



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.



Yiba umxoxi wendaba ovelele!

Ukuxoxa izindaba kungakwenelisa futhi kukuthokozise ... kanti kuyindlela ekahle yokukhuthaza ukucabanga kwengane nokusebenzisa kwayo ulimi. Uma ukhule kukhona abantu abadala abakuxoxela izindaba kungenzeka ukuthi ukhumbule ukuthi wawuyithokozela kanjani indaba eyayixoxwa kahle! Nanka amacebo okukusiza ukuthi ube yilolo hlobo lomuntu oxoxa kahle indaba!

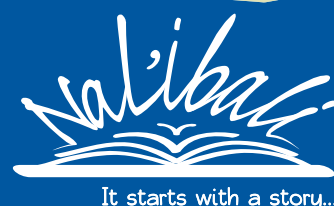
- 1. Ukuqala.** Kuba lula ukuthi uqale ngalokho okwaziyo uma uqala ukuxoxa indaba, ngakho qala ngalezo ozazi kahle. Kungenzeka kube yizindaba owawuzixoxelwa useyingane noma lezo obuthokozela ukuzifunda eminyakeni edlule.
- 2. Cabanga ngalabo abakulalele.** Khetha indaba ezobahlaba umxhwele abakulalele futhi nehambisana neminyaka yabo. Isibonelo, angeke uxoxele izingane ezineminyaka emithathu izindaba zezipoki, kodwa kungenzeka ukuthi uzixoxele izingane ezineminyaka ephakathi kweyi-13 ukuya kweyi-19! Izingane ezincane zithanda izindaba ezimayelana nazo kanye nezimayelana nawe usemncane ikakhulukazi lezo ezihlekisayo noma zokuganga kwakho okuthile!
- 3. Penda isithombe.** Basize ukuthi bathuthukise umuzwa wokucabanga ngokuthile okuyisimanga kanye nokuzenzela izithombe emiqondweni yabo ngokusebenzisa
 - ★ amagama ahlaba umxhwele nachaza okuthile
 - ★ imibuzo eyenza ukuthi abalalele bazibandakanye, isibonelo, "Ngabe nicabanga ukuthi kwenzekani kamuva?"
 - ★ ukukhombisa okuthile ngomzimba, isibonelo, ukwelula uphakamise isandla ukuze ukhombise isihlahla eside noma isiqhwaga
 - ★ ukukhombisa ebusweni indlela ozizwa ngayo, okufana nokumamatheka ukukhombisa ukuthi wayejabule kanjani umlingiswa
 - ★ amaphimbo ahlukeni: nikeza abalingiswa abehlukene amazwi ehlukeni afana nakhulumela phansi, izwi lokunswininiza legundane kanye nezwi elikhulu elimemezayo lesiqhwaga
 - ★ bheka abakulalele emehlweni – ungabi namahloni, babheke emehlweni!
- 4. Zijwayeze.** Uma uxoxela ithimba lezingane indaba, zijwayeze ngaphambi kwesikhathi ukuxoxa indaba leyo. Indawo ekahle ongazejwayeza ukwenza lokhu kuyona yiphambi kwesibuko. Uyakwazi ukubuka indlela ubuso bakho obubukeka ngayo, okwenza ngezandla zakho kanye nokuthi usebenzise o-"um" noma o-"ah" abaningi yini!
- 5. Okusha kanye nokuhlaba umxhwele.** Yenza ukuxoxa indaba kube lokhu kuhlaba umxhwele ngokuthi ude uthola izindaba ezintsha ongaxoxa – bheka ezincwadini noma kwi- intanethi. Humusha bese ulungisa kabusha izindaba ezitholakala ngolimi olulodwa kuphela.

Thola amanye amathiphu okuxoxa izindaba ezinhle ku- www.nalibali.org.



Drive your
imagination

Story Power.
Anywhere. Anytime. Anyone.
Noma kuphi. Noma nini. Noma nobani.



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 Sibiyi, 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 ...

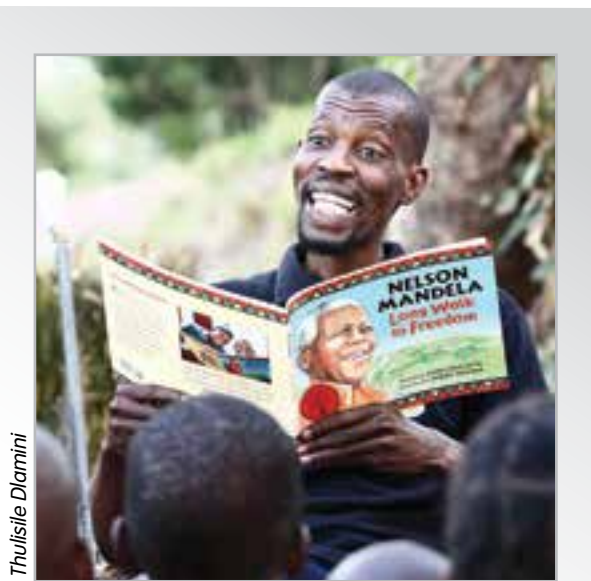
... dull, boring and with no history or lessons.

Books are ...

... friends and the world in your hands.

Find the Times Knowledge Learning Foundation on Facebook.

Thola iTimes Knowledge Learning Foundation kuFacebook.



Melusi Sibiyi



Abavelele ezindabeni

Ukusabalalisa injabulo

iTimes Knowledge Learning Foundation yaKwaZulu-Natali isebenza kanzima ukuze igqugquzele ukufundela ukuzithokozisa. Ngabaholi bamathimba okufunda abangama-57, ikwazi ukufinyelela ezinganeni ezingama-478 eThekwini kanye nasezindaweni ezakhelene nalo – futhi sebezube konke lokhu kusukela ngoMfumfu wezi-2015! Sikhulume nomsunguli Oyisikhulu Esingumlawuli Oyinhloko, uMelusi Christian Sibiyi, mayelana nothando lwakhe lokufunda.

Ngabe yenzani iTimes Knowledge Learning Foundation?

Sihlinzeka ngendawo yokuthi izingane ziphuphe bese ziphila amaphupho azo! Sigqugquzele ukufunda kanye nokubhala ezinganeni. Njengamanje sinamathimba okufunda kuMasipala waseThekwini kanye nakwaSwayimane (eMgungundlovu), kodwa sihlele ukufinyelela ezinganeni zasesifundazweni sonke – bese kulandela, iNingizimu Afrika yonke!

Nikwenzelani lokhu?

Kulula: sifuna ukuthi zonke izingane zithande ukufunda kanye nezincwadi! Sifuna ukuphendula izingane abantu abazofunda impilo yabo yonke!

Kungani zibaluleke kangaka izindaba kanye nezincwadi?

Zivula imiqondo yethu futhi zisivumela ukuthi sijule nomhlaba wethu, nokuthi siwuqonde kangcono.

Yini engasiza ukwenza ngcono ukwazi ukufunda nokubhala eNingizimu Afrika?

Ukubamba iqhaza. Kudingeka ukuthi abazali bazibandakanye ezimpilweni zezingane zabo. Nemiphakathi nayo kumele izibandakanye. Kumele sibe nomuzwa wokuthi "ingane yakho iyingane yami futhi".

Uma ubunguMongameli, ubungenzani ukuze wenze ngcono ukwazi ukufunda nokubhala?

Bengikanikeza imali izinhlangano ezithuthukisa ukwazi kwezingane ukufunda nokubhala. Futhi bengingaqinisekisa ukuthi isikole ngasinye sinomtapo wezincwadi.

Kumele zibe ngaziphi izilimi izincwadi zezingane?

Sidinga izincwadi ngazo zonke izilimi zaseNingizimu Afrika. Kulungile ukuthi izingane zifunde nolunye ulimi olwengeziwe esikoleni, kodwa kumele zifunde futhi nokuthokozela ukufunda nokubhala ngolimi lwazo lwasekhaya.

Ubani owayekuxoxela izindaba useyingane?

Ugogo wami – umgodla wakhe wawuhlale ugcwele izindaba ngesiZulu!

Ngabe uyayifundela indodakazi yakho?

Yebo, ngesiZulu! Ineminyaka yobudala eyi-10 futhi ngiyifundela nsuku zonke ngesikhathi sokulala. Iyilungu lethimba lami lokufunda futhi ngakho iyazizwa izindaba nalapho!

Ngabe zikufundiseni izindaba?

Ukuthi kumele sithandane, intuthwane ingalhlula ibhubesi, nokuthi lokho okwenzayo kuzokubuyela.

Impilo engenazo izindaba ingaba ...

... ephuphile, engathokozisi futhi engenawo umlando noma izifundo.

Izincwadi ...

... zingabangani kanye nomhlaba osezandleni zakho.

NAL'IBALI ON RADIO!

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

UKhozi FM on Wednesday at 9.20 a.m. and on Saturday at 8.50 a.m.

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



SABC EDUCATION
Enriching minds. Enriching lives.

UNAL'IBALI USEMSAKAZWENI!

Thokozelani ukulalela izindaba ngesiZulu nangesiNgisi ohlelweni lomsakazo lwakwaNal'ibali:

Ku-UKhozi FM ngoLwesithathu ngo-9.20 ekuseni nangoMgqibelo ngo-8.50 ekuseni.

Ku-SAfm ngoMsombuluko, ngoLwesithathu nangoLwesihlanu ngo-1.50 emini.



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

Indaba yakho

Nansi indaba yezingane ebhalwe nguThobeka Sinxo oneminyaka yobudala engamashumi amabili anesithupha waseBhayi eMpumalanga Kapa. UThobeka uwayele ukubamba iqhaza kuJozi Book Fair nakuWordfest eGrahamstown. Ungumbhali onoggozi ongathanda ukuthi incwadi yakhe ishicilelwe njengencwadi enezithombe.

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.

Ezinyonini

NguThobeka Sinxo

Endulo, kwakukhona inyoni enomlingo eyayindiza yege umfula omkhulu, obizwa ngoThukela. Igama layo kwakunguN'goni owathola ingoma yakhe eMpumalanga (ekuphumeni kwelanga)

KwakuseNtshonalanga (ekushoneni kwelanga) lapho ahlalanga khona nenyoni eziqhenyayo, uMnumzana uPigogo, owayeqhenya ngamaphiko akhe anombala. Noma wayemuhle kangaka, uMnumzana uPigogo, wazithola engakwazi ukungawahaleli amaphiko amnyama kaN'goni.

Ngesikhathi izinkanyezi kanye nenyanga kusacashe ngemva kwamafu abukhwebezane, uMnumzana uPigogo wabamba uN'goni wase ezama ukumgwiliza emfuleni omkhulu, uThukela.

Phaxa! UMnumzana uPigogo wabona ubuso bakhe emfuleni, "Ngimubi ngapha? Ngimuhle ngapha?" Waphunyuka wandiza wabaleka uN'goni!

UN'goni wase ehlangana nenyoni ehlakaniphile, uMnumzane uMakholwase, owayekwazi ukuma ngomlenze owodwa isikhathi eside. UMnumzane uMakholwase wayefisa ukubambela inyoni iwashi lakhe elikhalisa okwenyoni uphezukomkhono eliphukile, kangangokuthi, wathi uma ebona uN'goni, akabe esachitha sikhathi.

Shwi! UMnumzane Makholwase eyobamba uN'goni kodwa wabamba umoya. Wakhubeka wase ewa ekhala eshona phansi newashi lakhe elikhalisa okukaphezukomkhono. Waphinde waphunyuka futhi, uN'goni.

Esidlekeni esimnyama kunazo zonke ezweni kwakucula uMnumzane Nkonjane, kalusizi. uN'goni wezwa izwi lakhe kodwa ...

Sithe! Wathi uma embona, wayozifihla esidlekeni. UN'goni wandiza wasondela eduze kukaMnumzane uNkonjane, ezama ukucula naye. Kodwa imizamo yakhe yamenza uNkonjane wahleka kakhulu. Ngesikhathi ecula kakhulu, noMnumzane uNkonjane naye wahleka kakhulu kunakuqala, wase ephuma endaweni abecashe kuyo. Wayithola kanjalo uN'goni ingoma yakhe.

Ngesikhathi kuphuma ilanga, zacula zombili izinyoni:
"Make siyoqala ekuqaleni.
MasiyeMbo. MasiyeMbo. eMbo."

Basuka ngaleso sikhathi bandiza babhekisa amabombo empumalanga.

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.

Nawe ungasithumelela izinkondlo, izindaba kanye nemidwebo yakho! Usemathubeni ukuthi kushicilelwe esithasiselweni sikaNal'ibali, noma ekhasini lakwaNal'ibali likaFacebook. Khumbula ukuthi: kumele kube umsebenzi wakho konke! Thumela lokho okubhalile kanye nezithombe ku-info@nalibali.org, noma ku-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



Ngabe ungumxoxi wezindaba ovelele?

UNal'ibali uphezu kwamalungiselelo okwethula umncintiswano waminyaka yonke weStory Bosso ngoMandulo! IStory Bosso yithuba labantu abadala kanye nezingane lokwabelana ngezindaba abazithandayo kanye nokusiza ukuvuselela umlando waseNingizimu Afrika onothile wokuxoxa izindaba.

Kulo Mandulo, kanye nawe, uNal'ibali uzogubha ukunotha kwazo zonke izindaba zethu – bese ekugcineni ekhetha iStory Bosso eyodwa! Ukuze uthole kabanzi ngalokhu, yana ku-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.



Veza ubuciko bakho!

Nansi eminye yemisebenzi ethokozisayo ezothuthukisa ubuciko bezingane zakho futhi izikhuthaze nokuthi zizithokozise ngokufunda nokubhala.



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.



UNCwaba yiNyanga Yabesifazane eNingizimu Afrika, ngakho-ke yisikhathi esikahle sokufunda ngabantu besifazane ababalulekile ezweni lethu. Ngemva kokufunda incwadi ozoyisika uyikhiphe bese uyigcina ethi, *Sinamandla uma sindawonye*, bhala izinto ezinhlanu ezintsha ozifunde ngo-Albertina Sisulu. Ungathola nokunye mayelana nempilo yakhe yonke noma ngempilo yomunye umuntu wesifazane, bese ubhala umlando omfushane ngempilo yakhe.



DID YOU KNOW?

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

NGABE BEWAZI?

I-othobhayografi ngumlando ngempilo yakho. Ibhayografi indaba oyibhala ngempilo yomunye umuntu.



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.



Thola amasokisi amadala bese uwabopha uwahlanganisa njengezingane ezisendabeni ozoyisika uyikhiphe bese uyigcina ethi, *Sicela amasokisi amadala, bandla*. Bese uyazithokozisa nabangani nidlale umdlalo wokugxuma osendabeni.



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 ...".



Zama lokhu ngemva kokufunda indaba yeKhona Lezindaba ethi, *UKoketso ulahla izinkukhu*. Ake ucabange uKoketso ebhala kudayari yakhe ekupheleni kosuku. Bhala lokho akubhala kudayari yakhe ngosuku alahla ngalo izinkukhu. Ungaqala kanje: "Dayari Ethandekayo ...".



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.



Usuku Lokusho Ihlanya ngomhla ziye-16 kuNcwaba ithuba elihle lokuchitha isikhathi ufunda futhi uthokozela amahlanya. Uthola izonhlobo ezahlukene zamahlanya. Ihlanya lingaba indaba oyixoxayo, noma kube nje umbuzo nempendulo, lapho impendulo kuba yiyo ehlekisayo. Thokozela ukufunda amahlanya ekhasini le-16 bese uzama ukubhala elakho. Ngesonto langomhla ziye-16 kuNcwaba, xoxela ihlanya okungenani abantu ababili ngosuku ngalunye bese uchitha isikhathi esithile ufunda amahlanya encwadini noma ku-Inthanethi.



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!



Ngabe uyakuthanda ukuthatha izithombe? Usuku Lomhlaba Lokuthatha Izithombe lungomhla ziye-19 kuNcwaba ngakho-ke kungani ungathathi izithombe sakho noma esomunye umuntu ofundela endaweni engejwayelekile? Ungasithumelela izithombe sakho ku-info@nalibali.org. Khumbula ukufaka negama lakho nokuthi uqhamukaphi, bese ubheka izithombe sakho ekhasini lakwaNalibali lakuFacebook – sizofaka lapho izithombe eziningi ngendlela esingakwazi ngayo!



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.



Uma uthokozela izinkondlo, Usuku Lwezimbongi lomhla zingama-21 kuNcwaba, ngusuku lwakho-ke! Usuku Lwezimbongi lubekelwe ukugubha umlando omude wezinkondlo emhlabeni. Lugubhe ngokuthatha ipeni lakho ubhale inkondlo emayelana nokuthile noma nomuntu othile obalulekile kuwe. Noma, ubhale inkondlo ngokusebenzisa amagama ngendlela ehlaba umxhwele ukuze uchaze into ethile oyibona nsuku zonke, efana nedeski lakho esikoleni noma umgwaqo ohlala kuwo. Khumbula ukuthi ukhethe amagama asisiza ukuthi sibone, sizwe, sinuke, sinambithe futhi /noma sizwe ngezindlebe ukuthi ngabe injani "leyo nto yakho yansuku zonke".

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.



Zenzele ezakho izincwadi EZIMBILI ozozisika uzikhiphe bese uzigcina

Sicela amasokisi amadala, bandla

1. Dabula ikhasi lesi-9 lalesi sithasiselo.
2. Songa iphepha libe nguhhafu ngokulandela umugqa wamachashazi amnyama.
3. Lisonge libe nguhhafu futhi ulandele umugqa oluhlaza okotshani ukuze wenze incwadi.
4. Sika ulandele umugqa wamachashazi abomvu ukuze uhlukanise amakhasi.

Sinamandla uma sindawonye

1. Ukuze wenze le ncwadi sebenzisa amakhasi 5, 6, 7, 8, 11 nele-12.
2. Gcina ikhasi lesi-7 kanye nele-8 ngaphakathi kwamanye amakhasi.
3. Songa iphepha libe nguhhafu ngokulandela umugqa wamachashazi amnyama.
4. Lisonge libe nguhhafu futhi ulandele umugqa oluhlaza okotshani ukuze wenze incwadi.
5. Sika ulandele umugqa wamachashazi abomvu ukuze uhlukanise amakhasi.



Drive your imagination

Wapaki sha isudukesi lakhe elinsundu wase epholisha izicathulo zakhe futhi. Ngaphambi kokuhamba ngebhasi elibheke eMatatiele, wavalisa kuShishi. U-Albertina waphulula isikhumba sehhashi kanye nomhlwenga walo oyimicu. Wase elihlebelala yonke imibuzo yakhe endlebeni yalo esasilika, “Kuzokwenzekani uma ngilahleka? Ngabe ngizothola abangani abasha? Ngabe ngisazohlala ngihlakani phile noma ngikude kangaka nekhaya?” UShishi wakhalala wase egxoba phansi ngonyawo.

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.



Ngokushesha nje kwase kukhona umfundaze ka-Albertina! IMatanzell eseduze kwaseMatatiele yayikude kakhulu naseXolobe, kodwa kwahlokomama umuzi wonke. Intombazane yabo yayiya esikoleni samabanga apha ezulu. Yayizobenza baziqhenye. Benza idili elingefanisiwe nalutho. Abesimame bagaya utshwala bamabele base bebasa nemlilo. Bahlinza izinkukhu base begogozaza amabhodwe anenyama. U-Albertina wahlaka kwaze kwaba buhlungu ubuso bakhe.

Soon enough there was a scholarship for Albertina! Matanzell near Matatiele was a long way from Xolobe, but the 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.

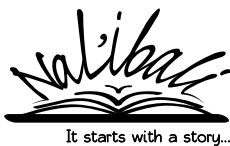
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Together we're strong

The story of Albertina Sisulu

Sinamandla uma sindawonye

Indaba ka-Albertina Sisulu

Liesl Jobson
Alice Toich
Nazli Jacobs



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.

Kamuva kwafika isikhulu esiqavile sase sibizela eshashalazini abafundi ababili ababashaye bonke emakhanda. “Usebenzile Albertina ngokuthola zonke izibalo,” kusho sona, “kodwa umdala kakhulu ukuthi kungaba nguwe ophumelele. Umfundaze utholwe ngu- . . .” U-Albertina wazama ukungakhali. “Alikho iqiniso kulokhu,” kumemca uBetty, egxuma ngokuthukuthela. “Bekungekho lokhu emithethweni!” U-Albertina uzoya kanjani manje esikoleni samabanga aphezulu? Wahamba ehudula izinyawo waze wayofika ekhaya. Uthisha ka-Albertina wabhalela iphephandaba mayelana nesinqumo esingenabo ubulungiswa. UBrother Joe wasemishini yamaKatholika wafunda le ndaba edla isidlo sakhe sasokuseni. Washaya ngamandla iganda lakhe elibilibiswe. Wase edudulela iphephandaba kuFather Bernard. Naye akazange ayithande neze le ndaba.

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.

Ngobunye ubusika obunolaka babebaningi abantu abagulayo ezweni. Zazivutha bhe izihlathi zikamama uMonikazi. Kwehla umjuluko emzimbeni wakhe. Wayefuna ukubeka utshani obubanda njengeqhwa ebusweni bakhe ukuze abupholise. Ngaphansi kwengubo yakhe yokulala wayebambe isisu sakhe eculela ingane engaphakathi kwakhe, “Qina, mntwana. Abubude ubusika. Yiba nesibindi, mntwana. Sinamandla uma sindawonye!” Sakhala isisu sakhe ngesikhathi ukukhahlela kwengane ngamandla kumvusa ebusuku. Wadla inyama ebisele ebhodweni, elambeke ukuphila. Ngobunye ubusuku obabukhanya ngokugqamile inyanga yayinkudlwana, ithande ukukhuluphala futhi iphinki ngokwedlulele. Waphefumulela phezulu. Ingane yayisikulungele ukuza emhlabeni.

Isikole sasingena lingakaphumi ilanga. Amantombazane ayegeza ngokushesha emanzini abandayo bese eshanela emadomethi ngaphambi kweNkonzo yeMisa. Iphalishi elinobisi lalhlale lingencele, isishulu sasinganambitheki njengaleso sika-Anti ekhaya. Kodwa u-Albertina watadisha ngokuzimisele. Wayedlala ibhola lomngakiswano ntambama uma libalele.



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!”

UWalter wabe eseboshwa kwase kulandela iminyaka eminingi enzima. Waboshelwa eRobben Island iminyaka engamashumi amabili anesithupha. No-Albertina, wathunyelwa kaningi ejele. Isikhathi esiningi wayesuke esaba. Isikhathi esiningi wayeba nesizungu. Kodwa nangobusuku obumnyama bhuqe, wayeyibona inyanga esasiliva ngefasetla lakhe lasejele. Wayecula iculo elaliculwa nguMama uMonikazi ngaphambi kokuba azalwe, “Qina, mntwana. Abubude ubusika. Yiba nesibindi, mntwana. Sinamandla uma sindawonye!”



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?” Ngcsikhathi sakhe samaholidi ezikole u-Albertina wayesebenza eMlshini. Wayehlkihla bese ekhuhla ebhodini lokuwasha likathayela. Wayebilisa amashidi kobhavu bethusi bese ewakhama ngcsikhami (*wringer*). Wayelima ngegeja alungise ingadi yesikole. Kodwa u-Albertina wayewukhumbula umnden i wakhe. Ubani owayexoxela abafowabo kanye nodadewabo izindaba ezihlekisayo? Ubani owayesula amehlo abo uma bekhala? Ubani owayebakitaza baze bahlake? U-Albertina wayezithanda izindela ezazimfundisa. Ngabe naye wayezoba yisistela? “Kodwa izindela aziholi lutho,” kusho uFather Bernard. “Mhlawumbe kumele ube ngumhlengikazi? Uzohola ngcsikhathi ufunda.”

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!”



U-Albertina wahlanganyela nabanye abantu besifazane wase esebenzisana nabo ukuze kuhlelwe ukhukhulelangoqo wesiteleka esasibheke ePitoli. Abesifazane babala ukuphatha ipasi. Bacula bethi, “*Wathint’ abafazi; wathint’ imbokodo!*”

U-Albertina wayefunda kuze kuphele ikhandlela. Wayeziwayeza izibalo. Wayeziwayeza ukupela amagama. Walola ipensela lakhe wase ecwebcezelisa kakhulu izicathulo zakhe. Ekuseni ngosuku lomncintiswano, wadlulisa uShishi exhaphozini lakhe. Ihhashi lakhala lase ligoba phansi ngezinyawo. Sagala isivivinyo. Kwagqahqazela izandla ku-Albertina. Zazidida izibalo. Koma umlomo wakhe. Isandla sakhe esasibambe ipensela saba nenkwantshu kodwa waqhubeka. “Usebenzile, Albertina!” kusho uthisha ekugcineni.

“Well done, Albertina!” said her teacher at the end. her pencil but she continued. were tricky. Her mouth went dry. Her hand cramped on the test began. Albertina’s fingers shook. The sums Shishi in her paddock. The horse whinnied and stamped On the morning of the competition, she passed shoes an extra shine. her pencils and gave her spelling. She sharpened sums. She practised down. She practised until the candle burned Albertina studied



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.



O-anti ababesegunjini lokubelethisa bamhlikihla emhlane base befudumeza amanzi. Lapho uMonikazi esegone indodakazi yakhe enhle ezingalweni zakhe, wayazi ukuthi yayiyintombazanyana ekhethekile, eyayizozilwela. Yaze yayisibusiso bo! Waqamba indodakazi yakhe ngokuthi uNontsikelelo. Wayezoba unina wezibusiso zonke.

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."

Umana ka-Albertina wayegula isikhathi esiningi ngakho wayedinga ukuthi u-Albertina anakekele ikhaya. Ngonyaka wokugcina wasemabangeni aphantsi, u-Albertina wayeyingane endala kunazo zonke esikoleni. Wakhehwa ukuthi abe yintombazane eyinhloko, kanti wayegqoka ibheji lakhe ngokuziqhenya. Umngani wakhe omkhulu, uBetty, wamtshela ngomcimbi swano, ethi, "Kumele ufake isicelo, mngani wami ohlakaniphile."

"Uyini umklomelo?" kubuza u-Albertina, cya ngokufuna ukwazi.

"Umfundaze wokuya esikoleni samabanga aphhezulu!" kusho uBetty. "Kumele ufake isicelo. Uzophumelela noma kanjani."

U-Albertina wathatha isitimela esiya eGoli. Wathenga umfaniswano omuhle omhlophe, izicathulo ezi-many kanye ne-*fountain pen* ebomvu ecwebazelayo.

Kwakufika abantu abagulayo esibhedlela usuku lonke. U-Albertina wayebahlanza izilonda ngeminwe enokucophelela. Wayebaphatha kamnene abantu asebekhulile. Lapho izingane zikhala, wayecula athi, "Qina, mntwana. Abubude ubusika. Yiba nesibindi, mntwana. Sinamandla uma sindawonye!"



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!"

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.



UNontsikelelo wayemuhle futhi enamandla, esho ngamehlwana amancane angathi ayizinkinobho ezimnyama. Wayemthanda umnewabo, uMcengi. Wayemhlelisa, kwasabalala kanjalo-ke ukuhleka.

Wayethanda ukudla inyama engakaphumi namazinyo. U-anti oyintandokazi yakhe wayehlala ebekela uNtsiki inyama encane eceleni nepuleti lakhe.

UMcengi wayexosha izinkukhu ezaziqhwanda engadini lapho uMama uMonikazi ayetshale khona isipinashi nesikwashi ukuze ondle umndeneni wakhe. UNtsiki wagijima emva kwakhe lapho imilenze yakhe seyithe ukuqina.



“Woza uzodlala nathi obhuywini.”



“Come and play with us in the dust.”

“Yilawo-ke esiwadingayo impela.”



“They are just what we need.”

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CAMBRIDGE

Old stockings, please Sicela amasokisi amadala, bandla



Nanziwe Mzuzu
Tasia Rosser



“These are old and they have holes in them. They are too big for you,” said Mom.

“Madala lawa futhi anezimbobo. Makhulu kuwena,” kusho uMama.



“Please can we have some old stockings, Mom?”

“Ngabe ungasinika amasokisi amadala, Mama?”

“Make sizithokozise elangeni.”



“Let’s have some fun in the sun.”



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

“Gxuma, gxuma ubheke phezulu uphinde ubuyele phansi, gxumela ngaphakathi kanye nangaphandle. Woza uzodlala nathi.”

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.

Ngobunywe ubusuku u-Albertina wayesebenza kuze kuse. Wayebuka phandle ngefasisitela bese ecabanga ngomndeni wakhe wonke. Ngabe zazilambile izingane? Ngabe ziyile esikoleni? Ubani owayegibela uShishi? Wayekhumbula isipinasshi esiluhlaza okotshani okufiphele. Wayekhumbula iphunga lomhlaba! KwaKungekho zivande zemifino lapha. KwaKungekho nandawo yehhashi.

U-Albertina wayengayi nhlobo emadlini. Wayonga yonke imali anayo. Uma engasebenzi, wayefunda ukudlala ibhola lomphbezozo. *Shini! Phai!* Eshaya ibhola lega inethi. Wayehlala efisa sengathi angaba nemali ethc xaxa angayithumela ekhaya.

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.

Amaphoyisa afika phakathi nobusuku, ashaya isicabha. U-Albertina wawathethisa amadoda ayelimaza indlu yakhe.

“Naze nedelela bo,” kusho yena, “ningena nodaka endlini yami!”

Ekuseni, izimbali zika-Albertina zazilele phansi lapho babenyathele khona. Wakhumbula ngesikhathi ayejaha ngaso izinkukhu esivandeni sakhe le eXolobe wase ezimisela ukutshala futhi engadini yakhe. Wayazi ukuthi umhlaba uzolunga futhi.

Wayeseka umyeni wakhe owayegcina izimfihlo eziningi futhi owahlale ecashela amaphoyisa.

Ngosuku lwakhe lomkhosi wokuzalwa westhupha uNtsiki waya esikoleni.

“Kumele ukhethe igama lesiNgesi,” kusho uthisha, kodwa uNtsiki wayethanda igama lakhe.

“Kungani ngidinga igama elisha?” kubuza yena. Uthisha wabuyisa izinhlonzi wase efunda amagama kakhulu: “Adah, Agnes, Albertina, Anna.”

Achaza ukuthini? UNtsiki wathanda kakhulu igama elide. Al-ber-ti-nal Lei igama lalinesigqi. Al-ber-ti-nal Igama lalinomgqumo. Kwakungadlalelwa egameni elithi Albertina.



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!”



UMama uMonikazi waba nengane yomfana, uVelaphi, kanye nenye, uQudalele. Ekugcineni, uNtsiki waba nodadewabo, uNomyaleko. Inganyana enguNtsiki yayisonga amanabukeni futhi iwasha nezingubo zengane. Wayeshanela indlu futhi ekhwezela nomlilo. Wayequkula umfowabo uma ekhala abuye amkitaze aze ahleke.

UNtsiki wafundisa abafowabo kanye nodadewabo ukuthi bacule bathi, “Qina, mntwana. Abubude ubusika. Yiba nesibindi, mntwana. Sinamandla uma sindawonye!”

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.

Lapho ubaba kaNtsiki, uBonilizwe, ebuyela ekhaya evela ezimayini ngoKhisimusi, wayegibela emhlane obanzi kaShishi. Wahamba egibele wayomhlanga beza esitobhini sebhasi. UNtsiki wahlala wamude eqonde thwi. Amadolo akhe ayeqine ngqi. Wabamba amatomu nge minwe ethambile.

UBonilizwe wayeziziqhenya ngendodakazi yakhe. Ukumamatheka okukhulu ngendlela uNtsiki angakaze ayibona kwagcwala ubuso bukayise.

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."



UQingqiwe, umkhulu wakhe, wayekhulisa amahhashi. Ayelithanda kakhulu kwakunguShishi, ihhashi lensikazi elicwazimulayo elimnyama. Lapho uNtsiki esekhule ngokwanele, wayemkhweza esihlalweni sehhashi phambi kwakhe. Wayemsingatha ngezingalo zakhe ezinamandla. Wayechushisa amatomu phakathi kweminwe yakhe.

Wamfundisa ukukhulumela phansi noShishi kanye nokumhlanza ngebhulashi elinamazinyo aqinile. Lapho uNtsiki ephulula isikhumba esikhazimulayo likaShishi, wamhlebeli wathi, "Uyisilwane esihle ukudlula zonke. Ngiyabonga ngokungivumela ukuthi ngigibele emhlane wakho."

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.

UWalter Sisulu wayeyindoda enesibindi futhi ehlakapophile eyayiphupha ngenkululeko yeNingizimu Afrika. Ukumamatheka kwakhe kakhulu kwamenza wanakwa u-Albertina. Babehamba ndawonye behla emigwaqweni yedolobha. Isandla sika-Albertina esithambile sasilhale engalweni yomveni wakhe. UWalter wayefuna ukuthi u-Albertina abe ngumama wezingane zakhe. Amanbhini agqamile ahlobisa IBantu Men's Social Centre ngosuku lwabo lomshado. Ingubo ka-Albertina yayinemikhono emide nomsila we-lace oyikazelayo. Abangani babo abaningi balubusisa usuku lwabo olukhethekile.



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!"

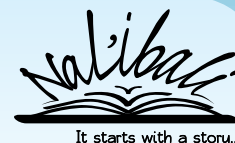
U-Albertina watshala izimbali engadini yakhe encane. Kungakapheli nonyaka, kwase kuzelwe uMax. U-Albertina wayesengumama. Ngelinye ilanga, abantu babezombiza ngomama wesizwe.

UMax wayenamehlwana kanina amnyama afana nezinkinobho kanye nesilevu esisandilinga njengesikayise. Wayeyithemba lekusasa labo. U-Albertina wayefuna ukulwela iNingizimu Afrika entsha, ukuze uMax akhululeke.

Uma ekhala, wayemculela iculo elithi, "Qina, mntwana. Abubude ubusika. Yiba nesibindi, mntwana. Sinamandla uma sindawonye!"

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



UKoketso ulahla izinkukhu

NguPatricia de Villiers ★ Imidwebo nguVian Oelofsen

Ikhona
lendaba

Njalo ekuseni uKoketso usiza ugoro wakhe ukuthi aphe izinkukhu ukudla ehhokweni elisemva kwendlu.

“Pok, pok, pok,” kumemeza uGogo bese izinkukhu ziza zigijima ocingweni. “Pok, pok, pok,” bese zithi. “Paak, paak, paaaak!” Bese kuthi lapho uGogo kanye noKoketso bencika ocingweni olufushane ukuze basakaze imbewu, izinkukhu ziyadudulana, zishaye amaphiko azo zizungeze, bese zizama nokweqana ukuze zifinyelele ekudleni kuqala.

UKoketso uhlale ebalala izinkukhu. “Inye, zimbili, zintathu, zine izinkukhu,” kusho yena, “bese kuba nenye eyodwa, ezimbili, ezintathu, ezine izinkukhu. Zikhona zonke, Gogo!”



Ngelinye ilanga ekuseni lapho uKoketso evuka wabona ugoro wakhe egqoke ijakhethi yakhe ephambili kanye nesigqoko.

“Kumele ngiyosiza uNkk Solomon emtholampilo namhlanje ekuseni,” kuchaza uGogo, “ngakho-ke anginaso isikhathi sokuyopha izinkukhu ukudla. Ungakwazi ukwenza lokhu wedwa, Koketso? Uyazi ukuthi kumele wenzeni.”

UGogo wathatha isikhwama sakhe, wavula umnyango wangaphambili. Wase ephendukela kuKoketso wathi, “Manje-ke ungakhohlwa ukunikeza izinkukhu amanzi, kanti, kukho konke okwenzayo, UNGAZIVUMELI ukuthi ziphume ehhokweni!”

“Hawu, Gogo,” kusho uKoketso, “Ngiyakwazi konke LOKHO!”

“Hhayi-ke, ngithemba kanjalo,” kusho uGogo. “Ucophelele bo! Ngizokubona ekuhambeni kwesikhathi. Usale kahle, Koketso.”

Kwathi nje uma sekuhambе ugoro wakhe, uKoketso wahlala phansi wadla isidlo sakhe sasekuseni. “Ngilambe ngokwedlulele,” ezitshela, “leziya zinkukhu kuzomele zithi ukulinda kancane!”

UKoketso waqeda indishi enkulu yephalishi wase ephuza ingilazi yobisi. Wase ehlala esitebhisweni esisemnyango ongaphambili wadla ihhabhula.

“Sawubona!” washo ebingelela imambana enguMalume uKoos lapho edlula nethroli yokuthenga nenja yakhe encane.

“Sawubona, Ma!” kusho yena ethathazela uNkk Zihlangu ngaphesheya komgwaqo.

“Woza uzodlala nami, Pinky,” esho ememeza umzala wakhe, owayephuma esitolo esisekhoneni, ephethe ulofu wesinkwa.

“Uxolo, angeke ngikwazi. Nginemisebenzi okumele ngiyenze,” kuphendula uPinky ememeza. “Wena awunayo?”

UKoketso wakhumbula ngaleso sikhathi ukuthi akazange aziphe izinkukhu ukudla. “Mamo,” kusho yena, “usizi lolu ezinkukhwini ezilambile!”

Nempela, izinkukhu zazikhala futhi zikhononda ehhokweni lazo. UKoketso wavula isango elifushane ngokukhulu ukucophelela. “Pok, pok, pok,” kusho yena. “Uxolo zinkukhu, naku ukudla kwenu.” Wase esakaza imbewu phansi.

“Inye, zimbili, zintathu, zine izinkukhu,” kubala yena, “kanye nenye eyodwa, zimbili, zintathu zine izinkukhu.”

Wase ebona ukuthi indishi yamanzi yezinkukhu yayomile wabe esephuma ngejubane eyokha amanzi ekhishini – kodwa wakhohlwa ukuvala isango!

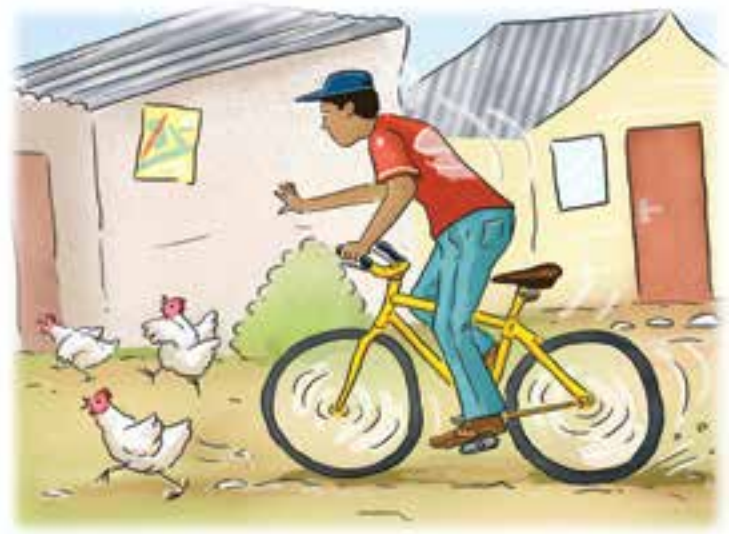
“Mamo!” kusho uKoketso lapho ebuya namanzi esebona izinkukhu zigijima yonke indawo egcekeni. “Mamo, hhayi bo, hhayi bo! Zinkukhu ezimbi! Buyani MANJE!”

Kodwa izinkukhu zaqhubeka nokugijima – zazungeza indlu, zaphuma eceleni kwendlu ngendledlana zayongena emgwaqweni!

Kwaqhamuka indoda eyayigibele ibhayisikili eliphuzi.

“Siza! Siza!” kukhala uKoketso. “Ngicela ungisize ukubamba izinkukhu zikaGogo!”

“Empeleni ngizokusiza,” kusho indoda, yase ijaha izinkukhu ngebhayisikili, ishaya insimbi yayo.



Ngenkathi uKoketso esezithendeni zayo, wacishe wazithela phezu kwethroli kaMalume uKoos.

“Siza! Siza!” kusho uKoketso ehefuzela. “Malume uKoos, ngicela ungisize ngibambe izinkukhu zikaGogo!”

“Kulungile ngizokusiza,” kusho uMalume uKoos, esho elandela izinkukhu kanye nendoda esebhayisikilini eliphuzi. Inja yakhe encane yayilandela, ikhonkotha kakhulu.

Lapho uKoketso egijima ehla ngomgwaqo elandela uMalume uKoos, wabona umngani wakhe, uDikeledi. UDikeledi wayezijwayeza ukwenza imigilingwane ku-skateboard sakhe.

“Siza! Siza, Dikeledi!” kumemeza uKoketso. “Ngicela ungisize ukuthi ngibambe izinkukhu zikaGogo!”

“Kulungile ngizokusiza,” kusho uDikeledi ejaha izinkukhu.

Lapho uKoketso egijima ngemva kukaDikeledi wacabanga ngazo zonke izinto ezimbi ezazingenzeka ezinkukhwini. Zingashayiswa, noma zidlwe yinja. Noma, zazingaphonseka emfuleni zigwilize. “Mamo, uzothini uGogo?” ehefuzela. UKoketso kwathi akakhile isililo.

“Buka ukuthi ngitholeni!” kusho izwi. Kwakuyindoda esebhayisikilini eliphuzi. Yayiphethe izinkukhu ezimbili ngesikhwama sokuthenga.

“Inkukhu eyodwa, izinkukhu ezimbili,” kubala uKoketso. “Eyi, ngiyabonga! Manje sekumele ngithole ezinye.”

★ Iqhubeka ekhasini le-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!"



Kusenjalo kwafika uMalume uKoos nezinye izinkukhu ezisebhokisini lekhabibhodi elivulekile ethrolini yakhe. "Nazi-ke, mntakwethu!" kusho yena, esenephika.

"Inkukhu eyodwa, ezimbili, ezintathu, izinkukhu ezine," kubala uKoketso. "Lokhu kuchaza ukuthi ngenenkukhu eyodwa, izinkukhu ezimbili ezivela endodeni yebhayisikili eliphuzi, kanye nenyekukhu eyodwa, izinkukhu ezimbili, ezintathu kanye neyesine ezivela kuMalume uKoos. Ngiyabonga kakhulu, ngempela! Manje sekumele ngithole ezinye."

Kusenjalo uDikeledi wavela eseshwibeka nge-skateboard sakhe. "Bheka ukuthi ngitholeni, Koketso!" washo egodle inkukhu ekhwapheni lakhe.

"Lokho kwenza ngibe nenkukhu eyodwa, izinkukhu ezimbili, ezintathu, ezine," kusho uKoketso, "kanye nenyekukhu eyodwa, ezimbili, ezintathu. Ngiyabonga kakhulu, bakithi, ngiyabonga! Kodwa ayikatholakali inkukhu eyodwa!"

Abangani bakaKoketso bamsiza ukubuyisela izinkukhu ehhokweni lazo. Base bemsiza ukufuna inkukhu yokugcina yonke indawo, kodwa akukho namunye owayithola.

Lapho uGogo ebuya ekhaya evela emtholampilo, uKoketso wamenzela itiye. "Hlala phansi, Gogo," kusho uKoketso. "Kufanele ukuthi ukhathele kakhulu! Hlala phansi uzitholele inkomishi emnandi yetiye kanye nebhiskidi!"

UGogo wagqolozela uKoketso. "Ngabe konke kuhamba kahle?" kubuza yena. "Awujwayele ukungenzela itiye."

UKoketso wakhihla isililo. "We, Gogo," kukhala yena. "Kwenzeke into embi kakhulu ngesikhathi ungekho!" Wase etshela uGogo wakhe lonke udaba. "Kanti-ke," ekhala, "inkukhu eyodwa isalahlekile. Futhi yile oyithandayo – le eyimpangele."

"Kubi impela lokho, Koketso," kusho uGogo eqinisa izwi. "Leyo ibizalela amaqanda amaningi ukudlula ezinye. Empeleni-ke ngiyethemba ukuthi ufunde ukucophelela kakhulu kunakuqala!"

"Yebo, ngifundile, Gogo," kuhogela uKoketso. "Ngifunde ngempela!"

Kusenjalo kwezwakala umsindo wokukhala kwenkukhu ekhomeni lekhishi. Kwathi lapho oGogo noKoketso bebheka, babona inkukhu ebilahlekile. Ibizihlalele ithokozile phezu kwengqumbi yezingubo eziwashiwe kubhasikidi wezingubo ezizowashwa!



UGogo wathatha inkukhu wase eyiphulula umlomo wayo. "Ngiyajabula ukuthi ubuyile," kusho uGogo.

"Awubheke, Gogo," kusho uKoketso ekhomba kubhasikidi wezingubo ezizowashwa, "isizalele iqanda!"

Laphaya, phezu kwezingubo eziwashiwe, kwakukhona iqanda elikhulu, elinsundu, elinamachofa!

"Lizoba yisidlo sethu sakusihlwa," kusho uGogo enika uKoketso inkukhu. "Buyisela le nkukhu ehhokweni, ngiyakucela – bese kulokhu ungakhohlwa ukuvala isango!"

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.

Okokuzithokozisa kwakwaNal'ibali

Ngabe uyakuthokozela ukufunda kanye nokuxoxa amahlanya? Dweba isithombe esizohambisana namahlanya okuqala amahlanu bese uzama ukubhala ihlaya lakho ebhokisini lokugcina. Thokozela ukwabelana ngalawa mahlanya nomndeni kanye nabangani bakho.

1.

Teacher: What sentence is said the most at school?

Child: I don't know.

Teacher: Correct!

UThisha: Yimuphi umusho oshiwo kaningi esikoleni?

Ingane: Angazi.

UThisha: Uyihlabe esikhonkosini!

2.

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

Doctor: Absolutely nothing!

Indoda: Dokotela, Dokotela, ngabe ikhombiseni i-x-ray yekhanda lami?

UDokotela: Lutho nje!

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!

Ingane yoku-1: Yini enomzimba onamachashazi aluhlaza okotshani, imilenze enoboya eyishumi nambili kanye namehlo amakhulu asezintini?

Ingane yesi-2: Angazi, kodwa kukhona okukhuphuka ngomlenze wakho!

4.

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

Answer: The dentist!

Umbuzo: Ngabe idleni inunu eyesabekayo ngemva kokuba udokotela wamazinyo ekhiphe izinyo layo?

Impendulo: UDokotela wamazinyo!

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!

UThisha: Uma kukhona izimpukane eziyishumi nambili edeskini bese ngishaya eyodwa ngerula lokudwebela, kusele ezingaki?

Ingane: Le epitshiziwe kuphela!

6.

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.



Ngabe kukhona imibuzo onayo mayelana nokufunda nokubhala nezingane zakho noma mayelana namathimba okufunda? Sithumelele imibuzo yakho ngesizindalwazi sakwaNal'ibali - ku-www.nalibali.org. Yehlela lapho kubhalwe khona ukuthi "Ask the Expert" ekhasini lasekhaya, chofoza inkinobho, thayipha umbuzo wakho bese uchofoza u-"Submit". Sizocela omunye wongoti bethu ngokuphathelene nokwazi ukufunda nokubhala ukuthi akuthumelele impendulo.

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