haar gehou?
- ★ Wat dink julle van die manier waarop die trotse en gierige hoofman die vrou behandel het? Hoe dink julle het sy gevoel?
- ★ Watter raad sou julle vir hierdie hoofman gegee het?
- ★ Watter les dink julle wou die vrou vir die hoofman leer? Dink julle hy het dit geleer?

Stel voor dat jou kinders kartonbokse (soos graankosbokse en beskuijebokse en eierhouers), gekleurde papier, gom, blinkers en verf gebruik om die vis en mokoro in die storie te maak. Laat hulle dan klei, speeldeeg of Plasticine gebruik om die karakters in die storie te maak. Moedig hulle aan om die storie op hul eie manier oor te vertel deur dit wat hulle gemaak het te gebruik.

Wie se knoop is dit?

In hierdie storie probeer 'n klein robot, Tinnie Tim, die eienaar van 'n verlore knoop opspoor. Langs die pad gaan hy op 'n ontdekkingsstog, hy het 'n nuwe ontleding en hy maak nuwe maats. Jy kan hierdie storie met kinders van alle ouderdomme deel.

Doen van die volgende dinge terwyl julle die storie saam lees.

- ★ **Bladsy 3:** Vra: "Waar kon die knoop vandaan gekom het?" Sê dan: "Kom ons lees verder om uit te vind."
- ★ **Bladsy 5:** Wys na die skoenveter en sê: "Kyk! Hy ontsnap deur aan die skoenveter te swaai."
- ★ **Bladsy 8:** Wys na die deel van die hond wat in die prent gewys word, en vra: "Wat dink julle is dit?"

Gee vir jou kinders velle koerantpapier, ou knope en sokkies, stukkie materiaal, 'n bietjie wol en gom, en stel voor dat hulle die lappop in die storie maak.

Moedig ouer kinders aan om hul eie storie te probeer skryf en te illustreer deur die raamwerk van hierdie storie te gebruik om hulle te lei. Hulle kan 'n ander "verlore" voorwerp en ander karakters gebruik, maar die res van die storie dieselfde hou, of hulle kan ander besonderhede in die storielyn ook verander. Laat hulle hul stories vir ander kinders en/of familieledes lees.

Skilpad se taxirit

Hierdie storie gaan oor Nkululeko, 'n skilpad wat graag op 'n avontuur wil gaan. 'n Taxibestuurder neem hom na die stad, die see en die berg en hy het 'n wonderlike tyd, maar hy leer dat sy huis die plek is waar hy die graagste wil wees. Dit is 'n goeie storie om hardop te lees of oor te vertel.

Laat jou kinders eierboksies, karton, verf en gom gebruik om die skilpaai in die storie te maak. Hulle kan ander afvalmateriaal (soos botteldoppies en graankos- of beskuijebokse) gebruik om die taxi te maak. Moedig hulle aan om die dinge wat hulle vir die storie gemaak het te gebruik om die storie op hulle eie manier oor te vertel.

Stel voor dat jou kinders 'n kaart teken om die plekke aan te dui wat Nkululeko op sy avontuur besoek het, en die volgorde waarin hy hulle besoek het.

Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books

1. Take out pages 5 to 12 of this supplement.
2. The sheet with pages 5, 6, 11 and 12 on it makes up one book. The sheet with pages 7, 8, 9 and 10 on it makes up the other book.
3. Use each of the sheets to make a book. Follow the instructions below to make each book.
 - a) Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.
 - b) Fold it in half again along the green dotted line.
 - c) Cut along the red dotted lines.

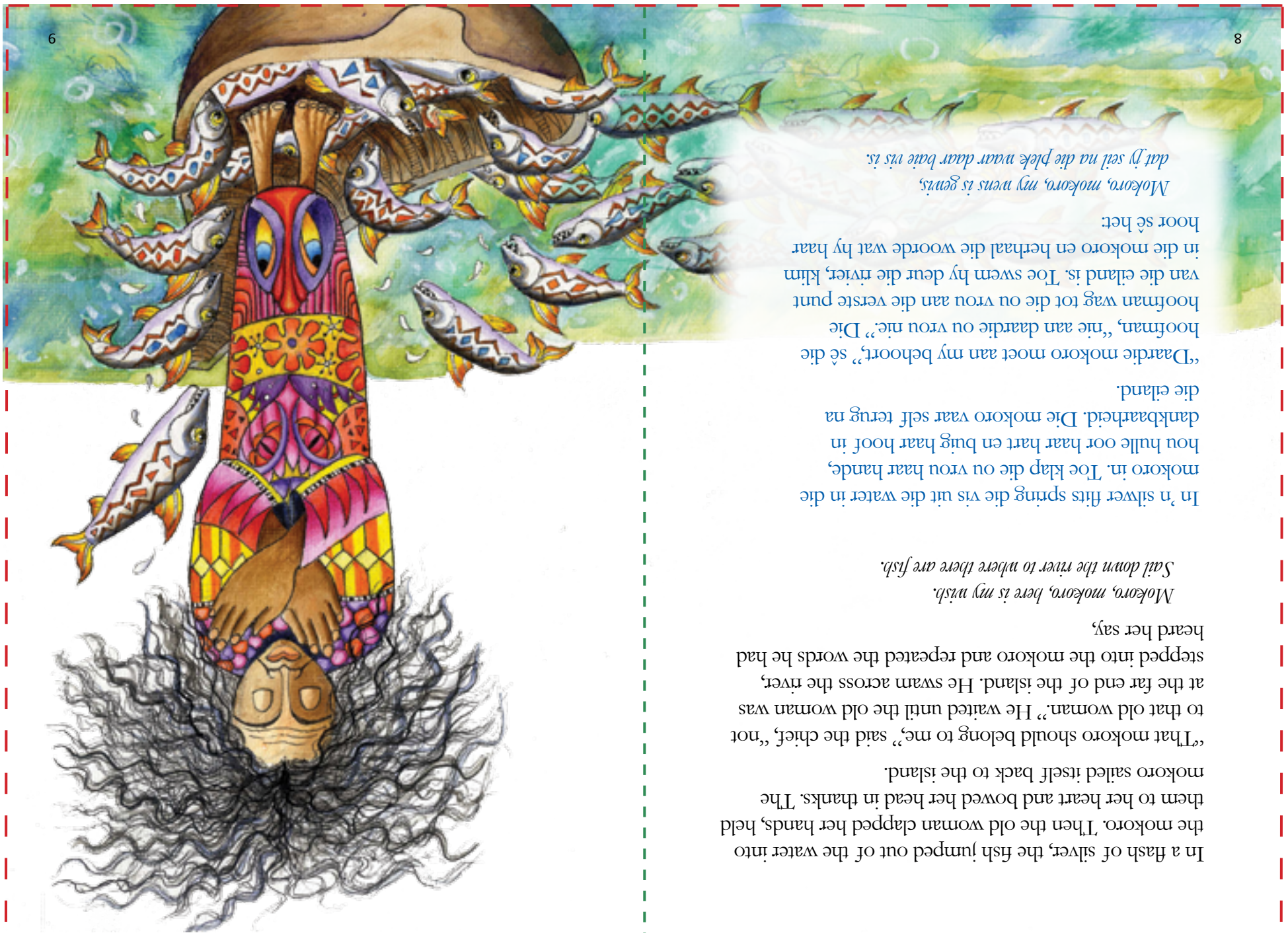


Maak TWEE knip-uit-en-bêreboekies!

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



Drive your
imagination



In 'n silwer flits spring die vis uit die water in die mokoro in. Toe klap die ou vrou haar hande, hou hulle oor haar hart en buig haar hoof in dankbaarheid. Die mokoro vaar self terug na die eiland.

"Daardie mokoro moet aan my behoort," sê die hoofman, "nie aan daardie ou vrou nie." Die hoofman wag tot die ou vrou aan die verste punt van die eiland is. Toe swem hy deur die rivier, klim in die mokoro en herhaal die woorde wat hy haar hoor sê het:

Mokoro, mokoro, my wens is gewis, dat jy seil na die plek waar daar baie vis is.

In a flash of silver, the fish jumped out of the water into the mokoro. Then the old woman clapped her hands, held them to her heart and bowed her head in thanks. The mokoro sailed itself back to the island.

"That mokoro should belong to me," said the chief, "not to that old woman." He waited until the old woman was at the far end of the island. He swam across the river, stepped into the mokoro and repeated the words he had heard her say.

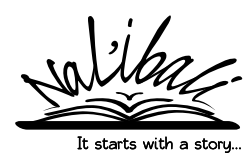
Mokoro, mokoro, here is my wish. Sail down the river to where there are fish.

The magic mokoro is one of ten stories specially written and illustrated for the new *Sunday Times Storytime* book which was created for South African children.

The first *Sunday Times* storybook was launched five years ago to allow children to experience the magic of stories, especially in their own languages. The *Sunday Times* distributed two million copies of the first book in all 11 languages free of charge to schools, libraries and reading clubs across the country.

The new *Sunday Times* storybook is available in English, Afrikaans, Sesotho, IsiXhosa and IsiZulu.

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

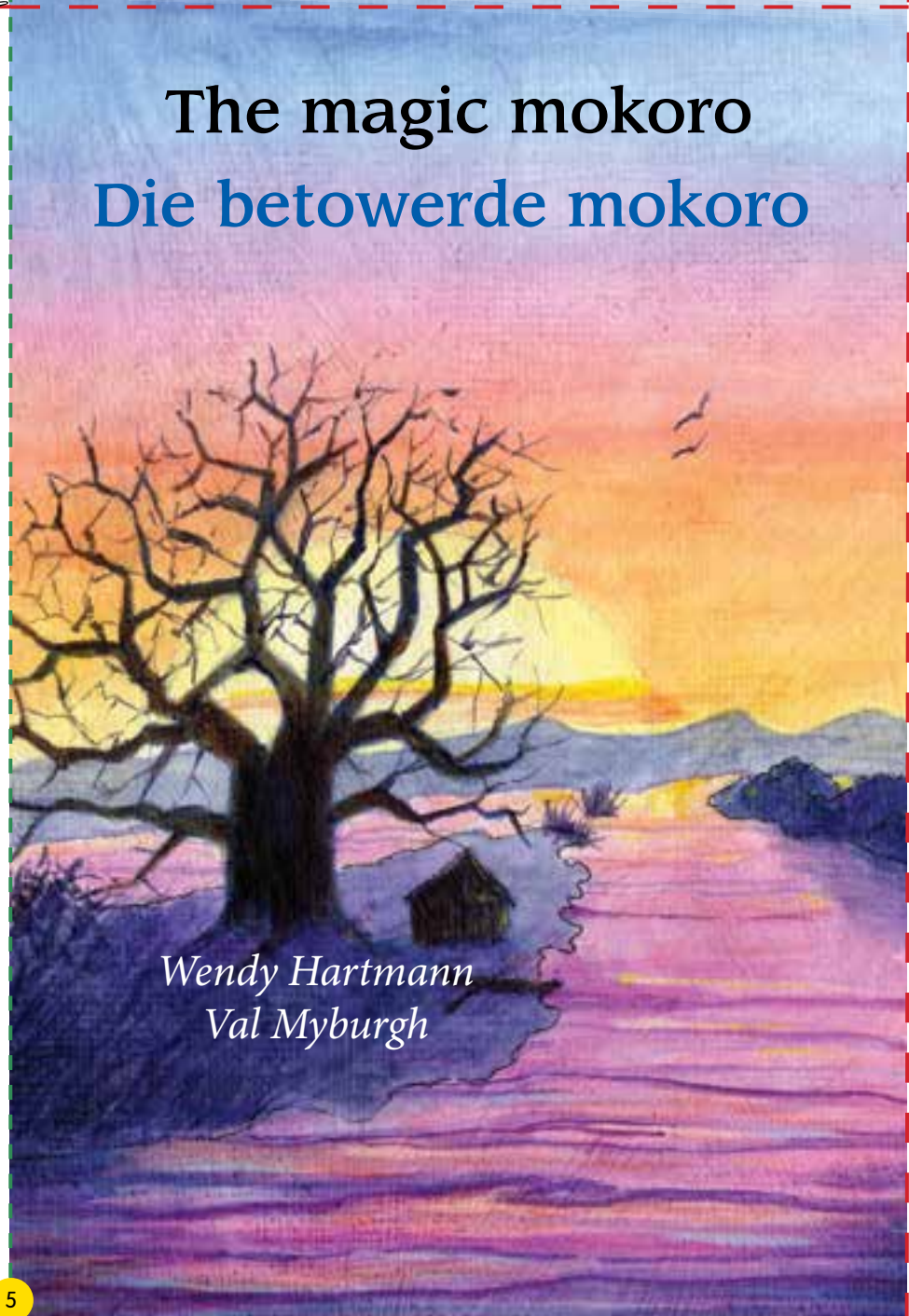


Nal'ibali is 'n nasionale lees-vir-genot veldtog wat kinders se potensiaal help ontwikkel deur middel van lees en die vertel van stories. Vir meer inligting, besoek www.nalibali.org of www.nalibali.mobi



The magic mokoro

Die betowerde mokoro



Wendy Hartmann
Val Myburgh



Long ago, there was a wise and kind old woman. She lived on an island in the middle of the great Zambezi River.



When the people in the nearby village were hungry, she took them fish. They were thankful and invited her to stay and eat with them. But she did not.



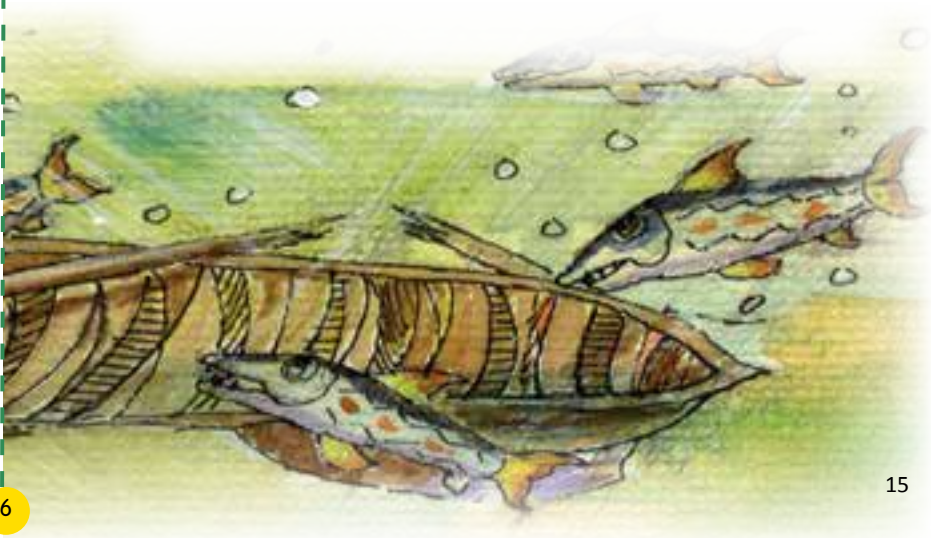
The mokoro took him to exactly the same spot. Then he said the rest of the words,
*Mokoro, mokoro, here is my wish.
I'll yourself up with just enough fish.*
There was a splash of silver and the fish jumped into the mokoro. More and more jumped in. Fish covered the chief's feet and he could not move.
What he had not done was give his thanks. So, no matter how he shouted to make them stop, the fish kept jumping in. Soon the mokoro was full.

Toe die ou vrou hierdie keer na die dorpie toe terugkeer, het sy niks by haar nie. Die betowerde mokoro is weg. Sy vertel die mense wat met hulle hoofman gebeur het. Toe, omdat sy goedhartig is, wys sy hulle hoe om nete te weef en hulle eie vis te vang. Die mense was baie dankbaar.

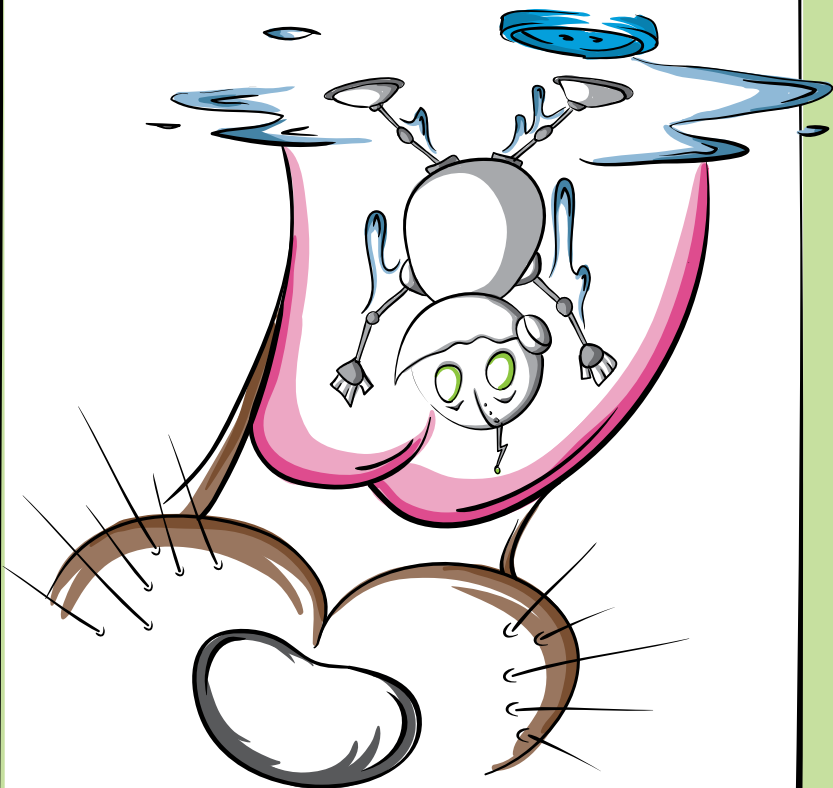
Tot vandag toe is die mense van die dorpie baie gelukkig. Hulle het nou 'n nuwe, goedhartige en wyse hoofman wat oor hulle heers. Hulle kan vis vang en vir hulle eie kos sorg. Hulle vat nooit te veel nie en deel altyd hulle kos met ander wat nie genoeg het nie.

Tot vandag toe is die wyse ou vrou nog nooit weer gesien nie. Sover enigeen weet, is die betowerde mokoro nog daar, op die bodem van die rivier.

En tot vandag toe eet die ou hoofman nog die vis wat hy gevang het. Die hoop raak nooit kleiner nie en hy is steeds op daardie eiland in die middel van die groot Zambezirivier.

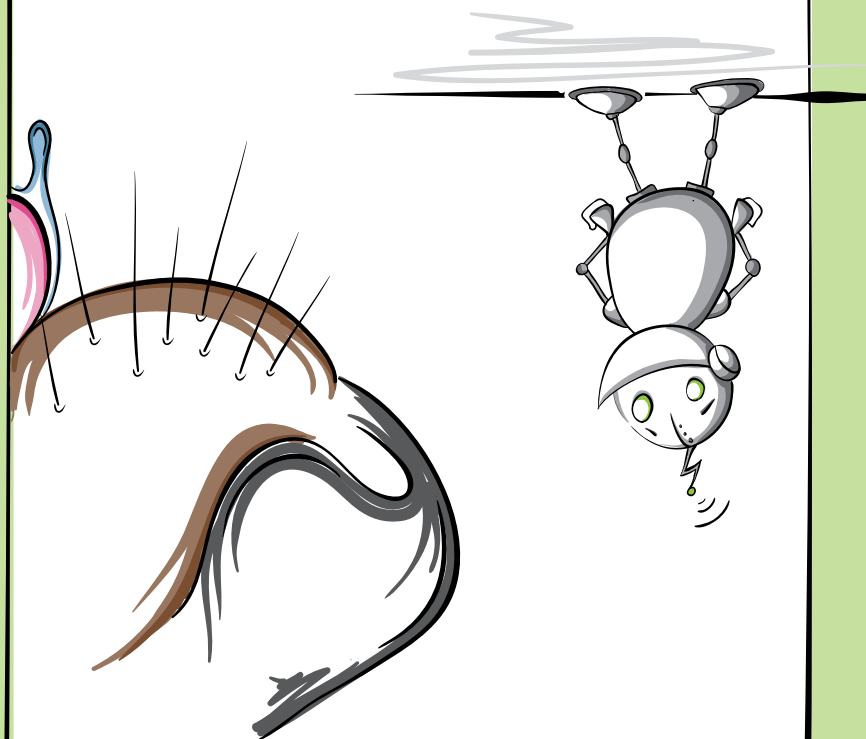


"Ten minste is hy vriendelik,"
dink Tinnie Tim.



"At least he's friendly," thought
Tinny Tim.

Tinnie Tim hou aan om na die
eienaar van die knoop te soek.
"Oeee!"



Tinny Tim carried on looking for
the owner of the button.
"Whoa!"

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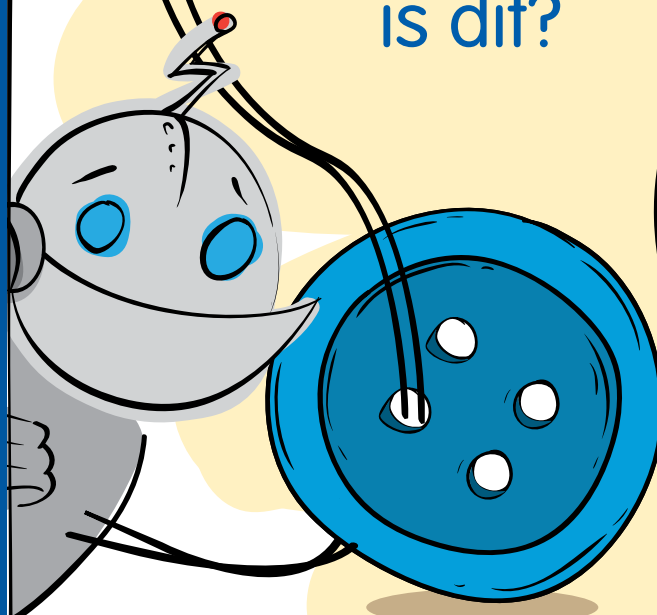
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Drive your
imagination

Whose
button is this?
Wie se knoop
is dit?



Paul Kennedy
James Woolley
Louise Gale

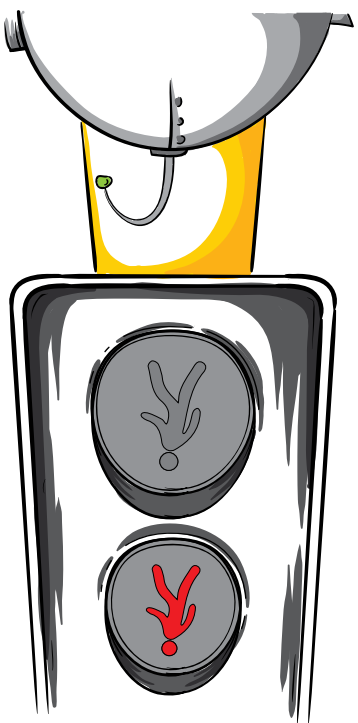
“Ek moet aan die oorkant van die pad kom. Ek is seker dit is waar hierdie knoop vandaan kom.”
SWOESJ!

“Dit was so hittede,” sê Tinnie Tim. Hy wag vir die motors om verby te ry voordat hy verder stap.

“I’ve got to get to the other side of the road. I’m sure that’s where this button comes from.”
SPLASH!

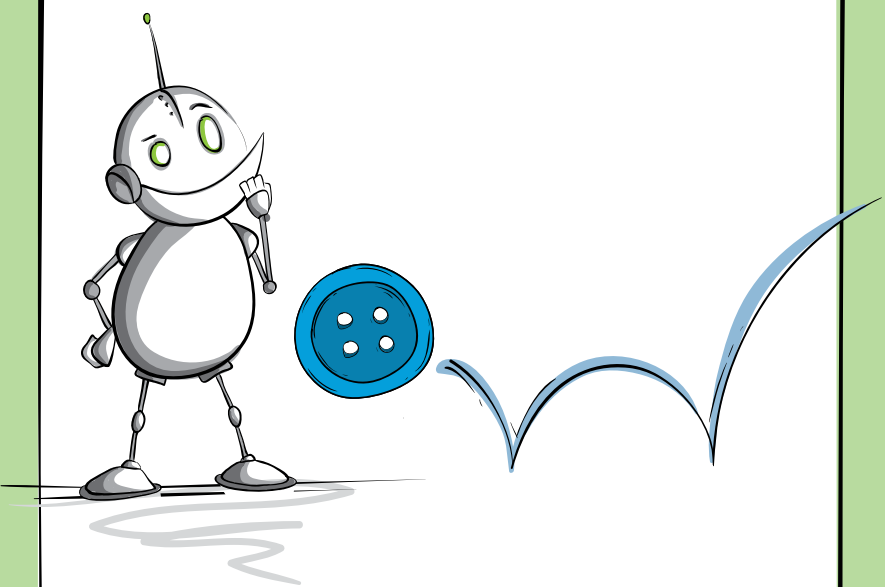
“That was close,” said Tinny Tim. He waited for the cars to pass before he carried on.

Hy raak net rooi.
“Wat ’n onbeskofte mannetjie,” dink Tinnie Tim.

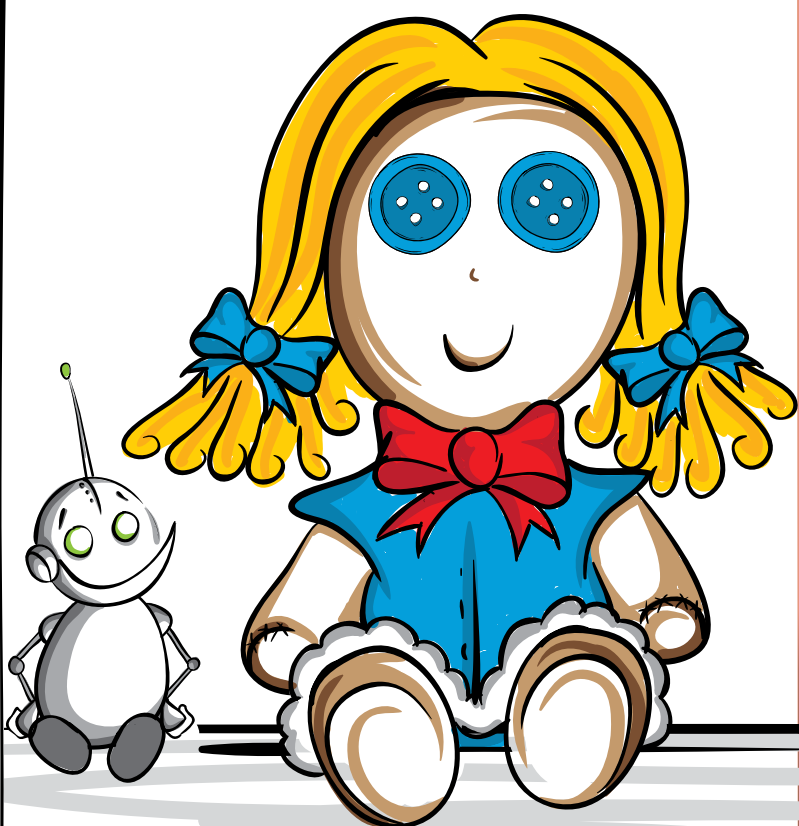


He just turned red.
“What a rude person,” thought Tinny Tim.

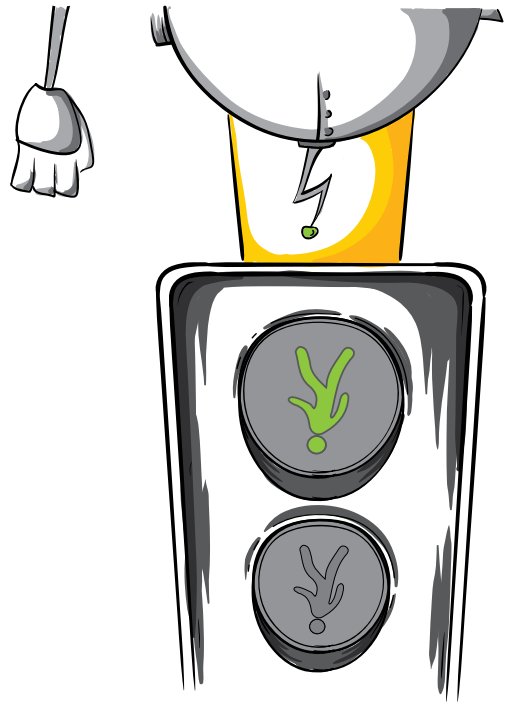
Tinny Tim was standing on the side of the road when a button bounced his way.



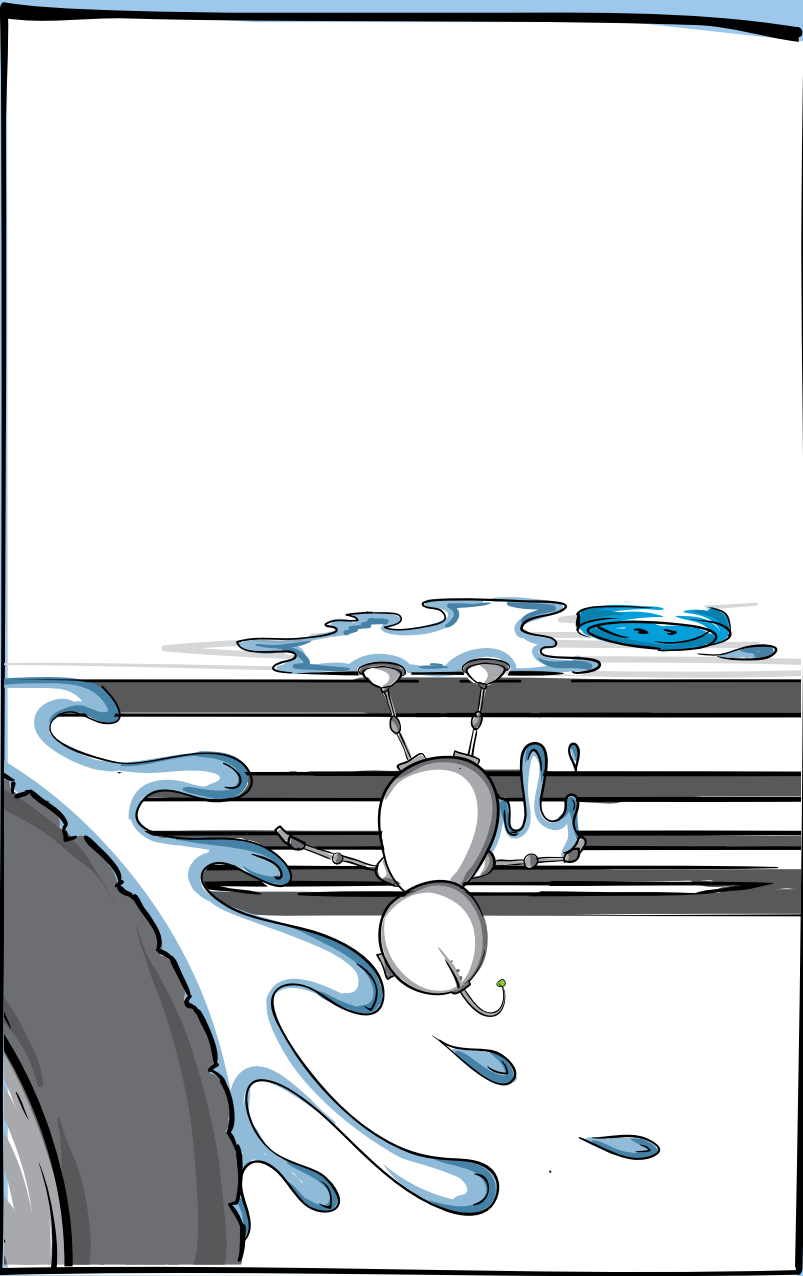
Tinnie Tim staan langs die pad toe ’n knoop na hom toe aangebons kom.



“Haai daar, is dit jou knoop?” vra
Tinnie Tim.
Die groen mannetjie sê niks nie.



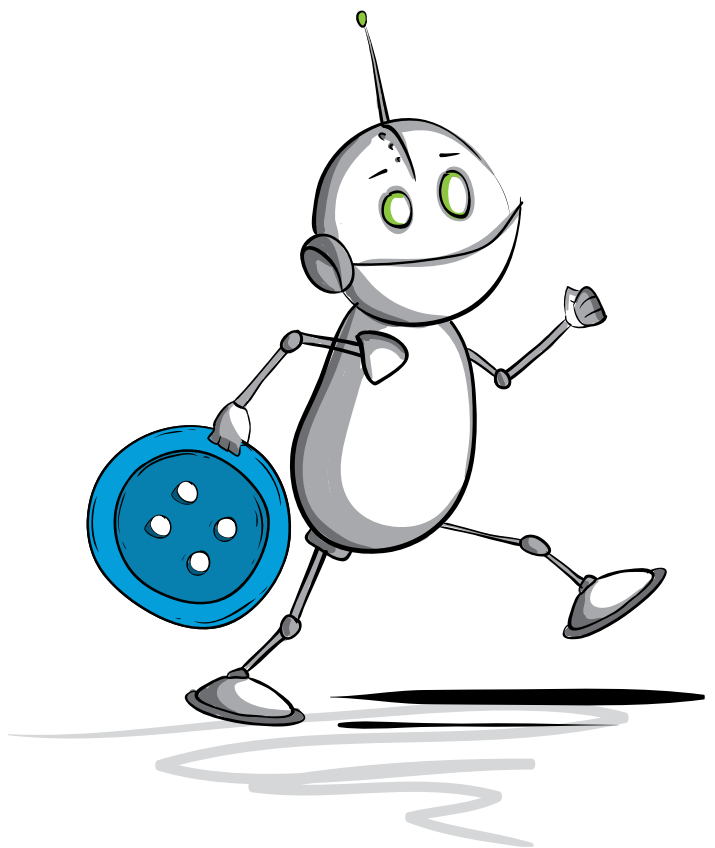
“Hey there, is this your button?”
asked Tinnie Tim.
The green man said nothing.



“Thank you, little robot.
Can we be friends?”

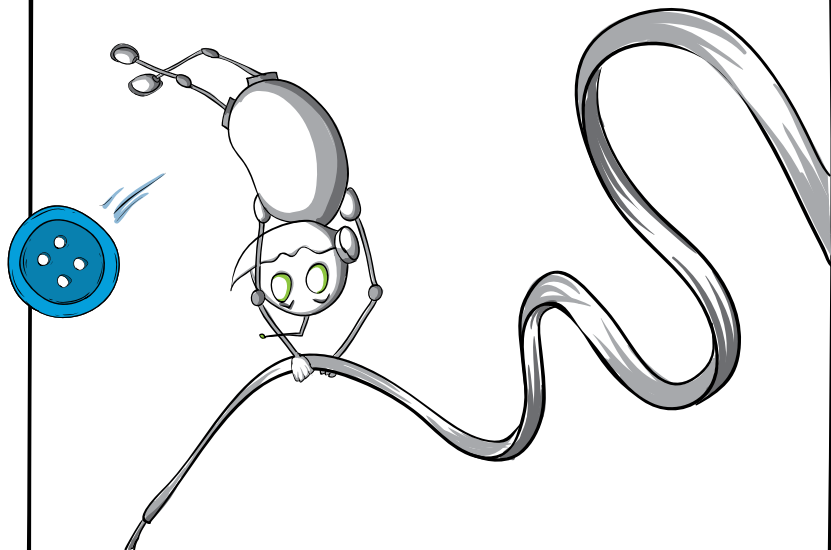
“Dankie, klein robot.
Kan ons maats wees?”

“I wonder where this comes from,”
he said. He wanted to find out.



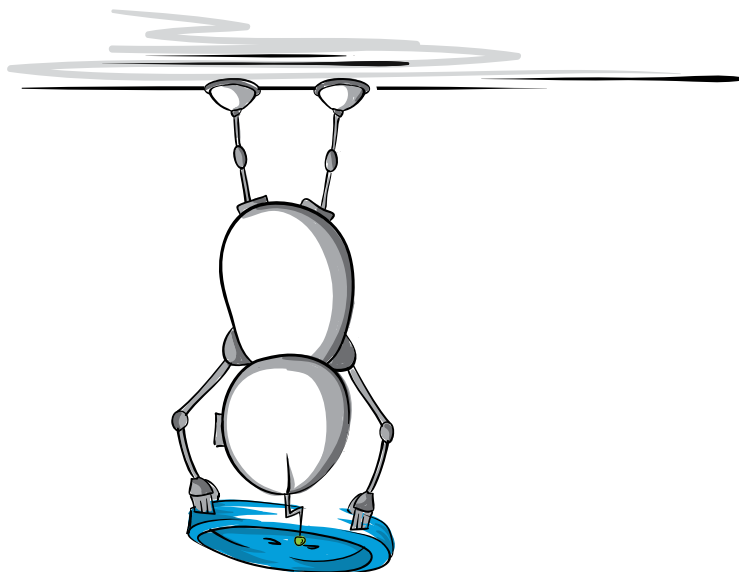
“Ek wonder waar dit vandaan
kom,” sê hy. Hy wil uitvind.

Hy is gelukkig om te ontsnap.
"Dit is gevaarlik hier buite,"
sê hy.



He made a lucky escape.
"It's scary out here," he said.

Toe sien Tinnie Tim iemand aankom.
Dalk is dit die een na wie hy soek.
"Hallo, wie is jy?" vra hy.



Then Tinny Tim saw someone
coming. Maybe this was who he
was looking for.
"Hello, who are you?" he asked.

It was busy on the side of the road.
"Woah!"
Tinny Tim nearly got squashed!



Dit is besig langs die pad.
"Oeee!"
Amper word Tinnie Tim platgetrap!

"I'm Ruby Rags," said the someone.
"I think this is yours," said Tinny Tim as
he gave her the button.

"Ek is Ruby," sê die een.
"Ek dink dit is joune," sê Tinnie Tim toe
hy vir haar die knoop gee.





Die mokoro neem hom na presies dieselfde plek. Toe sê hy die res van die woorde:
Mokoro, mokoro, my wens is genis, maak jonsself vol met net genoeg vis.
 Daar is 'n silwer flits en die vis spring in die mokoro in. Meer en meer vis spring in. Die vis bedek die hooftman se voete en hy kan nie beweeg nie.
 Wat hy nie gedoen het nie, was om dankie te sê. Hoe hy ook al probeer om die vis te laat stop, hulle bly net inspring. Sommer gou is die mokoro vol.

Die volgende dag klim die ou vrou in haar mokoro en sê:
Mokoro, mokoro, my wens is genis, dat jy vaar na die plek waar daar baie vis is.
 Die mokoro begin self in die water beweeg en vaar in die rivier af. Die hooftman volg. Die mokoro stop by 'n plek waar die water kalm is. Toe sê die ou vrou weer:
Mokoro, mokoro, my wens is genis, maak jonsself vol met net genoeg vis.

The next day, she stepped into her mokoro and said,
Mokoro, mokoro, here is my wish. Sail down the river to where there are fish.
 The mokoro moved itself into the water and sailed down the river. The chief followed. The mokoro stopped at a spot where the water was calm. Then the old woman spoke again.
Mokoro, mokoro, here is my wish. Fill yourself up with just enough fish.

This time, when the old woman returned to the village, she had nothing with her. The magic mokoro was gone. She told the people what had happened to their chief. Then, because she was kind, she showed them how to weave nets and catch their own fish. The people were very grateful.

To this day, the villagers live happily. They now have a kind and wise chief who rules them. They are able to catch fish and feed themselves. They never take too much and always share their food with others who do not have enough.

To this day, the wise old woman has never been seen again. As far as anyone knows, the magic mokoro is still there, at the bottom of the river.

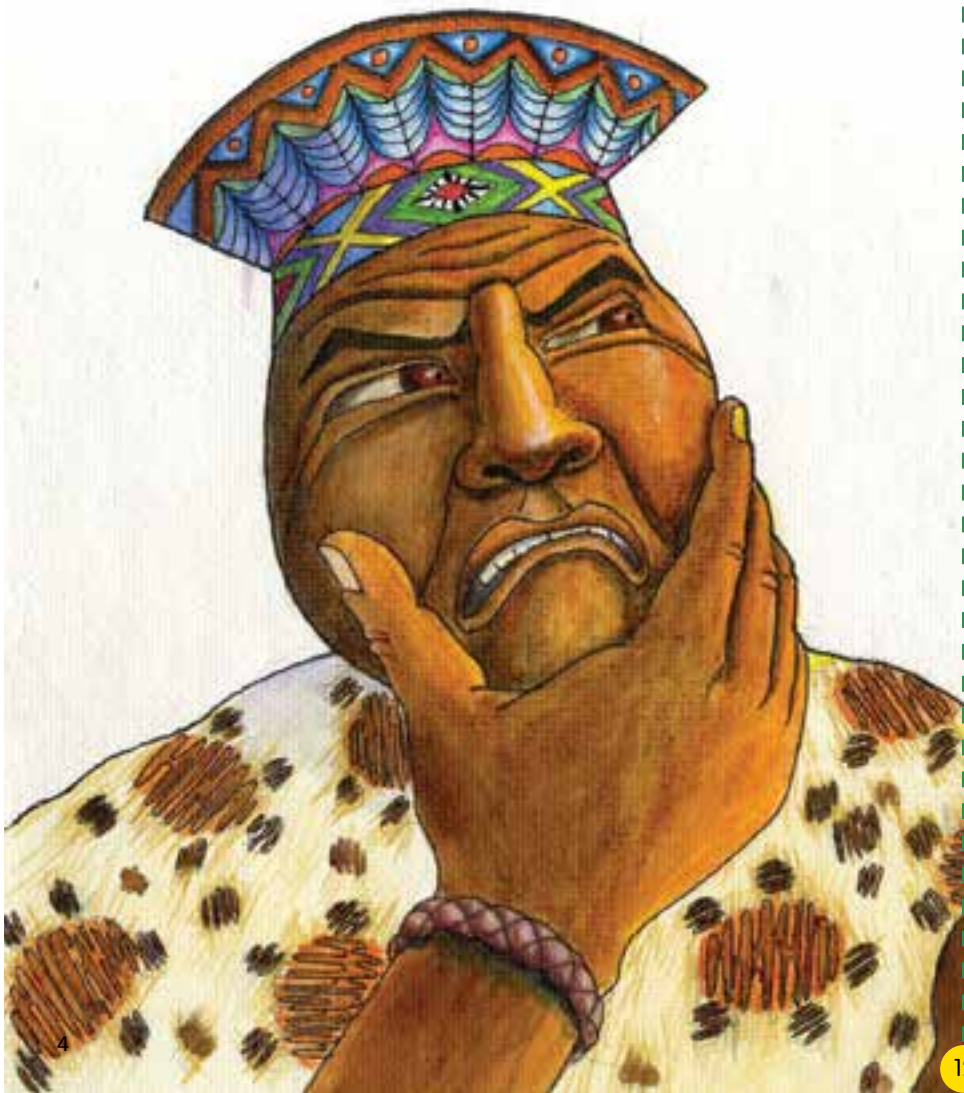
And to this day, the old chief is eating the fish he caught. The pile never gets smaller and he is still on that island in the middle of the Zambezi River.



Lank gelede was daar 'n wyse en goeheartige ou vrou. Sy het op 'n eiland in die middel van die groot Zambezirivier gewoon.



Toe die mense in die dorpie daar naby honger was, het sy vir hulle vis geneem. Hulle was dankbaar en het haar genooi om te bly en saam met hulle te eet. Maar sy het nie.



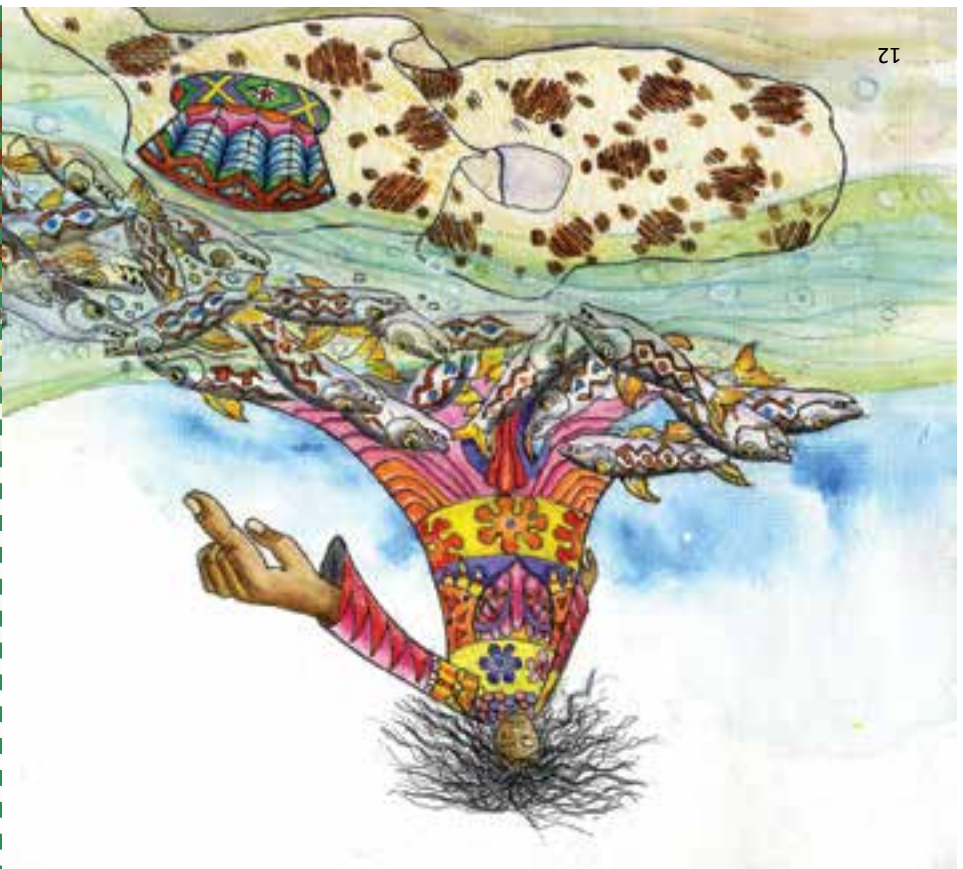
The chief of the village was a proud and greedy man.
 “Who are you?” he demanded. “Where do you come from? And why was I not served first?”



Die mokoro wil net sink toe die ou vrou verskyn. Sy klap haar hande twee keer, hou hulle oor haar hart en buig haar hoof in dankbaarheid.

Die mokoro vaar terug na die eiland en stort die vis en die hoofman op die oewer uit. Toe draai die mokoro om, vaar na die middel van die rivier en sink stadig na die bodem.

“Jy!” sê die ou vrou kwaai. “Jy sal op hierdie eiland bly en al die vis eet wat jy gevang het. Jy sal hier bly totdat die hele hoop vis opgeëet is.”



It was about to sink when the old woman appeared. She clapped her hands twice, held them to her heart and bowed her head in thanks.

The mokoro sailed back to the island and emptied the fish and the chief on the bank. Then it turned, moved to the middle of the river and slowly sank to the bottom.

“You!” said the old woman angrily. “You will remain on this island and eat all the fish you have caught. You will not leave here until the pile is gone.”

The old woman just smiled, got into her mokoro and sailed back up the river.

This made the chief angry, so he followed her. He walked for many hours and eventually saw an island in the middle of the river. There, the old woman climbed out of the mokoro and went into her hut. He camped nearby to watch her.

Die hoofman van die dorpie was trots en gierig.

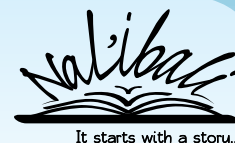
“Wie is jy?” vra hy vir die ou vrou. “Waar kom jy vandaan? En hoekom is ek nie eerste bedien nie?”

Die ou vrou glimlag net, klim in haar mokoro en vaar in die rivier op.

Dit maak die hoofman kwaad, en hy volg haar. Hy stap ure lank en uiteindelik sien hy ’n eiland in die middel van die rivier. Daar klim die ou vrou uit die mokoro en gaan in haar hut in. Die hoofman kamp daar naby om haar dop te hou.

Tortoise takes a taxi

By Kai Tuomi ★ Illustrations by Jiggs Snaddon-Wood



Nkululeko and his mama and papa are tortoises. They live together at the bottom of a garden.

Now, tortoises don't need houses like we do because they live in their shells. And the other thing you may know about tortoises, is that they are very, very slow.



Every night, Nkululeko and his mama and papa go to bed very slowly by pulling their legs and heads inside their shells. And every morning, they wake up very slowly too. It is usually about ten o'clock when they finally pop out of their shells and have a delicious breakfast of flowers and leaves.

One morning Papa leaned over to Mama and said, "Isn't it a lovely day to do nothing? It's just a pity about Nkululeko, he's always rushing about."

Nkululeko was very fast for a tortoise. On this morning, he was exploring the bushes on the far side of the garden. His parents shook their heads, but Nkululeko was too busy playing in a big pile of crunchy leaves to notice.

Nkululeko saw something shiny in the leaf pile. It was a big gold coin. "It's money!" he said with a smile. "I'm going to use it to go on an adventure."

And so Nkululeko began to walk. He walked through the garden and across the lawn, until he came to the old gate that led onto the street. He crept underneath it.

The street was busy. He walked along the pavement and tried not to get trampled by all the people rushing about. He stopped at the corner and caught his breath. It was then that Nkululeko saw something wonderful.

In a small parking lot, big taxis were picking people up and driving off to what sounded like the most marvellous places – the city, the beach, the mountain. Nkululeko walked across the street to the parking lot.

He went up to the first big taxi and said in his quiet voice, "Hello, I'd like to see the city, or the beach, or even the mountain. Could you help me?"

The taxi driver was young and tall. He leaned down and looked at the little tortoise who was holding out a big gold coin. The driver laughed. "This tortoise wants a taxi. How silly!" he said. "Whoever heard of such a thing?"

Nkululeko dropped his head sadly and started to walk away. Just then, somebody spoke. "I'll take you," said the voice.

Nkululeko looked up and saw an old man standing in front of his taxi.

"Climb aboard, young tortoise," said the old man, smiling, "and I'll show you everything."

Nkululeko smiled broadly and walked up to the taxi. The old man picked him up and put him on the seat.

Nkululeko strained his head to look out of the taxi's window, but it was too high up for him. "Let's just get you some cushions out of the boot so that you can sit up higher and see better," said the old man.

And then they were off, driving through streets filled with hooting cars and people rushing about. The old man talked as he drove. He told Nkululeko that his name Bra Will, and that he had been driving taxis for fifty years.

"My papa is already eighty years old, Bra Will. Tortoises live a very long time, you know," explained Nkululeko.

Bra Will nodded. Outside, the houses were getting bigger. Bra Will said that they would soon be in the city.

"Why do you want to see all these places?" Bra Will asked.

"Well," said Nkululeko, "tortoises move very slowly and sometimes I get bored just walking around the garden. I want adventure!"

There was a twinkle in Bra Will's eye. "I understand," he said.

The city was big and noisy. Skyscrapers climbed up into the clouds. There were people and cars everywhere and there seemed to be so much noise!



"This is amazing," said Nkululeko.

"This is nothing," said Bra Will, "wait until you see the beach. This city is too loud for me, but the beach, now that's amazing."

And so they left the city.

"Open the window," said Bra Will, "then you will smell the sea."

Nkululeko rolled the window down very slowly. "It smells all salty," he said, smiling.

As they came around a corner something large and blue stretched before them. "What is that?" asked Nkululeko with his mouth hanging open.

"That's the sea," said Bra Will, laughing.

"It's amazing," said Nkululeko.

★ Continued on page 15.

Nkululeko en sy mamma en pappa is skilpaaie. Hulle woon saam aan die onderpunt van 'n tuin.

Skilpaaie het nie soos ons huise nodig nie, want hulle woon in hul doppe. En nog iets wat jy dalk van skilpaaie weet, is dat hulle baie, baie stadig is.



Elke aand gaan slaap Nkululeko en sy mamma en pappa baie stadig deur hulle pote en koppe in hul doppe in te trek. En elke oggend word hulle ook baie stadig wakker. Dit is gewoonlik omtrent tienuur wanneer hulle uiteindelik uit hul doppe kruip en 'n heerlike ontbyt van blomme en blare geniet.

Een oggend leun Pappa oor na Mamma en sê: "Wat 'n lieflike dag om niks te doen nie! Dis net jammer dat Nkululeko altyd so bedrywig is."

Nkululeko is eintlik baie vinnig vir 'n skilpad. Dié oggend is hy besig om die bosse aan die verste punt van die tuin te verken. Sy ouers skud hulle koppe, maar Nkululeko is so besig om in 'n groot hoop krakerige blare te speel dat hy hulle nie eens raaksien nie.

Nkululeko sien iets in die hoop blare blink. Dit is 'n groot goue muntstuk. "Dis geld!" sê hy met 'n glimlag. "Ek gaan dit gebruik om op 'n avontuur te gaan."

En so begin Nkululeko stap. Hy stap deur die tuin en oor die grasperk, tot hy by die ou hek kom wat na die straat toe lei. Hy kruip onderdeur.

Die straat is besig. Hy stap met die sypaadjie langs en probeer om nie vertrap te word deur al die mense wat rondskarrel nie. Op die hoek gaan staan hy om sy asem terug te kry. En dis toe dat Nkululeko iets wonderliks sien.

In 'n klein parkeerterrein tel groot taxi's mense op en ry weg na wat soos die wonderlikste denkbare plekke klink – die stad, die see, die berg. Nkululeko stap oor die straat na die parkeerterrein.

Hy stap na die eerste groot taxi toe en sê in sy sagte stem: "Hallo, ek wil graag die stad of die see, of selfs die berg sien. Kan jy my help?"

Die taxibestuurder is jong en lank. Hy buig af en kyk na die klein skilpadjie wat 'n groot goue muntstuk na hom uithou. Die bestuurder lag. "Hierdie skilpad wil in 'n taxi ry. Hoe laf!" sê hy. "Wie het nou al van so iets gehoor?"

Nkululeko laat hartseer sy kop sak en begin wegstap. Net toe sê 'n stem: "Ek sal jou vat."

Nkululeko kyk op en sien 'n ou man voor sy taxi staan.

"Klim in, jong skilpad," sê die ou man met 'n glimlag, "en ek sal jou alles wys."

Nkululeko glimlag breed en stap na die taxi toe. Die ou man tel hom op en sit hom op die sitplek neer.

Nkululeko rek sy nek om by die taxi se venster uit te kyk, maar dit is te hoog vir hom. "Kom ons kry vir jou 'n paar kussings uit die katebak sodat jy hoër kan sit en beter kan sien," sê die ou man.

En toe is hulle op pad. Hulle ry deur strate vol motors wat toet en mense wat heen en weer jaag. Die ou man gesels terwyl hy bestuur. Hy vertel vir Nkululeko dat sy naam Bra Will is, en dat hy al vyftig jaar lank taxi's bestuur.

"My pappa is al tagtig jaar oud, Bra Will. Skilpaaie word baie oud, weet jy," verduidelik Nkululeko.

Bra Will knik. Buite raak die huise groter. Bra Will sê hulle sal nou-nou in die stad wees.

"Waarom wil jy al hierdie plekke sien?" vra Bra Will.

"Wel," sê Nkululeko, "skilpaaie beweeg baie stadig, en soms verveel dit my om net in die tuin rond te loop. Ek is op soek na avontuur!"

Daar is 'n vonkel in Bra Will se oog. "Ek verstaan," sê hy.

Die stad is groot en raserig. Wolkekrabbers toring tot bo in die wolke. Daar is mense en motors oral en die lawaai is oorverdowend!



"Dis verstommend," sê Nkululeko.

"Dis niks," sê Bra Will, "wag tot jy die see sien. Hierdie stad is te raserig vir my, maar die see – dit is regtig fantasties."

En toe ry hulle uit die stad uit.

"Maak oop die venster," sê Bra Will, "dan sal jy die see ruik."

Nkululeko rol die venster baie stadig af. "Dit ruik na sout," sê hy met 'n glimlag.

Toe hulle om 'n hoek kom, strek iets groot en blou voor hulle uit. "Wat's dit?" vra Nkululeko met sy mond wat oophang.

"Dis die see," sê Bra Will en lag.

"Dis ongelooflik," sê Nkululeko.



Vervolg op bladsy 15.

From page 13. ★

The taxi pulled into a small parking lot next to a long stretch of white sand that ran down to the sea.

"And this is the beach," said Bra Will. "Why don't we stop here for a moment and walk on the soft sand."

Bra Will helped Nkululeko onto the beach. Around him people were playing or lying in the sun. It was very hot. Nkululeko crawled around slowly, waded in the shallow water, and looked at all the pretty shells on the beach.



Next, it was time to go to the mountain. Nkululeko had seen the mountain from his garden, but he'd never ACTUALLY been to the mountain. It was a steep drive up from the beach. It was very windy on the mountain. Nkululeko even saw a man lose his hat to the wind!

When the taxi finally stopped, Nkululeko climbed out and gasped. He could see the whole city from up here. He could see the sea and the beach and even his little home in the garden. He thought about his mama and papa.

"This is the most beautiful place, Bra Will," said the tortoise, "and it has been such an adventure driving around with you, but I think it's time I went home to my mama and papa."

Bra Will winked and drove them back to the taxi rank. Nkululeko thanked him and pulled out the gold coin from his shell.

Bra Will shook his head and said, "You keep your money, Nkululeko. It was a pleasure to drive you around. Your happiness was payment enough for me."

Nkululeko waved goodbye and started the slow walk home. On the way, he passed a fruit seller and used the gold coin to buy a box of ripe strawberries, which he carried home on his back. It was getting dark when he found his way into the garden. His mama and papa were waiting for him.

"Where have you been?" asked Papa. "We were worried sick."

Nkululeko gave them each a big hug. They shared the strawberries and he told his parents all about his adventure in the taxi.

"That sounds fantastic," said Mama, "but I'm very happy that you're home, Nkululeko."

"Me too," he said. "You know I've been all over now – north, south, east and west, but out of all the places ... home is best."

With that he tucked his head and legs into his shell and fell fast asleep.

Vanaf bladsy 14. ★

Die taxi parkeer in 'n klein parkeerarea langs 'n lang strook wit sand wat tot by die see strek.

"En dit is die strand," sê Bra Will. "Kom ons rus 'n rukkie hier en stap op die sagte sand."

Bra Will help vir Nkululeko tot op die strand. Oral om hom speel mense, of lê in die son. Dit is baie warm. Nkululeko kruip stadig rond, waad in die vlak water, en kyk na al die pragtige skulpe op die strand.



Toe is dit tyd om berg toe te gaan. Nkululeko het al die berg uit sy tuin gesien, maar hy was nog nooit REGTIG naby die berg nie. Dit is 'n steil pad van die see af. Dit is baie winderig op die berg. Nkululeko sien selfs 'n man wie se hoed deur die wind geskep en weggewaai word!

Toe die taxi uiteindelik stilhou, klim Nkululeko uit en snak na sy asem. Hy kan die hele stad van hier bo af sien. Hy kan die see en die strand en selfs sy klein huisie in die tuin sien. Hy dink aan sy mamma en pappa.

"Dit is die heel mooiste plek, Bra Will," sê die skilpad, "en dit was so 'n groot avontuur om saam met jou rond te ry, maar ek dink dis nou tyd dat ek huis toe gaan na my mamma en pappa toe."

Bra Will knik en ry terug na die taxistaanplek. Nkululeko sê vir hom dankie en haal die goue muntstuk uit sy dop.

Bra Will skud sy kop en sê: "Hou jou geld, Nkululeko. Dit was vir my 'n plesier om jou rond te ry. Om jou so gelukkig te sien is genoeg betaling vir my."

Nkululeko wuif totsiens en begin stadig huis toe stap. Op pad stap hy verby 'n vrugteverkoper en hy gebruik die goue muntstuk om 'n boks ryp aarbeie te koop, wat hy op sy rug huis toe dra. Dit begin al donker raak toe hy uiteindelik sy pad terug na die tuin vind. Sy mamma en pappa wag vir hom.

"Waar was jy?" vra Pappa. "Ons was siek van bekommernis."

Nkululeko gee hulle albei 'n stywe drukkies. Hulle deel die aarbeie en hy vertel vir sy ouers van sy avontuur in die taxi.

"Dit klink fantasties," sê Mamma, "maar ek is baie bly dat jy weer by die huis is, Nkululeko."

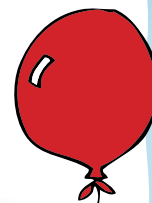
"Ek ook," sê hy. "Ek was nou oral – noord, suid, oos en wes, maar van al die plekke ... is tuis bes."

En toe trek hy sy kop en pote in sy dop in en raak vas aan die slaap.

 Use your imagination to complete this story.



★ Gebruik jou verbeelding om hierdie storie te voltooi.



Early one rainy morning, David woke up to the sound of “miaou, miaou, miaou” outside his bedroom window. He ran and woke up his dad and together they went outside to look. They saw a tiny, thin, black kitten hiding in a tree.

"She looks very scared and weak," said David.

The kitten looked at David and miaowed even louder.

"I think she might be hurt," said David's dad. "Let's get

"I think she might be non," said Sam, climbing the ladder and ..."

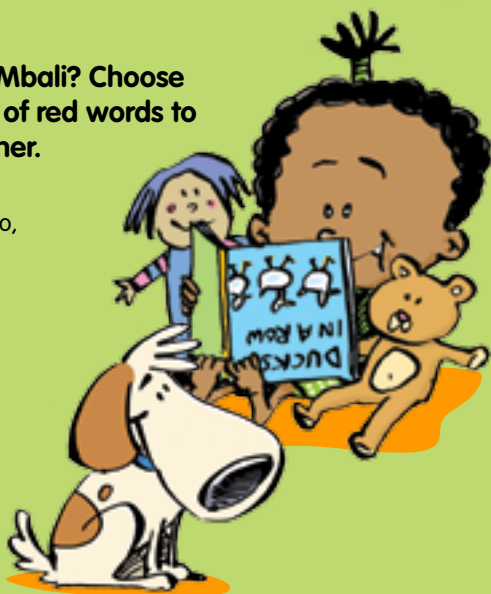
Vroeg een reënerige oggend word David wakker van 'n "miaau, miaau, miaau" buite sy slaapkamervenster. Hy hardloop om sy pa te gaan wakker maak en saam gaan hulle buitentoe om te gaan kyk wat so maak. Hulle sien 'n klein, maer swart katjie wat in 'n boom wegkruip.

"Sy lyk baie bang en swak," sê David.

Die katjie kyk na David en miaau nog harder.
"Ek dink sy het dui."

"Ek dink sy het dalk seergekry," sê David se pa. "Kom ons kry die leer en ..."

Mbali is **six/two** years old and she is Neo's little sister. She lives with Neo, Gogo, her mom and her dad, so there's always someone who can read to her! Mbali loves dressing up and playing with her teddy bear. Books with nursery rhymes in them are her favourite, but she also enjoys looking at her **brother's/sister's toys/books** and pretending to read them. In fact, you will often find Mbali "reading" to her teddy bear or to Bella's dog, **Noodle/Milo!**



Mbali is **ses/twee** jaar oud en sy is Neo se kleinsussie. Sy woon saam met Neo, Gogo, haar mamma en haar pappa, so daar is altyd iemand wat vir haar kan lees! Mbali hou baie daarvan om aantrekspeletjies te speel en met haar teddiebeer te speel. Boeke met kinderrympies is haar gunsteling, maar sy geniet dit ook om na haar **broer/suster** se **speelgoed/boek**e te kyk en te maak of sy dit lees. Trouens, jy sal dikwels vir Mbali kry waar sy vir haar teddiebeer of vir Bella se hond, **Noodle/Milo**, "lees"!

Answers: two, brother's, books, Noodle
Antwoorden: twee, broer, boeke, Noodle



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