



## Stories of Africa

By Gcina Mhlophe

My grandmother was the first person to tell me stories. She encouraged my imagination to run wild, and I really believed in those laughing crocodiles and flying tortoises that she told me about. I loved her tales about the scary *amaZimzim* – the man-eating ogres – and many more fantastic creatures. Because of the way my grandmother told those stories to me, I learnt at a very young age to love language and to understand its power. But sometimes, when I have to express myself in English, which is the language I now use most often, I find that some things are not possible to say. Then I get frustrated and catch myself wishing that everyone spoke my mother tongue. Yet that never stops me from continuing to tell the wonderful stories of my people and share their imaginative richness with others.

Many of the stories I tell are taken from well-known traditional tales that the people of Africa have been telling to each other since the world began. Some of these stories from my childhood I have found in stories told and written in many other parts of the world. This is proof to me of the way in which people have always tried to make sense of life's mysteries and used stories to explain them to each other.

Is there still room for these ancient stories in our lives today? I say, "Yes!" Because any of these stories can be retold in different ways, so that it is possible for people of different ages and cultures to find what they need in it.

One of my favourite stories is about the woman who went down to the bottom of the sea to look for stories to bring back for the human world. I have told this tale to audiences in different countries all over the world, and so many times I have had the response: "You know, that story has made me realise that to find the answers I am looking for in my life, I need to look deep inside myself. I must search the depths of the ocean that is my own heart and soul." Now what does a storyteller say to that?

Let's keep passing on the magic of Africa!



This article is adapted from the "Author's note" of *Stories of Africa* by Gcina Mhlophe, and published by University of KwaZulu-Natal Press.

## Dipale tsa Afrika

Ka Gcina Mhlophe

Nkgono wa ka ke yena motho wa pele wa ho mphetela dipale. A leka ka hohle ho nkgothaletsa hore ke bone tse sa bonweng ke mang kapa mang. Ke ne ke kgolwa ditaba tsa dikwena tse tshelang le dikgudu tse fofang tseo a neng a nqoqela ka tsona. Ke ne ke rata ditshomo tsa hae tsa *amaZimzim* ya neng a tshosa haholo – dikgodumodumo tse neng di ja batho – le dibata tsa naha tse ngata. Ka mokgwa oo nkgono a neng a mphetela dipale tseo ka ona, ke ile ka ithuta ke sa le monyenyanane ho rata puo le ho utlwisisa matla a yona. Empa ka nako tse ding ha ke lokela ho bua Senyesemane, e leng leleme leo hajwale ke le sebedisang hangata, ke elellwa hore ho thata ho hlalosa tse ding tsa dintho. Ke iphumana ke ferekana, ke lakatsa eka batho bohle ba ne ba bua leleme leso. Feela sena ha se ntshiti ho tswela pele ka ho qoqa dipale tse monate tsa setjhaba sa heso, le hona ho di arolelana ka bokgeleke le ba bang.

Boholo ba dipale tseo ke di phetang di tswa ditshomong tse tsebisahalang tsa setso tseo esaleng MaAfrika a di phetelana ho tloha kgale-kgale qalong ya bophelo. Tse ding tsa dipale tsena tsa bongwaneng ba ka ke di fumane dipaleng tse phetilweng le tse ngotsweng dikarolong tse ding tse ngata tsa lefatshe. Hona ke bopaki ho nna ba mokgwa oo batho ba lekileng ho batlisisa mehlolohlo ya bophelo, mme ba sebedisa dipale ho hlalosesana.

Na ho ntse ho ena le sebaka sa dipale tsa kgalekgale maphelong a rona a kajeno? Ke re, "E!" Hobane pale efe kapa efe ya dipale tsena e ka phetwa hape ka mekgwa e fapaneng, mme he ho na le kgonahalo ya hore batho ba dilemo tse fapaneng le ditso tse fapaneng ba ka fumana seo ba se hlohang.

E nngwe ya dipale tseo ke di ratang haholo ke ya mosadi ya ileng a theohela tlase botebong ba lewatle a ilo batlana le dipale ho di kgutlisetsa hape lefatsheng la batho.

Ke qoqetse batho pale ena makgetlo a mangata haholo, dinaheng tse fapaneng lefatshe ka bophara, mme ka makgetlo ao a mangata ke fumane karabo: "Wa tseba, pale eo e entse hore ke hlokomela hore ho fumana dikarabo tseo ke di hlohang bophelong ba ka, ke lokela ho shebisisa ka hare ho nna ka botebo. Ke tlameile ho batlisisa botebo ba lewatle ka hare ho pelo le moya wa ka." Ekaba jwale mophethi wa pale o lokela ho reng ho seo?

Jwale ha re tsweleng pele ho fetisa makgabane a Afrika!



Atikele ena e qotsitswe ho "Selelekela sa Mongodi" wa *Dipale tsa Afrika* ka Gcina Mhlophe, mme ya phatlalatswa ke Yunivesiti ya KwaZulu-Natal Press.



Drive your  
imagination

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





# The Nal'ibali bookshelf

Africa Day is celebrated each year on 25 April. It is the day on which we celebrate the start of the Organisation of African Unity (OAU) in 1963, as well as the freedom fought for by African countries. Here are a few of the latest children's books that celebrate Africa, published by some South African publishers.



# Shelofo ya dibuka ya Nal'ibali

Letsatsi la Afrika le ketekwa selemo le selemo ka la 25 Mmesa. Ke letsatsi leo ka lona re ketekang qalo ya Mokgatlo wa Kopano ya Afrika (Organisation of African Unity (OAU)) ka 1963, esitana le tokoloho e ileng ya lwanelwa ke dinaha tsa Afrika. Tsena ke tse mmalwa tsa dibuka tsa moraorao tjena tsa bana tse ketekang Afrika, tse phatlaladitsweng ke baphatlalatsi ba bang ba Afrika Borwa.

## The African Orchestra

Author: Wendy Hartmann  
Illustrator: Joan Rankin  
Publisher: Jacana

With magical illustrations from Joan Rankin, and poetry from masterful storyteller, Wendy Hartmann, the rhyme lyrically captures the magic of the African sounds of nature. From the clicking of crickets to the crackle of the fire, follow the journey that celebrates these sounds, in the rhythm and music of Africa. *The African Orchestra* is also available in Afrikaans, isiXhosa and isiZulu.



## The African Orchestra

Mongodi: Wendy Hartmann  
Motshwantshi: Joan Rankin  
Mophatlalatsi: Jacana

Ka ditshwantsho tse makatsang tsa Joan Rankin, le thotokiso e tswang ho mopheti wa dipale wa kgeleke, Wendy Hartmann, raeme e hlalisa ka mantswe mohlolo wa medumo ya tlhaho ya Afrika. Ho tloha ka ho lla ha letjeketjane ho isa ho ho tlatlwaretsa ha mollo, latela leeto le ketekang medumo ena, ho morethetho le mmimo wa Afrika. *The African Orchestra* hape e fumaneha ka Afrikaans, isiXhosa le isiZulu.

To stand a chance of winning a copy of *The African Orchestra* send your name, address and the title of the book in the language you would like it in to [info@nalibali.org](mailto:info@nalibali.org).



Bakeng sa ho ba le monyetla wa ho ikgapela khopi ya *The African Orchestra* romela lebitso la hao, aterese le sehlooho sa buka ka puo eo o ka thabelang hore e be ka yona ho-[info@nalibali.org](mailto:info@nalibali.org).



## Dudu's Basket

Author: Dianne Stewart  
Illustrator: Elizabeth Pulles  
Publisher: Jacana

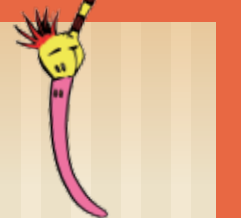
When Dudu finishes weaving her first basket, by the light of the plump full moon, her uncle Jojo tells her that a first basket should always be given away ... This is the story of Dudu's basket and its journey through a number of cultures. It is also available in Afrikaans, isiXhosa and isiZulu.



## Dudu's basket

Mongodi: Dianne Stewart  
Motshwantshi: Elizabeth Pulles  
Mophatlalatsi: Jacana

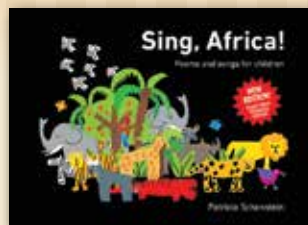
Ha Dudu a qeta ho loha seroto sa hae sa pele, kganyeng ya kgwedi e felletseng, malome wa hae Jojo o mmolella hore seroto sa pele kamehla se lokela hore ho fanwe ka sona ... Ena ke pale ya seroto sa Dudu le leeto la sona le potileng botjhaba ba ditjhaba tse fapaneng. E fumaneha hape ka Afrikaans, isiXhosa le isiZulu.



## Sing, Africa!

Author: Patricia Schonstein  
Publisher: African Sun Press

This is a vibrant and magical collection of poems and songs based on themes of Africa, animals, peace and nature. It contains hand-action and counting rhymes and has a strong focus on ecology to stimulate in children a joyful awareness of the world around them. The drawings inside were done by children.



## Sing, Africa!

Mongodi: Patricia Schonsteint  
Mophatlalatsi: African Sun Press

Ena ke pokello e mahlahlaha le e tletseng mehlolo ya dithotokiso le dipina tse theilweng ho mekotaba ya Afrika, diphoofolo, kgotso le tlhaho. E kentse diraeme tsa ho bala le tse sebedisang matsoho mme e tsepamisitse maikutlo ka matla ho ekholoji bakeng sa ho tsosolosa ka hare ho bana tsebo e tletseng nyakallo ya lefatshe leo ba phelang ho lona. Metako e ka hare e entswe ke bana.

To stand a chance of winning a copy of *Sing, Africa!* send your name, address and the title of the book to [info@nalibali.org](mailto:info@nalibali.org).



Ho ba le monyetla wa ho ikgapela khopi ya *Sing, Africa!* Romela lebitso la hao, aterese ya hao le sehlooho sa buka ho [info@nalibali.org](mailto:info@nalibali.org).

## How Dassie Missed Getting a Tail

Author: Sindiwe Magona  
Illustrator: Nicole Blomkamp  
Publisher: David Philip

All was well in the big, big forest. The king of the animals was very happy; his subjects were happy and they served him very well indeed. They served him so well that the king asked himself what he could do to make his people happier still. But one of the animals misses out on this opportunity. This story is available in all eleven official languages.



## Ka Moo Pela e Ileng ya Hloka Mohatla ka Teng

Mongodi: Sindiwe Magona  
Motshwantshi: Nicole Blomkamp  
Mophatlalatsi: David Philip

Tsohle di ne di tsamaya hantle morung o moholohadi. Morena wa diphoofolo o ne a thabile haholo; bafo ba hae ba ne ba thabile mme ba mo sebeletsa hantle haholo e le ka nnete. Ba ne ba mo sebeletsa hantle hoo morena a ileng a ipotsa hore na ebe a ka etsa eng hore a tle a thabise batho ba hae le ho feta. Empa e nngwe ya diphoofolo e ile ya foswa ke monyetla ona. Pale ena e a fumaneha ka dipuo tsohle tse leshome le motso o le mong tsa semmuso.



Drive your imagination



## Maggie, Mango and Scottie

Author: Patricia Schonstein  
Illustrator: Leigh Banks  
Publisher: African Sun Press

Maggie, the Victorian doll, is tired of sitting all day in the toy shop window. When the shopkeeper isn't looking, she creeps out with her friends, Mango and Scottie. They catch a taxi into deepest Africa, where they have a wonderful adventure. "Earth Notes" at the end of the story give short descriptions of the animals, birds and insects that Maggie and her friends encounter on their adventure.



## Maggie, Mango and Scottie

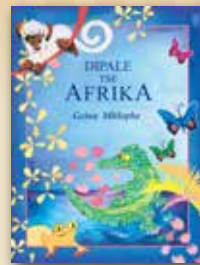
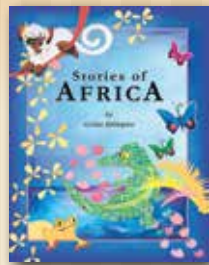
Mongodi: Patricia Schonstein  
Motshwantshi: Leigh Banks  
Mophatlalatsi: African Sun Press

Maggie, e leng popi ya Victorian, o kgathetse ke ho dula letsatsi lohle fensetereng ya lebenkele la diithoye. Ha moga lebenkele a sa mo sheba, o a kguguna a tswe mmoho le metswalle ya hae, Mango le Scottie. Ba palama tekesi e yang botebong ba Afrika, moo ba etsang tshibollo e makatsang. "Dinoutso tsa Lefatshe" qetellong ya pale e fana ka tlhaloso e kgutshwane ya diphoofole, dinonyana le dikokwanyana tseo Maggie le metswalle ya hae ba kopanang le tsona leetong la bona.

## Stories of Africa and Our Story Magic

Author: Gcina Mhlophe  
Illustrators: Various  
Publisher: University of KwaZulu-Natal Press

*Stories of Africa* and *Our Story Magic* are collections of enchanting tales, steeped in the richness of the African oral tradition. Each book features well-known and original stories told by South Africa's renowned storyteller, Gcina Mhlophe. The stories are beautifully illustrated by a variety of local artists. Although these books have been available for some time in English, they are now also available in all eleven official languages.



## Dipale Tsa Afrika le Pale tsa Rona tsa Malepa

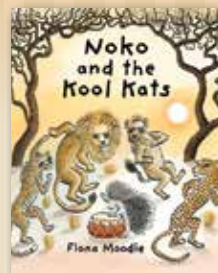
Mongodi: Gcina Mhlophe  
Batshwantshi: Various  
Mophatlalatsi: University of KwaZulu-Natal Press

*Dipale tsa Afrika* le *Dipale tsa Rona tsa Malepa* ke pokello ya diithomo tse hohelang, tse inetsweng ka hara monono wa moetlo wa Seafrika wa ho etsa dintho ka puo. Buka ka nngwe e kentse dipale tse tsejwang haholo le tseo e leng tsa sethatho tse phetwang ke mophefi wa dipale ya tsebahalang wa Afrika Borwa, Gcina Mhlophe. Dipale tsena di tshwantshitswe hantle haholo ke dinono tse fapaneng tsa lapeng kwano. Leha dibuka tsena di ne di ntse di fumaneha nako e itseng ka English feela, jwale di se di fumaneha le ka dipuo tsohle tsa semmuso tse leshome le motso o le mong.

## Noko and the Kool Kats

Author: Fiona Moodie  
Illustrator: Fiona Moodie  
Publisher: Tafelberg

It is the end of a long, hot day. The village friends had been in the fields planting mielies, and are now on their way home. But there is a big surprise waiting for them. There, on the road near the village, a great big bus is stuck in the sand. It is the Kool Kats rock band's bus!



## Noko and the Kool Kats

Mongodi: Fiona Moodie  
Motshwantshi: Fiona Moodie  
Mophatlalatsi: Tafelberg

Ke qetellong ya letsatsi le le lelele, le tihesang. Metswalle ya motseng esale e le masimong e jala poone, mme jwale e tseleng e lebang hae. Empa ho na le mohlolo o ba emetseng o moholo. Mane, tseleng e pela motse, ho na le bese e kgolo e tetebseng santeng. Ke bese ya sehlopha sa mmimo wa *rock* sa The Kool Kats!

## Today, We Plant a Chief

Author: Sindiwe Magona  
Illustrator: Nicole Blomkamp  
Publisher: David Philip

Nyaniso hates Sunday School. He knows all the Bible stories that the Sunday School teacher tells them. He heard those stories long before he was old enough to go to Sunday School – from his grandmother. Nyaniso used to like going to Sunday School, but that was before Lunga arrived ... This story is available in all eleven official languages.



## Kajeno, Re Jala Morena

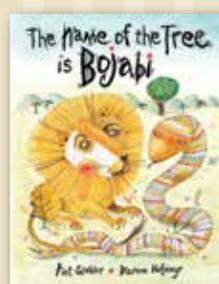
Mongodi: Sindiwe Magona  
Motshwantshi: Nicole Blomkamp  
Mophatlalatsi: David Philip

Nyaniso o hloile Sekolo sa Sontaha. O tseba dipale tsohle tsa Bibeleng tseo tihjhere ya Sekolo sa Sontaha a ba phetelang tsona. O utlwile dipale tsena kgale kwana pele a eba moholo ho lokela ho ya Sekolong sa Sontaha – a di utlwa ho nkgono wa hae. Nyaniso o ne a rata ho ya Sekolong sa Sontaha pele, empa e ne e le pele Lunga a fihla ... Pale ena e fumaneha ka dipuo tsohle tse leshome le motso o mong tsa semmuso.

## The Name of the Tree is Bojabi

Author: Dianne Hofmeyr  
Illustrator: Piet Grobler  
Publisher: Human & Rousseau

The animals are so, so hungry. Then they see a beautiful tree, covered in ripe fruit smelling of the sweetest mangoes, fat as melons, juicy as pomegranates ... But wrapped around the tree is the largest python they have ever seen. And Python will only let the animals eat of the fruit if they can tell him the name of the tree. What could it be? Only the King of the Jungle knows, and he is far, far away ...



## The Name of the Tree is Bojabi

Mongodi: Dianne Hofmeyr  
Motshwantshi: Piet Grobler  
Mophatlalatsi: Human & Rousseau

Diphoofole di lapile haholo. Mme di bona sefate se setle, se tletseng diitholwana tse butswitseng tse nkgang monate wa dimango, tse tenya jwaloka mahapu, tse tletseng lero jwaloka digarenate. Empa se ikgaretseng ka sefate seo ke tlhware e kgolohadi eo ba esokang ba e bona. Mme Tlhware e tla dumella diphoofole hore di je diitholwana ha feela di ka e bolella lebitso la sefate seo. E kaba ke eng? Ke Morena wa Meru feela ya tsebang, mme yena o hole, hole kwana ...

## 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 *Kasanko's dream*, talk about some of these things with your children.
  - ☉ How did Kasanko, King Dabulamanzi and Senzo each behave in good ways in the story?
  - ☉ Who do you think the real hero of the story is? Why?
  - ☉ Who of all the characters would you want as a friend? Why?
- ✿ Can you retell the story *I will help you* in your own way? Begin with, "Once upon a time there was a mother heron ..." and then let everyone have a turn to add a piece of the story. Add your own interesting details and words to the story as you retell it.
- ✿ Suggest that your children use scrap materials, Plasticine or playdough, glue and paint to recreate the glass mountain, magic dassie and the purple flowers he was sitting on from *The glass mountain*. Encourage them to think of ways to make the mountain look as if it is made of glass.
- ✿ 25 May is Africa Day and 1 June is International Children's Day. Celebrate these days together by encouraging your children to make their own "Children of Africa" poster (like the one on page 13) with their friends. They will need a large sheet of paper or cardboard, smaller pieces of paper or photographs, glue, scissors, kokis and/or pencil crayons. Let them start by finding photographs of themselves or drawing pictures of themselves on small pieces of paper. Next, they should arrange the photographs or pictures on a large sheet of paper so that there is space to write under or next to each photograph/picture. After they have pasted down the pictures or photographs, let them take turns writing a few interesting facts about each other.
- ✿ We are all Africans and together our memories create the story of Africa! Make your own memory cards to capture your stories. You will need pieces of cardboard that are about the size of a quarter of an A4 page, sheets of paper the same size, pencil crayons or crayons, scissors and glue. Start by spending some quiet time in which you each think of a memory that is special and important to you. Now think about six to eight moments in that memory that will help you tell the story of that memory. Draw a picture on a sheet of paper for each of these moments. Paste the pictures on the cardboard to create memory cards. Let everyone have a turn to show their memory cards one at a time as they tell the story of their memory.
- ✿ Together with your children, have fun with poetry puzzles. Cut out words from magazines or newspapers, or write down some of your favourite words (including ones you have made up!) on slips of paper. Lay them out in front of you and then arrange some or all of the words in different combinations to create as many different poems as you can!

## Eba le boiqapelo!

Tsena ke diketso tse ding tsa boithabiso bakeng sa ho eketsa boiqapelo ba bana ba hao le ho ba kgothaletsa ho natefelwa ke ho bala le ho ngola.

- ✿ Ha o qeta ho bala *Toro ya Kasanko*, bua ka tse ding tsa dintho tsena mmoho le bana ba hao.
  - ☉ Kasanko, Morena Dabulamanzi le Senzo ba ile ba itshwarwa jwang ka tsela tse ntle paleng ee, e mong le e mong wa bona?
  - ☉ O nahana hore mohale wa nnete paleng ee ke mang? Hobaneng?
  - ☉ Ke ofeng wa baphetwa bana bohle eo o ka ratang ha e ka ba motswalle wa hao? Hobaneng?
- ✿ Na o ka pheta hape pale e reng *Ke tla o thusa* ka tsela ya hao? Qala ka "Ba re e ne re, ho kile ha eba le mme Heron ..." mme ebe o fa e mong le e mong sebaka sa ho kenya karolwana e itseng paleng ena. Kenya dintlha tsa hao tse kgahlang le mantse a monate paleng eo ha o ntse o e pheta hape.
- ✿ Etsa tlhahiso ya hore bana ba hao ba sebedise dintho tse lahlilweng, Plasticine kapa letsopa la ho bapala, sekgomaretsi le pente ho bopa thaba ya galase, mmutla wa mehlolo le dipalesa tse perese tseo a neng a dutse ho tsona ho *Thaba ya galase*. Ba kgothaletse ho nahana di-tsela tsa ho etsa hore thaba e shebahale jwaloka haeka e ntswe ka galase.
- ✿ La 25 Motsheanong ke Letsatsi la Afrika mme la 1 Phupjane ke Letsatsi la Matjhaba la Bana. Ketekang matsatsi ana mmoho ka ho kgothaletsa bana ba hao ho iketsetsa phoustara ya "Bana ba Afrika" (e kang e leqepheng la 13) mmoho le metswalle ya bona. Ba tla hloka leqephe le lehlo la pampiri kapa la khateboto, dikgetjhana tsa pampiri kapa dinepe, sekgomaretsi, sekere, dikoki le/kapa dikerayone tsa pentshele. E re ba qale ka ho batla dinepe tsa bona kapa ba take ditshwantsho tsa bona dikgetjhaneng tsa pampiri. Kamora moo ba lokela ho hlophisa dinepe kapa ditshwantsho tseo leqepheng le lehlo la pampiri mme ho be le sebaka sa ho ngola ka tlasa kapa pela senepe/ setshwantsho ka seng. Ha ba se ba qetile ho kgothatsa ditshwantsho kapa dinepe, e re ba fapanyetsane ka ho ngola dintlha tse mmalwa tse kgahlang ka ba bang.
- ✿ Bohle re MaAfrika mme mmoho dintho tseo re di hopolang di bopa pale ya Afrika! Iketsetseng dikarete tsa lona tsa dintho tseo le tlang ho di hopola ho boloka dipale tsa lona. Le tla hloka dikgetjhana tsa khateboto tse ka bang bohlo ba kotare ya leqephe la A4, maqephe a pampiri a bohlo bona boo, dikerayone tsa pentshele kapa dikerayone, dikere le sekgomaretsi. Qalang ka ho qeta nako e itseng ya kgutso moo motho ka mong a nahanang ka nako e ikgethang le ya bohlokwa eo a e hopolang. Jwale nahanang ka dinako tseo le di hopolang tse tshelletseng ho isa ho tse robedi tse tlang ho le thusa ho pheta pale ya ketsahalo eo. Taka setshwantsho leqepheng la pampiri bakeng sa nako ka nngwe. Manamisa ditshwantsho hodima khateboto ho bopa dikarete tsa dikgopolo. E re bohle ba fumane monyetla wa ho bontsha dikarete tsa bona tsa diketsahalo tse hopolang e mong le e mong ka nako ya hae ha ba ntse ba pheta pale ya dikgopolo tsa bona.
- ✿ Mmoho le bana ba hao, ithabiseng ka diphazele tsa thotokiso. Sehang mantse dimakasineng, dikoranteng kapa ngola a mang a mantse ao o a ratang (ho kenyeletsa ao o iqapetseng ona!) dikgetjhaneng tsa pampiri. Di aleng ka pela lona mme ebe le hlophisa mantse a mang kapa kaofela ha ona ka metswako e fapaneng ho bopa dithotokiso tse ngata kamoo le ka kgonang!

## 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/](http://www.nalibali.org/audio-downloads/).

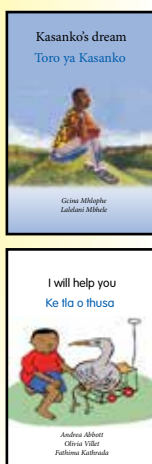


## NAL'IBALI RADIYONG!

Bulela seteishene sa radiyo seo o se ratang sa SABC mme o natefelwe ke ho mamela dipale tsa bana! Ho fumana matsatsi le dinako tseo Nal'ibali e leng radiyong ka tsona, eya ho - [www.nalibali.org/audio-downloads/](http://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.



### Iketsetse dibuka tse sehwanng-le-ho-ipolokelwa tse PEDI

1. Ntsha leqephe la 5 ho isa ho la 12 tlatsetsong ena.
2. Leqephehadi le nang le maqephe ana 5, 6, 11 le 12 ho lona le etsa buka e le nngwe. Leqephehadi le nang le maqephe ana 7, 8, 9 le 10 ho lona le etsa buka e nngwe.
3. Sebedisa leqephehadi ka leng ho etsa buka. Latela ditaelo tse ka tlase ho etsa buka ka nngwe.
  - a) Mena leqephehadi ka halofo hodima mola wa matheba a matsho.
  - b) Le mene ka halofo hape hodima mola wa matheba a matala.
  - c) Seha hodima mela ya matheba a mafubedu.



Drive your imagination



Kasanko o ne a rata Senzo haholo. O ile a mmitisa ho tla dula pela hae. Ka pele, o ile a iphumana a se a bolella Senzo mathata a hae. Senzo o ne a mametse ditaba a thotse, mme a kgutsa nakonyana, a nahana. Yaba o re: “Ha ke ne ke le wena, Kasanko, ke ne ke tla bolella Morena motho wa tshepe ya phelang, ho na le dintho tseo o di hloakang ho etsa hore manonyelletso a sebetse le leleme le bue – ho hlokeha mekotla e 50 ya meriti ya batho. Ho etsa pelo e otlang le kelello e nahanang – dilitara tse 100 tsa dikeledi tsa batho.”

Kasanko ha a ka a kgona ho pata thabo ya hae. Ke leqheka le letle hakaaang! Ho kopanya monahano o hlanyang le o mong! O ile a tshwara Senzo ka letsoho, a mo aka le ho mo leboha makgetlo a mangata. “Kgele, wena le bohanya ba hao le bohale ho feta bohle. O pholositse bophelo ba ka! Ke a leboha, Senzo, motswalle wa ka. Ke a leboha!”

Kasanko a potlakela hae, ka potlako a hlobola diparo tseo a neng a di apere a apara tse ding a leba Paleising ho ya bona Morena. E ne e le kgetlo la pele a na le setaheho se edileng ka mora matsatsi a mmalwa a fetileng, hape le takatso ya dijo tseo mosadi wa hae a mo phehetseeng tsona e ne e kgutlile.

Morena o ile a mo amohela Paleising ya hae, yaba o dula fatše ho mamela hore ho nse ho ya jwang ho etsa motho wa tshepe. Kasanko o ile hohloa, yaba o re: “Morena wa ka ya hlomphehang, ke sebeditse motšheare le bosiu ho etsa monna wa tshepe ya phelang eo o mo kopileng. Ke se ke tla geta, empa ho qetella mosebetsi oo, ke hloka dintho tse pedi ho tswa ho wena.”

“Se seng le se seng, mpolelle mme nna ke tla etsa bonnete ba hore di finyella ho wena ka pele!” ke Morena Dabulamanzli, ka thabo e kgolo.

“Tseo ke tlo o kopa tsona ha di bonolo,” ke Kasanko a tswela pele. “Empa ntle le dintho tseo, nke ke ka kgona ho etsa hore monna enwa wa tshepe a phele. Ho etsa manonyelletso a sebetse le leleme le bue, ke hloka mekotla e 50 ya meriti ya batho.”

“Ke dinyane tseo,” ke Morena. “Ke eng hape eo o e hloakang. Kasanko, bua ka bolokolohi!”



Kasanko had always liked Senzo. He called the man over to come and sit beside him. Soon, he found himself pouring out all his troubles. Senzo listened quietly to his story, and sat frowning in thought for a long while. Then he said, “If I were you, Kasanko, this is what I would say to the King. I would tell him that in order to complete your task and make a living iron man, there are certain things you need. To make the joints move and the tongue speak – 50 bags of human hair. To make the heart beat and the mind think – 100 litres of human tears.”

Kasanko couldn’t contain his joy. What a brilliant solution! Match one crazy idea with another! He shook Senzo’s hand, hugged him, kissed him and thanked him over and over again. “Oh you in your madness are the smartest of us all. You have just saved my life! Thank you, Senzo, my friend. Thank you.”

Kasanko rushed off home, quickly changed his clothes and got ready to go to the Great Palace to see the King. For the first time in days there was a smile on his face, and he even had an appetite for the food his wife had prepared for him.

At the Palace, the King welcomed him and sat down to hear what progress had been made on the creation of his living man. Kasanko cleared his throat and said, “My respected King, I have been working day and night to make you your living iron person. I am nearly there, but to finish the job, I need two things from you.”

“Whatever they are, tell me and I will make sure you get them immediately!” cried King Dabulamanzli, beside himself with excitement.

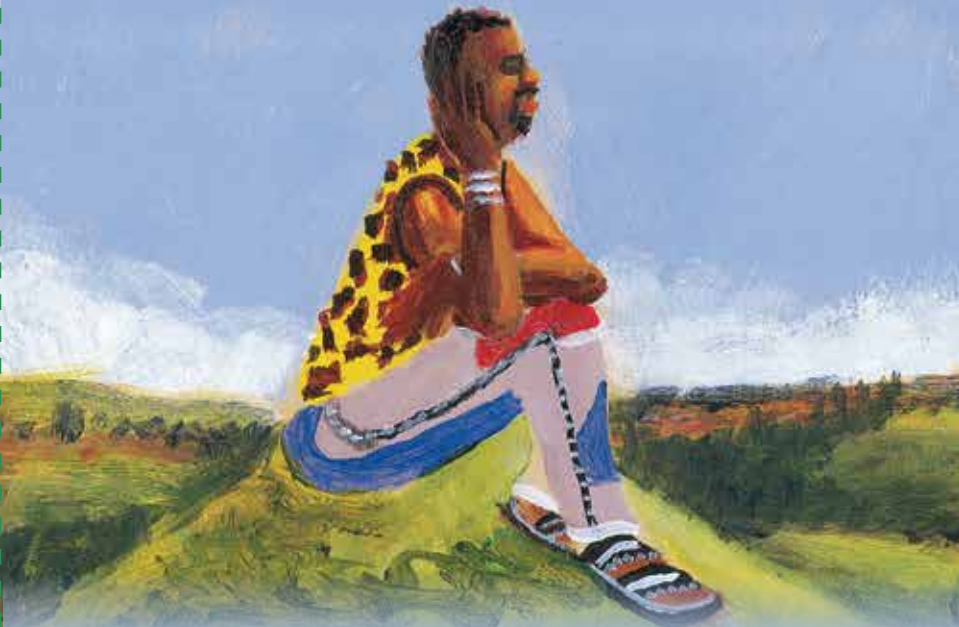
“What I require is not simple,” cautioned Kasanko. “But without these things, I cannot bring this iron man to life. To make the joints move and the tongue speak, I need 50 bags of human hair.”

“Easy, easy,” cried the King. “What else do you need, Kasanko, speak freely.”

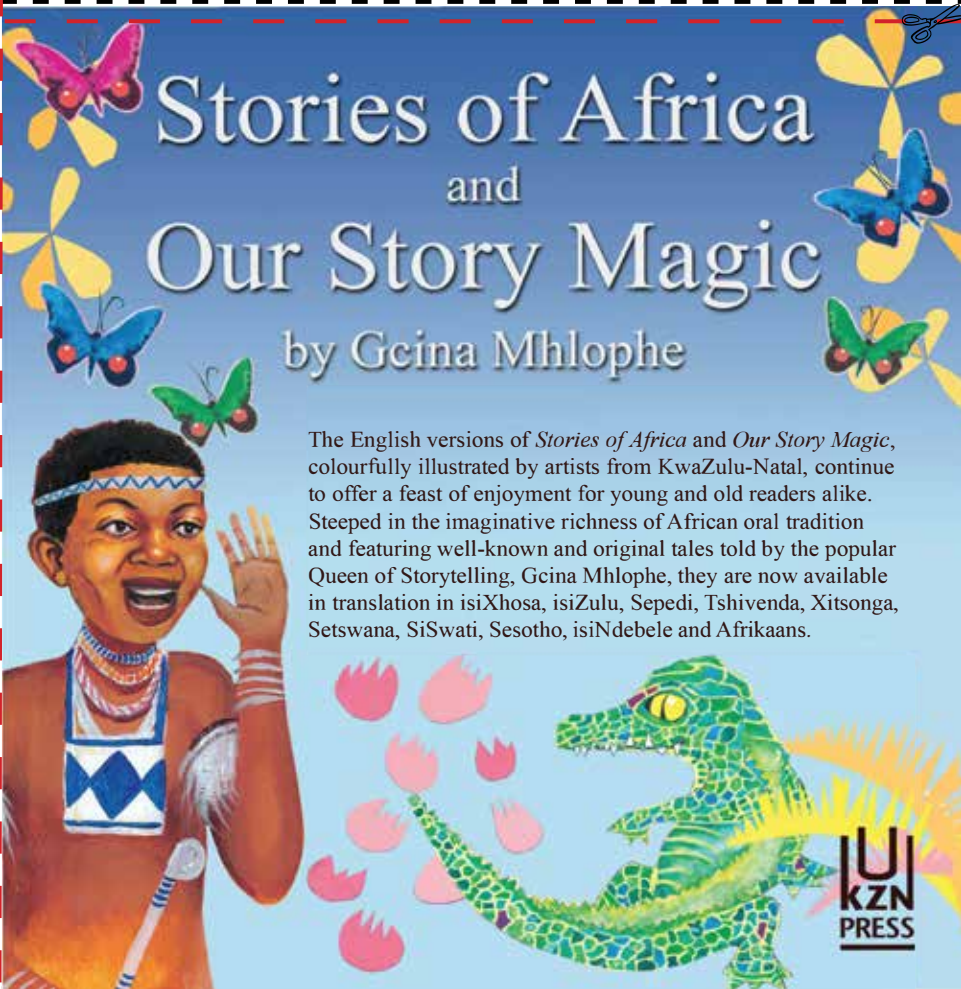
“To make the heart beat and the mind think, I need 100 litres of human tears.” The King’s smile faded. He called his servants and told them what Kasanko needed. He ordered them to shave the heads of as many people as was necessary to fill 50 bags with hair. The servants were puzzled, but they went to obey the King’s orders.



# Kasanko’s dream Toro ya Kasanko



Gcina Mhlophe  
Lalelani Mbhele



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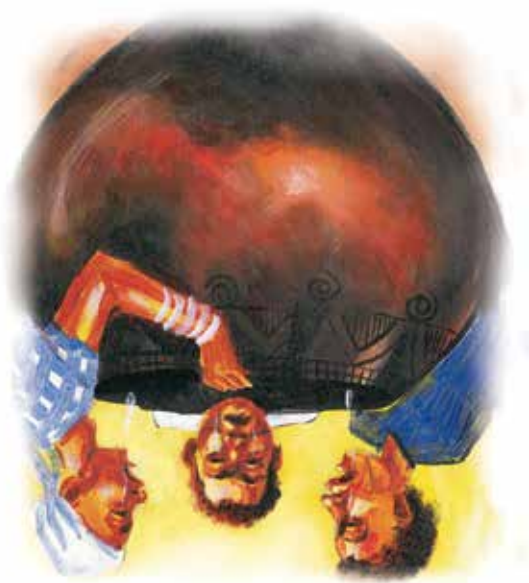
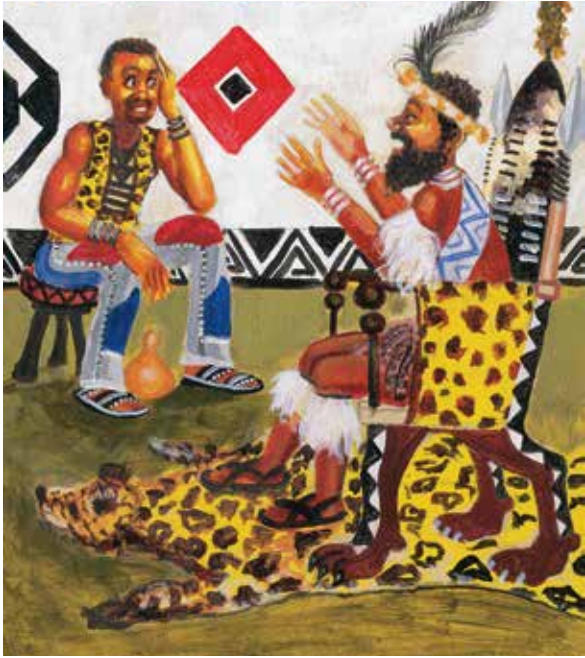






“Ka kopo Ntate, matshwato fatshe, moya fatshe!” ha kopa mosadi wa hae. “Ho tla jwang morena a lebeli hore wena o etse ntho e sa etsahaleng?” “O a di bona ditshepe tseo tsa kgale tse ka ntle? Ke tsona hee tse tla etsa mmele! Ha a boela hore na dikarolo tse ding ke lokela ho di etsa jwang. Tseba hore ha nka se kgone, ke ya shweleng.” Kasanko o ne a halefisitswe ke boitshepo ba Morena. O ile a kwalla kgalefo ka hare ho yena, ha a ntse a nahana seo a tla se etsa. Matsatsi a nna a tsamaya, feela monahano wa hae o bohale o ne o sa tle ka thuso. Mosadi wa hae o ne a kgathatschile haholo ka yena. Ka tsatsi le leng Kasanko o ile a itsamaela a le mong ho ya dithabaneng. O ile a dula tsulung ya thabana e nngwe a phomola, mme a thabela moya o mosesane o phodileng setahlehong sa hae se tjhesang, a leka ho nahana ka tselo a tla etsa se hlokahalang ebile se mo emtseng. Ka ho panya ha leihlo, o ile a bona motho a tla a lebile ho yena. E ne e le monna ya bitswang Senzo, eo batho ba motseng ba neng ba mo bitsa “Senzo wa lehlanya”. Lebaka ke hobane a ne a bua a le mong, a tshehela hodimo ntle le mabaka, mme ka nako tse ding o ne etsa dinto tse makatsang. Empa kaha o ne a eso utlwisi motho bohloko, bohle ba ne ba sena taba le yena. Ka matsatsi a mang, batho ba ne ba re a ka o tshehisa o utlwile bohloko.

Once there lived a man called Kasanko, who was a very well-liked and respected ironmonger. He made all sorts of wonderful things out of iron – tools and special metal boxes, unusual bracelets, necklaces and rings. Most of all, he enjoyed making things that others could not make. Kasanko took great pride in his work and everything he made was so special to him that he sometimes found it hard to part with his things. His work was always in demand and he was often asked to make special items for the King. Whenever King Dabulamanzi called him to the Great Palace, Kasanko was never sure what to expect. The King often got bored and sometimes, just to amuse himself, he would ask people to do the most impossible things for him. When they failed, he chased them out of his Kingdom. So far, Kasanko had escaped this fate. He was one man the King really respected, so people said.



“You can go home now, Kasanko. The bags of hair will be delivered to your house in the next few days and the 100 litres of tears will soon follow.” And so the King made his promise. But Kasanko could see that Dabulamanzi was not as excited as before. Kasanko said goodbye and left. A few days later, the 50 bags of hair arrived on Kasanko’s doorstep. The King’s soldiers had gone from village to village shaving everybody – men, women and children – on the King’s orders. Then the news spread all over the kingdom that the King needed 100 litres of tears to help make a living iron man. Big clay pots were brought for people to cry into. As commanded, everyone walked around looking very sad. Some people managed to cry as instructed, but others just could not cry on command. So the King ordered his soldiers to beat the people up and make them cry. Yes, thousands of people were reduced to tears by the painful beatings. This soon had them fighting back. Even the soldiers hated the stupidity of what they were being ordered to do. In the end, it did not help very much anyway, because it was almost impossible to collect the tears. People wiped their tears away from habit. Or the hot African sun dried the tears on their cheeks as fast as they flowed.

E ne e le motho wa mantswe a hae. Ka nako e se kae, motse wa Kasanko wa tuma haholo ka dihlahiswa tse ntle. Batho ho tswa dibakeng tse hole ba ne ba romella bana ba bona sekolong sa Kasanko ho ithuta mahlale a ho loha, ho bopa le ho betla ka ditshepe. Kasanko o ne a le motlotlo ka sekolo sa hae le tswelopele ya baithuti ba teng ba nang le dineo. Hape hopola “lehlanya” Senzo? Ee, ile ya eba motswalle e moholo wa Kasanko. Ho tloha mohlang oo a tsebahala e le Senzo ya Bohlake, ya hlomphehang ke bohle. Ha e le Morena Dabulamanzi, o ile a ithuta ho hlompha batho ba hae. A tlohela le ho kopa dintho tse sa kgonahaleng ho setjhaba sa hae mme a qala ho ba morena ya tsebahalang le ho tuma ka mekgwa e metle ka nako e telele.



Ke Tshomo Ka Mathetho





Tseleng, o emisa ho bapala le  
meiswalle ya hae nokeny.

On the way, he stops to play with his  
friends in the river.



The next day, Gogo sends Lungile  
to the shop to buy bread.

Tsatsing le hlahlamang, Nkgono  
o roma Lungile ho ya reka  
bohobe lebenkeleng.

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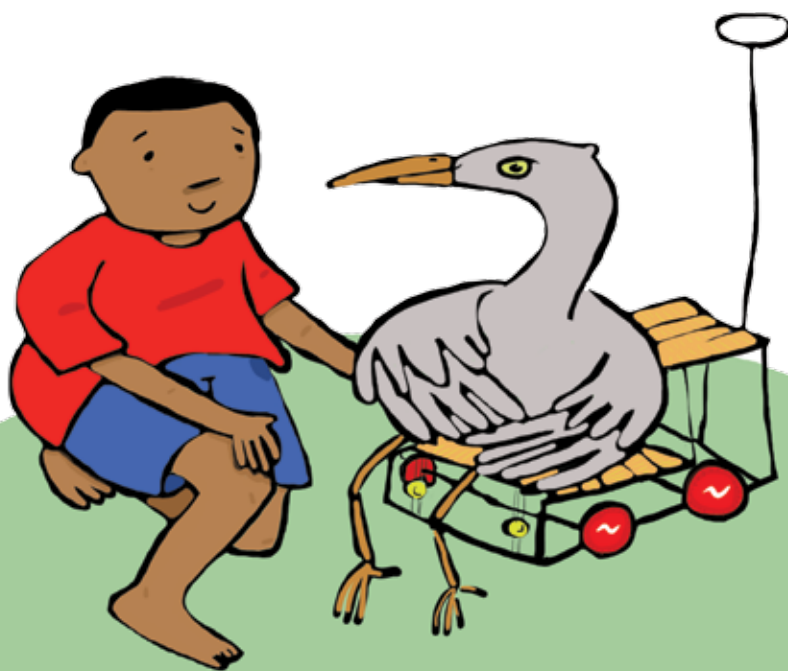
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I will help you  
Ke tla o thusa



Andrea Abbott  
Olivia Villet  
Fathima Kathrada



Drive your  
imagination





*Eish! The money is gone.*

*Jowe! Tihete e nyamete.*



*"I will help you," says Lungile.*

*"Thank you, Lungile!"*

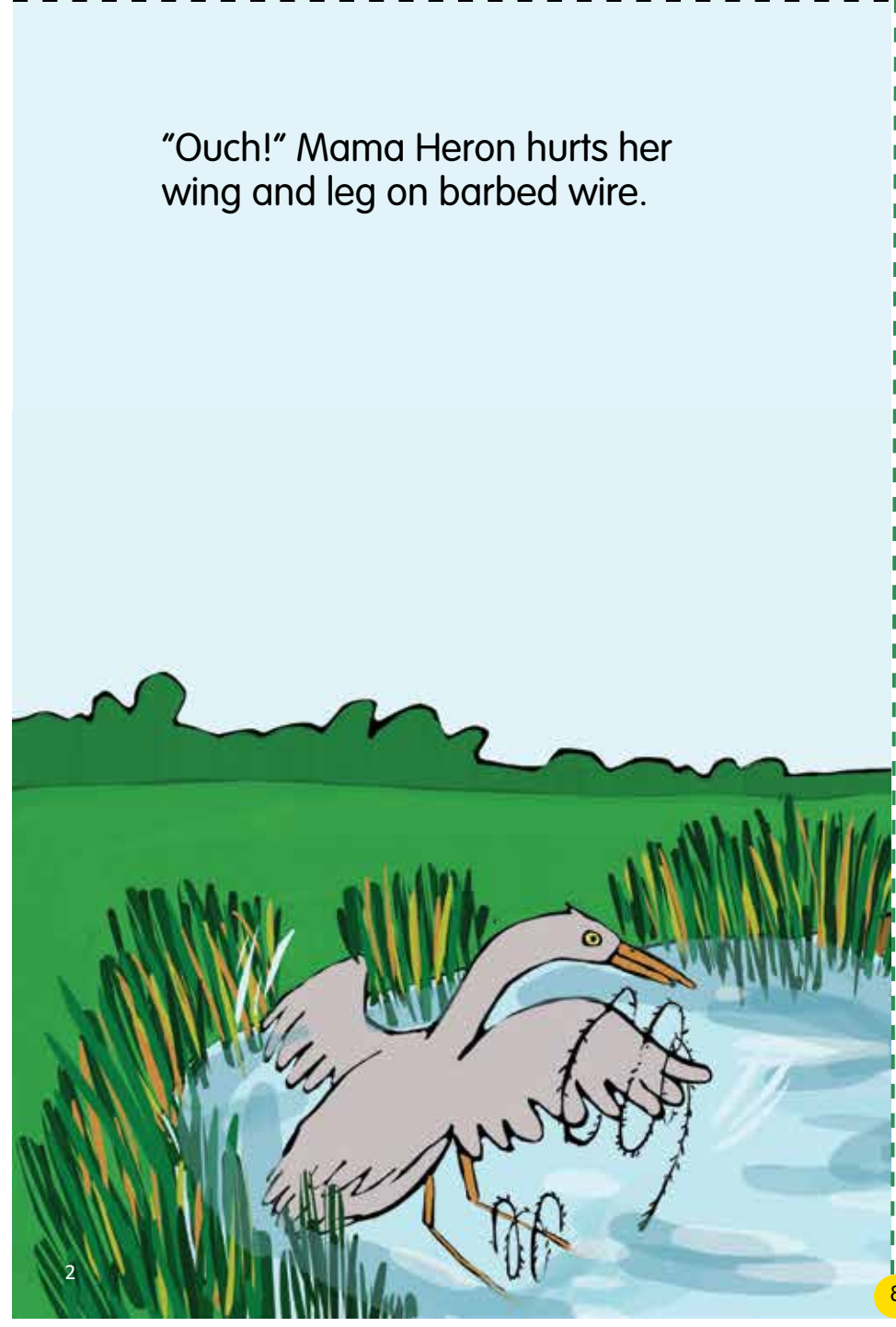
*"Ke tla o thusa," ho rialo Lungile.*

*"Ke a leboha, Lungile!"*



*"Thank you, Mama Heron."*

*"Ke a leboha, Mme Heron."*



*"Ouch!" Mama Heron hurts her wing and leg on barbed wire.*



“O se ke wa tla hae ho fihlela  
o fumana tšhelete eo!” ho  
omana Nkgono.



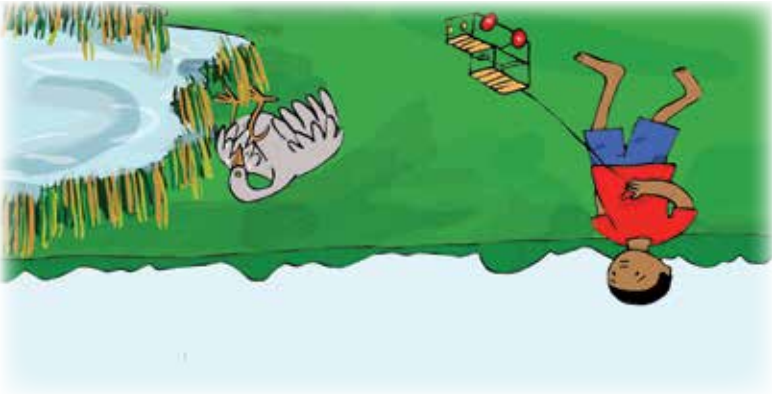
“Don’t come home until you find  
that money!” shouts Gogo.

Mama Heron’s sharp eyes see  
the coins shining in the water.



Mahlo a bohale a Mme Heron a  
bona tšhelete e benyang ka metsing.

“O lilelang, Mme Heron?”  
ho botsa Lungile.  
“Ha ke kgone ho ya hae baneng  
ba ka,” o rialo.



“Why are you crying, Mama  
Heron?” asks Lungile.  
“I can’t get home to my children,”  
she says.

“Itjhu!” Mme Heron o lematša lepheo  
la hae le leoto la hae terateng.

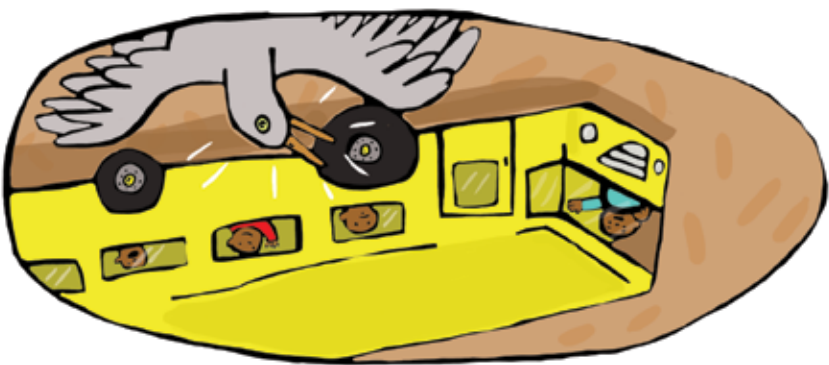






“Ke kopa thuso hle.”

“Please help me.”



“O lilelang, Lungile?” ho botsa  
Mme Heron.



“Why are you crying, Lungile?”  
asks Mama Heron.

“I am hurt. I can’t get home to my  
children,” she says.

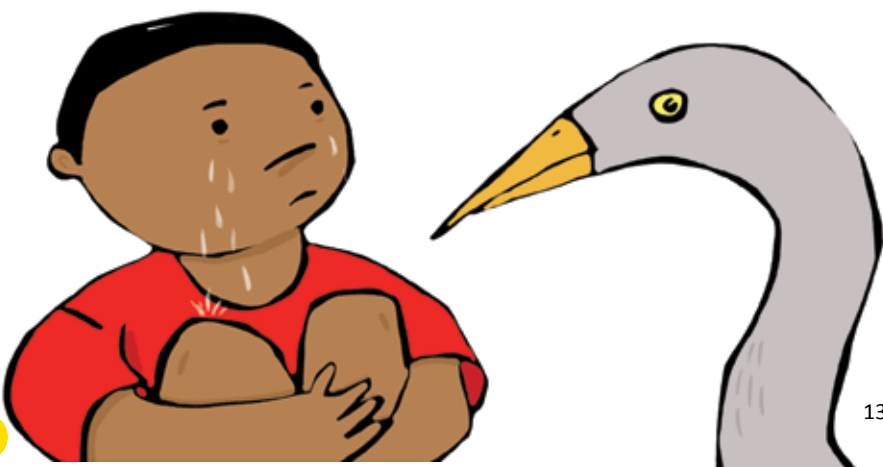
“Ke lemetse. Ha ke kgone ho ya  
lapeng baneng ba ka,” o rialo.

“I lost the money Gogo gave me to  
buy bread. We have no supper now.”

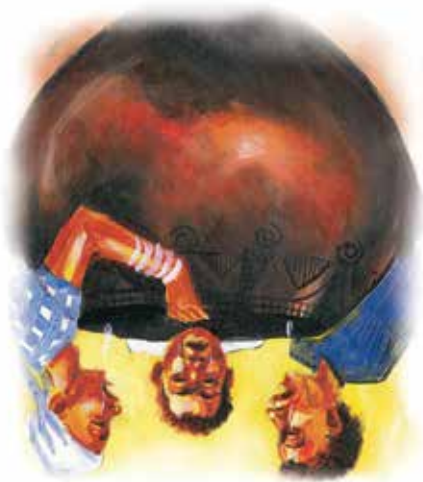
“I will help you,” says Mama Heron.

“Ke lahlile tjhelete eo Nkgono a neng  
a itse ke ilo reka bohobe ka yona.  
Jwale ha re na dijo tsa mantsiboya.”

“Ke tla o thusa,” Ho rialo Mme Heron.







“Ho etsa hore pelo e otle le kellello e nahane, ke hloka dilitara tse 100 tsa dikgapha tsa batho.”

Pososelo ya Morena ya fela. O ile a bita mahlahana a hae mme a ba bollella seo Kasanko a se hlakang. O ile a ba jwetsa hore ba kute batho ba bangata dihlooho ho tlatsa mekotla e 50 ka moo ba ka kgonang. Mahlahana a ne a maketse, empa ba ne ba tlamme ha ho ahela lentšwe la Morena lesaka.

“O ka ikelela, Kasanko. Mekotla ya meriti e tla tliswa lapeng la hao ka mora matsatsi a se makae, mme dilitara tse 100 tsa dikgapha di tla latelela ka morao.”

Morena a etsa tšhepiso. Feela Kasanko o ile a eklellwa hore morena ha a sa thabile jwalo ka pele. Kasanko o ile a sadisa hantle, mme a tsamaya.

Ka mora matsatsi a se makae, mekotla e 50 ya meriti ya fihla ha Kasanko. Masole a Morena a ne a ile moitsaneng le metsaneng ho kuta motho e mong le e mong – banna, basadi le bana – ka ditaelo tsa Morena.

Ha phatlalatswa molaeisa wa hore Morena o hloka dilitara tse 100 tsa dikgapha ho thusa ho etsa monna ya phehang wa tshepe. Dipitisa tse kgolo tsa letsopa di ile tsa tliswa hore batho ba llele ka hara tsona. Ho ya ka ditaelo, e mong le e mong o ne a bonahala a hlomohile. Batho ba bang ba ile ba kgona ho lla ho ya ka ditaelo, empa ba bang ha ba a kgona ho lla ho ya ka moo ho hlokahang.

Yaba Morena o laela masole a hae ho tsamaya a shapa batho hore feela ba lle. Ee, diketeketse tsa batho di ne di lla ka baka la bohloko ba ho shapuwana. Ntle le tshenyoyako ya nako seo sa etsa hore ba itwanele. Le masole a ne a hlole botlatla boo ba neng ba laelwa ho bo etsa. Qetellong, ha e ya thusa haholo, hobane ha ho a kgonahala ho bokella dikgapha. Batho ba ne ba tlhakola dikgapha maraameng jwalo kaha ba tlwaetse, le mothheso

Kasanko was very proud of his school and the achievements of its talented pupils. And remember “crazy” Senzo? Well, he became one of Kasanko’s closest friends. He was known from then on as Senzo the Wise, and treated with a lot more respect by everyone.

As for King Dabulamanzi, he learnt to respect his people. He stopped dishing out impossible commands that no one could carry out and became one of the most popular kings of all time.



Cosi, cosi, iyaphela.  
Here I rest my story.



“You see all that scrap iron outside? Well that is for the body. How he expects me to do the rest he did not say. But if I fail, I am a dead man.”

Kasanko was furious with the arrogant King. He kept his anger to himself, however, while he tried to work out what to do next. Days went by, but his usually clever imagination did not come to his rescue. His wife was desperately worried about him.

One day, Kasanko went walking alone in the hills. He sat down on a hilltop to rest, grateful for the cool breeze on his hot face as he tried to think of some way out of his dilemma. All at once, he saw someone coming up the path towards him. It was a man called Senzo, who the people of the village called “crazy Senzo”. This was because he talked to himself, laughed out loud at nothing, and sometimes did strange things. But since he never harmed anyone, everyone left him alone. Sometimes, people said, he could help you laugh on a sad day.



Ho kile ha phela monna ya bitswang Kasanko, o ne a ratwa haholo ebile le mmotli wa tshepe ya hlomphehang. O ne a entse dintho tse ntle tse fapaneng ka tshepe, tse tshwanang le mabokoso a tshepe a ikgethileng, mekgabiso e sa tlwaelehang ya matsoho, difaha le masale a menwana. Hodima tseo tsohle, o ne a thabela ho etsa dintho tseo ba bang ba sa kgoneng ho di etsa. Kasanko o ne a ntsha boqhetseke ba hae kaofela mosebetsing wa hae, se seng le se seng seo a neng a se etsa se ne se le bohlokwa ka tsela e ikgethang ho yena, hoo ka nako tse ding ho ne ho ba thata hore a arohane le dintho tsa hae. Mosebetsi wa hae o ne o babatseha haholo ebile kgafetsa o ne a koptjwa ho etsetsa Morena dintho tse ikgethileng.

Hangata ha morena Dabulamanzi a ne a bitsitseditse Kasanko Paleising ya hae e Kgolo, o ne a sa tsebe hore a lebelele eng. Hangata Morena o ne a tshwarwa ke bodutu, mme ho tlosa bodutu, o ne a ye a kope batho ho etsa dintho tse makatsang, tse sa etsehang ha bonolo. Ha ba ne ba hloleha, o ne a ba tebela Motseng wa hae. Ho fihlela jwale, Kasanko o ne a fetile lerabeng leo. E ne e le yena monna a le mong eo Morena a neng a mo hlomphe, batho ba ne ba tjho jwalo.



“Ha ke ne ke le ngwana, ke ne ke tla itahlela fatse ke bokolle!” Kasanko a mo bolella. “Morena o se a feteletse jwale. O ntaetse ho etsa se phelang ka tshepe – motho ya ka kgonang ho nahana, ho bua, le ho hema jwalo ka nna le wena. Ekaba ke Modimo, ke ya ipotsa?”

“You have made me realise, Kasanko, what a cruel and thoughtless King I have been to my subjects. I have given impossible commands and harshly punished those who failed to carry them out. How can I begin to ask for forgiveness from you and the many others that I have hurt? To make it up to you, you may ask me for anything that your heart desires. Anything.”

“It has always been my dream that this village of ours would become a centre of excellence, known far and wide for the quality of its crafts,” Kasanko told him. “What my heart desires most of all is to start a school, where I can pass on my skills to others and teach them to put the best of themselves into the beautiful things they make.”

“I will see to it that you get everything you need,” promised the King. And he was as good as his word. In time, Kasanko’s village became famous throughout the land for the excellent crafts it produced. From far and wide people sent their children to Kasanko’s school to learn the skills of weaving, pottery, carving, and ironmongery.



Kasanko o ile a leka ho ipuella ho ya pele. Empa Morena ha a ka a tshepile – ka hoo ke kopa o se ke wa mqhoga!”

tseba o na le neo e ikgethang. O ka etsa tsoshele tseo o di nahamang. Ke o yaba o re: “Jo, Kasanko o letswalo! Ehile o ka kgona ho etsa ntho ena. Ke Feela Morena o ile a tshetiswa ke mantswa e buwang ke Kasanko, phelang ka ditshepe. O ka hla nna wa mpolaya hona jwale!”

ho o etsa mosebetsi oo. Ho ke ke ha etsahala, Morena, ho etsa motho ya Morena. “Ke tshwanela ho o bolella esale hona jwale hore nke ke ka kgona Kasanko o ile a ema a tshohile a bile a nyahamisitswe ke kopo ya wa hae e tla be e le wa tshepe, o ke keng wa tsotalla.

hema. Ka ditsetla tsoshele tse tshwanang le tsa motho, ntle le hore feela mmele nang le kelello a nahane, ya nang lentswa a tseba ho bua, le matshwafu a hore a nke ditshepe tseo kaofela, mme a etse motho ka tsona. E, motho – ya disebediswa tsa kgale tseo di neng di sa sebediswe. O ile a bolella Kasanko le ditulo tsa tshepe tse robethileng, marumo, dithipa le tseo e neng e se e le Morena o mo lebisa ka ntle sebakeng se seholo moo ho nang o batla Kasanko a mo etsitse ho hong ho ikgethileng. Yaba Morena Dabulamanzi a neng a mo emetse teng. O ile a re Kasanko o ile a tsoha ka matjeko, a leba Paleising moo o ile a ipotsa hore o emetsewe ke eng. Ka le hlalamang, hore Kasanko a tle hoseng ka matjeko, boreneng. Kasanko Ka letsatsi le leng molaetsa wa Morena o ile wa fihla



King Dabulamanzi was furious. He just didn’t know what more he could do to squeeze the necessary tears out of his subjects. How could he tell Kasanko that he had failed to keep his part of the bargain? He was greatly tormented by the thought that he would not receive his living iron man, the miracle he had so desperately desired.

Then it dawned on the King what was really going on. He realised that Kasanko was asking the impossible from him, just as he had asked the impossible from Kasanko. The ironmonger had matched one crazy idea with another. There was nothing the King could do except swallow his pride and tell Kasanko to forget the whole thing.

All that night the King lay sleepless, thinking many troubled thoughts. The next day, he went straight to Kasanko’s house and humbly apologised to him.

“You have made me realise, Kasanko, what a cruel and thoughtless King I have been to my subjects. I have given impossible commands and harshly punished those who failed to carry them out. How can I begin to ask for forgiveness from you and the many others that I have hurt? To make it up to you, you may ask me for anything that your heart desires. Anything.”

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One day the King’s messenger arrived to summon Kasanko to the palace, instructing him to be there first thing the following morning. Kasanko wondered what awaited him. He rose early the next day, and went to the Great Palace, where King Dabulamanzi was waiting for him. He told Kasanko that he wanted him to do something very special for him. The King then led him outside, to a large pile of broken iron chairs, spears, knives and all kinds of old tools that were no longer used. He told Kasanko that he wanted him to take these things away, and out of them, make a person. Yes, a person – with a mind to think, a voice to speak and lungs to breathe. In every way just like a human, except that he would have an iron body which would never grow old.



Kasanko stood shocked and dismayed by the King’s request. “I must tell you right now that I can’t perform this task for you. It is impossible, O King, to make a living person out of iron. So you might as well kill me right now!”

But the King just laughed at his words and said: “Oh you are so modest Kasanko! Of course you can do this thing. I know your special talent. You can do anything you put your mind to. I am counting on you – so please, don’t disappoint me.”

Kasanko tried to protest further. But the King would not listen to anything he said. Instead, he ordered his servants to carry the big pile of scrap metal off to Kasanko’s home. The whole village stared in open-mouthed amazement as the royal party arrived bearing the mountain of old iron junk. Kasanko’s wife took one look at her husband’s distraught face and knew that something very bad was happening.

“If I was a child, I would throw myself on the ground and cry!” Kasanko told her. “The King has gone too far this time. He has ordered me to make a living being out of scrap metal – one who can think, speak and breathe like a human. Am I God, I ask myself?”

“Please, Baba, calm down, calm down,” begged his wife. “How does the King expect you to do this impossible thing?”

wa letsatsi la Afrika o ne o omeletsa dikgapha ka potlako marameng a bona.

Morena Dabulamanzi o ne a halefile haholo. O ne a sa tsebe hore a ka etsang kapa ke eng se tla thusa hore dikgapha di tswe. O ne a tla jwetsa jwang Kasanko hore o hlotswa? O ne a ferekantswe ke monahano wa hore a ke ke a fumana monna wa hae ya phelang wa tshepe, mohlolo oo a neng a o batla e le ka nnete.

Yaba ho fihla ho Morena hore ho etsahala eng. O ile a hlokomela hore Kasanko o kopile ntho e ke keng ya etsahala, kaha le yena o ne a kopile ntho e ke keng ya etsahala ho Kasanko. Ho ne ho se na seo Morena a ka se etsang ntle le ho tlohella boikgantsho ba hae mme a bolelle Kasanko ho leballa ka tseo tsohle.

Bosiu boo Morena o ile a hlobaela, a nahana ka dintho tse mo tshwenyang. Ka letsatsi le hlalamang a leba ha Kasanko a ikokobetsa, mme a kopa tshwarelo ho yena.

“Kasanko, o entse hore ke bone, ke ne ke le Morena ya kgopo, ya sa nahaneleng batho ba hae. Ke ne ke batla ba etse dintho tse sa kgoneheng e re ha ba hloleha ke ba ahlola ka dikahlolo tse sehloho, tse bohloko. Nka qala jwang ho kopa tshwarelo ho wena le bohle bao ke ba utlwisitseng bohloko? Ho bontsha ketso ya tshwabo, o ka kopa seo pelo ya hao e se batlang. Eng kapa eng.”

“Esale e le toro ya ka hore motse ona wa rona e be setsi sa dintho tse ntle, o tsebahalang ka dietswa tsa rona tse kgahlisang,” ke Kasanko a jwetsa morena. “Seo pelo ya ka e se labalabelang ka ho fetisisa ke ho bula sekolo, moo teng ke tla fetisetse tsebo ena ya ka ho ba bang, le ho ba ruta ho ntsha boqhetseke ba bona ho etsa dintho tse ntle!”

“Ke tla etsa bonnete ba hore o thole tsoshele tseo o di hlohang,” ha tshepisa Morena.





# Children of Africa

To celebrate Africa Day on 25 May and International Children's Day on 1 June, here is a special poster of the Nal'ibali children for you to cut out and keep.



# Bana ba Afrika

Ho keteka Letsatsi la Afrika ka la 25 Motsheanong le Letsatsi la Bana la Lefatshe ka la 1 Phupjane, phousetara e ikgethileng ke ena ya bana ba Nal'ibali eo o ka e sehlang le ho ipoleka yona.

**Name:** Neo  
**Age:** 8 years  
**Brothers/sisters:** Mbali  
**Languages:** IsiZulu, IsiXhosa, English  
**Favourite colour:** red  
**Favourite snack:** ice cream  
**Favourite books:** stories about pirates  
**Favourite activity:** playing soccer



**Lebitso:** Neo  
**Dilemo:** 8  
**Baholwane/dikgaisedi:** Mbali  
**Dipuo:** IsiZulu, IsiXhosa, English  
**Mmala oo a o ratisang:** o mofubedu  
**Seneke seo a se ratisang:** aesekelemi  
**Dibuka tseo a di ratisang:** dipale tse mabapi le diphaerete  
**Ketso eo a e ratisang:** ho bapala bolo ya maoto

**Name:** Dintle  
**Age:** 9 months  
**Brothers/sisters:** Afrika  
**Languages:** Sesotho  
**Favourite colour:** doesn't have one yet  
**Favourite snack:** strawberry yoghurt  
**Favourite books:** books with pictures of babies and animals  
**Favourite activity:** splashing in water



**Lebitso:** Dintle  
**Dilemo:** dikgwedi tse 9  
**Baholwane/dikgaisedi:** Afrika  
**Dipuo:** Sesotho  
**Mmala oo a o ratisang:** ha a na ona  
**Seneke seo a se ratisang:** yokate ya setoroberi  
**Dibuka tseo a di ratisang:** dibuka tse nang le ditshwantsho tsa bana le diphoofolo  
**Ketso eo a e ratisang:** ho bapalla metsing

**Name:** Bella  
**Age:** 5 years  
**Brothers/sisters:** none  
**Languages:** IsiXhosa, English  
**Favourite colour:** green  
**Favourite snack:** bananas  
**Favourite books:** stories about animals, queens and witches  
**Favourite activity:** reading to her dog, Noodle



**Lebitso:** Bella  
**Dilemo:** 5  
**Baholwane/dikgaisedi:** ha a na bona  
**Dipuo:** IsiXhosa, English  
**Mmala oo a o ratisang:** o motala  
**Seneke seo a se ratisang:** dipanana  
**Dibuka tseo a di ratisang:** dipale tse mabapi le diphoofolo, mafumahadi le baloi  
**Ketso eo a e ratisang:** ho balla ntja ya hae, Noodle

**Name:** Mbali  
**Age:** 2 years  
**Brothers/sisters:** Neo  
**Languages:** IsiZulu  
**Favourite colour:** pink  
**Favourite snack:** pink cupcakes  
**Favourite books:** rhymes  
**Favourite activity:** dressing up



**Lebitso:** Mbali  
**Dilemo:** 2  
**Baholwane/dikgaisedi:** Neo  
**Dipuo:** IsiZulu  
**Mmala oo a o ratisang:** pinki  
**Seneke seo a se ratisang:** dikhapokheike tse pinki  
**Dibuka tseo a di ratisang:** tsa diraeme  
**Ketso eo a e ratisang:** ho apara diaparo tsa ho tshwantshisa

**Name:** Hope  
**Age:** 10 years  
**Brothers/sisters:** none  
**Languages:** English, Afrikaans, IsiZulu  
**Favourite colour:** purple  
**Favourite snack:** cheese and tomato rolls  
**Favourite books:** novels about children the same age as her  
**Favourite activity:** doing karate



**Lebitso:** Hope  
**Dilemo:** 10  
**Baholwane/dikgaisedi:** ha a na bona  
**Dipuo:** English, Afrikaans, IsiZulu  
**Mmala oo a o ratisang:** perese  
**Seneke seo a se ratisang:** dirolo tsa kase le tamati  
**Dibuka tseo a di ratisang:** dinobele tse mabapi le bana ba lekanang le yena  
**Ketso ao a e ratisang:** ho bapala karate

**Name:** Afrika  
**Age:** 7 years  
**Brothers/sisters:** Dintle  
**Languages:** Sesotho, English, IsiXhosa  
**Favourite colour:** brown  
**Favourite snack:** watermelon  
**Favourite books:** books about how to make things  
**Favourite activity:** building things, and anything to do with science



**Lebitso:** Afrika  
**Dilemo:** 7  
**Baholwane/dikgaisedi:** Dintle  
**Dipuo:** Sesotho, English, IsiXhosa  
**Mmala oo a o ratisang:** sootho  
**Seneke seo a se ratisang:** lehapu  
**Dibuka tseo a di ratisang:** dibuka tse hlalosang mekgwa ya ho etsa dintho  
**Ketso eo a e ratisang:** ho aha dintho le ntho efe kapa efe e mabapi le saense

**Name:** Josh  
**Age:** 12 years  
**Brothers/sisters:** none  
**Languages:** Afrikaans, English, Sesotho  
**Favourite colour:** blue  
**Favourite snack:** salt and vinegar chips  
**Favourite books:** teen novels and books about aeroplanes  
**Favourite activity:** building and flying kites



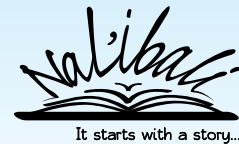
**Lebitso:** Josh  
**Dilemo:** 12  
**Baholwane /dikgaisedi:** ha a na bona  
**Dipuo:** Afrikaans, English, Sesotho  
**Mmala oo a o ratisang:** bolou  
**Seneke seo a se ratisang:** diitjhipisi tsa letswai le vineka  
**Dibuka tseo a di ratisang:** dinobele tsa batjha le dibuka tse mabapi le difofane  
**Ketso eo a e ratisang:** Ho etsa le ho fofisa dikhaete





# The glass mountain

Retold by Kai Tuomi ★ Illustrations by Natalie and Tamsin Hinrichsen



A long time ago, the place at the foot of Table Mountain that we now call Cape Town, was dry and empty. At that time, it was said that Table Mountain was made of glass and that a magic dassie who granted wishes, lived at the very top.

Men and women came from all across South Africa and tried to climb the glass mountain to get to the magic dassie, but the sides of the mountain were very slippery and no matter how hard they tried, no one could make it to the top.

One day, a young boy called Khwezi arrived in Cape Town. He wanted to get to the top of the mountain. That night, he went into the veld and found Leopard.

"Leopard," Khwezi said, "I need to ask you a favour. If you help me, I promise that I will fill this dry, empty land with plants and animals. You will never go hungry again."

Leopard looked hungrily at the boy. "Why should I help you? I could just eat you, you know," said Leopard licking his lips. And then Leopard thought some more about Khwezi's offer and said, "Actually a land filled with plants and animals sounds wonderful. I accept. What do you need?"

"You are very good at climbing, and with your sharp claws, we should be able to get to the top of the glass mountain," said Khwezi, getting onto Leopard's back.

They walked through the veld, across the dry land, all the way to the glass mountain.



At the bottom of the mountain, Leopard dug his claws into the slippery glass sides, and started to climb up. It took a long time and they had to climb very slowly. When they were about halfway up, Leopard sighed. "I'm too tired to carry on," he said, lying down against the glass. "It's impossible to get to the top, even with my claws."

Vulture, who was a big scary bird, circled in the sky above them.

"I have an idea," said Khwezi, "let's lie here and pretend to be dead."

So they lay down on the glass and pretended to be dead. Soon, Vulture landed, thinking he had found something good to eat.

"How tasty," said Vulture. "What good luck!"

"Hiya!" shouted Khwezi, jumping from Leopard's back and grabbing hold of Vulture's claws. He held on tightly. Vulture shrieked in surprise and flew into the sky, carrying Khwezi off with him. Leopard watched them go and then slid slowly back down the side of the mountain.

"What do you want with me?" asked Vulture, struggling to fly.

"Vulture," said Khwezi, "could you fly me up to the top of the mountain? If you do, I will fill this dry, empty land with plants and animals. Then you will never go hungry again."

"That sounds wonderful," said Vulture, "and I am very hungry. Okay, I'll try and fly you to the top of the glass mountain."

So Vulture flew Khwezi up through the clouds. It took a very long time, but in the end they reached the top of the mountain. Khwezi jumped from Vulture down onto the flat top of the glass mountain.

"Hello," said a silky voice.

Khwezi saw a golden dassie sitting on a cushion of small purple flowers, eating a long piece of yellow grass.

"You must be the magic dassie," said Khwezi.

"I am," said the dassie. "What is your wish? I could make you the richest person in the world, or maybe you want to be handsome, or famous."

Khwezi thought about all these things and then he thought about Leopard, and Vulture, and all the hungry people living in the place we now call Cape Town.

"No," said Khwezi, "I wish to fill this dry, empty land with plants and animals."

"If you say so," said the magic dassie, blinking.

There was a loud *POP!* and golden sparks filled the sky. Khwezi closed his eyes and when he opened them again, the mountain was no longer made of glass, it was wild and natural and filled with many wonderful plants, much as it is today. He looked out over the land further away, and he saw that it was filled with plants and animals. Vulture swooped past with a big smile on his face. Khwezi looked for the golden dassie, but he had disappeared.



On his way down the mountain, Khwezi found Leopard sleeping in the shade of a tree.

"Well done," said Leopard, half asleep.

Khwezi patted him and carried on walking down the mountain. When he reached the bottom, Khwezi was met by a crowd of people who cheered and lifted him onto their shoulders. Then they had a big party to celebrate. After a long time more and more people came to live in the land around Table Mountain, and they made a city that would later be called Cape Town.



Mehlang ya kgalekgale, sebaka se tlase ho Table Mountain seo jwale re se bitsang Cape Town, se ne se omme mme se se na letho. Ka nako eo, ho ne ho thwe Table Mountain e ne e entswe ka galase mme mmotla wa mehlolo o neng o fana ka tseo batho ba di lakatsang, o ne o dula hodimo qhoweng ya thaba.

Banna le basadi ba ne ba etla ba tswa ka makgalo ohle a Afrika Borwa mme ba leka ho palama thaba ya galase ho ya ho mmotla wa mehlolo, empa mahlakore a thaba a ne a thella haholo mme le ha ba ne ba ka leka ka thata jwang kapa jwang, ho ne ho se na ya finyellang ka hodimo.

Ka tsatsi le leng, moshanyana e mong ya bitswang Khwezi a fihla Cape Town. O ne a batla ho ya fihla qhoweng ya thaba. Bosiung boo, a ya thoteng mme a kopana le Lengau.

“Lengau,” Khwezi a rialo, “ke batla ho o kopa molemo o itseng. Ha o ka nthusa, ke o tshepisa hore ke tla tlatsa naha ena e ommeng, e se nang letho ka dijalo le diphoofolo. O keke wa hlola o lapa le kgale.”

Lengau a sheba moshanyana eo ka mahlo a lapileng. “Hobaneng ke lokela ho o thusa? Nka nna ka ja wena, o a tseba,” ha rialo Lengau a itatswa melomo. Yaba Lengau o nahanisisa seo Khwezi a mo tshepising sona mme a re, “Empa ha e le hantle naha e tletseng dijalo le diphoofolo ekare ke ntho e ntle ho feta. Ke a e amohela. O hloka eng?”

“O tseba ho palama dintho, mme ka dinala tsa hao, re ka kgona ho fihlella tlhorong ya thaba ya galase,” ha rialo Khwezi, a pepa mokokotlong wa Lengau.

Ba tsamaya thoteng, ba parola naha e ommeng, ho ya fihla thabeng ya galase.



Tlase pela thaba, Lengau a tsetsepela dinala tsa hae ka mahlakoreng a galase e thellang, mme a qala ho nyoloha. Ho ile ha ba nka nako e telele mme ba ne ba lokela ho palama butle haholo. Ha ba le halofong ya tsela ho nyolosa thaba, Lengau a fehelwa. “Ke kgathetse haholo ho ka tswela pele,” a rialo, a robala galaseng. “Ha ho kgonehe ho fihla ka hodima thaba, esitana le ka dinala tsa ka.”

Lenong, eo e leng nonyana e kgolo e tshabehang, la nna la fofa le potoloha ka hodimo ho bona.

“Ke na le leqheka,” ha rialo Khwezi, “ha re robale mona mme re iketse eka re shwele.”

Yaba ba ithobatsa galaseng ba iketse eka ba shwele. Hanghang, Lenong a fihla, a nahana hore o fumane ho hong hoo a ka ho jang.

“Mathemalodi,” ha rialo Lenong. “Ke lehlohonolo la ka!”

“Halaala!” ha hoeletsa Khwezi, a tlola ho tswa mokokotlong wa Lengau mme a itshwarella ka dinala tsa Lenong. A itshwareletsa a tiisitse. Lenong la lla ke ho makala mme la fofela hodimo, le tshwere Khwezi ho lona. Lengau a shebella ha ba tsamaya mme a thella butle ho ya fatshe ka lehlakoreng la thaba.

“O mpatlang?” ha botsa Lenong, a sokola ho fofa.

“Lenong,” ha rialo Khwezi, “na o ka nfofisetse ka hodima thaba? Ha o ka etsa jwalo, ke tla tlatsa naha ena e ommeng, e se nang letho ka dijalo le diphoofolo. Mme o keke wa hlola o lapa le kgale.”

“Ekare ke ntho e ntle eo,” ha rialo Lenong, “mme ke lapile haholo. Ho lokile, ke tla leka ho fofela ka hodima thaba ya galase ke o ise teng.”

Yaba Lenong o fofisetse Khwezi hodimo ka hara maru. Ho ile ha ba nka nako e telele, empa qetellong ba fihla ka hodima thaba. Khwezi a tlola dinaleng tsa Lenong ho ya fatshe tlhorong ya thaba ya galase.

“Dumela,” ha rialo lentswe le boreledi.

Khwezi a bona mmotla wa gauta o dutse hodima mosamo wa dipalesa tse nyane tse perese, o ja sekgetjhana se selelele sa jwang bo bosehla.

“O tshwanetse o be o le mmotla wa mehlolo,” ha rialo Khwezi.

“Ke nna,” ha rialo mmotla. “Takatso ya hao ke eng? Nka o etsa motho ya ruileng ho feta bohle lefatsheng, kapa mohlomong o batla ho ba motle, o tsejwe ke batho ba bangata.”

Khwezi a nahana ka dintho tsena tsohle mme a nahana ka Lengau, le Lenong, le batho bohle ba lapileng ba dulang sebakeng seo kajeno re se bitsang Cape Town.

“Tjhe,” ha araba Khwezi, “ke lakatsa eka nka tlatsa naha ena e ommeng, e se nang letho ka dijalo le diphoofolo.”

“Haeba e le seo o se batlang,” ha rialo mmotla wa mehlolo, a panya.

Ho ile ha eba le modumo o moholo o kang *QHU!* Mme ha tlola ditlhase tsa gauta moyeng. Khwezi a tutubala mme yare ha a bula mahlo hape, thaba e ne e se e sa etswa ka galase, e ne e le hlaha e le tlhaho mme e tletse dijalo tse ntle, jwalo feela ka ha e le kajeno. A sheba tlase naheng le hole thoteng, mme a bona hore ho tletse dijalo le diphoofolo hohle. Lenong la fofa le feta ka pososelo e kgolo sefahlehong. Khwezi a sheba moo mmotla wa gauta o leng teng, empa o ne o se o nyametse.



Tseleng e theosang thaba Khwezi a kopana le Lengau le robetse moriting wa sefate.

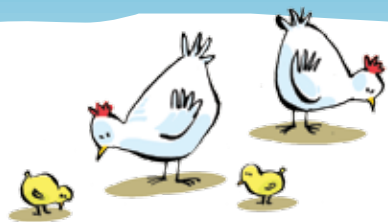
“O sebeditse hantle haholo,” ha rialo Lengau, a otsela.

Khwezi a mo phaphatha mokokotlong mme a iphetela a theosa thaba. Ha a fihla tlase, Khwezi o ne a kgahlanyeditswe ke letshwele la batho ba ileng ba mo opela matsoho mme ba mo phahamisetsa hodima mahetla a bona. Yaba ba etsa mokete o moholo ho keteka. Kamora nako e telele batho ba bangata ba nna ba tla ho tla dula naheng e pela Table Mountain, mme ba etsa toropo eo ha morao e ileng ya bitswa Cape Town.



# Nal'ibali fun

## Monate wa Nal'ibali



✿ Use your imagination to tell the rest of this story.

Neo put the book under his pillow and got out of bed. He crept quietly to the front door so that he wouldn't wake anyone up. He opened the door slowly. On the front doorstep was ...

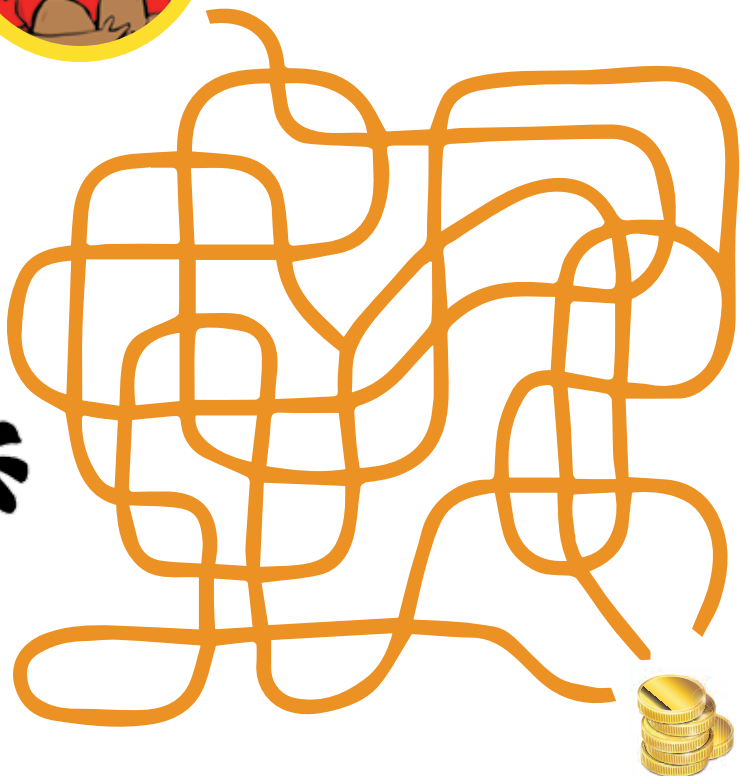
✿ Sebedisa boinahanelo ba hao ho pheta karolo e setseng ya pale ena.

Neo o ile a bea buka ka tlasa mosamo wa hae mme a theoha betheng. A kgukguna hanyane ho ya lemateng le ka pele e le hore a tle a se ke a tsosa batho. A bula lemati butle. Ka ntle ho monyako o ka pele ho ne ho ena le ...



✿ Can you help Lungile get to his lost money?

✿ Na o ka thusa Lungile ho fumana tjelele e lahlehileng?



✿ Be a word detective and find these words in the story, "Kasanko's dream".

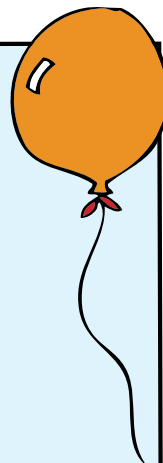
Choose any word:

- that describes Kasanko \_\_\_\_\_
- that describes Senzo \_\_\_\_\_
- that describes a feeling \_\_\_\_\_
- that names a place \_\_\_\_\_
- that rhymes with "night" \_\_\_\_\_
- that starts with the letters **pr-** \_\_\_\_\_
- that ends with the letters **-ness** \_\_\_\_\_
- with 7 letters \_\_\_\_\_
- with more than 10 letters \_\_\_\_\_
- that is new to you \_\_\_\_\_

✿ Eba lefokisi mme o batlane le mantswe ana paleng ena, "Toro ya Kasanko".

Kgetha lentswe lefe kapa lefe:

- le hlalolang Kasanko \_\_\_\_\_
- le hlalolang Senzo \_\_\_\_\_
- le hlalolang maikutlo \_\_\_\_\_
- le bolelang sebaka \_\_\_\_\_
- le raemang le "bohale" \_\_\_\_\_
- le qalang ka ditlhaku tsena **tsh-** \_\_\_\_\_
- le fellang ka ditlhaku tsena **-tseke** \_\_\_\_\_
- le nang le ditlhaku tse 7 \_\_\_\_\_
- le nang le ditlhaku tse fetang 10 \_\_\_\_\_
- leo o qalang ho le utlwa \_\_\_\_\_



Bookmarks, posters, activity sheets ... Download your free resources from the Nal'ibali "Resource" section on our website: [www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org).

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Drive your imagination