



Invest in your children!

We all have hopes and dreams for our children – that they will live happy, healthy and successful lives. And we know that achieving these dreams takes effort on our part.

The wisest investment we can make in our children is to give them our time – to listen to them, to talk together and to do things together. All of these things happen quite naturally when we spend even a short time each day telling and reading stories together. When we share stories with children, we help to expand their world and we build a firm foundation for their futures. How about investing in your children in some of these ways?

- ☺ **Read in their mother-tongue.** Reading stories in your mother-tongue makes reading easier and more enjoyable. Try our growing collection of stories in a range of South African languages on the Nalibali website (www.nalibali.org) or mobisite (www.nalibali.mobi).
- ☺ **Read what they love.** For children to love reading, and to want to read every day, they need to enjoy what they are reading! Some children may like real-life stories while others like fantasy. In fact, developing an interest in reading particular types of books is a sign that your child is maturing as a reader. So, whatever sparks their interest, let them read it!

Belê in jou kinders!

Ons het almal wense en drome vir ons kinders – dat hulle gelukkige, gesonde en suksesvolle lewens sal lei. En ons weet dat ons ons deel sal moet doen om hierdie drome te laat waar word.

Die beste belegging wat ons in ons kinders kan maak, is om vir hulle ons tyd te gee – om na hulle te luister, om met hulle te gesels en om saam met hulle dinge te doen. Al hierdie dinge gebeur taamlik natuurlik wanneer ons elke dag selfs net 'n kort tydjie saam stories vertel en lees. Wanneer ons stories met kinders deel, help ons om hulle wêreld te vergroot, en ons bou 'n sterk fondament vir hulle toekoms. Hier is 'n paar maniere waarop jy in jou kinders kan belê.

- ☺ **Lees in hulle moedertaal.** Om stories in jou moedertaal te lees, maak lees makliker en lekkerder. Probeer ons groeiende versameling stories in verskeie Suid-Afrikaanse tale op die Nalibali-webwerf (www.nalibali.org) of selfoonwerf (www.nalibali.mobi).
- ☺ **Lees dit waarvan hulle hou.** Vir kinders om van lees te hou en om elke dag te wil lees, moet hulle dit wat hulle lees, geniet! Sommige kinders hou dalk van ware verhale, terwyl ander van fantasieverhale hou. Trouens, wanneer jou kind 'n belangstelling in spesifieke soorte boeke ontwikkel, is dit 'n teken dat jou kind as leser volwasse word. Laat hulle dus lees wat hul belangstelling prikkel!
- ☺ **Lees gedrukte boeke.** Jong kinders leer baie deur middel van hulle sintuie. Dit is dus baie belangrik dat hulle ervaar hoe dit voel om gedrukte boeke vas te hou en die bladsye om te blaai. Niks is tog lekkerder as om saam met 'n boek op te krul nie.

- ☺ **Read printed books.** Young children learn a great deal through their senses. It is therefore very important for them to have the experience of touching and holding printed books and turning their pages. After all, nothing beats the feeling of curling up together with a book.
- ☺ **Read on a cellphone.** In South Africa, forty-eight million of us use cellphones! Older children (especially teens), often enjoy reading on a cellphone. This technology means that they can read anywhere and at any time – at home, or on the way to and from school. Explore our growing mobi-library at www.nalibali.mobi.

Whatever it takes, get your children reading every day and help them find material that interests them. Once you have helped them to unleash the power of reading in their lives, no one can take this magical gift away from them! Plus you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you have invested very wisely in their futures.



- ☺ **Lees op 'n selfoon.** In Suid-Afrika gebruik 48 miljoen mense selfone! Ouer kinders (veral tieners), geniet dit dikwels om op 'n selfoon te lees. Hierdie tegnologie beteken dat hulle enige tyd en op enige plek kan lees – by die huis, of op pad skool toe of terug huis toe. Verken ons groeiende selfoonbiblioteek by www.nalibali.mobi.

Kry jou kinders om elke dag te lees, wat dit ook al verg, en help hulle om materiaal te vind waarin hulle belangstel. Sodra jy hulle gehelp het om die vuur van lees in hulle lewens aan te steek, kan niemand ooit weer hierdie wonderlike gawe van hulle af wegneem nie! En jy sal die bevrediging ervaar dat jy 'n wyse belegging in hul toekoms gemaak het.



Drive your imagination

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



Nal'ibali news

ARE YOU SA'S FIRST
**STORY
BOSSO?**



Throughout Literacy and Heritage Month in September last year, Nal'ibali held its first multilingual storytelling competition – Story Bosso!

Story Bosso was designed as a nationwide talent search to get South Africans excited about reading and telling stories. Its message was simple – anyone can tell a story, anytime, anywhere! Through the competition Nal'ibali wanted to find undiscovered storytellers across the country and to connect South Africans with a range of local stories in South African languages. We also shared tips and ideas with everyone on how to become better storytellers.

To launch the month of storytelling, Nal'ibali held a special talent show at Motjoli Primary School in Soweto which was attended by a few celebrities – jazz and afro-pop singer, Judith Sephuma, and TV and radio personality, Penny Lebyane. Hosted by children's TV presenter, Karabo Bonco, the event started with storytelling demonstrations by professional storyteller, Nomsa Mdlalose, and Nal'ibali's Bongani Godide before the children got a chance to show their storytelling talents.

Story Bosso proved popular with people of all ages and we collected over 1 500 stories in just one month! These stories were submitted online and at over 60 pop-up Story Bosso events held at schools, shopping centres, taxi ranks, train stations, community centres and literacy festivals in seven different provinces. At these fun events members of the public showcased their talents with a public performance which was recorded. And even the audience benefitted as they receiving some of the 13 000 free books and special Story Bosso story cards we gave away.

Nal'ibali-nuus

IS JY SA SE EERSTE
**STORY
BOSSO?**

Regdeur Geletterdheids- en Erfenismaand in September verlede jaar, het Nal'ibali sy eerste veeltalige storievertelkompetisie gehou – Story Bosso!

Story Bosso is ontwerp as 'n landwye talentsoektog om Suid-Afrikaners opgewonde te maak oor lees en die vertel van stories. Die boodskap was eenvoudig – enigiemand kan 'n storie vertel – enige tyd en op enige plek! Regdeur die kompetisie wou Nal'ibali onontdekte storievertellers van oor die hele land vind en Suid-Afrikaners laat kennis maak met 'n reeks plaaslike stories in Suid-Afrikaanse tale. Ons het ook wenke en idees met almal gedeel oor hoe om beter storievertellers te word.

Om die storievertelmaand af te skop het Nal'ibali 'n spesiale talentvertoning by Motjoli Primary School in Soweto gehou, wat deur 'n paar bekende persoonlikhede bygewoon is – jazz- en afro-pop-sangeres, Judith Sephuma, en TV- en radiopersoonlikheid, Penny Lebyane. Die kindertelevisie-aanbieder, Karabo Bonco, het die geleentheid aangebied en dit het begin met storieverteldemonstrasies deur professionele storieverteller, Nomsa Mdlalose, en Nal'ibali se Bongani Godide, voordat die kinders 'n kans gekry het om hul storieverteltalente ten toon te stel.

Story Bosso was gewild by mense van alle ouderdomme en ons het in net een maand meer as 1 500 stories versamel! Hierdie stories is aanlyn ingedien en ook by meer as 60 opwip- Story Bosso-byeenkomste wat by skole, winkelsentrums, taxistaanplekke, treinstasies, gemeenskapsentrums en geletterdheidsfeeste in sewe verskillende provinsies gehou is. By hierdie prettige byeenkomste het lede van die publiek hulle talent ten toon gestel met 'n openbare opvoering wat opgeneem is. En selfs die gehoor het daarby gebaat, want hulle het van die 13 000 gratis boeke en spesiale Story Bosso-storiekaarte wat ons weggee het, ontvang.



Drive your
imagination



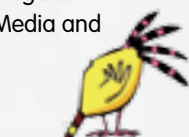
"While we don't all need to become professional storytellers, reading and storytelling are two of the greatest tools we have to develop our children's curiosity, imagination and empathy. Stories are the building blocks of literacy and through Story Bosso we wanted to pass on the power of stories, far and wide," explained Jade Jacobsohn, Nal'ibali's Managing Director.

Endorsing the drive with their own storytelling clips and assisting in the difficult judging process, were celebrity supporters ProVerb, Tebogo Ditshego, Refiloe Mpakanyane, Lebogang Mashile, Nik Rabinowitz and Zolani Mahola. The winner, seven-year-old Athandiwe Sikade from Khayelitsha in Cape Town, was treated to a surprise storytelling of her own by local author, Sindiwe Magona.



To find out more about the Story Bosso winner, read the Story Stars feature on page 4.

Athandiwe was joined by runners-up Atandiwe Makgata, and Kerrin Kokot and Jayne Batzofin who entered as a team. Both the winner and runners-up received cash prizes, vouchers from Ackermans and a home library courtesy of Exclusive Books, Bargain Books, Cambridge University Press, Jacana Media and the Save Our Seas Foundation.



Young school pupils of Motjoli Primary School in Soweto were enchanted by an afternoon of storytelling at the Story Bosso launch event.

Jong leerders van Motjoli Primary School in Soweto is betower deur 'n middag van storievertelling by die bekendstellingsgeleentheid van Story Bosso.



"Hoewel ons nie almal professionele storievertellers hoef te word nie, is lees en die vertel van stories twee van die beste instrumente wat ons het om ons kinders se nuuskierigheid, verbeelding en empatie aan te wakker. Stories is die boublokke van geletterdheid en deur Story Bosso wou ons die krag van stories wyd en syds versprei," het Jade Jacobsohn, Nal'ibali se Besturende Direkteur, verduidelik.

Die veldtog is ondersteun deur bekende persoonlikhede, ProVerb, Tebogo Ditshego, Refiloe Mpakanyane, Lebogang Mashile, Nik Rabinowitz en Zolani Mahola, wat hulle eie ervarings van stories vertel gedeel het en gehelp het met die moeilike beoordelingsproses. Die wenner, sewejarige Athandiwe Sikade van Khayelitsha in Kaapstad, is bederf deurdat die plaaslike skrywer, Sindiwe Magona, vir haar 'n storie vertel het.



Om meer uit te vind oor die Story Bosso-wenner, lees die Storiesterre-afdeling op bladsy 4.

Die naaswenner, Atandiwe Makgata, en Kerrin Kokot en Jayne Batzofin, wat as 'n span ingeskryf het, het by Athandiwe aangesluit. Beide die wenner en naaswenner het kontantpryse ontvang, geskenkbewyse van Ackermans en 'n tuisbiblioteek van Exclusive Books, Bargain Books, Cambridge University Press, Jacana Media en die Save Our Seas-stigting.



Finalists from the Story Bosso launch event.

Finaliste by die bekendstellingsgeleentheid van Story Bosso.

A young pupil auditions for the Story Bosso competition with the help of Karabo Bonco.

'n Jong leerder doen 'n oudisie vir die Story Bosso-kompetisie met die hulp van Karabo Bonco.



Story stars

A storytelling star

Nal'ibali's Story Bosso 2015 winner was seven-year-old Athandiwe Sikade from Khayelitsha, Cape Town. Although her friends say she is usually quiet and shy, she is the opposite when she tells a story! We spoke to this champion storyteller to find out more about the Story Bosso competition and her love of stories.

Where did you hear about the Story Bosso competition?

The teacher from our reading club at school told us about it. I knew right away that I wanted to enter.

You retold the story *Umboleki* in the competition.

Why did you decide to tell this story?

I loved this story when my teacher first read it to our class. The main character in the story makes every listener laugh a lot, so I wanted to go and read it myself. I enjoyed it and asked my teacher to allow me to read it to the class. The class liked my reading and my body language and I was inspired by their response! They wanted me to read this story to them over and over again and I ended up telling the story instead of reading it.

What is the story about?

It's about a man who always wants people to give him whatever they have, but he does not ask them in a polite way. The sad part of the story is when he does not understand why all these people do not want to give him what he is asking for.

Do you also like listening to other people tell stories?

Yes! I love listening to stories at our reading club. I love it when reading club members share-read from different storybooks and when they tell stories that they have heard at other reading clubs.

Want to listen to Athandiwe retelling the story, *Umboleki*? Find it on the Nal'ibali website: nalibali.org/seven-year-old-crowned-sas-first-story-bosso/.

Wil jy luister hoe Athandiwe die storie, *Umboleki*, oorvertel? Vind dit op die Nal'ibali-webwerf: nalibali.org/seven-year-old-crowned-sas-first-story-bosso/.



Athandiwe with some of her Story Bosso prizes.
Athandiwe met van haar Story Bosso-pryse.

Storiesterre

'n Storievertel-ster

Nal'ibali se Story Bosso-wenner vir 2015 is die sewejarige Athandiwe Sikade van Khayelitsha, Kaapstad. Hoewel haar maats sê dat sy gewoonlik stil en skaam is, is sy die teenoorgestelde wanneer sy 'n storie vertel! Ons het met hierdie bobaas-storieverteller gesels om meer uit te vind oor die Story Bosso-kompetisie en haar liefde vir stories.

Waar het jy van die Story Bosso-kompetisie gehoor?

Die onderwyser van ons leesklub by die skool het ons daarvan vertel. Ek het dadelik geweet ek wou inskryf.

Jy het die storie, *Umboleki*, in die kompetisie vertel. Waarom het jy besluit om hierdie storie te vertel?

Ek het baie van hierdie storie gehou toe ons onderwyser dit die eerste keer vir ons klas gelees het. Die hoofkarakter in die storie laat elke luisteraar baie lag, en daarom wou ek dit self lees. Ek het dit geniet en my onderwyser gevra of ek dit vir die klas mag lees. Die klas het van my storie en my liggaamstaal gehou, en ek was geïnspireer deur hulle reaksie! Hulle wou hê dat ek die storie weer en weer vir hulle moes lees, en ek het op die ou end die storie begin vertel, eerder as om dit te lees.

Waaroor gaan die storie?

Dit gaan oor 'n man wat altyd wil hê mense moet dit wat hulle het, vir hom gee, maar hy vra nie op 'n baie hofflike manier daarvoor nie. Die hartseer deel van die storie is wanneer hy nie verstaan waarom al hierdie mense nie vir hom wil gee waarvoor hy vra nie.

Hou jy ook daarvan om te luister na ander mense wat stories vertel?

Ja! Ek hou baie daarvan om by ons leesklub na stories te luister. Ek hou daarvan as leesklubdele beurt maak om uit verskillende storieboeke te lees, en wanneer hulle stories vertel wat hulle by ander leesklubs gehoor het.

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/.

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 stippellyne.



Drive your imagination

“Nee, hy doen nie!”
 “Ja, hy doen!”
 “Nee, hy doen nie!”
 “Wel, kom kyk dan self as julle my nie
 glo nie,” sê Apie.

“No, he doesn’t”
 “Yes, he does!”
 “No, he doesn’t”
 “Well, come and see if you don’t believe
 me,” said Monkey.

We believe every child
 should own a hundred books
 by the age of five.

Become a book-sponsor and
 help change the world.

Get involved at
bookdash.org



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



Grandpa’s gold Oupa se goud

Kerry Saadien-Raad
 Elsabé Milandri
 Mathilde de Blois



Die jong diere gesels oor hulle oupas.

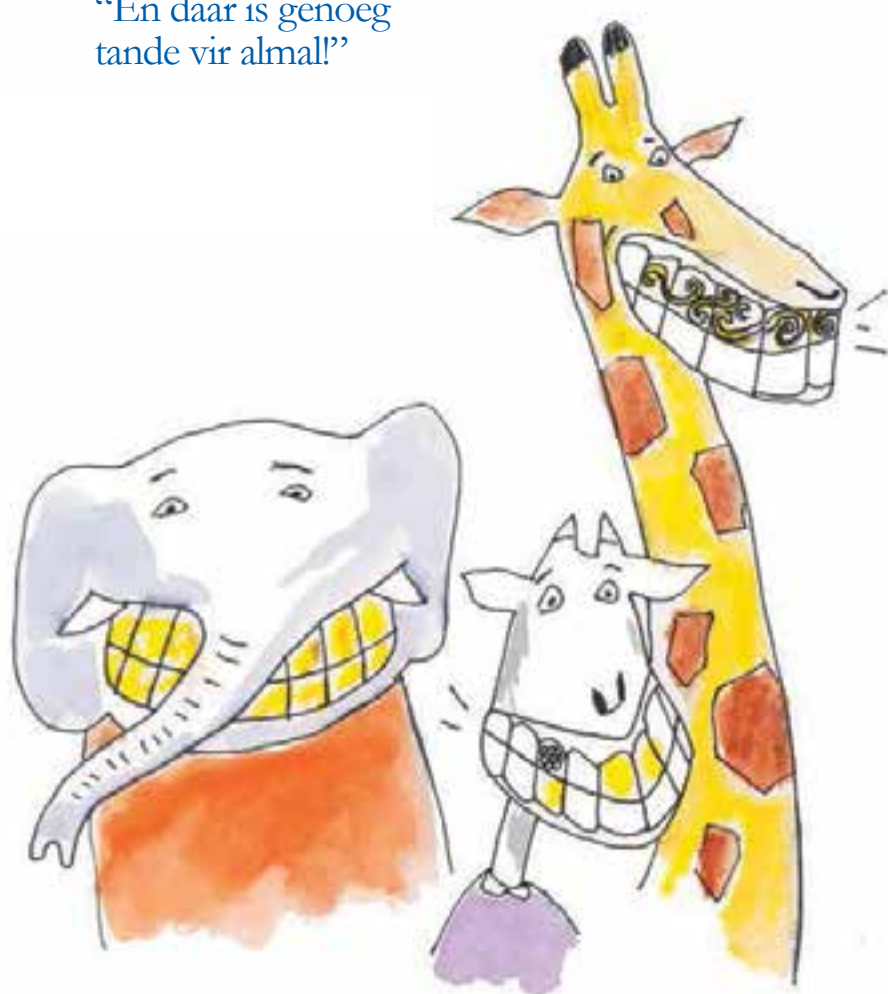


The young animals were talking about their grandpas.



“Well, my grandpa doesn’t build or fish or climb or cook,” said Monkey. “But he owns gold! He hides it in his mouth. And at night he soaks it in a glass of water.”

“Well, my oupa bou nie, en vang ook nie vis nie, en klim of kook nie,” se Apie. “Maar hy het goud! Hy steek dit in sy mond weg. En snags laat week hy dit in ’n glas water.”

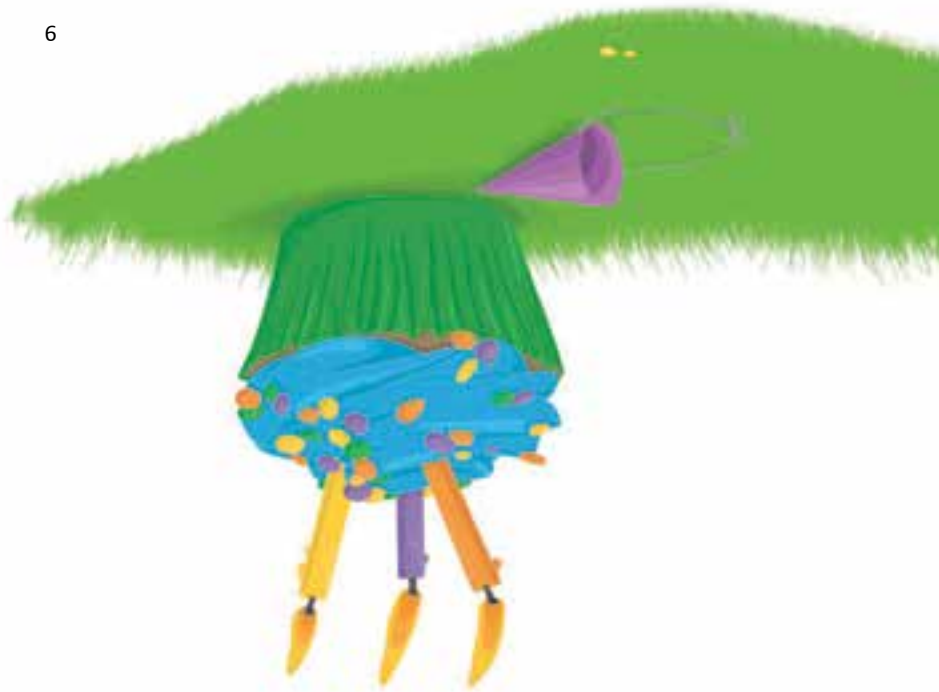


“En daar is genoeg tande vir almal!”

Die jong diere gaan toe na Apie se oupa toe.

So the young animals went to see Monkey’s grandpa.





"Wag! Ek kan dit doen! Ek is sterk genoeg," se uboet Ben. "Ek het genoeg asem. Ek sal die kersies doodblaas." Die kersies brand nog steeds. Uboet Ben wil help, maar hy is altyd besig om kougom te kou. Elke keer as hy wil blaas, blaas hy net 'n groot pienk borel. Uboet Ben asem diep in: *Hhhhhuuu!* Hy blaas en blaas, maar die enigste geluid wat ons hoor, is 'n *hsssss pop!* "Jammer, Bennie, ek het kougom op my gesig. Ek blaas nie goed genoeg nie. My asem is nie sterk genoeg nie."

Wie kan help? Wie kan die kersies doodblaas?



"Wait! I can do it! I am tough enough," says Big Brother Bob. "I have enough puff. I can blow out the candles." The candles are still burning. Big Brother Bob wants to help, but he is always chewing bubblegum. Every time he tries to blow, he blows a pink bubble. Big Brother Bob takes a deep breath: *Hhhhhuuu!* He huffs and he puffs and he blows ... But the only sound we hear is a very funny *hsssss-pop!* The bubble pops all over his face. "Sorry, Benny, I have bubblegum all over my face. I can't blow well enough. I don't have enough puff."

Who can help? Who has enough puff?

Who has enough puff? is one of three stories in *Snail Trails and Other Tales* published by Human & Rousseau (an imprint of NB Publishers), written by Pierre Coetzee and Leighton Jones. Illustrated by Shân Fischer. Available in bookstores now.

Snail Trails and Other Tales aims to entertain young children while teaching first concepts and developing vocabulary.

Who has enough puff? is about a mouse family that has to find out who has enough puff to blow out Benny's birthday candles. Children will enjoy this humorous story while getting to know all the names for the different members of a family.



Human & Rousseau



UITGEWERS
PUBLISHERS

Also available in Afrikaans as *Sakkie Slakkie en ander stories*. Visit us at www.facebook.com/NBJongklomp

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Drive your
imagination

Who has enough puff? Wie het genoeg asem?



Pierre Coetzee
Leighton Jones
Shân Fischer



“Wagi! Ek kan dit doen! Ek is sterk genoeg,”
sê oom Roelof. “Ek het genoeg asem. Ek sal die
kersies doodblaas.”
Die kersies brand nog steeds. Oom Roelof wil help,
maar oom Roelof rook al vir lare. Elke keer as hy wil
blaas, begin hy te hoë.
Oom Roelof asem diep in: *Hhhhhhuu!* Hy blaas en
blaas, maar die enigste geluid wat ons hoor, is ‘n kort
hhaa, en dan *uh-uh-uh-uh*.
“Jammer, Bennie, ek het ‘n slegte hoë. Ek blaas nie
hard genoeg nie. My asem is nie sterk genoeg nie.”
Wie kan help? Wie kan die kersies doodblaas?

Today is Benny’s birthday and his whole family is here to
celebrate his special day with him. His mother has made
a beautiful cake with three candles for Benny to blow out.
The family gathers around to sing “Happy birthday,
dear Benny” and to watch Benny blow out the candles.



Vandag is Bennie se verjaarsdag en sy hele
familie is daar om die spesiale dag saam met
hom te vier. Sy ma het ‘n pragtige koek gebak
met drie kersies vir Bennie om dood te blaas.
Die hele familie staan nader om “Veels
geluk, liewe Bennie” te sing en te kyk hoe hy die
kersies doodblaas.



“Wait! I can do it! I am tough enough,” says Neighbour
Josh. “I have enough puff. I can blow out the candles.”
The candles are still burning. Neighbour Josh wants
to help, but he is always playing his trumpet. He never puts
it down. Every time he tries to blow, there is a *toot!* from
his trumpet.
Neighbour Josh takes a deep breath: *Hhhhhhuu!* He
huffs and he puffs and he blows ... But the only sound we
hear is a very loud *toooooo!*
“Sorry, Benny, I have to play my trumpet. I can’t blow
without it. I don’t have enough puff.”
Who can help? Who has enough puff?

Niemand nie, daar is niemand nie. Almal staar net
na die koek.

Toe sê Mamma: “Een van ons is nie genoeg nie,
maar as almal saamstaan sal dit werk.”

Almal staan toe nader en begin gelyk te blaas. En
Bennie hoef net ‘n klein *pfffft* te *pfffft*. Want Mamma was
toe reg: Saam is hulle sterk genoeg!





“Wag! Ek kan dit doen! Ek is sterk genoeg,” sê buurman Gert. “Ek het genoeg asem. Ek sal die kersies doodblaas.” Die kersies brand nog steeds. Buurman Gert wil help, maar buurman Gert speel heeltyd trompet. Elke keer as hy wil blaas, hoor jy net *toet!* uit sy trompet. Buurman Gert asem diep in: *Hhhhhhuuu!* Hy blaas en blaas, maar die enigste geluid wat ons hoor, is ‘n harde *toeete!* “Jammer, Bennie, ek moet my trompet speel. Ek kan nie sonder dit blaas nie. My asem is nie sterk genoeg nie.” Wie kan help? Wie kan die kersies doodblaas?

Nobody! There is no one; everybody is looking at the cake.
Then suddenly Mom says, “Six single puffs may not be enough, but together our puffs will be really tough.”
They all come closer and start to huff and puff together. In the end it takes Benny just a little *ffff* ... And what do you know? Mom was right. Together they are strong enough.



“Wait! I can do it! I am tough enough,” says Uncle Ralph. “I have enough puff. I can blow out the candles.” The candles are still burning. Uncle Ralph wants to help, but he has been smoking for years. Every time he tries to blow, he starts to cough. Uncle Ralph takes a deep breath: *Hhhhhhuu!* He huffs and he puffs and he blows ... But the only sound we hear is a very short *hha*, and then *uhu-uhu-uhu*. “Sorry, Benny, I have a bad cough. I can’t blow long enough. I don’t have enough puff.” Who can help? Who has enough puff?

But Benny is so small. Can he blow out all three candles? Does he have enough puff?
Benny takes a deep breath: *Hhhhhhuu!* He huffs and he puffs and he blows ... But the only sound we hear is a very quiet *hffff*.
“I’m not tough enough,” says Benny. “I don’t have enough puff.”
Who can help? Who has enough puff?



Maar Bennie is nog so klein. Kan hy die drie kersies doodblaas? Het hy genoeg asem?
Bennie asem diep in: *Hhhhhhuuu!* Hy blaas en blaas ... Maar die enigste ding wat ons hoor is ‘n sagte *hffff*.
“Ek’s te klein,” sê Bennie. “Ek blaas nie hard genoeg nie. Ek het nie genoeg asem nie.”
Wie kan help? Wie kan die kersies doodblaas?



"Wag! Ek kan dit doen! Ek is sterk genoeg," sê Pa.
"Ek het genoeg asem. Ek sal die kersies doodblaas."
Die kersies brand nog steeds. Pa wil help, maar sy
mond is te skaef. Hy kan nie reguit blaas nie. Elke keer as
hy blaas, gaan al die lug aan die kant van sy mond uit.
Pa asem diep in: *Hhhhhhhuuu!* Pa blaas en blaas, maar
die enigste geluid wat ons hoor, is 'n snaakse *pffffffftttt*.
"Jammer, Benjie, my mond is te skaef. Ek blaas nie
reguit nie. My asem is nie sterk genoeg nie."
Wie kan help? Wie kan die kersies doodblaas?

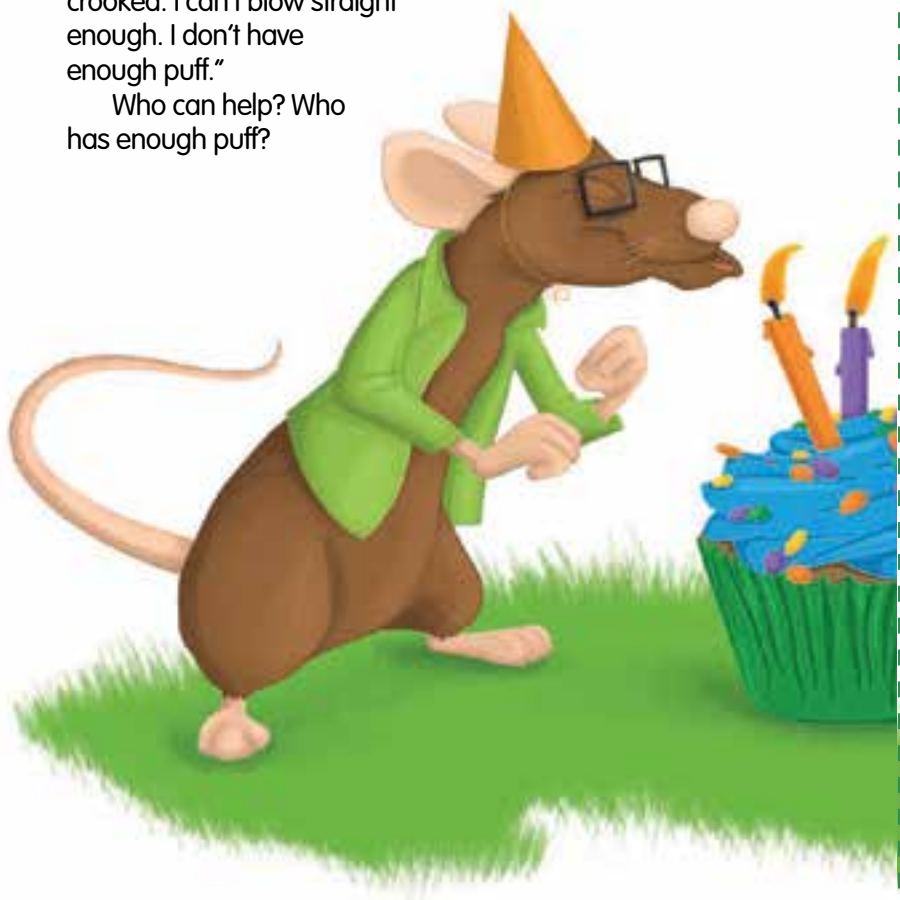
"Wait! I can do it! I am tough enough," says Dad. "I have enough puff. I can blow out the candles."

The candles are still burning. Dad wants to help, but he has a crooked mouth. He can't blow straight. Every time he blows, the air goes out to the side.

Dad takes a deep breath: *Hhhhhhuu!* He huffs and he puffs and he blows ... But the only sound we hear is a very strange *pppppppppp*.

"Sorry, Benny, my mouth is too crooked. I can't blow straight enough. I don't have enough puff."

Who can help? Who
has enough puff?



"Wait! I can do it! I am tough enough," says Grandma Molly. "I have enough puff. I can blow out the candles." The candles are still burning. Grandma Molly wants to help, but she has a bad case of hiccups. Every time she tries to blow, she starts to hiccup again.

Grandma Molly takes a deep breath: *Hhhhhhuu!* She huffs and she puffs and she blows ... But the only sound we hear is a very annoying *Hic-cup, Hic-cup!*

"Sorry, Benny, I have the hiccups. I can't blow strongly enough. I don't have enough puff."

Who can help? Who has enough puff?

“Wag! Ek kan dit doen! Ek is sterk genoeg,”
sê ouma Mollie. “Ek het genoeg asem. Ek sal die
kersies doodblaas.”

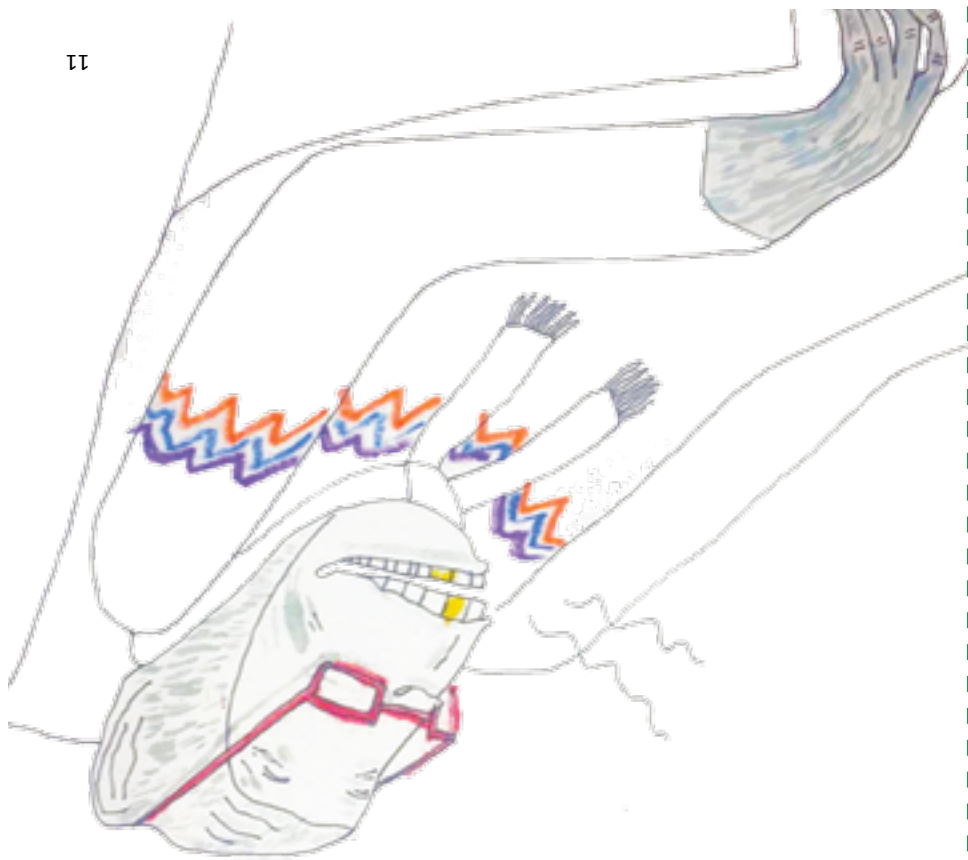
Die kersies brand nog steeds. Ouma Mollie wil help, maar ouma Mollie kan nie ophou hik nie. Elke keer as sy wil blaas, begin sy weer te hik.

Ouma Mollie asem diep in: *Hhhhhhuuu!* Sy blaas en blaas, maar die enigste geluid wat ons hoor, is *Hik-Hik-Hik*.

“Jammer, Bennie, ek kan nie ophou hik nie. Ek blaas nie hard genoeg nie. My asem is nie sterk genoeg nie.”

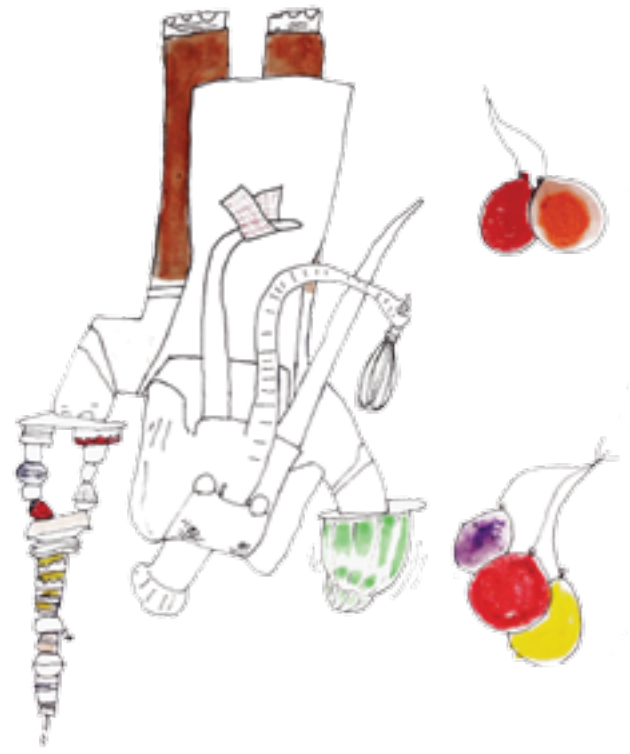
Wie kan help? Wie kan die kersies doodblaas?





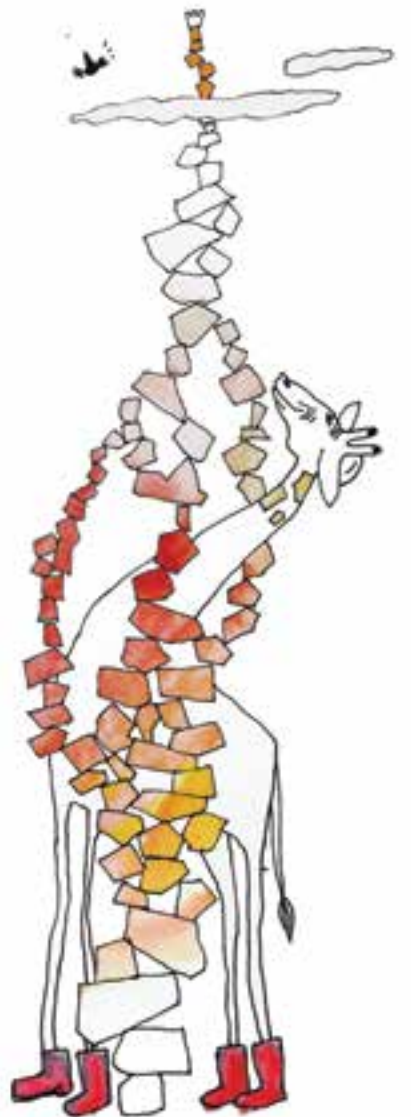
“You see,” said Monkey. “And he can take the gold out of his mouth.”
 “Sien julle,” sê Apie. “En hy kan die goud uit sy mond uit haal.”

“My grandpa can cook a feast,” said Elephant. “Once he cooked a meal for a presidents birthday party – all by himself.”
 “My oupa kan ’n feesmaal voorberei,” sê Olifant. “Hy het eenkeer ’n ete vir ’n president se verjaardagpartytjie gekook – stoksieslalleen.”



“My grandpa can build a tower to the sky,” said Giraffe. “Once he built a skyscraper for a king.”

“My oupa kan ’n toring tot hoog in die lug bou,” sê Kameelperd. “Hy het eenkeer ’n wolkekrabber vir ’n koning gebou.”



“And there are enough teeth for everyone!”

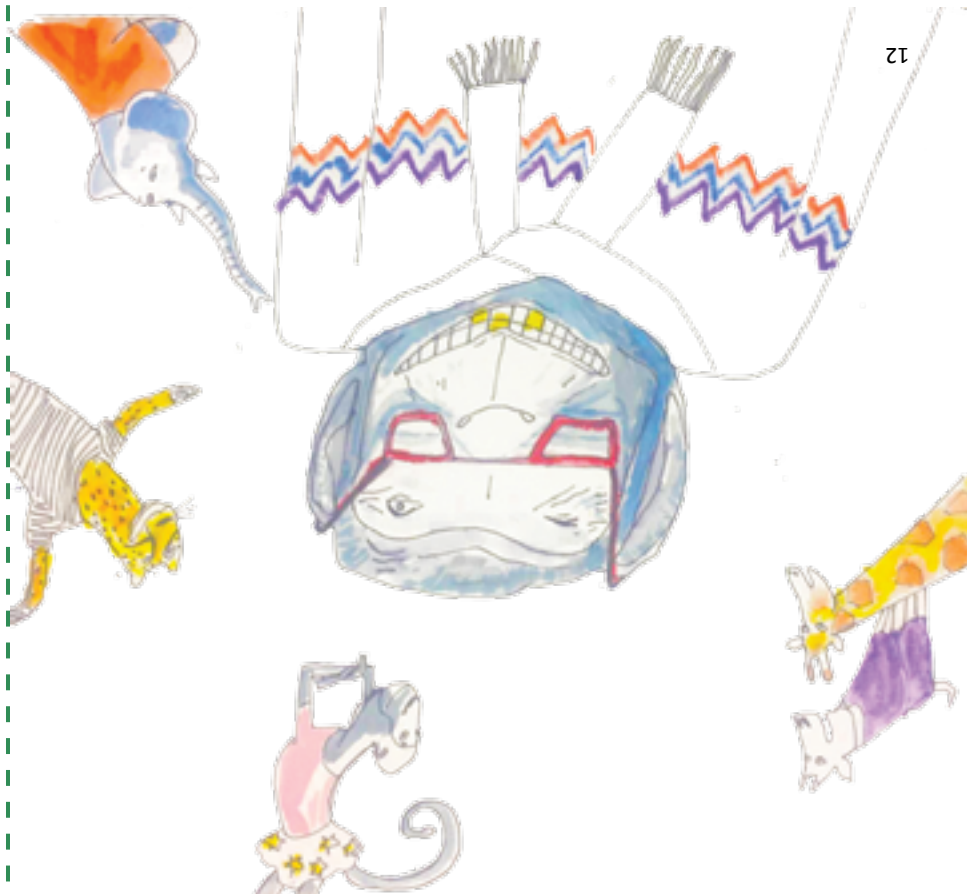


“My oupa kan tot by die wolke in die lug klim,” sê Bergbok. “Hy het al die hoogste berg in die wêreld uitgeklim, in net vier uur.”

“My grandpa can climb to the clouds in the sky,” said Mountain Goat. “He climbed the tallest mountain in the world, in just four hours.”

“My grandpa can fish for anything in the sea,” said Cheetah. “Once he caught a whale and kept it in his bath.”

“My oupa kan enigiets in die see vang,” sê Jagluiperd. “Hy het eenkeer ’n walvis gevang en dit in sy bad aangehou.”



“No, he can’t!” cried the animals. “Nee, hy kan nie!” skree die diere.



“Waaah!” said Grandpa Monkey as he took out his teeth!

“Waaa!” sê Oupa Apie toe hy sy tande uithaal!

Get creative!

Here are some fun activities to grow your children's creativity and encourage them to have fun with reading and writing.

After you've read *Grandpa's gold*, challenge your children to build a skyscraper for a king just like Giraffe said his grandpa had done. (Wooden blocks and cardboard boxes of different sizes are good materials to use for this.) Can your children make their skyscraper taller than they are?



With your children, make cupcakes like the one in *Who has enough puff?* Let your children have fun decorating them in different ways. (If you don't want to make cupcakes, invite your children to draw their own decorated cupcake with candles on it to show the age they will be on their next birthday.)

Encourage your children to write a newspaper report (with a picture) about what happened in *Detective Gus, the gorilla*. You could follow this up with a pretend radio or television interview of one or more of the story's characters.

Moedig jou kinders aan om 'n koerantberig (met 'n prent) te skryf oor wat in *Speurder Gus, die gorilla* gebeur het. Jy kan dit opvolg met 'n denkbeeldige radio- of televisie-onderhoud met een of meer van die karakters in die storie.



1 March is World Compliment Day. To celebrate this day, give each person in your class, reading club or home a small piece of paper and ask them to write their name on it. Now put the pieces of paper in a box. Ask everyone to close their eyes while they reach into the box and take out one piece of paper. (They should make sure that they haven't chosen the piece of paper with their name on it!) On the blank side of the piece of paper, everyone now writes one thing they appreciate about the person whose name is on the other side. (If children need help with this, let them use one of these sentence starters: *I like it when you...; I admire you because...; I like your...*) Put all the slips of paper back into the box and then spend time letting each person read out what was written about them.

1 Maart is Wêrelddag vir Komplimente. Om hierdie dag te vier, gee vir elke kind in jou klas, leesklub of by die huis 'n klein stukkie papier en vra hulle om hul naam daarop te skryf. Plaas nou die papiertjies in 'n boks. Vra almal om hulle oë toe te maak terwyl hulle hul hand in die boks steek en een papiertjie uithaal. (Hulle moet seker maak hulle het nie die papiertjie met hulle eie naam daarop gekies nie!) Aan die ander kant van die papiertjie skryf almal nou een ding wat hulle waardeer van die persoon wie se naam aan die ander kant geskryf is. (Indien kinders hulp nodig het hiermee, laat hulle een van hierdie openingsinne gebruik: *Ek hou daarvan wanneer jy...; Ek bewonder jou, want...; Ek hou van jou...*) Plaas al die papiertjies terug in die boks en laat elke persoon dan hardop lees wat oor hulle geskryf is.

Dr Seuss Day is on 2 March. Spend time on this day reading your favourite Dr Seuss books and exploring the fun and interesting Dr Seuss website: www.seussville.com.

Dr Seuss-dag is op 2 Maart. Lees op hierdie dag jou gunsteling- Dr Seuss-boeke en verken die prettige en interessante Dr Seuss-webwerf: www.seussville.com.

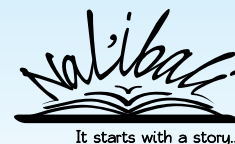
World Poetry Day and Memory Day are both celebrated on 21 March – which also happens to be Human Rights' Day in South Africa! Encourage your children to write poems about human rights and/or a precious memory. If they would like to have their poems published in the Nal'ibali supplement, then email them to us at info@nalibali.org or post them to PRAESA, Suite 17–201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wyecroft Road, Mowbray, 7700. (Remember to include their full names and age.)

Wêreldpoësie-dag en Wêreldherinneringsdag word beide op 21 Maart gevier – wat in Suid-Afrika ook Menseregte-dag is! Moedig jou kinders aan om gedigte oor menseregte en/of 'n kosbare herinnering te skryf. As hulle graag hul gedigte in die Nal'ibali-bylae gepubliseer wil hê, stuur dit dan per e-pos aan info@nalibali.org of pos dit aan PRAESA, Suite 17–201, Gebou 17, Waverley-besigheids-park, Wyecroft-weg, Mowbray, 7700. (Onthou om hul volle name en ouderdom in te sluit.)



Detective Gus, the gorilla

By Ann Walton ★ Illustrations by Rob Foote



Gus and Gabby, two good, kind gorillas, lived in a special part of the zoo. They had a little house to sleep in, and a wooden jungle gym to play on. They also had three trees to climb.

Gus and Gabby were having lunch. They were eating cabbage and pumpkin and beans and mealies, and lots of oranges and paw-paws and apples and **bananas**. They **loved** bananas!

Suddenly a little boy's head popped up over the wall of Gus and Gabby's garden.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," said Gus.

"Can I come down and play on that jungle gym?" he asked.

"Yes," said Gus. "Jump down into the garden, but mind the thorn bush!"

So the little boy jumped down and landed on the grass next to the gorillas.

"We have nearly finished eating our lunch, but we still have one banana left," said Gus. Even though he loved bananas more than any other food, Gus was a very kind gorilla. He held it out to the little boy.

"Would you like it?" he asked.



"Yes, please," said the little boy. He took the banana and smiled.

"Where is your mother?" asked Gus.

"She is lost," said the little boy.

"Oh. Are you also lost?" asked Gus.

"No, I'm not lost. I am here," answered the little boy.

"That is true," said Gus. "How did your mother get lost?"

"We were walking along, eating ice-creams, and when I looked up, she wasn't there," said the boy.

"I'm sure you'll find her later on. But let's play now!" said Gus, and he took the little boy's hand and lifted him up onto the top of the wooden jungle gym.

They had a wonderful afternoon together. Gus walked upside down along the wooden poles of the jungle gym, holding on with his hands and feet, and the little boy did the same. Gus caught a branch hanging over the jungle gym and swung up into a big tree. The little boy did the same. They even hooked their legs over the branches and hung upside down! Gus and the little boy played together all afternoon, until the little boy was too tired to play anymore.

"Why don't you have a rest?" said Gus.

"Okay," said the little boy. He wandered off and fell fast asleep on the clean, sweet-smelling straw bed in Gus and Gabby's little house.

"If he is lost, maybe he can stay here with us forever," said Gabby. "I would like that!"

"I would like that too," said Gus.

Just then the zookeeper arrived.

"I think I have important news for you," he said, and he handed Gus a letter. Then he left, and closed the gate behind him.

"It **must** be important news if it is a letter for Gus!" thought Gabby. "What does the letter say, Gus?" asked Gabby with her big chitty-chatty smile.

Gus climbed up onto the top of the jungle gym and opened the letter. "It's from Policeman Moloi," he said.

"Read it, read it!" said Gabby.

Gus held the letter out in front of him and read aloud to Gabby:

Dear Gus

Please help us.

Molefe is missing. He is five years old. He was walking around the zoo with his mother. They were eating ice-creams. Molefe's mother said she loved chocolate ice-cream, then she asked Molefe what his favourite ice-cream was. But Molefe didn't answer because he wasn't there!

His mom was very worried. She called, and called, "Molefe, Molefe, where are you?" But there was no answer.

Molefe's mother ran all over the zoo looking for him, but she couldn't find him. He is missing. Gone! Just like that!

Molefe's mother is crying here at the police station now, Gus. Please help us.

If you get any news about Molefe, beat your chest loudly, and we will come running.

Best wishes to you, Gus.

Your friend

Policeman Moloi

Gus was sad. "I think the little boy who is fast asleep in our house may be Molefe," he said.

"Why do you think that, Gus?" asked Gabby.

"Because he said his mother was eating an ice-cream when she got lost," said Gus. "If he is Molefe, we can't keep him. His mother is crying for him."

"She must be very sad," said Gabby. "You're right, Gus, we can't keep him."

Just then the little boy woke up and came into the garden, rubbing his eyes.

"I want my mother. Where is she?" he said.

"We will find her," said Gus. "What is your name little boy?"

"I am Molefe," said the little boy.

"I will let Policeman Moloi and your mother know that you are here," said Gus. Then he stood up straight on top of the jungle gym. He lifted his arms and drummed loudly on his great big chest.

Policeman Moloi heard the drumbeat. He ran puffing and panting to the gorillas' home. Molefe's mother heard the drumbeat and followed Policeman Moloi. She ran puffing and panting to the gorillas' home.

"There you are, Molefe!" she said. She picked him up and held him close.

"They found you, Mom!" said Molefe.

"Yes! I was lost without you, Molefe," she said. "But why are you in here with the gorillas?"

"I have been playing on the jungle gym with my friend, Gus," said Molefe.

"Oh ... goodness! Well, we must go home now, Molefe," said his mother. She looked at Gus. "Thank you for looking after Molefe and playing with him," she said.



Continued on page 16.



Drive your
imagination

Speurder Gus, die gorilla

Deur Ann Walton ★ Illustrasies deur Rob Foote

Gus en Gabby, twee goeie, gawe gorillas, woon in 'n spesiale deel van die dieretuin. Hulle het 'n klein huisie waarin hulle slaap, en 'n houtklouterraam om op te speel. Daar is ook drie bome waarin hulle kan klim.

Gus en Gabby is besig om middagete te eet. Hulle eet kool en pampoen en boontjies en mielies, en baie lemoene en papajas en appels en **piesangs**. Hulle is **dol** oor piesangs!

Skielik verskyn 'n klein seuntjie se kop bo die muur van Gus en Gabby se tuin.

"Hallo," sê hy.

"Hallo," sê Gus.

"Mag ek afklim en op daardie klouterraam kom speel?" vra hy.

"Ja," sê Gus. "Spring af tot in die tuin, maar oppas vir die doringbos!"

Die klein seuntjie spring af en land op die gras langs die gorillas.

"Ons is byna klaar met ons middagete, maar ons het nog een piesang oor," sê Gus. Al hou hy meer van piesangs as van enige ander kos, is Gus 'n baie gawe gorilla. Hy hou dit na die klein seuntjie toe uit.

"Wil jy dit hê?" vra hy.



"Ja, asseblief," sê die klein seuntjie. Hy vat die piesang en glimlag.

"Waar is jou mamma?" vra Gus.

"Sy het weggegaan," sê die klein seuntjie.

"O! Het jy ook weggegaan?" vra Gus.

"Nee, ek het nie weggegaan nie. Ek is mos hier," antwoord die klein seuntjie.

"Dis waar," sê Gus. "Hoe het jou mamma weggegaan?"

"Ons het geloop en roomys eet, en toe ek opkyk, was sy weg," sê die seuntjie.

"Ek is seker jy sal haar later vind. Maar kom ons speel nou!" sê Gus, en hy vat die klein seuntjie se hand en lig hom tot bo-op die houtklouterraam.

Hulle het 'n heerlike middag saam. Gus loop onderstebo op die houtpale van die klouterraam deur met sy hande en voete vas te hou, en die klein seuntjie doen dieselfde. Gus gryp 'n tak wat oor die klouterraam hang en swaai op tot in 'n groot boom. Die klein seuntjie doen dieselfde. Hulle haak selfs hul bene oor die takke en hang onderstebo! Gus en die klein seuntjie speel die hele middag saam, totdat die seuntjie te moeg is om verder te speel.

"Waarom rus jy nie 'n rukkie nie?" sê Gus.

"Goed so," sê die klein seuntjie. Hy dwaal weg en raak vas aan die slaap op die skoon strooibed wat so lekker ruik in Gus en Gabby se klein huisie.

"As hy weggegaan het, kan hy miskien vir altyd by ons bly," sê Gabby. "Ek sal daarvan hou!"

"Ek sal ook daarvan hou," sê Gus.

Net toe kom die opsigter van die dieretuin daar aan.

"Ek dink ek het belangrike nuus vir julle," sê hy, en gee vir Gus 'n brief. Toe draai hy om en maak die hek agter hom toe.

"Dit **moet** belangrike nuus wees as dit 'n brief vir Gus is!" dink Gabby. "Wat staan in die brief, Gus?" vra Gabby en glimlag dat jy net tande sien.

Gus klim tot bo-op die klouterraam en maak die brief oop. "Dit is van Polisiekonstabel Moloi," sê hy.

"Lees dit, lees dit!" sê Gabby.

Gus hou die brief voor hom uit en lees hardop vir Gabby:

Beste Gus

Help ons asseblief.

Molefe is weg. Hy is vyf jaar oud. Hy het saam met sy mamma in die dieretuin gestap. Hulle het roomys geëet. Molefe se mamma het gesê sy hou van sjokoladeroomys, en het toe vir Molefe gevra wat sy gunstelingroomys is. Maar Molefe het nie geantwoord nie, want hy was weg!

Sy mamma is baie bekommerd. Sy het geroep en geroep, "Molefe, Molefe, waar is jy?" Maar daar was geen antwoord nie.

Molefe se mamma het oral in die dieretuin na hom gesoek, maar sy kon hom nie kry nie. Hy is weg. Skoonveld! Sommer net so!

Molefe se mamma staan nou hier by die polisiestasie en huil, Gus. Help ons asseblief.

As jy enige nuus van Molefe kry, slaan hard op jou borskas en ons sal almal aangehardloop kom.

Beste wense vir jou, Gus.

Jou vriend

Polisiekonstabel Moloi

Gus is hartseer. "Ek dink die klein seuntjie wat vas aan die slaap in ons huisie lê, is dalk Molefe," sê hy.

"Waarom dink jy so, Gus?" vra Gabby.

"Want hy het gesê sy mamma het 'n roomys geëet toe sy weggegaan het," sê Gus. "As hy Molefe is, kan ons hom nie hou nie. Sy mamma huil oor hom."

"Sy moet baie hartseer wees," sê Gabby. "Jy's reg, Gus, ons kan hom nie hou nie."

Net toe word die klein seuntjie wakker en stap tuin toe terwyl hy sy oë vryf.

"Ek wil my mamma hê. Waar is sy?" vra hy.

"Ons sal haar vind," sê Gus. "Wat is jou naam, klein seuntjie?"

"My naam is Molefe," sê die klein seuntjie.

"Ek sal vir Polisiekonstabel Moloi en jou mamma laat weet dat jy hier is," sê Gus. Toe gaan staan hy regop bo-op die klouterraam. Hy lig sy arms op en trommel hard op sy groot borskas.

Polisiekonstabel Moloi hoor die tromslae. Hy hardloop swoegend en swetend na die gorillas se huis. Molefe se mamma hoor die tromslae en volg vir Polisiekonstabel Moloi. Sy hardloop swoegend en swetend na die gorillas se huis.

"Daar's jy, Molefe!" sê sy. Sy tel hom op en druk hom styf vas.

"Hulle het jou gekry, Mamma!" sê Molefe.

"Ja! Ek was verlore sonder jou, Molefe," sê sy. "Maar waarom is jy hier saam met die gorillas?"

"Ek het saam met my vriend Gus op die klouterraam gespeel," sê Molefe.

"O ... goeiste! Wel, ons moet nou huis toe gaan, Molefe," sê sy mamma. Sy kyk na Gus. "Dankie dat jy na Molefe gekyk en met hom gespeel het," sê sy.



Vervolg op bladsy 16.

From page 14. ★



Molefe ran up to Gus, and the great big gorilla patted him on the head. Gabby gave him one of her big chitty-chatty smiles.

"Bye-bye," said Molefe, and off he went with his mother.

"Gus, because of you, Molefe is safe," said Policeman Moloi. "You are a great detective!"

The next day the Chief of Police and a big brass band and a camera man and a news reporter arrived at the zoo. A crowd of people followed them. The zookeeper led them all into Gus and Gabby's garden. The brass band played a tune, the camera man took pictures of Gus, and the reporter wrote a story about Gus and Molefe. The crowd of people cheered.

"Gus is a great detective," said the Chief of Police. "He once caught a famous shopping bag thief and now he has found a lost little boy. Well done, Gus!" Then the Chief of Police handed Gus a great big bunch of yellow bananas and he gave Gabby a great big bunch of pretty yellow flowers.

When they had all gone away, Gus and Gabby sat down and ate all the bananas except one. "Would you like the last banana, Gabby?" asked Gus.

"No thanks, Gus," said Gabby with a big chitty-chatty smile. "I'm eating the flowers. You are a famous detective now! You have the last banana!"

So he did.

Vanaf bladsy 15. ★

Molefe hardloop na Gus toe, en die groot gorilla tik hom liggies op sy kop. Gabby glimlag vir hom dat jy net tande sien.

"Tot siens," sê Molefe, en hy stap saam met sy mamma weg.

"Gus, dis aan jou te danke dat Molefe veilig is," sê Polisiekonstabel Moloi. "Jy is 'n baasspeurder!"

Die volgende dag kom die Hoof van die Polisie en 'n groot koperblaasorkes en 'n kameraman en 'n verslaggewer by die dieretuin aan. 'n Skare mense volg hulle. Die opsigter van die dieretuin lei hulle almal na Gus en Gabby se tuin. Die koperblaasorkes speel 'n liedjie, die kameraman neem foto's van Gus, en die verslaggewer skryf 'n storie oor Gus en Molefe. Die skare juig.

"Gus is 'n baasspeurder," sê die Hoof van die Polisie. "Hy het al 'n berugte dief gevang wat inkopiesakke gesteel het en nou het hy 'n klein seuntjie wat weggeraak het, gevind. Knap gedaan, Gus!" Toe gee die Hoof van die Polisie vir Gus 'n groot tros geel piesangs en hy gee vir Gabby 'n groot bos pragtige geel blomme.

Toe al die mense weg is, gaan sit Gus en Gabby en eet al die piesangs op; almal behalwe een. "Wil jy dalk die laaste piesang hê, Gabby?" vra Gus.

"Nee dankie, Gus," sê Gabby en glimlag dat jy net tande sien. "Ek eet die blomme. Jy is nou 'n beroemde speurder! Jy kan maar die laaste piesang eet!"

En dis presies wat Gus toe doen.



We will be back in the week of 10 April 2016! Can't wait until then for more reading and story tips, tools and inspirational ideas? Visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi or find us on Facebook: www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA.



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Besoek ons webwerf: www.nalibali.org

Ons is terug in die week van 10 April 2016! Kan jy nie tot dan wag vir nog lees- en storiëwenke, en inspirerende idees nie? Gaan na www.nalibali.org of www.nalibali.mobi of vind ons op Facebook: www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA.

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Daily Dispatch

The Herald

Sunday Times

SundayWorld



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