

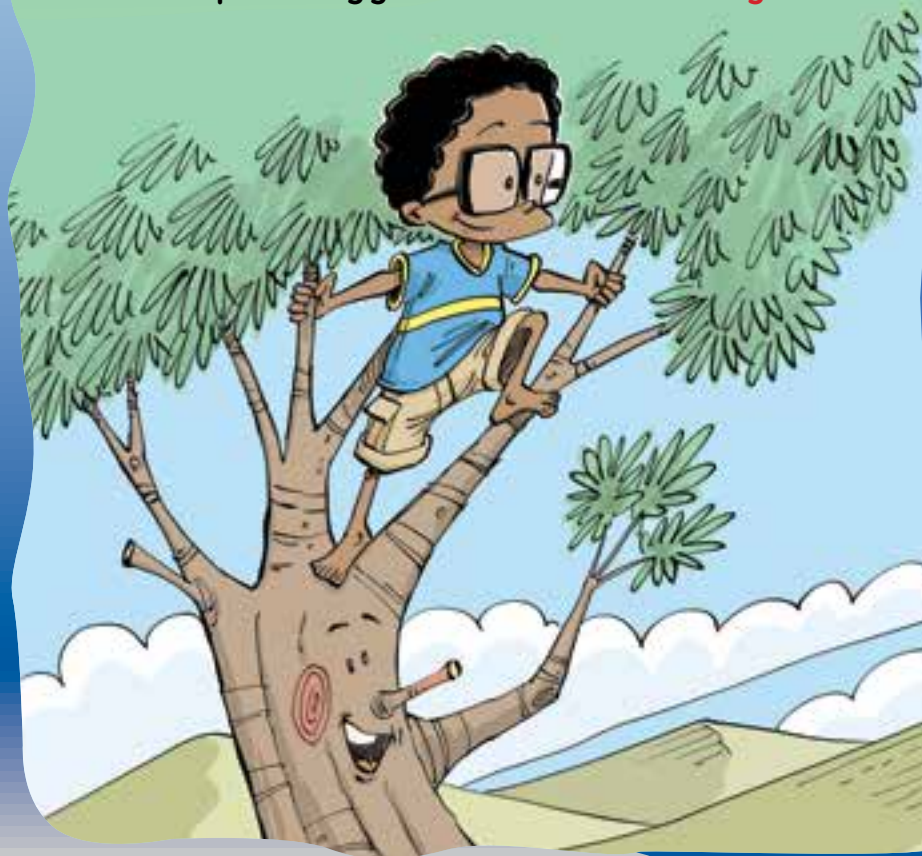


Be a star storyteller!

Telling stories can be rewarding and fun ... and it's a great way to stimulate children's imagination and their use of language. If you grew up having adults tell you stories, then you will probably remember the thrill of being completely swept up in a story that is well told! Here are five tips to help you be that kind of storyteller.

- 1. Getting started.** It's always easiest to start with what you know when you first start telling stories, so start with ones that you know well. These could be stories that were told to you as a child or ones that you have enjoyed reading over the years.
- 2. Think about your listeners.** Choose a story that will interest your listeners and is appropriate for their ages. For example, you wouldn't tell a ghost story to three year olds, but teenagers might enjoy it! Young children love stories about themselves and about you when you were young, especially ones that are funny or about you being naughty!
- 3. Paint a picture.** Help to create a sense of wonder and pictures in the minds of your listeners by using:
 - ★ interesting and expressive words
 - ★ questions that invite your listeners to participate, for example, "And what do you think happened next?"
 - ★ gestures, for example, reaching up to show how tall a tree or giant is
 - ★ facial expressions, like smiling to show how happy a character was
 - ★ expression in your voice: you can give different characters different voices, such as a soft, squeaky voice for a mouse and a big, booming voice for a giant
 - ★ eye contact with your listeners – don't be shy, look them in the eye!
- 4. Practise.** If you are telling a story to a group of children, practise in advance. The best place to practise is in front of a mirror. You'll be able to check your facial expressions, gestures and whether you have used too many "ums" or "ahs"!
- 5. Fresh and interesting.** Keep storytelling exciting for yourself by finding new stories to tell – look in books or on the Internet. Translate and adapt those stories that are only available in one language.

Find more tips for telling great stories at www.nalibali.org.



Eba mopheti wa dipale ya hlwahlwa!

Ho pheta dipale e ka ba ketso e putsang le e natefelang ... mme ke tsela e ntle ya ho tsoseletsa boinahanelo ba bana le tshebediso ya bona ya puo. Haeba o hotse batho ba baholo ba o phetela dipale, mohlomong o tla hopola monate wa ho hohelwa ke tse etsahalang ka hare ho pale e phetwang ha monate! Dikeletso tse hlano ke tsena ho o thusa hore o be mofuta oo wa mopheti wa dipale.

- 1. Ho qala.** Kamehla ho bonolo ho feta ho qala ka seo o se tsebang ha o qala ho pheta dipale, kahoo qala ka tseo o di tsebang hantle. Tseo e ka nna ya eba dipale tseo o neng o di phetelwa o sa le ngwana kapa tseo o ileng wa natefelwa ke ho di bala ka dilemo tse ngata.
- 2. Nahanela bamamedi ba hao.** Kgetha pale e tlang ho kgahla bamamedi ba hao le e loketseng dilemo tsa bona. Ho etsa mohlala, o keke wa phetela bana ba dilemo di tharo pale ya dipoko, empa ba dilemong tsa leshome le metso e itseng ba ka e thabela! Bana ba banyenyane ba rata dipale tse mabapi le bona le tse mabapi le wena ha o ne o sa le monyenyanane, haholoholo tse qabolang kapa tse bontshang kamoo o neng o thibane ditsebe ka teng!
- 3. Penta setshwantsho.** Thusa ho bopa maikutlo a boinahanelo le ditshwantsho ka dikelellong tsa bamamedi ba hao ka ho sebedisa:
 - ★ mantswe a hohelang le a bontshang maikutlo
 - ★ dipotso tse memelang bamamedi ba hao hore ba be le seabo, ho etsa mohlala, "Jwale o nahana hore ho ile ha etsahala eng kamora moo?"
 - ★ dipontsho ka mmele, ho etsa mohlala, ho isa matsoho hodimo ho bontsha kamoo sefate se leng selelele kapa ledimo le leng leholo ka teng
 - ★ dipontsho ka sefahleho, jwaloka ho bososela ha o bontsha kamoo mophetwa a neng a thabile ka teng
 - ★ maikutlo lentsweng la hao: o ka fa baphetwa ba fapaneng mantswe a fapaneng, jwaloka lentse le bonolo le lesesane bakeng sa tweba le lentse le leholo, le letenya bakeng sa ledimo
 - ★ o shebe bamamedi ba hao ka mahlong – o se be dihlong, o ba shebe ka mahlong!
- 4. Ikwetlile.** Haeba o pheta pale ena sehlopheng sa bana, ikwetlile e sa le ka nako. Tulo e ntle ya ho ikwetlisa ke ka pela seipone. O tla kgona ho lekola dipontsho tsa hao tsa sefahleho, tsa matsoho le hore ebe o sebedisitse medumo ekang "bo-ehe" kapa "ah" ho tlola tekano!
- 5. Tse ntjha le tse hohelang.** Etsa hore ho pheta dipale ho dule ho thabisa ho wena ka ho batlana le dipale tse ntjha tseo o ka di phetang – sheba ka hara dibuka le Inthaneteng. Fetolela le ho lokisa dipale tse fumanehang ka puo e le nngwe feela.

Fumana dikeletso tse ding hape tsa ho pheta dipale tse monate ho www.nalibali.org.



Drive your
imagination

Story Power.
Anywhere. Anytime. Anyone.
Kae kapa kae. Neng kapa neng. Mang kapa mang.



Story stars

Spreading the joy

The Times Knowledge Learning Foundation in KwaZulu-Natal works hard to promote reading for enjoyment. Through its 57 reading club leaders, it reaches 478 children in Durban and surrounding areas – and they have achieved all of this since October 2015! We spoke to founder and CEO, Melusi Christian Sibiya, about his passion for reading.

What does Times Knowledge Learning Foundation do?

We provide the space for children to dream and then live out their dreams! We promote reading and writing amongst children. We currently have reading clubs in EThekweni Municipality and in Swayimane (Pietermaritzburg), but our plan is to reach children throughout the province – and then, the whole of South Africa!

Why do you do this?

It's simple: we want all children to love reading and books! We want to turn children into lifelong readers!

Why are stories and books so important?

They open our minds and allow us to explore the world, and to understand it better.

What would help to improve literacy in South Africa?

Participation. Parents need to be involved in their children's lives. Communities need to be involved too. We need to have an attitude that "your child is my child too".

If you were President, what would you do to improve literacy?

I'd give money to organisations that develop children's reading and writing. I'd also make sure that every school had a library.

What languages should children's books be in?

We need books in all South African languages. It's fine for children to learn an additional language at school, but they also need to learn to enjoy reading and writing in their home languages.

Who told you stories as a child?

My grandmother – she was always full of stories in isiZulu!

Do you read to your daughter?

Yes, in isiZulu! She's 10 years old and I read to her every day at bedtime. She's also a member of my reading club so she hears stories there too!

What have stories taught you?

We should love one another, an ant can defeat a lion, and what goes around comes around.

Life without stories would be ...

... dull, boring and with no history or lessons.

Books are ...

... friends and the world in your hands.

Find the Times Knowledge Learning Foundation on Facebook.

Fumana Times Knowledge Learning Foundation ho Facebook.



Thulisile Dlamini

Melusi Sibiya



Dinaledi tsa dipale

Ho jala thabo

Times Knowledge Learning Foundation mane KwaZulu-Natal e sebetsa ka thata ho phahamisa ho balla boithabiso. Ka baetapele ba yona ba ditlalo tsa ho bala ba 57, e fihlella bana ba 478 ba Durban le dibakeng tse haufi – mme ba fihletse tsena tsohle ho tloha ka kgwedi ya Mphalane 2015! Re ile ra buisana le mothei le CEO, Melusi Christian Sibiya, mabapi le lerato la hae la ho bala.

Times Knowledge Learning Foundation e etsa eng?

Re fana ka sebaka bakeng sa bana ho lora mme ebe ba qetella ba phethahatsa ditiro tsa bona! Re phahamisa ho bala le ho ngola hara bana. Hajwale re na le ditlalo tsa ho bala mane Masepaleng wa EThekweni le Swayimane (Pietermaritzburg), empa morero wa rona ke ho fihlella bana porovensing yohle – kamora moo, ebe Afrika Borwa yohle!

Hobaneng le etsa sena?

Ho bonolo: re batla hore bana bohle ba rate ho bala le dibuka! Re batla ho fetola bana ho ba babadi bophelo bohle ba bona!

Hobaneng ha dipale le dibuka di le bohlokwa hakale?

Di re bula dikelelo mme di re dumella ho sibolla lefatshe, le ho le utlwisisa haholwanyane.

Ke eng se ka thusang ho ntlafatsa tsebo ya ho bala le ho ngola Afrika Borwa?

Ho ba le seabo. Batswadi ba hloka ho ba le seabo maphelong a bana ba bona. Setjhaba le sona se hloka ho ba le seabo. Re hloka ho ba le maikutlo a reng "ngwana wa hao ke wa ka le nna".

Hoja o ne o le Mopresidente o ne o tla etsang ho ntlafatsa tsebo ya ho bala le ho ngola?

Ke ne ke tla fana ka tijelete ho mekgatlo e ntshetsang pele tsebo ya bana ya ho bala le ho ngola. Hape ke ne ke tla netefatsa hore sekolo se seng le se seng se ba le laeaborari.

Dibuka tsa bana di lokela ho ngolwa ka dipuo dife?

Re hloka dibuka ka dipuo tsohle tsa Afrika Borwa. Ho lokile hore bana ba ithute puo e nngwe ya tlatseso sekolong, empa hape ba hloka ho ithuta ho natefelwa ke ho bala le ho ngola ka puo ya bona ya lapeng.

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

Nkgono wa ka – o ne a dula a ena le dipale tse ngata tsa SeZulu!

Na o balla moradi wa hao?

Ee, ka SeZulu! O dilemo di 10 mme ke mmalla tsatsi le leng le le leng pele a robala. Hape ke setho sa tlalo ya ka ya ho bala kahoo o mamela dipale le moo!

Dipale di o rutile eng?

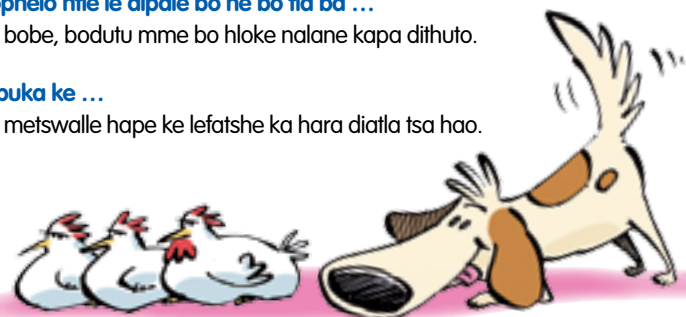
Re lokela ho ratana, lerwana le ka hlola tau, le pele di na le baji.

Bophelo ntle le dipale bo ne bo tla ba ...

... bobbe, bodutu mme bo hloke nalane kapa diithuto.

Dibuka ke ...

... metswalle hape ke lefatshe ka hara diatla tsa hao.



NAL'IBALI ON RADIO!

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

Lesedi FM on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday at 9.45 a.m.

SAfm on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.50 p.m.



SABC
EDUCATION
Enriching minds. Enriching lives.

NAL'IBALI RADIYONG

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

Lesedi FM ka Mantaha, Labobedi le Labone ka 9.45 a.m.

SAfm ka Mantaha, Laboraro le Labohlano ka 1.50 p.m.



Drive your imagination

Your story

Here is a children's story written by twenty-six year old Thobeka Sinxo from Port Elizabeth in the Eastern Cape. Thobeka is a regular participant at the Jozi Book Fair and the Wordfest in Grahamstown. She is a keen writer who would like to have her story published as a picture book.



Thobeka Sinxo

Pale ya hao

Ena ke pale ya bana e ngotsweng ke Thobeka Sinxo ya dilemo di mashome a mabedi le metso e tshetseng wa mane Port Elizabeth, Kapa Botjhabela. Thobeka ke monkakarolo wa kamehla mane Jozi Book Fair le Wordfest mane Grahamstown. Ke mongodi ya inehetseng ya ka ratang ha pale ya hae e ka phatlalatswa jwaloka buka ya ditshwantsho.

Ezintakeni

By Thobeka Sinxo

In the beginning, there was a magical bird that flew across the great river, Thukela. Her name was N'goni who found her song eMpumalanga (in the sunrise).

It was eNtshonalanga (in the sunset) when she met the vain bird, Mr Peacock, who was proud of his coloured feathers. Yet, even as beautiful as Mr Peacock was, he could not help but envy N'goni for her black feathers.

As the stars and moon hid behind the violet clouds, Mr Peacock caught N'goni and tried to drown her in the great river, Thukela.

Splash! Mr Peacock saw his face on the river's surface, "Am I ugly here? Am I pretty there?" And away N'goni fled!

Then, N'goni met the clever bird, Mr Flamingo, who could stand on one leg for a very long time. Mr Flamingo so wished to catch a bird for his broken cuckoo clock, that, when he saw N'goni, he wasted no time.

Swoop! Mr Flamingo snatched at N'goni but grabbed empty air. He tripped and fell and went cooing down his own cuckoo clock. Once again, N'goni escaped.

From the darkest nest in the land sang Mr Swallow, mournfully. N'goni heard his voice but ...

Hark! As soon as he sees her, he hides himself in the nest. N'goni flew closer to Mr Swallow, trying to sing along. But her attempts made him laugh ever so hard. The more she sang, the more Mr Swallow laughed, and the more he crept out of his hiding place. That is how N'goni found her song.

As the sun rose, the two birds sang:

"Let us return to the beginning.

MasiyeMbo. MasiyeMbo, eMbo."

And off they went taking flight towards the east.

Ezintakeni

Ka Thobeka Sinxo

Tshimolohong, ho ne ho ena le nonyana ya mehlolo e neng e fofa ho tshela noka e kgolo, Thukela. Lebitso la yona e ne e le N'goni ya fumaneng pina ya hae Mpumalanga (botjhabela).

E ne e le eNtshonalanga (bophirima) ha e kopana le nonyana e ikgohomosang e bitswang, Mong Pikoko, ya neng a ikgantsha ka masiba a hae a mebalabala. Leha ho le jwalo, esitana leha Mong Pikoko a ne a le motle jwalo, o ne a sa kgone ho ithiba bakeng sa ho monela N'goni ka masiba a hae a matsho.

Yare ha dinaledi le kgwedi di ipata kamora maru, Mong Pikoko a tshwara N'goni mme a leka ho mo diketsa ka nokeng e kgolo, Thukela.

Phakga! Mong Pikoko a bona sefahleho sa hae bokahodimong ba noka, "Na ebe ke mobe mo? Na ke motle mane?" Mme N'goni a baleha!

Yaba N'goni o kopana le nonyana e bohlale, Mong Mokotatsie, ya neng a kgona ho ema ka leoto le le leng ka nako e telele haholo. Mong Mokotatsie o ne a lakatsa eka a ka tshwara nonyana bakeng sa watjhe ya hae ya nonyana e llang, e robehleng, mme yare ha a bona N'goni, a seke a senya nako.

Hloho! Mong Mokotatsie a re o hlothola N'goni empa a tshwara moya feela. A kgotjwa a wa mme a theosa tsela a ntse a letsa watjhe ya hae ya nonyana e llang. Le lekgetlong lena hape, N'goni a nna a phonyoha.

Ho tswa sehlaheng se lefifi naheng ho ne ho bina Mong Lenong, ka lentswe le sihabetsweng. N'goni a utlwa lentswe leo empa ...

Pheu! Hanghang ha a mmona, o ipata ka hara sehlahla. N'goni a fofela haufi le Mong Lenong, a leka ho bina le yena. Empa boiteko ba hae ba etsa hore eo a mo tsehe le ho feta. Ha a ntse a tswela pele ho bina, Mong Lenong o ne a tswela pele ho tseha, mme o ne a ntse a kguguna ho tswa moo a neng a ipatile teng. Ke kamoo N'goni a ileng a fumana pina ya hae kateng.

Ha letsatsi le tjhaba, dinonyana tse pedi tsa bina:

"Ha re kgutleleng qalong.

MasiyeMbo. MasiyeMbo, eMbo."

Mme yaba ba a tsamaya ba fofela lehlakoreng la botjhabela.

You too can send us your poems, stories and drawings! You stand a chance of having them published in the Nal'ibali supplement, or on the Nal'ibali Facebook page. Remember: it has to be all your own work! Send your writing and pictures to: info@nalibali.org, or PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wyecroft Road, Mowbray, 7700.

Le wena o ka re romella dithotokiso, dipale le metako ya hao! O ka ba le monyetla wa hore kaofela ha tsona di phatlalatswe tlatsetsong ya Nal'ibali, kapa leqepheng la Facebook la Nal'ibali. Hopola: e lokela hore ebe mosebetsi wa hao feela! Romela mongolo wa hao le ditshwantsho ho: info@nalibali.org, kapa PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wyecroft Road, Mowbray, 7700.

Are you a star storyteller?

Nal'ibali is getting ready to launch its annual Story Bosso competition in September! Story Bosso is an opportunity for adults and children to share the stories they love and to help revive South Africa's rich history of storytelling.

This September, together with you, Nal'ibali will celebrate the richness of all our stories – and pick one ultimate Story Bosso! To find out more, go to www.nalibali.org.

STORY BOSSO



Na o mopheti wa dipale ya hlwahlwa?

Nal'ibali e se e loketse ho thakgola tlhodisano ya yona ya selemo le selemo ya Story Bosso ka Loetse!

Story Bosso ke monyetla wa batho ba baholo le bana ho abelana dipale tseo ba di ratang le ho thusa ho tsoseletsa nalane e ruileng ya Afrika Borwa ya ho pheta dipale.

Kgweding ena ya Loetse, mmoho le wena, Nal'ibali e tla keteka monono wa dipale tsohle tsa rona – mme e kgethe Story Bosso a le mong ya qatsohileng! Ho utlwa haholwanyane ka sena, leba ho www.nalibali.org.

Drive your imagination



Get creative!

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



Iqapele!

Tsena ke tse ding tsa diketsahalo tse natefelang bakeng sa ho hodisa boiqapelo ba bana ba hao le ho ba kgothaletsa ho natefelwa ke ho bala le ho ngola.



August is Women's Month in South Africa, so it's a good time to read about women who are important to our country. After you've read the cut-out-and-keep book, *Together we're strong*, write down five new things that you learnt about Albertina Sisulu. Then you could find out about the rest of her life or about another woman's life, and write a short biography.



Phato ke Kgweedi ya Basadi mona Afrika Borwa, kahoo ke nako e ntle ya ho bala ka basadi ba leng bohlokwa naheng ya rona. Ha o se o badile buka e sehswang-le-ho-ipolokelwa, *Mmoho re na le matla*, ngola dintho tse hlano tseo o ithutleng tsona ka Albertina Sisulu. Ebe o ka iphumanela ditaba tse mabapi le bophelo bohle ba hae kapa mabapi le bophelo ba mosadi e mong, mme wa ngola bayokerafi e kgutshwane.



DID YOU KNOW?

An autobiography is the story of your life. A biography is the story you write about someone else's life.

NA O NE O TSEBA?

Othobayokerafi ke pale e mabapi le bophelo ba hao. Bayokerafi ke pale eo o e ngolang mabapi le bophelo ba motho e mong.



Find some old stockings and tie them together like the children did in the cut-out-and-keep book, *Old stockings, please*. Then have fun with some friends playing the jumping game from the story.



Batla dikausu tsa kgale mme o di tlame mmoho jwaloka ha bana ba entse bukeng e sehswang-le-ho-ipolokelwa, *Dikauu tsa kgale, ka kopu hle*. Jwale le ka natefelwa mmoho le metswalle le bapala papadi ya ho tlotlola e tswang paleng.



Try this after you've read the Story Corner story, *Koketso loses the chickens*. Imagine that Koketso is writing in her diary at the end of the day. Write her diary entry for the day on which she lost the chickens. You could start like this: "Dear Diary ...".



Leka sena kamora hoba o badile pale ya Hukung ya Dipale, *Koketso o lahlehelwa ke dikgoho*. Nahana feela Koketso a se a ngola ka hara dayari ya hae qetellong ya letsatsi. Ngola ditaba tsa hae tsa dayari bakeng sa letsatsi leo moo a lahlehetsweng ke dikgoho. O ka nna wa qala tjena: "Dayari ya ratehang ...".



Tell a Joke Day on 16 August is a great opportunity to spend time reading and enjoying jokes. You get different kinds of jokes. A joke can be a story that you tell, or just a question and answer, where the answer is the funny bit. Enjoy reading the jokes on page 16 and then try writing your own one. In the week of 16 August, tell a joke to at least two people each day and spend some time reading jokes in a book or on the Internet.



Letsatsi la Bua Motlae ka la 16 Phato ke monyetla o moholo wa ho qeta nako e itseng o bala le ho natefelwa ke metlae. O fumana mefuta e fapaneng ya metlae. Motlae e ka nna ya eba pale eo o e phetang, kapa potso feela le karabo, moo karabo e qabolang. Natefelwa ke ho bala metlae e leqepheng la 16 mme o leke ho ngola motlae oo e leng wa hao. Bekeng ya la 16 Phato, pheta motlae ho bonyane batho ba babedi letsatsi le letsatsi mme o qete nako e itseng o bala metlae e bukeng kapa ho Inthanete.



Do you like taking photos? World Photography Day is on 19 August so why not take a photo of yourself or someone else reading in an unusual place? You can send your photo to us at info@nalibali.org. Remember to include your name and where you are from, then look out for your photo on the Nalibali Facebook page – we'll post as many as we can there!



Na o rata ho nka dinepe? Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Nka Dinepe le ka la 19 Phato kahoo hobaneng o sa inke senepe kapa o nke motho e mong a balla sebakeng se sa tlwaelehang? O ka romela senepe sa hao ho rona ho info@nalibali.org. Hopola ho kenyeletsa lebitso la hao le moo o dulang teng, jwale o ka lebella senepe sa hao leqepheng la Nalibali ho Facebook – re tla posa tse ngata ka moo re ka kgonang!



If you enjoy poetry, then Poet's Day on 21 August is the day for you! Poet's Day is dedicated to the long history of poetry in the world. Celebrate it by picking up your pen and writing a poem about something or someone important to you. Or, create a poem by using words in interesting ways to describe something you see every day, like your desk at school or the street you live in. Remember to choose words that help us to see, feel, smell, taste and/or hear what your "everyday something" is like.



Haeba o natefelwa ke diithotokiso, jwale Letsatsi la Diithotokiso le ka la 21 Phato ke letsatsi le etseditsweng wena! Letsatsi la Diithotokiso le nehetswe nalaneng e telele ya bothotokiso lefatsheng lohle. Le keteke ka ho nka pene mme o ngole thotokiso e mabapi le ho hong kapa motho ya itseng ya leng bohlokwa ho wena. Kapa, bopa thotokiso ka ho sebedisa mantswe ka tsela tse hohelang ho hlalosa ho hong hoo o ho bonang letsatsi le letsatsi, jwaloka tafale ya hao sekolong kapa seterata seo o dulang ho sona. Hopola ho kgetha mantswe a re thusang ho bona, ho utlwa, ho fofonela, ho latswa, le/kapa ho utlwa ka ditsebe seo "bophelo ba kamehla" ho wena bo leng sona.

Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books

Old stockings, please

1. Tear off page 9 of this supplement.
2. Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.
3. Fold it in half again along the green dotted line to make the book.
4. Cut along the red dotted lines to separate the pages.

Together we're strong

1. To make this book use pages 5, 6, 7, 8, 11 and 12.
2. Keep pages 7 and 8 inside the other pages.
3. Fold the sheets in half along the black dotted line.
4. Fold them in half again along the green dotted line to make the book.
5. Cut along the red dotted lines to separate the pages.



Iketsetse dibuka tse sehswang-le-ho-ipolokelwa tse PEDI

Dikauu tsa kgale, ka kopu hle

1. Nisha leqephe la 9 la tlatselo ena.
2. Mena leqephehadi ka halofo hodima mola wa matheba a matsho.
3. Le mene ka halofo hape hodima mola wa matheba a matala ho etsa buka.
4. Seha hodima mela ya matheba a mafubedu ho arohanya maqephe.

Mmoho re na le matla

1. Ho etsa buka ena sebedisa maqephe ana 5, 6, 7, 8, 11 le 12.
2. Boloka leqephe la 7 le la 8 ka hara maqephe a mang.
3. Mena maqephehadi ka halofo hodima mola wa matheba a matsho.
4. A mene ka halofo hape hodima mola wa matheba a matala ho etsa buka.
5. Seha hodima mela ya matheba a mafubedu ho arohanya maqephe.



Drive your imagination



E se kgale ho ne ho se ho ena le tshetso ya tshete
bakeng sa Albertina
Matzell e hau le Matatiele e ne e le hole ho
tloha Xolobe, empa motse ohle o ne o eme ka maoto.
Ngwana wa motse wa bona o ne a eya sekolong
se phahameng. O ne a tla ba etsa motlotlo. Ba etsa
mokejana o moholohadi. Basadi ba ritela jwala mme ba
besa mello. Ba hlaba dikgoho mme ba pheha dipitsa tsa
nama. Albertina a bososela ho fihlela sefahleho sa hae se
eba bohloko.

Soon enough there was a scholarship for Albertina
Matzell near Matatiele was a long way from Xolobe,
but the whole village erupted. Their home girl was off to
high school. She would make them proud. They threw a
party like no other. The women brewed the sorghum beer
and lit the fires. They slaughtered chickens and stirred up
pots of meat. Albertina smiled till her face ached.

Together we're strong

The story of Albertina Sisulu

Mmoho re na le matla

Pale ya Albertina Sisulu

Liesl Jobson
Alice Toich
Nazli Jacobs



A pakela sutukeisi ya hae e sootho mme a poletha
dicta tsa hae hape. Pele a tloha ho leba Matatiele ka bese,
a sadisa Shishi hantle. Albertina a borosola letlalo la pere
mme a pholla moetsa wa yona o bonolo. A sebela dipotsa
tsotle tsa hae ka tsebeng e thellang ya pere eo, "Haba
nka lahleha mo? Na ke tla fumana metswalle e metjha?
Na ke tla mme ke be bohale leha ke le hole le hae?" Shishi
a didietsa mme a tla fatshe ka leoto.

She packed her brown suitcase and polished her shoes
again. Before setting off on the bus to Matatiele, she said
goodbye to Shishi. Albertina brushed the horse's coat and
stroked her wiry mane. She whispered all her questions
into the horse's silky ear, "What if I get lost? Will I make
new friends? Will I still be clever so far from home?"
Shishi whinnied and stamped the ground.



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Later an important official arrived and called the top two students to the stage. “Well done to Albertina for getting full marks,” he said, “but you are too old to win. The scholarship goes to . . .” Albertina tried not to cry. “That’s unfair,” shouted Betty, hopping with fury. “That wasn’t in the rules!” How would Albertina go to high school now? She dragged her feet all the way home. Albertina’s teacher wrote to the newspaper about the unfair decision. Brother Joe at the Catholic mission station read the story over his breakfast. He cracked his boiled egg extra hard. He pushed the newspaper across the table to Father Bernard. He didn’t like the story one bit either.

Ha morao moofisi wa bohlokwa a fihla mme a bitsa baidhuti ba hlalelseng ka sehloohong ba babedi ho nyolohela kahaneng. “Re lebobisa Albertina ka ho fumana matshwao a feletseng,” a nalo, “empa o se o le moholo haholo ho ka hlola. Tshehetsa ya tshelate e ya ho . . .” Albertina a leka ho itshwara hore a se ke a lla. “Leno ke leeme,” ha holetsa Betty, a tlolatola ke bohale. “Seo se ne se se melawaneng?” A leba lapeng a hulanya maoto. Tihlere wa Albertina a ngolla koranteng ka qeto ena e nang le leeme. Brother Joe wa setishene sa mmesheheng wa Katolike a bala pale eo ha a ntse a eja dijo tsa hoseng. A thuba lehe la hae le bedisisweng haholo ho feta. A sutuletsa koranta ka ngane ho tafole ho Father Bernard. Hohang ha a ka a rata pale eo le yena.

One harsh winter, many people in the land were sick. Ma Monikazi’s cheeks burned. Sweat dripped from her body. She wanted to hold the icy grass to her face to cool down. Under her blanket she held her belly and sang to the baby inside her, “Be strong, little one. Winter’s not long. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!” Her stomach growled when the baby’s powerful kicks woke her at night. She ate the leftover meat in the cooking pot, hungry for life. One bright night the moon was bigger, fatter and pinker than ever. Her breath came fast. The baby was ready.

Ka tsatsi le leng mariheng a batang, batho ba bangata motseng ba ne ba kula. Marama a Mme Monikazi a ne a tjhesa. Mofufutso o ne o rotha mmeleng wa hae. O ne a batla ho bea jwang bo batang sefahlehong sa hae ho iphodisa. Ka tlasa kobo ya hae o ne a ena le mpa mme o ne a ntse a binela lesea le ka hara yona, “Tiya matla, nnana. Mariha a se a tla fela. Eba sebete, nnana. Mmoho re na le matla!”

Mpa ya hae ya rora ha ho raha ho matla ha lesea ho mo tsosa bosiu. A ja nama e setseng ka pitseng, a lapile haholo.

Ka bosiu bo bong bo kganyang kgwedi e ne e le kgolo, e nonne mme e le pinki ho feta. O ne a hema kapele. Lesea le ne le se le lokile.

Matsatsi a sekolo a qala ka meso pele letsatsi le tjababana ba hlapa kapele metsing a batang mme ba fela diphaposi tsa ho robala pele ba eya Tlhapelong ya Mass. Motoho o lebese o ne o dula o sa lekane; sefhu se se monate jwaloka sa Mlangwane hae kwana. Empa Albertina a bala ka thata. O ne a bapala netebolo ka matsatsi ao letsatsing le tjabileng.



School days started well before sunrise. The girls washed quickly in the cold water and swept the dormitories before Mass. The milky porridge was never quite enough; the stew not as tasty as Aunt’s back home. But Albertina studied hard. She played netball on sunny afternoons.

Then Walter was arrested and many hard years followed. He was jailed on Robben Island for twenty-six years. Albertina, also, was sent to jail many times. Often she was scared. Often she was lonely. But even on the darkest nights, she could see a sliver of moon through the window in her jail cell. She sang the song that Ma Monikazi sang before she was born, “Be strong, little one. Winter’s not long. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!”

Yaba Walter o a tshwarwa mme dilemo tse ngata tse boima tsa latela. O ile a kwallwa Robben Island ka dilemo tse mashome a mabedi a metso e tshelatseng. Albertina, le yena, o ile a nna a iswa tshankaneng ka makgetlo a mangata. Hangata o ne a tshaba. Mme hangata o ne a le mong a le bodutu.

Empa esitana le ka masiu a lefifhadi, o ne a kgona ho bona lesedinyana la kgwedi ka fensetere ya phaposi ya tshankana. O ne a bina pina eo Mme Monikazi a neng a e bina pele a tswalwa. “Tiya matla, ngwanaka. Mariha a se a tla fela. Eba sebete, ngwanaka. Mmoho re na le matla!”



In her school holidays Albertina worked at the mission station. She rubbed and scrubbed against the zinc washboard. She boiled sheets in copper tubs, then wound them through the wringer. She hoed and tilled the school garden. But Albertina missed her family. Who was telling her brothers and sisters funny stories? Who wiped their eyes when they cried? Who tickled them until they laughed? Albertina loved the nuns who taught her. Could she become a holy sister? “But nuns earn no salary,” said Father Bernard. “Perhaps you should become a nurse? You’ll be paid while you study.” Matsatsing a phomolo ya dikolo Albertina o ne a sebetisa la ho hlatswetsa la lesenke. O ne a bedisa dilakane ka hara dibate tsa koporo, mme a di tlhotle ka sethotti. O ne a hlaola le ho lema tshimo ya sekolo. Empa Albertina o ne a hopotse ba lelapa labo. Ke mang ya neng a phetela dikgaitse di bana babo dipale tse gabolang? Ke mang ya neng a ba phumula meokgo ha ba lla? Ke mang ya neng a ba tsikinyetsa ho fhlela ba tshcha? Albertina o ne a rata bonane ba neng ba mo ruta. Na le yena o ne a tla ba motumahatsana ya halalelang? “Empa bonane ha ba fumane moputso,” ha tla Father Bernard. “Mohlomong o lokela ho ba mooki? O tla lefuwa ha o ntse o ithuta.”

Albertina studied until the candle burned down. She practised sums. She practised spelling. She sharpened her pencils and gave her shoes an extra shine. On the morning of the competition, she passed Shishi in her paddock. The horse whinnied and stamped the ground. The sums were tricky. Her mouth went dry. Her hand cramped on her pencil but she continued. “Well done, Albertina!” said her teacher at the end. Albertina o ne a bala ho fhlela kere e fela. O ne a ikwetlisetsa mopelato. A ikwetlisetsa mopelato. O ne a leotsa pentshela tsa hae mme a bentsha dieta tsa hae ho feta. Hoseeng ha letsatsi la tlhodisano, a feta Shishi moo a fatisweng teng. Pere ya didietsa mme ya tla ka leoto fatshe. Teko ya gala. Menwana ya Albertina e ne e thothomela. Dipalo di ne di le thatanyana. A oma ka hanong. Letsoho la hae la kerempa hodima pentshela ya hae cempa a tswela pele. “O sebeditse, Albertina!” ha tla tlhahere ya hae getellong.



Albertina joined other women and worked to organise a march to Pretoria. The women refused to carry a pass. They sang, “*Wathint’ abafazi; wathint’ imbokodo!*” You strike a woman; you strike a rock!”



Albertina a kopana le basadi ba bang mme ba sebeletsa ho hlophisa mohwanto o lebang Pretoria. Basadi ba ne ba hana ho tsamaya ba tshwere dipasa. Ba ne ba bina, “*Wathint’ abafazi; wathint’ imbokodo!*” Ha o sututsa mosadi; o sututsa lefika!”

The aunties in the birthing room rubbed her back and warmed the water. When Monikazi held her beautiful daughter in her arms, she knew she was a special girl, a fighter. What a blessing! She named her daughter Nontsikelelo. She would be the mother of all blessings.



Bomme ba ka phaposeng ya ho pepisa ba ne ba mo sidila mokokotlo mme ba futhumeditse metsi. Ha Monikazi a tshwara moradinyana wa hae e motle ka diatleng tsa hae, o ile a tseba hore e tla ba ngwananyana ya kgethehileng, selwani sa nnete. Ke lehlohonolo runi! O ile a mo reha Nontsikelelo. O ne a tla ba mme wa mahlohonolo ohle.

Albertina's mother was often sick and needed Albertina to look after the home.

In her last year of primary school, Albertina was the oldest pupil in the school. She was chosen to be the head girl and wore her badge with pride.

Her best friend, Betty, told her about a competition, saying, "You must apply, my clever friend."

"What is the prize?" asked Albertina, growing curious. "A scholarship to high school!" said Betty. "You must apply. You'll win it, for sure."

Mme wa Albertina o ne a dula a kula mme a hloka hore Albertina a hlokomela lelapa.

Selemong sa hae sa ho getela sa sekolo sa poraemari, Albertina e ne e le yena e moholo ka ho fetisisa sekolong. O ile a kgethwa ho ba moetsapele ya ka sehloohong mme a twala bejhe ya hae ka motlotlo.

Motswalle wa hae wa sebele, Betty, a mmolella ka tlhodisano, a re, "O lokela ho kenela, motswalle wa ka ya bohale."

"Moputso ke eng?" ha botsa Albertina, a hile a bala ho tseba.

"Tshehetso ya tshete ya ho ya sekolong se phahameng!" ha rialo Betty. "O lokela ho etsa kopu. O tla e hloa, ka mnete."

Nontsikelelo was beautiful and strong with crinkling black button eyes. She loved her older brother, Mcengi. He made her laugh and so the laughter spread.

She loved to eat meat before she had teeth. Her favourite aunt always kept a little portion on the side of her plate for Ntsiki.

Mcengi chased the chickens that scratched in the garden where Ma Monikazi grew spinach and squash to feed her family. Ntsiki ran after him as her legs grew strong.



Nontsikelelo o ne a le motle mme a le matla ka mahlo a benyang a kang dikonopo tse ntsho. O ne a rata kgaitsemi ya hae, Mcengi. O ne a rata ho mo qabola mme kahoo ho tsheha ho ne ho ata.

O ne a rata ho ja nama pele a eba le meno. Mmangwane wa hae eo a neng a mo rata o ne a boloka sekotwana se senyane lehlakoreng poleiting ya hae bakeng sa Ntsiki.

Mcengi o ne a lelekisa dikgoho tse neng di fatafata tshimong moo Mme Monikazi a neng a jetse sepinatjhe le sekwashe teng ho fepa ba lelapa la hae. Ntsiki o ne a dula a matha kamora hae ha maoto a hae a ntse a tiya le ho ba matla.

Albertina a palama terene e lebang Johannesburg. A reka yunitomo e ntle e tshweu, dieta tse ntyha tse bolou bo lefifi le pene e kgubedu e benyang.

Batho ba kulang ba ne ba etla sepetele letsatsi lohle. Albertina o ne a hlwekisa magedba a bona ka hloko ka menwana. O ne a tshwara magheku hantle ka hloko. Ha bana ba lla, o ne a bina, "Tiya matla, manana. Mariba a se a tla fela. Eba sebetse, manana. Mmoho re na le matla!"



Albertina took a train to Johannesburg. She bought a smart white uniform, new navy shoes and a shiny red fountain pen.

Sick people came to the hospital all day. Albertina cleaned their wounds with careful fingers. She held the old people gently.

When the babies cried, she sang, "Be strong, little one. Winter's not long. Be brave, little one. Together we're strong!"



“Tlo o tlo bapala le rona lerweng.”



“Come and play with us in the dust.”

“Ehlile ke tsona tseo re di batlang.”



“They are just what we need.”

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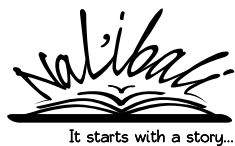


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Old stockings, please Dikausu tsa kgale, ka kopo hle



Nanziwe Mzuzu
Tasia Rosser



“These are old and they have holes
in them. They are too big for you,”
said Mom.
“Tsenā ke tsa kgale mme di na le
masoba. Di kgolo haholo ho wena,”
ha rialo Mme.



“Please can we have some old
stockings, Mom?”
“Ka kopo na re ka fumana dikausu tsa
kgale, Mme?”

“Ha re natefelweng ka ntle letsatsing.”



“Let’s have some fun in the sun.”

“Jump, jump up and down.
Jump, jump in and out. Come
and play with us.”



“Tlola, tlolela hodimo le fatshe.
Tlola, tlolela ka hare le ka ntle. Tloo
o tlo bapala le rona.”

Some nights Albertina worked till dawn. She looked out the window and thought of her family. Were the children hungry? Did they go to school? Who was riding Shishi? She remembered the dark green spinach. She missed the scent of the earth. There was no vegetable garden here. There was nowhere for a horse. Albertina never went to parties. She saved every shilling. On her days off, she learnt to play tennis. *Whoosh! Pop!* She whacked the ball across the net. Always, she wished for a little more money to send home.

Ka masiu a mang Albertina o ne a sebetisa ho fihlela ka meso. O ne a sheba ka ntle ho fensetere mme a nahane ka ba lelapa labo. Ebe bana ba lapile? Ebe ba ya sekolong? Ke mang ya neng a palama Shishi? O ne a hopola sepinafhe se setalatala. O ne a hopola monko o monate wa mobu. Ho ne ho se na tshimo ya meroho mona. Ho ne ho se na moo pere e ka dulang. Albertina o ne a sa ke a eya meketjaneng. O ne a boloka tshelate e mngwe le e mngwe. Ka matsatsi a hae a ho phomola, o ne a ithuta ho bapala tenese. *Hushi! Phaga!* O ne a ota bolo ho ya ka ngane ho nte. Ka dinako tsohle o ne a lakatsa eka a ka ba le tshelate e ngata ya ho romela hae.

Police came in the middle of the night, banging on the door. Albertina scolded the men who messed up her house.

“How rude you are,” she said, “trampling mud inside my home!”

In the morning Albertina’s favourite flowers lay crushed beneath their footprints. She remembered chasing the chickens from her vegetable garden back in Xolobe and set about replanting her garden. The earth, she knew, would recover.

She would support her husband who kept many secrets and hid from the police.

Mapolesa a ne a etla hara mpa ya bosiu, ba rahaka mamati. Albertina o ne a omany a banna ba ferekanyang ntlo ya hae.

“Le itshwere hampe hakaakang,” a rialo, “le hata ka diretse ka hara ntlo ya ka!”

Hoseng dipalesa tseo Albertina a di ratang ho feta di ne di hataketswe ka maoto seratswaneng. O ile a hopola ha a sa lelekisa dikgoho seratswaneng sa hae sa meroho ha a sa le Xolobe mme a qalella ho lema tshingwana ya hae hape. Mobu, o ne a tseba hore o tla loka hape.

O ne a tla tshehetsa monna wa hae ya neng a bolokile diphiri tse ngata mme a ipatetse mapolesa.

Ka letsatsi la hae la tswalo ya selemo sa boshelela Ntsiki a ya sekolong.

“O lokela ho kgetha lebitso la Senyese mane,” ha rialo tšhēre, e mpa Ntsiki o ne a rata lebitso la hae.

“Hobaneng ha ke hloka lebitso le letšha?” a botsa.

“Tšhēre a busa sefahleho mme a balla mabitso hodimo: “Adah, Agnes, Albertina, Anna.”

A ne a bolela eng? Ntsiki o ne a rata lebitso le le telele haholo. Al-ber-ti-nal Lebitso leo le ne le ena le morethetho. Al-ber-ti-nal Lebitso leo le ne le ena le modumo. Albertina e ne e le lebitso leo o kekenng wa bapala ka lona.



On her sixth birthday Ntsiki went to school.

“You must choose an English name,” said the teacher, but Ntsiki liked her own name.

“Why do I need a new name?” she asked.

The teacher scowled and read the names aloud, “Adah, Agnes, Albertina, Anna.”

What did they mean? Ntsiki liked the long name best.

Al-ber-ti-nal The name had rhythm. Al-ber-ti-nal The name had bounce. Albertina was a name you didn’t mess with.

Ma Monikazi had another baby boy, Velaphi, and another, Qudalele. Finally, Ntsiki had a sister, Nomyaleko. Little Ntsiki folded napkins and washed the baby clothes. She swept the house and fed the fire. She picked up her baby brother when he cried and tickled him till he laughed.

Ntsiki taught her brothers and sisters to sing, “Be strong, little one. Winter is gone. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!”



Mme Monikazi o ne a ena le ngwana e mong wa moshemane, Velaphi, le e mong, Qudalele. Qetellong, Ntsiki a ba le ngwanabo wa ngwanana, Nomyaleko. Ntsiki e monyane o ne a mena maleiri mme a hlatswa diaparo tsa lesea. O ne a fiela ntlo mme a besa mollo. O ne a kuka kgaitsedinyana ya hae ha e lla mme a mo tsikinyetsa ho fihlela a tsheha.

Ntsiki o ile a ruta dikgaitsemi tsa hae le ngwanabo wa ngwanana ho bina, “Tiya matla, ngwaneso. Mariha a fetile. Eba le sebetse, manana. Mmoho re na le matla!”

When Ntsiki's father, Bonilizwe, came home from the mines at Christmas, she pulled herself up onto Shishi's broad back. She rode out to meet him at the bus stop. Ntsiki sat tall and straight. Her knees held firm. She handled the reins with gentle fingers.

How proud Bonilizwe was of his daughter. The biggest smile Ntsiki had ever seen covered her father's face.

Ha nate wa Ntsiki, Bonilizwe, a tla hae ho tswa dimaeneng ka Keresemesese, Ntsiki o ile a ipalamisa hodima mokokotlo wa Shishi. A palama ho ya mo kgahlanyetsa setopong sa bese. Ntsiki o ne a dula a otloholele hodima pere. Mangwele a hae a tile. O ne a tshwara marapo ka menwana e bonolo. Bonilizwe o ne a le modolo ka moradi wa hae. Ho ne ho ena le pososelo e kgolo ka ho fetisisa eo Ntsiki a galang ho e bona sefahleeng sa ntatae.

Qingqiwe, her grandfather, raised horses. His favourite was Shishi, a glossy black mare. As soon as Ntsiki was old enough, he hoisted her onto the saddle in front of him. His strong arms reached around her. He laced the reins through her fingers.

He taught her to talk softly to Shishi and to groom her with a hard bristled brush. When Ntsiki stroked Shishi's glossy coat, she whispered, "You are the most beautiful creature. Thank you for letting me ride on your back."



Qingqiwe, ntataemoholo, o ne a ruile dipere. Eo a neng a e ratisisa ke Shishi, pere e tona e benyang e ntsho. Hanghang ha Ntsiki a se a hodile, o ne a mo hulela hodima sale ya pere ka pela hae. Matsoho a hae a matla a mo kopile. O ne a tlama marapo a a fetisa menwaneng ya hae.

O ile a mo ruta ho buela tlase ha a bua le Shishi le ho mo kama hantle ka borosolo e thata. Ha Ntsiki a ne a pholla letlalo le benyang la Shishi, o ne a e sebela, "O sebopuwa se setle ka ho fetisisa. Ke a leboha ha o ntumella hore ke o palame."

Walter Sisulu was a brave and clever man who dreamed of freedom for South Africa. His big smile captured Albertina's eye. They walked together down the city streets. Her delicate hand rested on his arm. Walter wanted Albertina to be the mother of his children. Bright ribbons decorated the Bantu Men's Social Centre on their wedding day. Albertina's long-sleeved dress had a swirling train of lace. Many friends blessed their special day.

Walter Sisulu e ne e le monna ya sebete ya bohale ya neng a lora ka tokoloho bakeng sa Afrika Borwa. Pososelo ya hae e kgolo ya hohela leihlo la Albertina. Ba ile ba tsamaya mmoho ditrateng tsa toropo. Letsoho la hae le bonofwana le ne le dula sephakeng sa Walter. Walter o ne a batla hore Albertina e be mme wa bana ba hae.

Ditribono tse kganyang di ne di kgabisitse Setsi sa Kahisano sa Banna ba Batsho ka letsatsi la lenyalo la bona. Mose o molelele wa Albertina o ne o ena le mohata o ikgatileng wa leisi. Metswalle e mengata ya hlohonolofatsa letsatsi la bona le kgethehileng.



Albertina planted flowers in her little garden.

Within a year, Max was born. Albertina had become a mother. One day, people would call her the mother of the nation.

Max had his mother's black button eyes and his father's round chin. He was the hope for their future. Albertina wanted to fight for a new South Africa, so that Max could be free.

When he cried, she sang, "Be strong, little one. Winter's not long. Be brave, little one. Together we're strong!"

Albertina a jala dipalesa tshingwaneng ya hae.

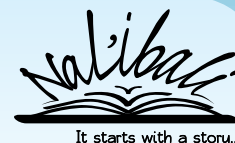
Pele selemo sa pele se fela, Max a tswalwa. Albertina e ne e se e le mme. Ka letsatsi le leng, batho ba ne ba tlo mmita mmasetjhaba.

Max o ne a ena le mahlo a matshwana a mmae le seledu se tshitja sa ntatae. E ne e le tshepo ya bokamoso ba bona. Albertina o ne a batla ho lwanela Afrika Borwa e ntjha, e le hore Max a tle a phele ka tokoloho.

Ha a ne a lla, mmae o ne a mminela, "Tiya matla, ngwanaka. Mariha a se a tla fela. Eba sebete, moshanyana' ka. Mmoho re na le matla!"

Koketso loses the chickens

By Patricia de Villiers ★ Illustrations by Vian Oelofsen



Every morning Koketso helps her granny feed the chickens in the chicken coop in their back yard.

"Pok, pok, pok," calls Granny and the chickens come running up to the fence. "Pok, pok, pok," they say. "Paak, paak, paaaak!" And when Granny and Koketso lean over the low fence to scatter the seed, the chickens push and flap and flutter around, and try to jump over each other to get to the food first.

Koketso always counts the chickens. "One, two, three, four chickens," she says, "and another one, two, three, four chickens. They're all here, Granny!"



One morning when Koketso woke up she saw her granny dressed in her best jacket and hat.

"I have to help Mrs Solomon at the clinic this morning," explained Granny, "so I don't have time to feed the chickens. Will you do it by yourself, Koketso? You know what to do."

Granny picked up her handbag and opened the front door. Then she turned to Koketso and said, "Now don't forget to give the chickens water, and, whatever you do, DON'T let them out of the coop!"

"Oh, Granny," said Koketso, "I know THAT!"

"Well, I hope so," said Granny. "Be careful now! See you later. Bye, Koketso."

As soon as her granny had left, Koketso sat down to eat her breakfast. "I'm very, very hungry," she said to herself. "Those chickens will just have to wait for a little while!"

Koketso ate a big bowl of porridge and drank a glass of milk. Then she sat on the front doorstep and ate an apple.

"Hello!" she said to old Uncle Koos when he came past with his shopping trolley and his little dog.

"Good morning, Mme!" she said waving to Mrs Zihlangu across the road.

"Come and play with me, Pinky," she called to her cousin, who was coming out of the shop on the corner, carrying a loaf of bread.

"Sorry, I can't. I've got chores," Pinky called back. "Don't you?"

Koketso suddenly remembered that she hadn't fed the chickens. "Oh dear," she said, "those poor, hungry chickens!"

Sure enough, the chickens were clucking and squabbling in their coop. Koketso opened the low gate very carefully. "Pok, pok, pok," she said. "Sorry, chickens, here's your food." And she scattered the seed on the ground.

"One, two, three, four chickens," she counted, "and another one, two, three, four chickens."

Then she saw that the chickens' water bowl was empty and she hurried off to fetch some water from the kitchen – but she forgot to close the gate behind her!

"Oh no!" said Koketso when she returned with the water and saw the chickens running all over the yard. "Oh no, no, no! Bad chickens! Come back NOW!"

But the chickens kept running – right around the side of the house, down the short path and into the street!

A man on a yellow bicycle came riding along.

"Help! Help!" cried Koketso. "Please help me catch Granny's chickens!"

"Of course I'll help you," said the man, and he raced after the chickens on his bicycle, ringing his bell.



As Koketso ran after him, she nearly bumped into Uncle Koos's trolley.

"Help! Help!" said Koketso puffing and panting. "Uncle Koos, please help me catch Granny's chickens!"

"Of course I'll help you," said Uncle Koos, and off he went after the chickens and the man on the yellow bicycle. His little dog ran behind him, barking loudly.

As Koketso ran down the road behind Uncle Koos, she saw her friend, Dikeledi. Dikeledi was practising doing tricks on her skateboard.

"Help! Help, Dikeledi!" cried Koketso. "Please help me catch Granny's chickens!"

"Of course I'll help you," said Dikeledi as she zoomed off after the chickens.

As Koketso ran behind Dikeledi she thought about all the terrible things that could happen to the chickens. They could get run over, or they could be eaten by a dog. Or, they could fall into the river and drown. "Oh no, what will Granny say?" she panted. Koketso felt like crying.

"Look what I've got!" said a voice. It was the man on the yellow bicycle. He was carrying two of the chickens in a shopping bag.

"One, two chickens," counted Koketso. "Oh, thank you! Now I just have to find the others."



Continued on page 15



Koketso o lahlehelwa ke dikgoho

Ka Patricia de Villiers ★ Ditshwantsho ka Vian Oelofsen

Hukung
ya dipale

Hoseng ho hong le ho hong Koketso o thusa nkgono wa hae ho fepa dikgoho ka serobeng sa dikgoho ka mora ntlo yabo.

“Kip, kip, kip,” ho hoeletsa Nkgono mme dikgoho di tle di matha haufi le terata. “Kip, kip, kip,” di tjho jwalo. “Koo, koo, koo!” Mme ha Nkgono le Koketso ba inamela ka hokong ho hasa dithootse, dikgoho di a sututsana di phokane di potolohle hohle, mme di leke ho tloana hodimo hore di fumane dijo pele.

Koketso kamehla o bala dikgoho. “Dikgoho tse; nngwe, pedi, tharo, nne,” o rialo, “tse ding hape tse; nngwe, pedi, tharo, nne. Di felletse, Nkgono!”



Ka tsatsi le leng hoseng ha Koketso a tsoha a bona nkgono wa hae a apere jase ya hae e ntle le katiba e ntle.

“Ke lokela ho ya thusa Mof Solomon mane tleliniking kajeno hoseng,” ha hlalosa Nkgono, “kahoo ha ke na nako ya ho fepa dikgoho. Na o ka di fepa o le mong, Koketso? O a tseba seo o lokelang ho se etsa.”

Nkgono a nka mokotlana wa hae mme a bula lemati la ka pele. Mme a hetla re ho Koketso, “Jwale, o se ke wa lebala ho fa dikgoho metsi, mme, leha o ka etsa eng kapa eng, O SE KE WA di bulela tsa tswa ka hokong!”

“Hao, Nkgono,” ha rialo Koketso, “ke a TSEBA!”

“Ke tshepa jwalo he,” ha rialo Nkgono. “O hlokomele jwale! Ke tla o bona ha morao. Sala hantle, Koketso.”

Eitse hang ha nkgono a tsamaya, Koketso a dula fatshe a ja dijo tsa hoseng. “Ke lapile haholo,” a rialo a bua a le mong. “Dikgoho tsane di tla tlameha ho ema!”

Koketso a ja sejana se seholo sa motoho mme a nwa galase ya lebese. Yaba o dula ka ntle setupung mme a ja apole.

“Dumela!” a rialo ho Malome Koos ya tsofetseng ha a tlo feta moo ka teroli ya ho reka mabenkeleng a tsamaya le ntjanyana ya hae.

“Dumela, Mme!” a rialo a dumedisisa Mof Zihlangu a phahamisitse letsoho ka nqane ho tsela.

“Tloo o tlo bapala le nna, Pinky,” a bitsa motswala wa hae, ya neng a etswa ka lebenkeleng le hukung, a tshwere lofo ya bohobe.

“Ke maswabi, nke ke ka kgona. Ke na le mesebetsi ya lelapa,” a hoeletsa le yena. “Na wena ha o na yona?”

Koketso hanghang a hopola hore ha a so fepe dikgoho. “Jowee,” a rialo, “dikgoho tsa batho di lapile!”

Ehlile, dikgoho di ne di kakatletsa di lla ka serobeng sa tsona. Koketso a bula heke e tlase ka hloko. “Kip, kip, kip,” a rialo. “Ntshwareleng, dikgoho, dijo tsa lona ke tsena.” Yaba o hasa dithootse fatshe.

“Dikgoho tse; nngwe, pedi, tharo, nne,” a bala, “le dikgoho tse ding tse, nngwe, pedi, tharo, nne.”

Yaba o bona hore sekotlolo sa metsi a dikgoho ha se a tshela mme a matha ho ya lata metsi ka kitjhineng – empa a lebala ho kwala heke!

“Jonna wee!” ha rialo Koketso ha a kgutla ka metsi mme a bona dikgoho di matha hohle ka jareteng. “Tjhe bo, tjhe, tjhe! Dikgoho tse thibaneng! Kgutlang hona JWALE!”

Empa dikgoho tsa tswela pele ho baleha – tsa potela ka lehlakoreng le leng la ntlo, tsa theosa ka tselana mme tsa kena seterateng!

Monna ya palameng baesekele e tshehla a hlaha le mane.

“Thusa! Thusa!” ha hoeletsa Koketso. “Ke kopa o nthuse ho tshwara dikgoho tsa Nkgono hle!”

“Ho lokile ke tla o thusa,” ha rialo monna eo, mme a lelekisa dikgoho ka baesekele, a ntse a letsa tshepe.



Ha Koketso a ntse a matha kamora hae, a batla a thula teroli ya Malome Koos.

“Thusa! Thusang!” ha rialo Koketso a hemesela a phefumoloha. “Malome Koos, a ko nthuse re tshware dikgoho tsa Nkgono hle ke a o kopa!”

“Ho lokile ke tla o thusa,” ha rialo Malome Koos, mme ke elwa a matha kamora dikgoho le monna ya palameng baesekele e tshehla. Ntjanyana ya hae ya matha kamora hae, e ntse e bohlela hodimo.

Ha Koketso a ntse a matha ho theosa tsela kamora Malome Koos, a bona motswalle wa hae, Dikeledi. Dikeledi o ne a ntse a ikwetlisa ho bapala ka sekeitiboto sa hae.

“Thusang! Thusa, Dikeledi!” ha hoeletsa Koketso. “Ke kopa hore o nthuse re tshware dikgoho tsa Nkgono!”

“Ho lokile ke tla o thusa,” ha rialo Dikeledi a qalella ho matha a lelekisa dikgoho.

Ha Koketso a matha kamora Dikeledi a nahana ka dintho tsohle tse mpe tse ka etsahallang dikgoho tseo. Di ne di ka nna tsa tjaiswa ke dikoloi, kapa di ne di ka nna tsa jewa ke ntja. Kapa di ne di ka wela ka nokeng tsa kangwa ke metsi. “Jowe, Nkgono o tla reng?” a rialo a hemela hodimo. Koketso o ne a batla ho lla.

“Sheba ke tshwere eng!” ha rialo lentswe. E ne e le monna yane wa baesekele e tshehla. O ne a tshwere tse pedi tsa dikgoho ka hara mokotlana wa mabenkeleng.

“Dikgoho tse, nngwe, pedi,” ha bala Koketso. “Oh, ke a leboha! Jwale ke lokela ho fumana tse ding.”

★ E tswela pele leqepheng la 15



Just then Uncle Koos arrived with some of the chickens in an open cardboard box in his trolley. "Here you go, sweetheart!" he said, out of breath.

"One, two, three, four chickens," counted Koketso. "That means I have one, two chickens from the man on the yellow bicycle, and another one, two, three, four from Uncle Koos. Oh thank you, thank you! Now I just have to find the others."

Just then Dikeledi whizzed up on her skateboard. "Look what I've found, Koketso!" she said holding a chicken under her arm.

"That makes one, two, three, four chickens," said Koketso, "and another one, two, three chickens. Oh thank you, thank you, thank you! But there's still one chicken missing!"

Koketso's friends helped to put the chickens back into their coop. Then they helped her to look everywhere for the last chicken, but no one could find it.

When Granny got home from the clinic, Koketso made her some tea. "Sit down, Granny," said Koketso. "You must be very tired! Sit down and have a nice cup of tea and a biscuit!"

Granny looked at Koketso closely. "Is everything alright?" she asked. "You don't usually make me tea."

Koketso burst into tears. "Oh, Granny," she wailed. "Something terrible happened while you were out!" Then she told her granny the whole story. "And, and, and," she sobbed, "one of the chickens is still missing. And it's your favourite one – the one with the speckles."

"That is a shame, Koketso," Granny said sternly. "That one laid more eggs than any of the others. Well, I hope you've learnt to be more careful!"

"Oh, I have, Granny," sniffed Koketso. "I really have!"

Just then there was a squawking noise in the corner of the kitchen. When Granny and Koketso looked, they saw the missing chicken. She was sitting happily on top of a pile of clean washing in the washing basket!



Granny picked up the chicken and stroked its beak. "I'm glad to have you back," Granny said.

"And look, Granny," said Koketso pointing to the washing basket, "she's laid an egg!"

There, on top of the washing, was a big, brown, speckled egg!

"We'll have that for supper," said Granny handing the chicken to Koketso.

"Take this chicken back to the coop, please – and this time don't forget to shut the gate!"



Ka yona nako eo Malome Koos a fihla le dikgoho tse ding ka hara lebokoso ka hara teroli ya hae. "Ke tsena he, moratuwa!" a rialo a felleltswe ke moya.

"Dikgoho tse, nngwe, pedi, tharo, nne," ha bala Koketso. "Seo se bolela hore ke fumane dikgoho tse, nngwe, pedi, ho monna yane wa baesekele e tshela, le tse ding tse nngwe, pedi tharo, nne ho Malome Koos. Joo, ke a leboha, ke a leboha! Jwale ke tshwanetse feela ke ho fumana tse ding"

Ka yona nako eo Dikeledi a fihla le yena a fofile ka sekeitiboto. "Sheba ke fumane eng, Koketso!" a rialo a kentse kgoho ka lehafing la hae.

"Sena se etsa dikgoho tse, nngwe, pedi, tharo, nne," ha rialo Koketso, "le dikgoho tse ding tse nngwe, pedi, tharo. Ao hle, ke a leboha, ke leboha haholo! Empa ho na le e le nngwe e sa ntseng e lahlehile!"

Metswalle ya Koketso ya thusa ho kenya dikgoho ka serobeng sa tsona. Yaba jwale ba mo thusa ho batla hohle ba batla kgoho ya ho qetela, empa ho ne ho sena motho ya e fumanang.

Ha Nkgono a fihla hae ho tswa tleliniking, Koketso a mo etsetsa teye. "Dula fatshe, Nkgono," ha rialo Koketso. "O tshwanetse hore o be o kgathetse haholo! Dula fatshe o nwe kopi e monate ya teye le bisikiti!"

Nkgono a sheba Koketso ka hara mahlo. "Na tsohle di lokile?" a mmotsa. "Ha se hangata o nketsetsang teye."

Koketso a qala ho itshele ka dikgapha. "Ao, Nkgono," a lla. "Ho na le ntho e mpe e etsahetseng ha o ne o le siyo!" Yaba o phetela Nkgono ditaba tseo kaofela. "Ebile, ebile, ebile," a lla, e nngwe ya dikgoho e ntse e lahlehile. Mme ke yane eo o e ratang haholo – yane e nang le mathebatheba."

"Ke taba tse mpe haholo, Koketso," Nkgono a rialo a tile. "Eno ke yona e neng e behela mahe a mangata ho feta tse ding kaofela. Ke tshepa hore o ithutile hore o hlokomele ho feta!"

"Ke ithutile, Nkgono," Koketse a hlwephetsa. "Ruri ka nnete ke ithutile!"

Ka yona nako eo ha utlwahala lerata la ho kakatletsa hukung ya kitjhine. Ha Nkgono le Koketso ba sheba, ba bona kgoho yane e lahlehile. E ne e dutse e thabile hodima qubu ya diaparo tse hlwekileng ka hara manki wa diaparo!



Nkgono a nka kgoho mme a pholla molomo wa yona. "Ke thabile ha ke o fumane hape," ha rialo Nkgono.

"Bona, Nkgono," ha rialo Koketso a supile manki wa diaparo, "e behetse lehe!"

Mane, ka hodima motjhine wa ho hlatswa, ho ne ho ena le lehe le lehlo, le sootho, le matheba!

"Re tla le ja ka nako ya dijo tsa mantsiboya," ha rialo Nkgono a neheletsa Koketso kgoho. "Nka kgoho ena o e busetse ka mane ka hokong, ka kopo – kgetlong lena o se ke wa lebala ho kwala heke!"

Nal'ibali fun

Do you enjoy reading and telling jokes? Draw pictures to go with the first five jokes and then try writing your own joke in the last box. Enjoy sharing these jokes with your family and friends.

Monate wa Nal'ibali

Na o natefelwa ke ho bala le ho bolela metlae? Taka setshwantsho se tsamaelanang le metlae ya pele e mehlano mme o leke ho ngola motlae oo e leng wa hao ka lebokosong la ho qetela. Natefelwa ke ho abelana ka metlae ena le ba lelapa la hao le metswalle.



1.

Teacher: What sentence is said the most at school?

Child: I don't know.

Teacher: Correct!

Titjhere: Ke polelo efeng e buuwang ho feta sekolong?

Ngwana: Ha ke tsebe.

Titjhere: Ehlile!



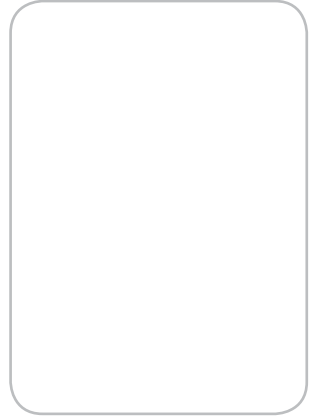
2.

Man: Doctor, Doctor, what did the x-ray of my head show?

Doctor: Absolutely nothing!

Monna: Ngaka, Ngaka, x-ray e itseng ka hlooho ya ka?

Ngaka: Ha e a re letho!



3.

Child 1: What has a green spotted body, twelve hairy legs and big eyes on stalks?

Child 2: I don't know, but there's one crawling up your leg!

Ngwana 1: Ke eng e nang le mmele o matheba a matala, maoto a leshome le metso e mmedi a boya le mahlo a maholo diihupeng?

Ngwana 2: Ha ke tsebe, empa ho na le e tsamayang tlhafung ya hao mono!



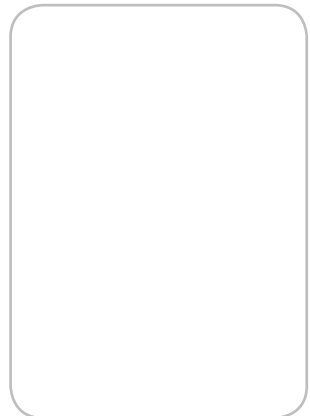
4.

Question: What did the monster eat after the dentist pulled his tooth out?

Answer: The dentist!

Potso: Setshosa se ile sa ja eng kamora hoba ngaka ya meno e ntshiitse leino la sona?

Karabo: Ngaka ya meno!



5.

Teacher: If there are twelve flies on a desk and I hit one with a ruler, how many are left?

Child: Only the squashed one!

Titjhere: Haeba ho ena le ditshintshi tse leshome le metso e mmedi tafoleng mme ke otla e le nngwe ka rula, ho sala tse kae?

Ngwana: Eo o e otlileng feela!



6.

Blank box for writing a joke.

Do you have questions about reading and writing with your children or about reading clubs? Send your questions to us through the Nal'ibali website - www.nalibali.org. Scroll down to "Ask the Expert" on the home page, click on the button, type in your question and then press "Submit". We'll ask someone from our team of literacy experts to send you a response.



Na o na le dipotso mabapi le ho bala le ho ngola mmoho le bana ba hao kapa mabapi le ditlalo tsa ho bala? Re romelle dipotso tsa hao ka websaete ya Nal'ibali - www.nalibali.org. Hulela fatshe ho ya ho "Ask the Expert" leqepheng la lehae, tlelika konopo eo, thaepa potso ya hao mme o tobetse "Submit". Re tla kopa e mong sehlopheng sa rona sa ditsebi tsa tsebo ya ho bala le ho ngola ho o romella karabo.

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The Herald

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Drive your imagination