



When they won't read ...

We know that the more our children read, the better they get at it and the more they enjoy it. So, we provide lots of interesting books for children to read from an early age, read to them regularly and offer them gentle encouragement each time they read or look at books.

But what if you've done all these things and your child can read, but chooses not to? How do you "switch" them on to reading again or for the first time? Here are a few suggestions – some of them from children who stopped reading for pleasure for a while and then reconnected with it!

- ★ For some children, reading is difficult and so it's less likely that they will choose to read for pleasure. To help them discover the enjoyment that we can get from reading, try to find material on topics that you think will interest them. Books and magazines with more pictures than words can often make reading seem like less of a chore. Read together only for as long as your child seems interested – then leave the book or magazine lying around so that they can choose to look at it later.
- ★ Reading aloud to children regularly – no matter what their age – makes books and reading part of daily life. It is a great way to spend time relaxing together and allows your children to experience stories without having to read them themselves. The satisfaction that they get from time spent together sharing stories, is often enough to switch them onto reading for themselves.
- ★ Nagging never helps! Feeling bad about not reading doesn't encourage children to read – instead, it makes them resent reading. Rather let your children see you choosing to read in your spare time and leave different kinds of interesting reading material lying around your home in places that they will find them!
- ★ Visit the library or bookshops and let your children choose books that they want to read. Reading something is better than not reading at all, so don't worry if the books your children choose seem too easy for them, or are on subjects that you don't think are important. Respecting their reading choices helps them to grow as readers.

Wanneer hulle nie wil lees nie ...

Ons weet dat hoe meer gereeld kinders lees, hoe beter lees hulle, en hoe meer geniet hulle dit. Daarom gee ons van jongs af vir kinders so baie interessante boeke as moontlik om te lees, ons lees gereeld vir hulle en ons moedig hulle aan elke keer wanneer hulle lees of na boeke kyk.

Maar wat as jy al hierdie dinge gedoen het en jou kind kan lees, maar hulle kies om nie te lees nie? Hoe "skakel" jy hulle aan om weer te begin lees of vir die eerste keer te lees? Hier volg 'n paar voorstelle – sommige van hulle kom van kinders af wat vir 'n tyd lank ophou lees het vir genot, en toe weer begin het!

- ★ Vir sommige kinders is lees moeilik, en dit is dus minder waarskynlik dat hulle sal kies om vir genot te lees. Om hulle te help om die genot te ontdek wat ons ervaar wanneer ons lees, kan jy materiaal oor onderwerpe probeer vind waarin jy dink hulle sal belangstel. Boeke en tydskrifte met meer prente as woorde kan lees dikwels minder na werk laat voel. Lees net saam vir so lank as wat jou kind belangstelling toon – laat die boek of tydskrif dan rondlê sodat hulle kan kies om later daarna te kyk.
- ★ As jy gereeld hardop vir kinders lees – ongeag hulle ouderdom – maak dit boeke en lees deel van hulle daaglikse lewe. Dit is 'n wonderlike manier om saam te ontspan en stel jou kinders in staat om stories te ervaar sonder om self te lees. Die bevrediging wat hulle daaruit put om saam stories te deel, is dikwels genoeg om hulle aan te skakel om self te lees.
- ★ Dit help nooit om te neul nie! Dit moedig nie kinders aan om te lees as jy hulle laat sleg voel omdat hulle nie lees nie – dit laat hulle net 'n weersin in lees opbou. Laat jou kinders egter sien dat jy kies om in jou vrye tyd te lees en laat verskillende soorte interessante leesmateriaal in jou huis rondlê op plekke waar hulle dit sal kry!
- ★ Besoek die biblioteek of boekwinkels en laat jou kinders boeke kies wat hulle wil lees. Om iets te lees is beter as om glad nie te lees nie. Moet dus nie bekommerd wees as die boeke wat jou kinders kies, te maklik vir hulle is nie, of handel oor onderwerpe wat jy nie dink belangrik is nie. As jy hulle leeskeuses respekteer, help dit hulle om as lesers te groei.



For more information on reading with your children, visit our "How to guides" on www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi.

Vir meer inligting oor lees saam met jou kinders, gaan na ons "How to guides" by www.nalibali.org of www.nalibali.mobi.



Drive your
imagination

Story Power.
Anywhere. Anytime. Anyone.
Oral. Altyd. Almal.

Nalibali
It starts with a story...

Story stars

Speaking out about stories

Meet the FUNda Leader Campaign ambassadors who are passionate believers in the power of stories and reading!



Storiesterre

Staan op vir stories

Ontmoet die ambassadeurs van die FUNda Leader-veldtog, wat passievol glo in die krag van stories en lees!

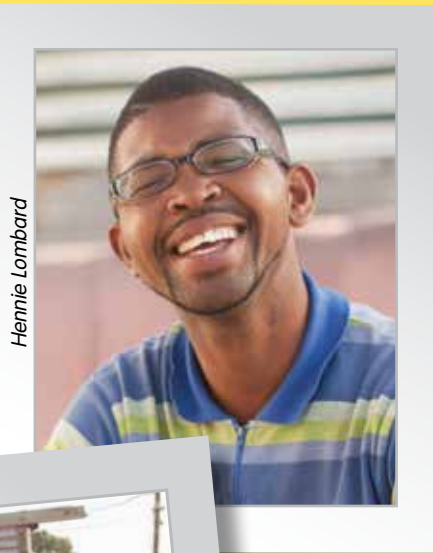
Mzwandile Lugogo, founder of Imbewu Yobomi

I call myself a township guru – a person who knows the ins and outs of the community. I understand the issues young people face. At Imbewu Yobomi, we do storytelling, reading, writing, drama, drumming – and even meditation!

Storytelling ignited my listening skills and made me self-confident. Through storytelling, I've become a creative thinker, and also talkative and flexible.

We need to become FUNda Leaders to improve basic education in South Africa. A child is raised by a community and we can all make a difference. We can turn this nation into book-aholics!

Mzwandile Lugogo



Hennie Lombard

Mzwandile Lugogo, stigter van Imbewu Yobomi

Ek noem myself 'n township-ghoeroe – iemand wat alles van die gemeenskap weet. Ek verstaan die probleme waarmee jongmense te kampe het. By Imbewu Yobomi vertel ons stories, lees, skryf, doen drama en trossessies – en selfs meditasie!

Die vertel van stories het my luistervaardighede wakker gemaak en my selfvertroue gegee. Deur stories te vertel het ek 'n kreatiewe denker geword, en ook spraaksam en aanpasbaar.

Ons moet FUNda Leaders word om basiese onderwys in Suid-Afrika te verbeter. 'n Kind word deur 'n gemeenskap grootgemaak, en ons kan almal 'n verskil maak. Ons kan hierdie nasie in boekwurms verander!

Mzwandile Lugogo



Hennie Lombard



Zoliswa Mabula, library volunteer

I started here at the library because they were looking for someone to tell stories and play with the children. I was not trained, but I managed to run outreach programmes for the library. I volunteered for ten years. It changed me a lot as a mother and helped me learn how to help my daughter at home. Reading helps children grow and makes them realise what is out there for them. I'm older now, but I still love reading!

Zoliswa Mabula



Hennie Lombard

Zoliswa Mabula, vrywilliger by 'n biblioteek

Ek het hier by die biblioteek begin werk, omdat hulle op soek was na iemand wat vir die kinders kon stories vertel en met hulle kon speel. Ek het geen opleiding gehad nie, maar ek het uitreikingsprogramme vir die biblioteek bestuur. Ek het tien jaar lank as 'n vrywilliger hier gewerk. Dit het my as 'n ma baie verander, en my geleer hoe om my dogter tuis te help. Lees help kinders om te groei, en dit laat hulle beseftig wat alles daar buite vir hulle wag. Ek is nou ouer, maar ek is steeds baie lief vir lees!

Zoliswa Mabula

Denise Newman, actress

As a performer, stories and their expression are very close to my heart. Ever since I can remember I have been reading stories and being told stories by my parents. With my own children, storytelling and reading were such an important part of their childhood.

My daughter went to a school where the headmaster had every single person at that school reading for ten minutes a day – everyone, from the children to the teachers to the groundsman, read every day. I still volunteer at my old high school, helping the children with the matric network or whatever else I can do to help. It's that simple really – just help children to read more!

Denise Newman



Hennie Lombard

Denise Newman, aktrise

As 'n aktrise lê stories en hoe dit uitgedruk word my baie na aan die hart. Vandat ek kan onthou, lees ek stories en het my ouers vir my stories vertel. Met my eie kinders was die vertel van stories en lees so 'n belangrike deel van hulle kinderjare.

My dogter was in 'n skool waar die skoolhoof elke enkele persoon by daardie skool elke dag vir tien minute laat lees het – almal, van die kinders, tot die onderwysers, tot die werkers, het elke dag gelees. Ek doen steeds vrywilligerwerk by my ou hoërskool en help die kinders met die voorgeskrywe werk vir matrieks, of enigiets anders wat ek kan doen om te help. Dit is eintlik baie eenvoudig – help kinders om meer te lees!

Denise Newman

FUNda
LEADER



Drive your
imagination

Rico Schacherl, cartoonist

I'm a cartoonist so I draw funny pictures for a living. I also draw things for Nal'ibali. I was very fortunate – my parents got me reading so much that I wanted to start creating my own books. I wanted to draw my own books and that's how I got started.

One of the biggest gifts you can give a child is a love of reading and learning. Storytelling and books are an incredible step to making children think bigger. Working for children and literacy is a chance to give something back.

Rico Schacherl

Hennie Lombard



Rico Schacherl, strokiesprentkunstenaar

Ek is 'n strokiesprentkunstenaar, en dus teken ek snaakse prentjies vir 'n lewe. Ek teken ook prente vir Nal'ibali. Ek was baie gelukkig – my ouers het my so baie laat lees dat ek my eie boeke wou begin maak. Ek wou my eie boeke illustreer, en dit is hoe ek begin het.

Een van die grootste geskenke wat jy vir 'n kind kan gee, is 'n liefde vir lees en leer. Die vertel van stories en boeke help kinders om wyer te dink. Om vir kinders en geletterdheid te werk, gee my 'n kans om iets terug te gee.

Rico Schacherl

Bulelani Futshane, founder of Township Roots

At Township Roots we focus not only on improving the standard of literacy in impoverished communities, but also on helping young people envision life beyond the impoverished communities they find themselves in.

I didn't really have the opportunity of being read to when I was a child, but I was very into listening to fairy tales and I enjoyed them a lot. It helped me to broaden my way of thinking; my imagination. My mom's stories would take me on a trip, you know? Sometimes it was scary and sometimes it was magical.

With stories I was able to see life beyond the environment I found myself in. Through stories I was able to learn more about other cultures and understand the importance of nature. As I grew older, I started to see the impact of storytelling on my language skills and also how it broadened my vocabulary. Stories helped me become better at expressing myself in my mother tongue and I wanted to be a better English speaker too. And so I got involved with debating – and it all started with listening to stories.

Bulelani Futshane

Hennie Lombard



Hennie Lombard



Bulelani Futshane, stigter van Township Roots

By Township Roots fokus ons nie net daarop om die standaard van geletterdheid in arm gemeenskappe te verbeter nie, maar ook om jongmense te help om 'n toekoms te sien weg van die arm gemeenskappe waarin hulle woon.

As kind is daar nie regtig vir my gelees nie, maar ek het baie graag na sprokies geluister, en dit baie geniet. Dit het gehelp om my manier van dink te verbreed; dit het my verbeelding gestimuleer. Weet jy, my ma se stories sou my op 'n reis neem. Soms was dit vreesaanjaend, en soms was dit betowerend.

Deur stories kon ek my 'n lewe voorstel buite die omgewing waarin ek myself bevind het. Deur stories kon ek meer van ander kulture leer en verstaan hoe belangrik die natuur is. Namate ek ouer geword het, het ek gesien watter invloed die vertel van stories op my taalvaardighede gehad het, en ook hoe dit my woordeskat uitgebrei het. Stories het my gehelp om myself beter uit te druk in my moedertaal, en ek wou ook beter Engels praat. Ek het toe aan debatte begin deelneem – en dit het alles begin terwyl ek na stories geluister het.

Bulelani Futshane



NAL'IBALI ON RADIO!

Tune into the following radio stations to enjoy listening to stories on Nal'ibali's radio show!

Ikwekwezi FM on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9.45 a.m.

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

Ligwalagwala FM on Monday to Wednesday at 9.10 a.m.

Munghana Lonene FM on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9.35 a.m.

Phalaphala FM on Monday to Wednesday at 11.15 a.m.

RSG on Monday to Wednesday at 9.10 a.m.

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

Thobela FM on Tuesday and Thursday at 2.50 p.m., on Saturday at 9.20 a.m. and on Sunday at 7.50 a.m.

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

Umhlobo Wenene FM on Monday to Wednesday at 9.30 a.m.

X-K FM on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9.00 a.m.



NAL'IBALI OP DIE RADIO!

Skakel op enige van die volgende radiostasies in en geniet dit om na stories op Nal'ibali se radioprogram te luister!

Ikwekwezi FM op Maandag, Woensdag en Vrydag om 9.45 vm.

Lesedi FM op Maandag, Dinsdag en Donderdag om 9.45 vm.

Ligwalagwala FM van Maandag tot Woensdag om 9.10 vm.

Munghana Lonene FM op Maandag, Woensdag en Vrydag om 9.35 vm.

Phalaphala FM van Maandag tot Woensdag om 11.15 vm.

RSG van Maandag tot Woensdag om 9.10 vm.

SAfm op Maandag, Woensdag en Vrydag om 1.50 nm.

Thobela FM op Dinsdag en Donderdag om 2.50 nm., op Saterdag om 9.20 vm. en op Sondag om 7.50 vm.

Ukhozi FM op Woensdag om 9.20 vm. en op Saterdag om 8.50 vm.

Umhlobo Wenene FM van Maandag tot Woensdag om 9.30 vm.

X-K FM op Maandag, Woensdag en Vrydag om 9.00 vm.



Get story active!

Here are some ideas for using the two cut-out-and-keep books, *The tooth fairy*, (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12) and *Lazola's lost goat* (pages 7, 8, 9 and 10) as well as the Story Corner story, *How the ostrich got a long neck* (page 14). Choose the ideas that best suit your children's ages and interests.

The tooth fairy

Mbali is so happy to lose her first tooth because she knows this means she will be visited by the tooth fairy! But things go wrong when Mbali's sister becomes jealous of the amount of money the tooth fairy leaves for Mbali's tooth. Children aged 6 and older are more likely to enjoy this story about honesty. With younger children, you might want to show them the pictures as you retell the story more simply in your own words.



★ After you have read the story aloud, try discussing some of these questions with your children.

- ☉ Why, do you think, Zoleka stole one of the R5 coins?
- ☉ Mbali was quite happy with only two R5 coins, so do you think it matters that Zoleka took the third coin?
- ☉ Were there other things that Zoleka did that you think were not right?
- ☉ Do you think the punishment that Zoleka got was fair?
- ☉ Are there other stories you have read or heard in which a character has been dishonest? What happened in those stories?

★ There are no pictures of the tooth fairy in this story! Encourage your children to draw a picture to go with the paragraph on page 6 where the tooth fairy visits the girls' bedroom.

Lazola's lost goat

Lazola loves his goat, Spotty, very much, but then Spotty goes missing. Lazola looks for her everywhere, but he can't find her.

★ Together look at the picture on page 15 of the storybook again. Can you find these places: Lazola's house, Ma Mary's house, the shop, the tree where Lazola saw the girl on the swing and the place next to the river where the woman was collecting wood?

★ Encourage your children to make up their own stories about a lost pet or farm animal. Suggest that they write down their stories – or write their stories down for them.



How the ostrich got a long neck

Did you know that long, long ago ostriches had short necks? What happened one night when Mrs Ostrich was out dancing and Mr Ostrich was looking after their eggs, changed this forever.

- ★ Let your children use clay or Plasticine, sticks and feathers or leaves, to make their own ostriches.
- ★ Discuss what you all think Mrs Ostrich looked like when she was dancing and then dance like that to your favourite song!
- ★ Invite your children to draw a picture of their favourite part of the story. Then suggest that they copy out the words from the story that go with their pictures.



★ Laat jou kinders klei of Plasticine, stokkies en vere of blare gebruik om hulle eie volstruis te maak.

★ Bespreek hoe julle dink mev. Volstruis gelyk het terwyl sy gedans het, en dans dan so op julle gunstelingliedjie!

★ Nooi jou kinders om 'n prent van hulle gunstelingdeel van die storie te teken. Stel dan voor dat hulle die woorde van die storie wat by hulle prent pas, by die prent oorskryf.

Raak doenig met stories!

Hier is 'n paar idees om die twee knip-uit-en-bêreboekies, *Die tandemuis*, (bladsye 5, 6, 11 en 12) en *Lazola se bok raak weg* (bladsye 7, 8, 9 en 10) asook die Storiehoekie-storie, *Hoe die volstruis 'n lang nek gekry het* (bladsy 15) te gebruik. Kies die idees wat die beste by jou kinders se ouderdomme en belangstellings pas.



Die tandemuis

Mbali is so bly toe sy haar eerste tand verloor, want sy weet dit beteken dat die tandemuis sal kom kuier! Maar dinge loop skeef wanneer Mbali se sussie jaloers is op die geld wat die tandemuis vir Mbali se tand los. Kinders van 6 jaar en ouer sal waarskynlik hierdie storie oor eerlikheid meer geniet. Met jonger kinders sal jy dalk vir hulle die prente wil wys terwyl jy die storie op 'n eenvoudiger manier in jou eie woorde oortel.

★ Nadat jy die storie hardop gelees het, probeer van die volgende vrae met jou kinders bespreek.

- ☉ Waarom dink julle het Zoleka een van die R5-munte gesteel?
- ☉ Mbali was baie bly oor die twee R5-munte. Dink julle dit maak saak dat Zoleka die derde muntstuk gevat het?
- ☉ Is daar ander dinge wat Zoleka gedoen het wat julle dink nie reg was nie?
- ☉ Dink julle die straf wat Zoleka gekry het, was regverdig?
- ☉ Is daar ander stories wat julle gelees of gehoor het waarin 'n karakter oneerlik was? Wat het in daardie stories gebeur?

★ Daar is geen prente van die tandemuis in hierdie storie nie! Moedig jou kinders aan om 'n prent te teken om by die paragraaf op bladsy 7 te pas waar die tandemuis in die meisies se slaapkamer inkom.

Lazola se bok raak weg

Lazola is baie lief vir sy bok, Spotty, maar dan raak Spotty weg. Lazola soek orals na haar, maar kan haar nêrens kry nie.

★ Kyk weer saam na die prent op bladsy 15 van die storieboek. Kan jy hierdie plekke vind: Lazola se huis, Ma Mary se huis, die winkel, die boom waar Lazola die meisie op die swaai gesien het en die plek langs die rivier waar die vrou hout bymekaar gemaak het?

★ Moedig jou kinders aan om hulle eie stories op te maak oor 'n troeteldier of plaasdier wat wegraak. Stel voor dat hulle hul eie stories skryf – of skryf hul stories vir hulle neer.

Hoe die volstruis 'n lang nek gekry het

Het julle geweet dat volstruis baie lank gelede kort nekke gehad het? Maar een aand, toe mev. Volstruis gaan dans het, het mnr. Volstruis hulle eiers opgepas, en dit het alles vir altyd verander.

★ Laat jou kinders klei of Plasticine, stokkies en vere of blare gebruik om hulle eie volstruis te maak.

★ Bespreek hoe julle dink mev. Volstruis gelyk het terwyl sy gedans het, en dans dan so op julle gunstelingliedjie!

★ Nooi jou kinders om 'n prent van hulle gunstelingdeel van die storie te teken. Stel dan voor dat hulle die woorde van die storie wat by hulle prent pas, by die prent oorskryf.

Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books

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



Maak TWEE knip-uit-en-bêreboekies!

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



Drive your
imagination

Die volgende oggend word Mbali opgewonde wakker en kyk onder haar kusning. Sy sien twee, blink vyftrandmunte. "Zoleka, Mamma, kom kyk wat het die tandemuis vir my gebring!" roep sy.

"Dis wonderlik, my skat. Is jy seker sy het nie nog geld gelos nie?" vra Mamma.

"Ek is seker, Mamma, ek het gekyk. Twee is baie! Ek is so bly!"

Mbali.

Mamma lyk nie gelukkig nie en Zoleka is baie stil.

Mamma kyk hoe Mbali die geld in haar spaarvarkie gooi. "Is jy seker jy wil nie iets koop nie, Mbali?" vra Mamma.

"Nee, Mamma, ek gaan my geld spaar sodat ek sokkersteiwels vir groot skool kan koop," sê Mbali trots.



In the morning, Mbali woke up excited and looked under her pillow. She saw two big, shiny five rand coins. "Zoleka, Mamma, look at what the tooth fairy gave me!" she shouted.

"My girl, that is amazing. Are you sure she didn't leave any other coins?" asked Mamma.

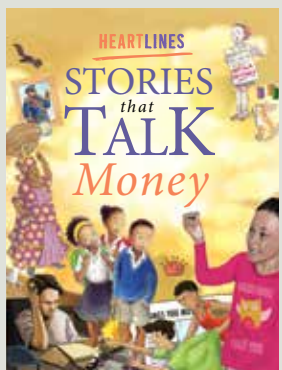
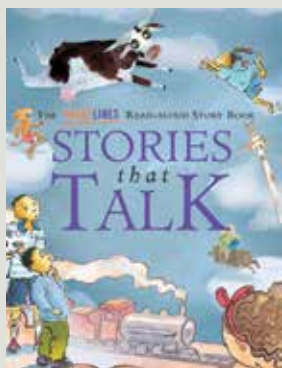
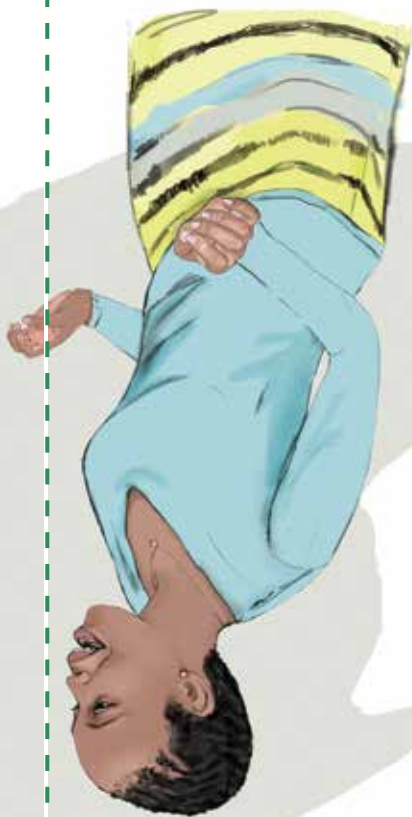
"I'm sure, Mamma, I've checked. Two is a lot! I'm so happy," said Mbali.

Mamma didn't seem happy and Zoleka was very quiet.

Mamma watched Mbali drop her money into her piggy bank. "Are you sure you don't want to buy anything, Mbali?"

asked Mamma.

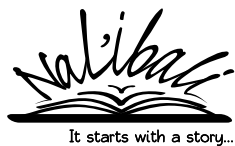
"No, Mamma, I'm going to save my money so I can buy soccer boots for big school," said Mbali with pride.



This story comes from *Stories that Talk Money*, Heartlines' third collection of stories about values. For more information please email orders@heartlines.org.za or phone (011) 771 2540.

HEARTLINES
The Centre for Values Promotion

Nal'ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign to spark children's potential through storytelling and reading. For more information, visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi



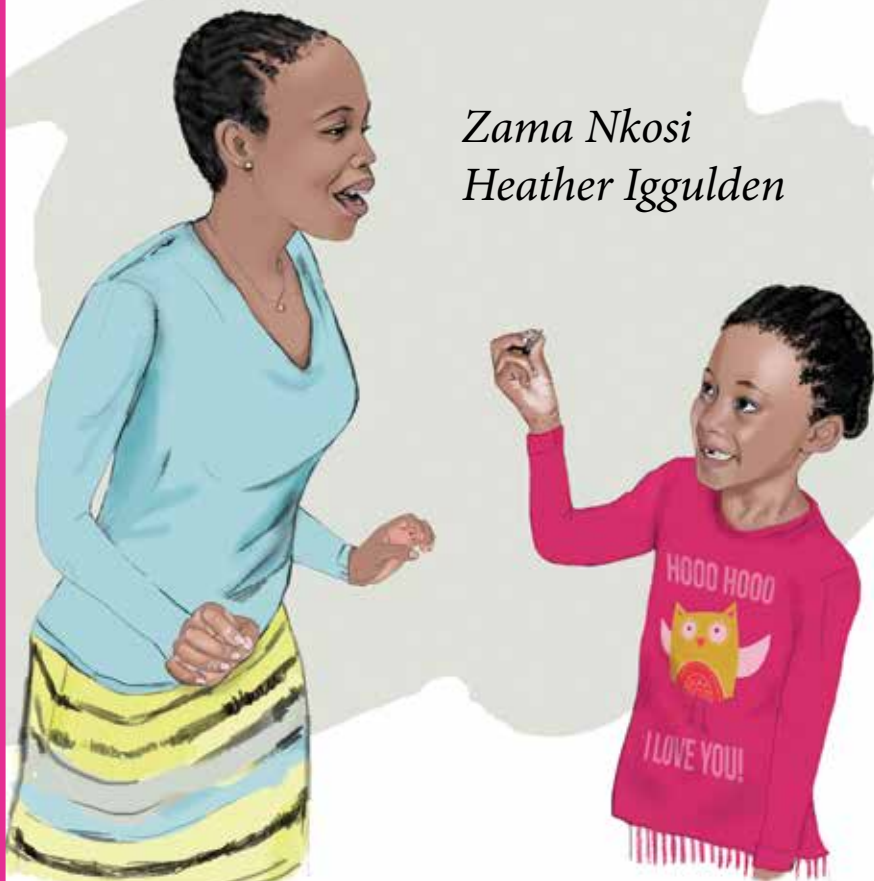
Nal'ibali is 'n nasionale lees-vir-genot veldtog wat kinders se potensiaal help ontwikkel deur middel van lees en die vertel van stories. Vir meer inligting, besoek www.nalibali.org of www.nalibali.mobi



Drive your
imagination

The tooth fairy Die tandemuis

Zama Nkosi
Heather Iggulden



Zoleka is baie stil, en sê nie veel nie, wat glad nie in haar aard is nie. “Is als reg, Zoleka?” vra Mamma. “Ja,” kom ’n sagte stemmetjie. “Goed dan, lekker slaap, meisies,” sê Mamma. “Slaap vas sodat die tandemuis haar werk kan doen.”

Terwyl die meisies slaap, krimp die tandemuis in die slaapkamer in, neem stillelties die tand, los geld onder die kussing en verdwyn weer in die nag.

Zoleka word wakker toe die gordyn roer. Sy loop op haar tone tot by Mbali se bed. Sagties lig sy een kant van Mbali se kussing op. Daar’s niks nie.

Sy loop op haar tone na die ander kant van die bed. Versigtig lig sy die ander kant van die kussing op. Daar sien sy nie net een nie, nie twee nie, maar DRIE groot, blink vyftrandmunte. Die tandemuis het vir haar net twee vyftrandmunte gebring.

Zoleka voel jaloes. Dis nie regverdig nie. As sy net een van die munte vat, sal niemand ooit weet nie. Voor sy verder daarvoor kan dink, vat sy een van die munte en klim terug in haar bed. Sy hou die muntstuk styf in haar hand vas terwyl sy aan die slaap probeer raak.

“This is definitely a loose tooth,” said Mbali as she wiggled her tooth. “Definitely!”

“You know what that means, right?” asked her big sister, Zoleka.

“The tooth fairy!” smiled Mbali.

Mbali had heard a lot about the tooth fairy when Zoleka had lost her teeth not so long ago. Mbali knew that if you hid your tooth under your pillow, the tooth fairy would come in the night, take your tooth, and leave you some money.

Over the next two days, all Mbali could think about was her tooth. She touched it with her tongue every chance she got. She wiggled it with her fingers when no one was looking. She pulled it and pulled it, but it wouldn’t let go.

“Dis beslis ’n los tand,” sê Mbali terwyl sy haar tand wikkkel. “Beslis!”

“Jy weet wat dit beteken, né?” vra haar ouer suster, Zoleka.

“Die tandemuis!” glimlag Mbali.

Mbali het al baie van die tandemuis gehoor toe Zoleka nie so lank gelede nie haar tande gewissel het. Mbali weet dat as jy jou tand onder jou kussing wegsteek, die tandemuis in die nag sal kom, jou tand sal vat en vir jou geld sal los.

Die volgende twee dae kan Mbali aan niks anders as haar tand dink nie. Elke keer as sy ’n kans kry, raak sy met haar tong daaraan. Sy wikkkel dit met haar vingers wanneer niemand kyk nie. Sy trek en trek daaraan, maar dit wil nie loskom nie.

That day at school Zoleka bought a lot of sweets. She wouldn't share them with Mbali. "Use your own money, Mbali. I don't want to share," said Zoleka.

I wonder where Zoleka got all that money, Mbali wondered. But she didn't say anything because her sister seemed cross.

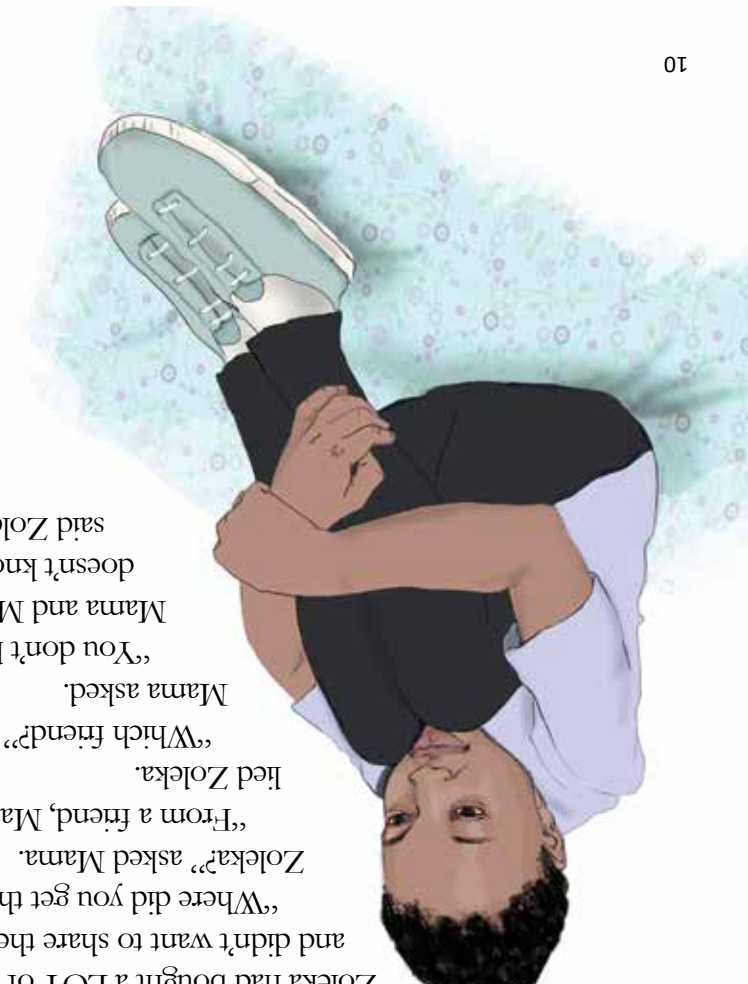
That night Mbali told Mama about how Zoleka had bought a LOT of sweets and didn't want to share them.

"Where did you get the sweets, Zoleka?" asked Mama.

"From a friend, Mama," lied Zoleka.

"Which friend?" Mama asked.

"You don't know her, Mama and Mbali also doesn't know her," said Zoleka.



Zoleka dink aan hoe lank dit haar gevat het om die geld te spaar. Elke keer as sy mev. Ngoma se erf skoongemaak en daarvoor betaal is, het sy die geld in haar spaarvarkie gesit. Toe sy tande gewissel het, en die tandemuis vir haar geld gebring het, het sy dit in haar spaarvarkie gesit. Toe Gogo laas Kersfees kom kuier en vir hulle regte papiergeld gegee het, het sy daardie geld ook in haar spaarvarkie gesit. Na al daardie harde werk, gaan sy dit nou alles verloor.

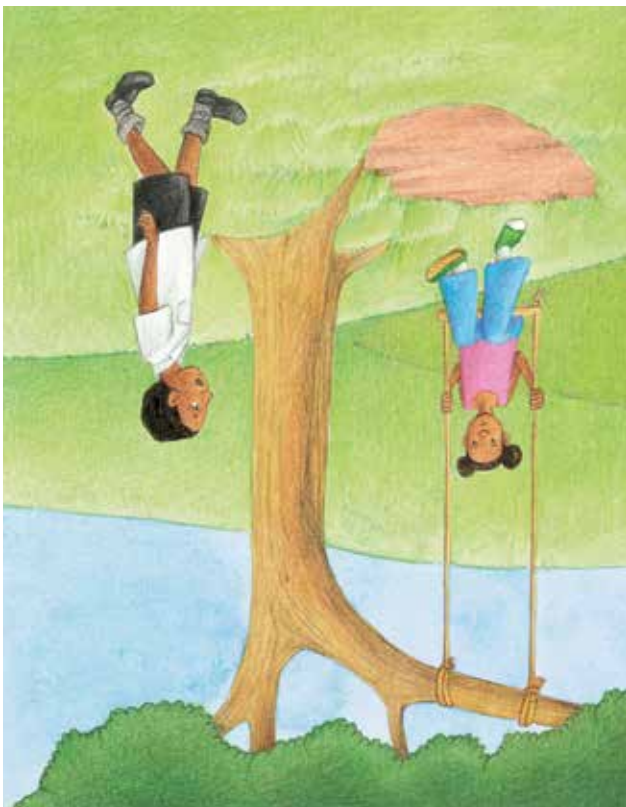
“Ja, Mamma,” sê Zoleka hartseer. “Ek is jammer, Mamma. Ek is jammer, Mbali. Ek sal dit nooit weer doen nie.”

“Dis in die haak, Zoleka. Ek is lief vir jou en ek sal jou help om hard te werk sodat jy weer geld het om in jou spaarvarkie te sit,” sê Mbali.

Die twee sussies gee mekaar ’n drukkie en Mamma is bly dat Zoleka haar les geleer het en dat Mbali haar vergewe het.

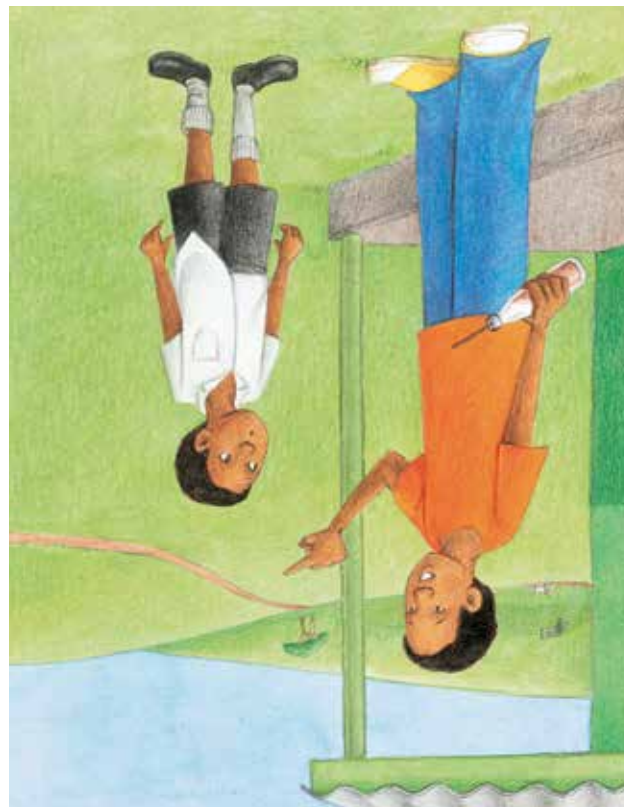


“Het is dalk my bok gesien?” vra
hy ’n meisie op ’n swaai.



“Have you seen my goat?” he asked
a girl on a swing.

“Ek het haar in die pad sien afstap
na die veld toe,” sê die seun.



“I saw her walk down the road to
the field,” said the boy.

Lazola's lost goat is from the Rainbow Reading series by Cambridge University Press. Rainbow Reading is a graded series for primary schools. It provides a wealth of original stories and factual texts, which will help learners to develop the reading skills and vocabulary they need to meet the requirements of the curriculum – in all learning areas. Rainbow Reading consists of 350 titles which are grouped by level and theme. For further information, visit www.cup.co.za



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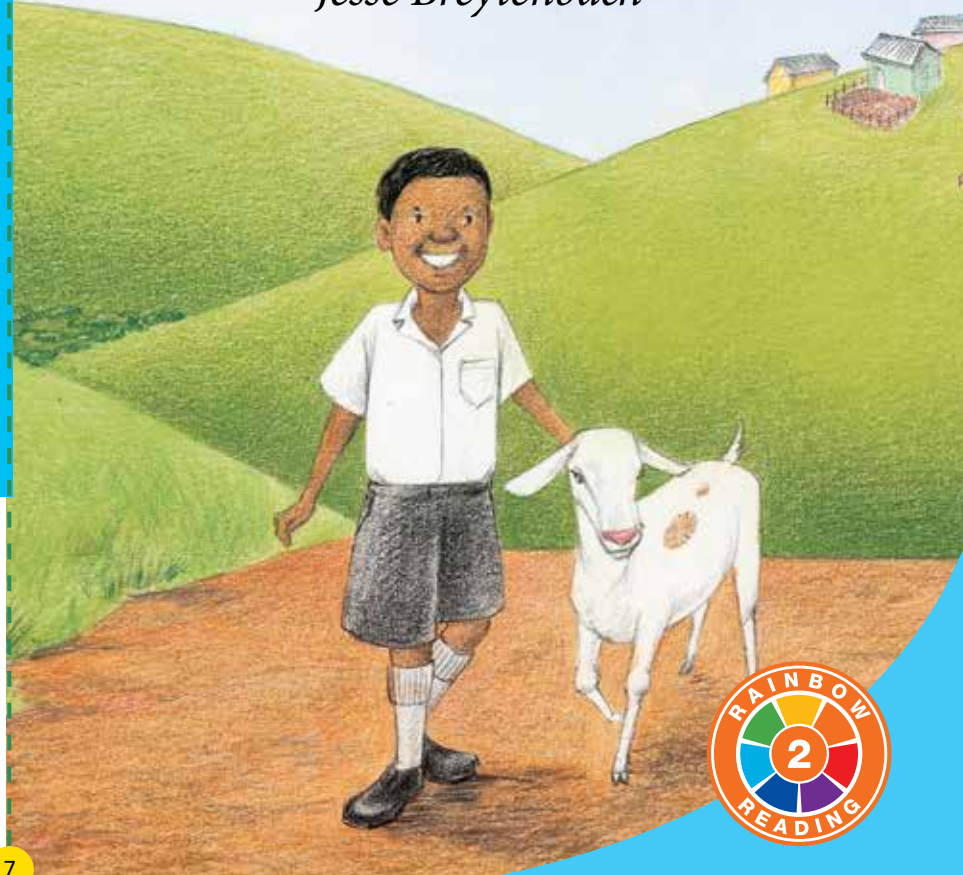


Drive your
imagination

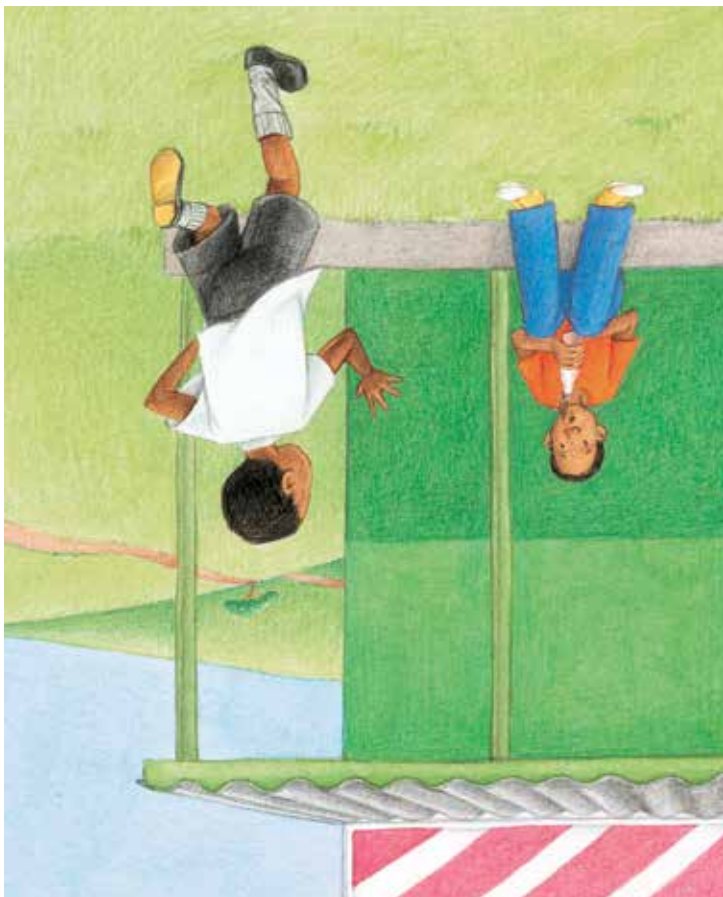
CAMBRIDGE

Lazola's lost goat Lazola se bok raak weg

*Dorothy Dyer
Jesse Breytenbach*



“Het is dalk my bok gesien?” vra hy vir ’n seun buite die winkel.



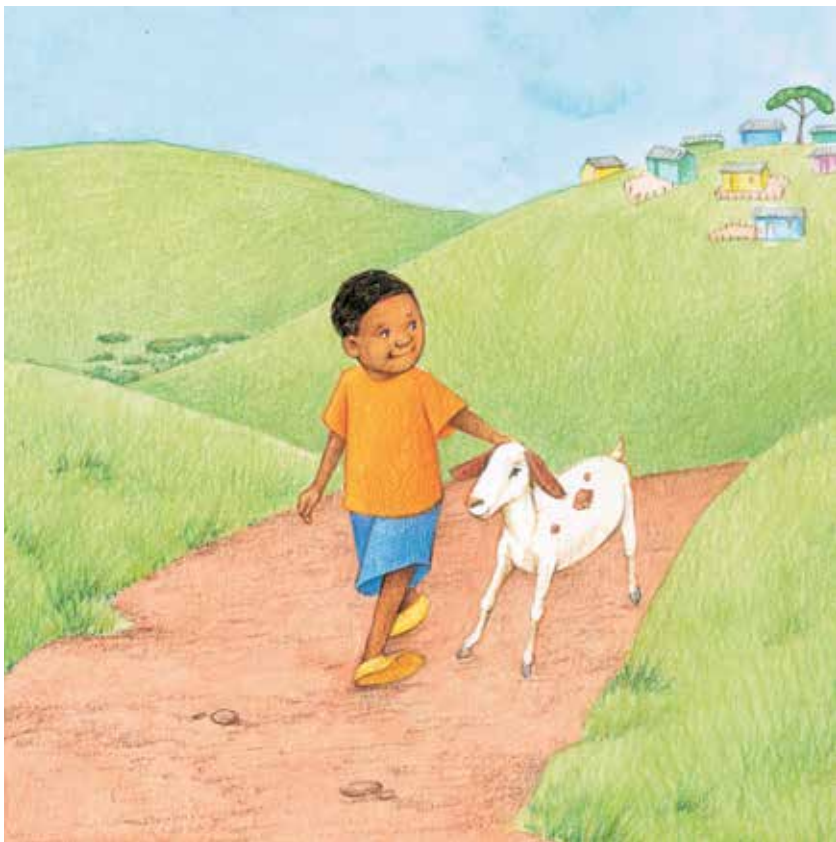
“Have you seen my goat?” he asked a boy outside the shop.

“Ek het haar na die rivier toe sien hardloop,” sê die meisie.

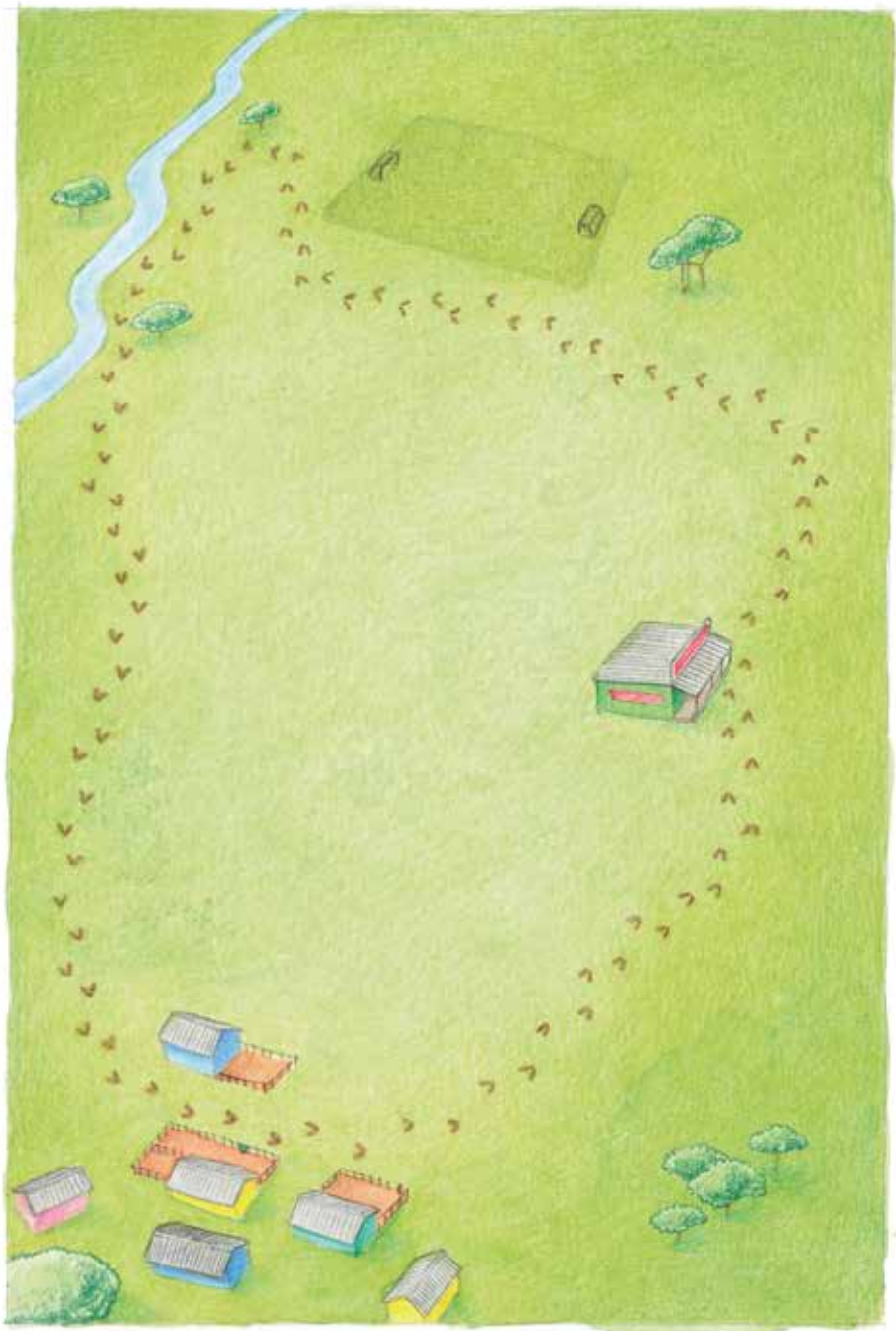


“I saw her run down to the river,” said the girl.

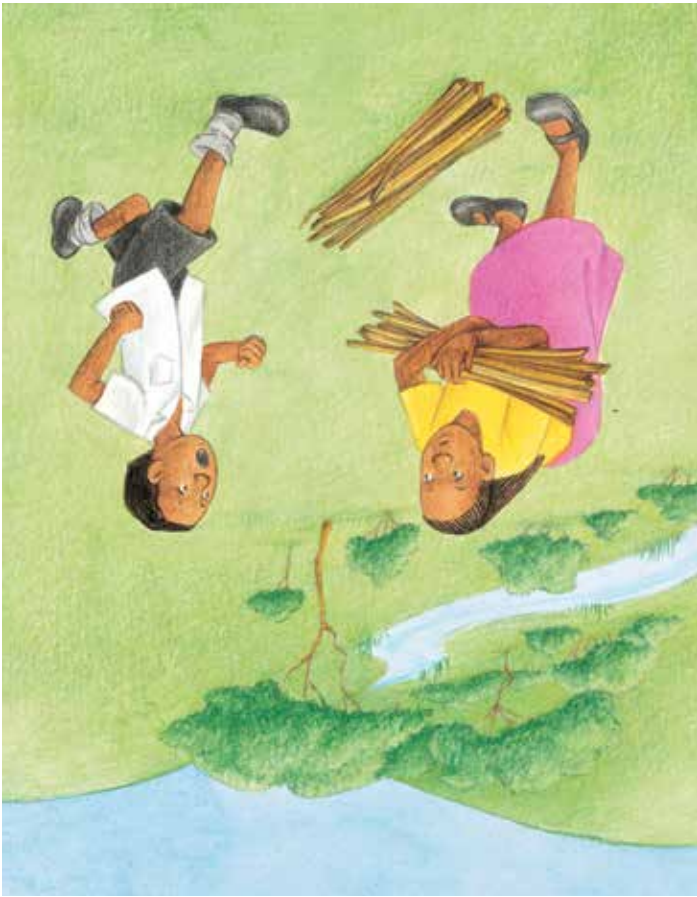
This is Lazola and his goat, Spotty. Lazola loved Spotty.



Dit is Lazola en sy bok, Spotty. Lazola is baie lief vir Spotty.

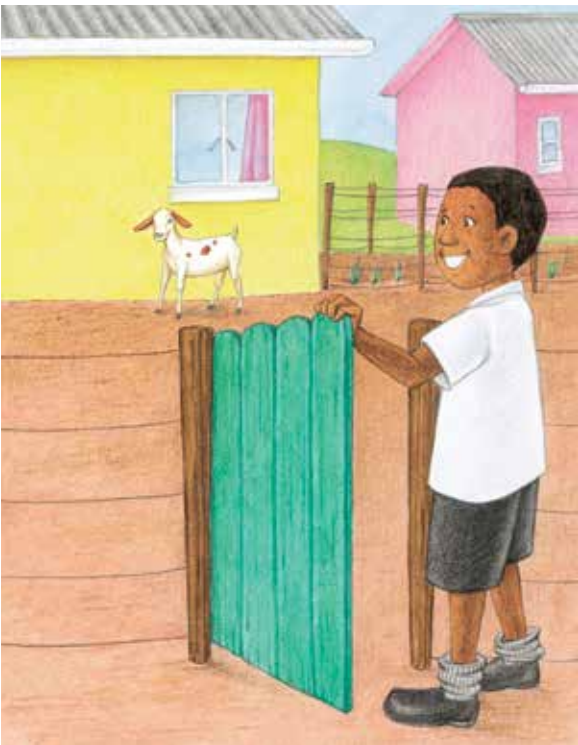


“Het is dalk my bok gesien?” vra hy ’n vrou wat naby die rivier hout bymekaarmak.



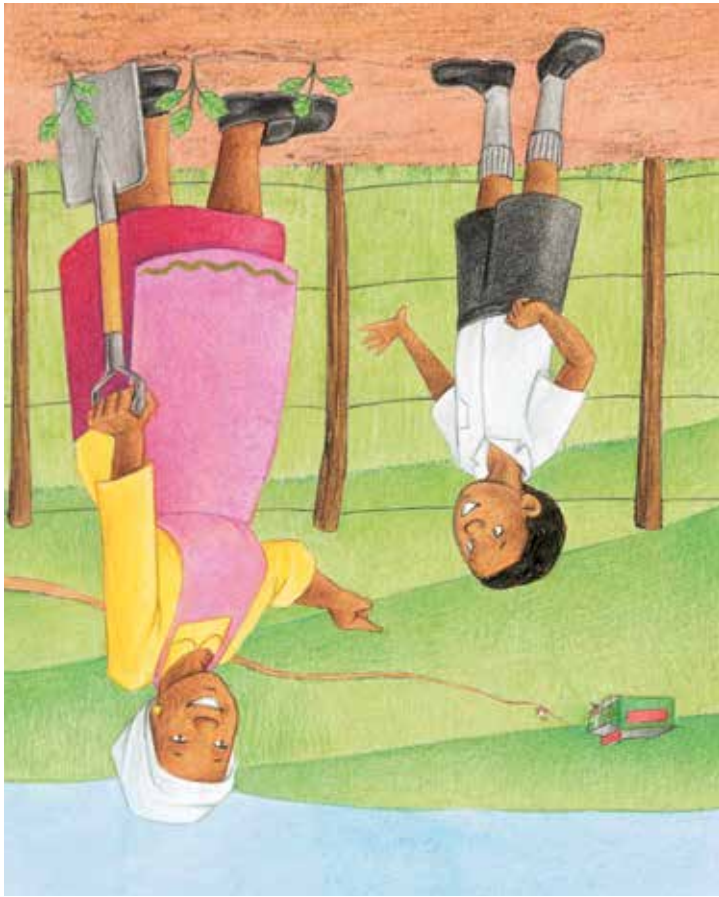
“Have you seen my goat?” he asked a woman collecting wood near the river.

When he got home, who did he see?
“Spotty!”



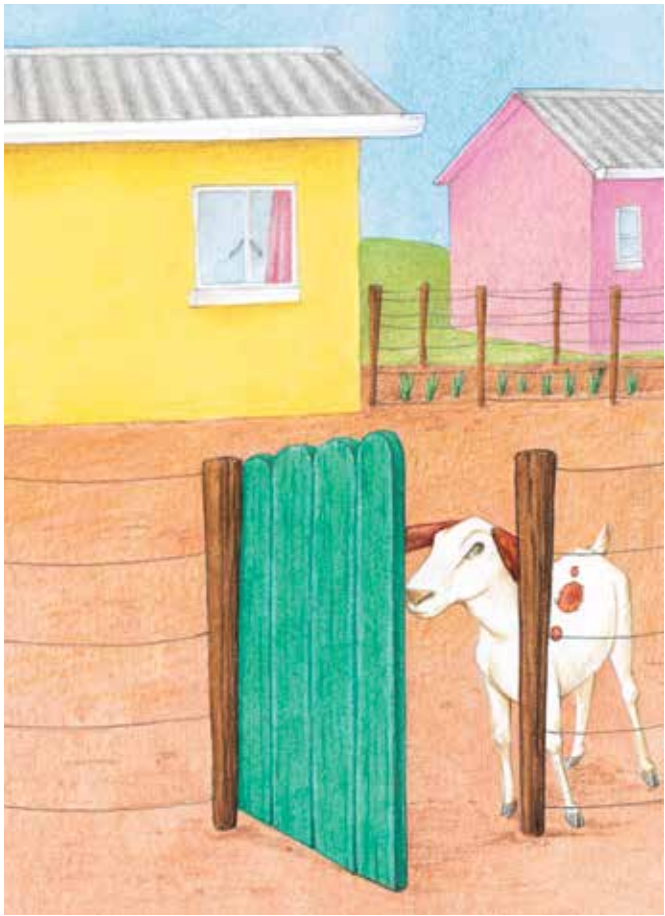
En wie sien hy toe hy by die huis kom?
“Spotty!”

“Ek het haar in die pad sien afstap,”
sê Ma Mary.



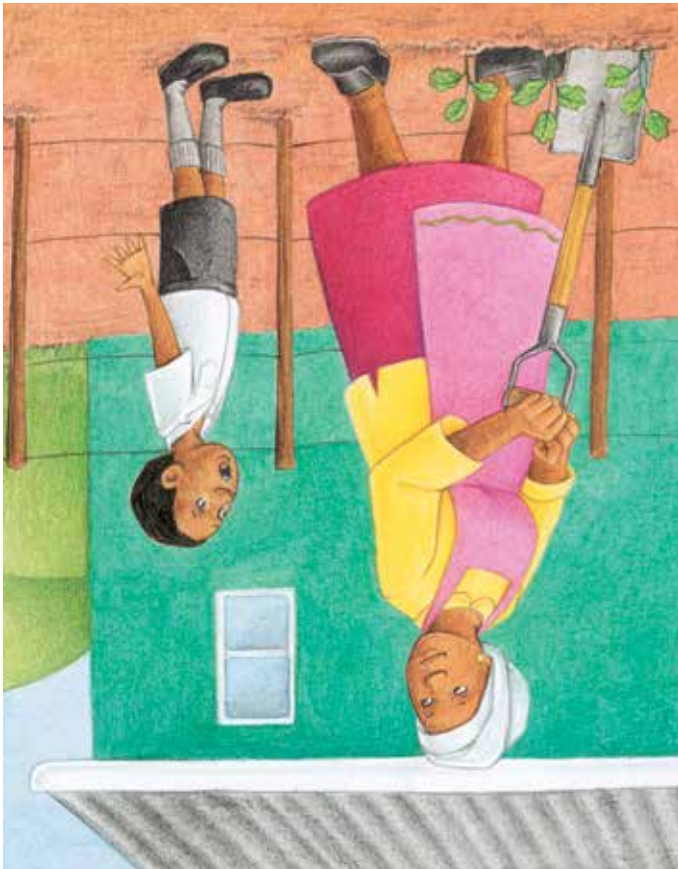
“I saw her walk down the road,”
said Ma Mary.

One day Spotty ran away.



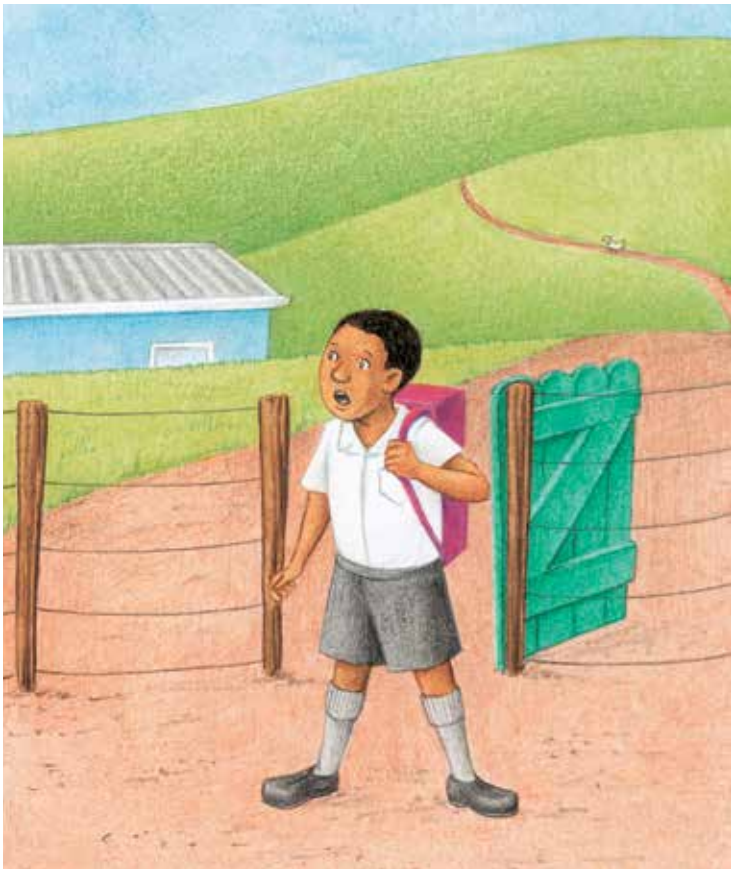
Op ’n dag loop Spotty weg.

“Ma Mary, het jy dalk my bok gesien?” vra hy.



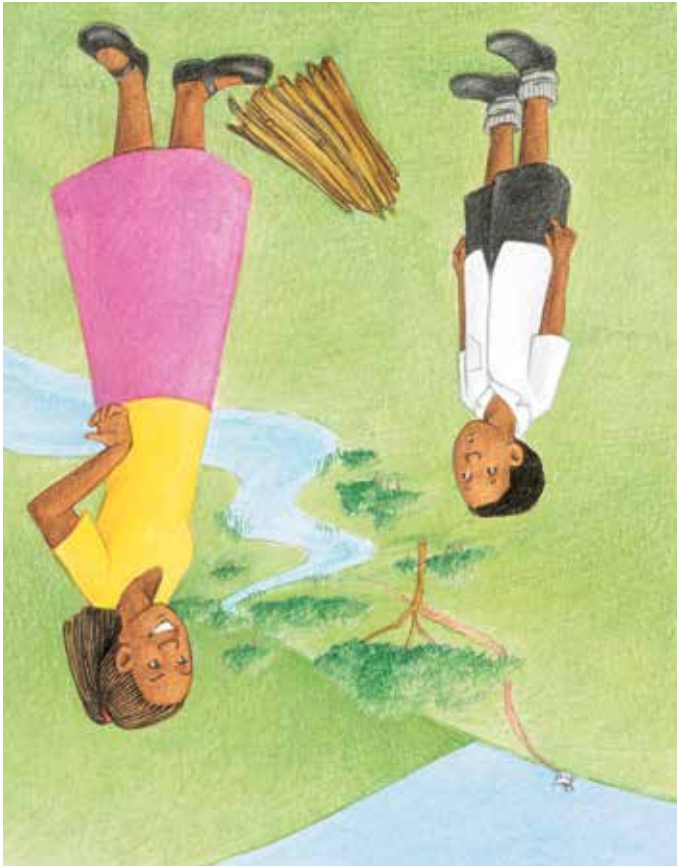
“Have you seen my goat?” he asked
Ma Mary.

Lazola looked for her, but he could not find her.



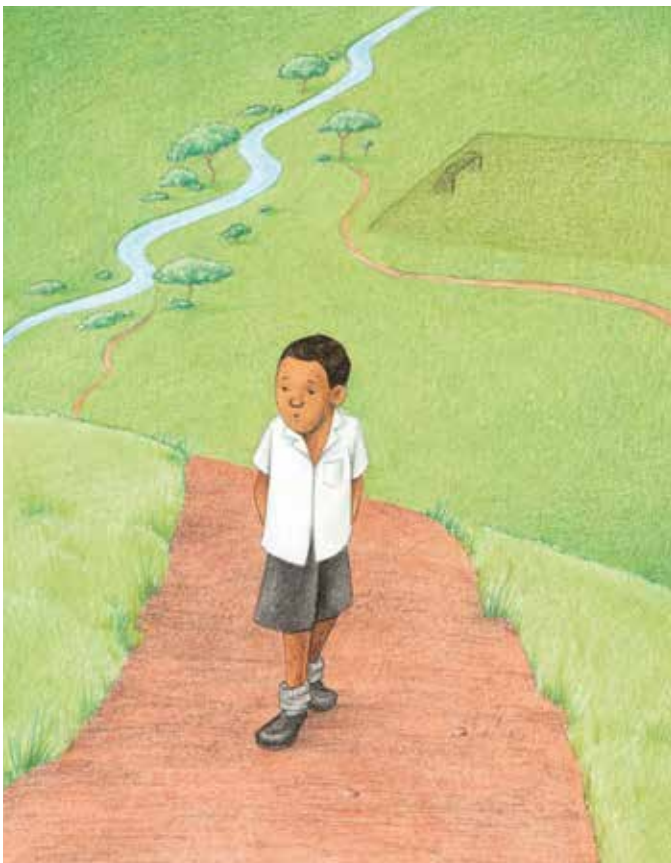
Lazola gaan soek na haar, maar kan haar nêrens kry nie.

“Ek het haar na die dorp toe sien stap,” sê die vrou.



“I saw her go up to the village,” said
the woman.

Lazola walked all the way back to the village.



Lazola stap al die pad terug dorp toe.

Daardie dag by die skool koop Zoleka baie lekkers. Sy wil dit nie met Mbali deel nie. “Gebruik jou eie geld, Mbali. Ek wil nie deel nie,” sê Zoleka. Ek wonder waar Zoleka al daardie geld kry, dink Mbali. Maar sy sê niks nie, want haar suster lyk kwaad. Daardie aand vertel Mbali vir Mamma dat Zoleka BAIE lekkers gekoop het en dit nie wou deel nie. “Waar het jy die lekkers gekry, Zoleka?” vra Mamma. “By ’n maat, Mamma,” jok Zoleka. “Watter maat?” vra Mamma. “Jy ken haar nie, Mamma en Mbali ken haar ook nie,” sê Zoleka.

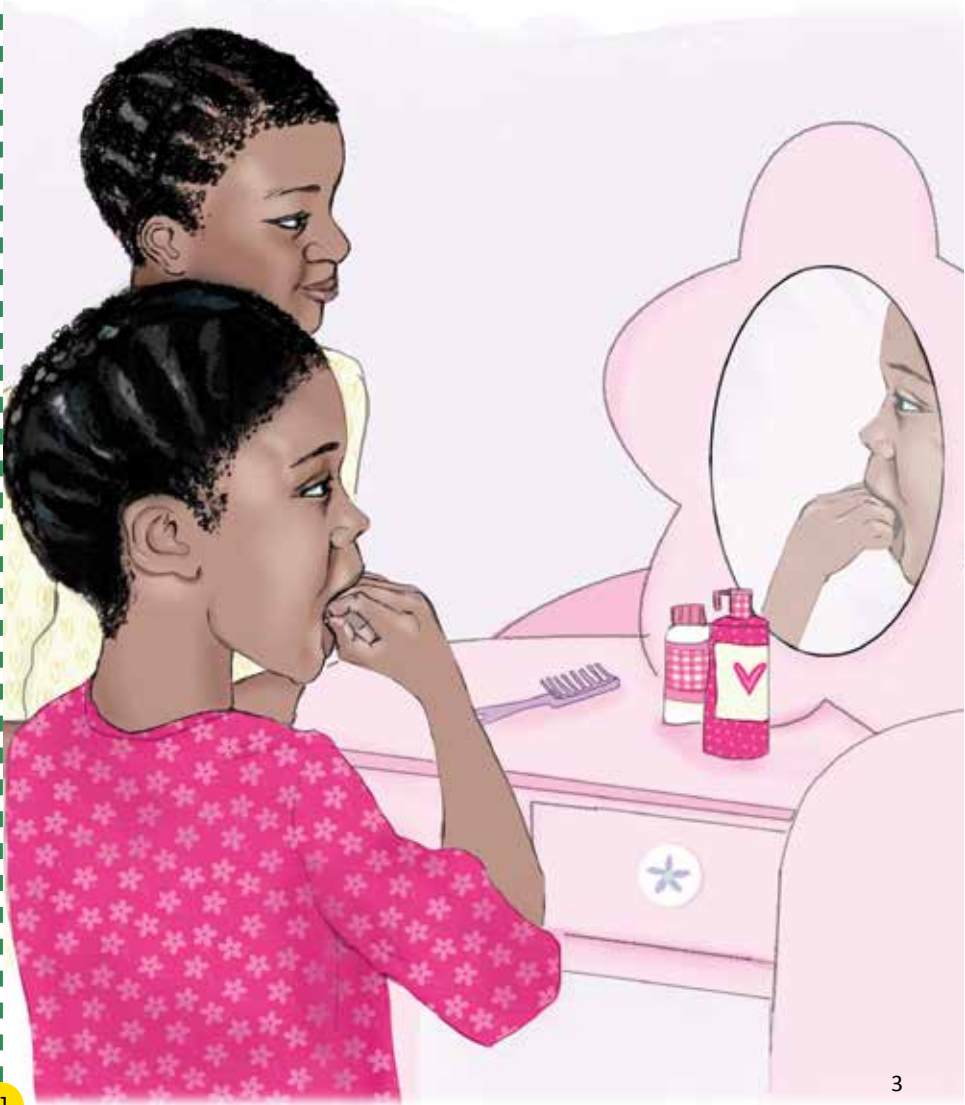
Zoleka was very quiet, not saying very much, which was not like her at all. “Are you okay, Zoleka?” asked Mamma. “Yes,” came a quiet voice. “Okay, good night girls,” said Mamma. “Sleep tight so the tooth fairy can do her job.” While the girls slept, the tooth fairy crept into the bedroom, quietly took the tooth, slipped some money under the pillow and off she went into the night. Zoleka woke up as the curtain twitched. She tiptoed over to Mbali’s bed. Quietly, quietly she lifted one side of Mbali’s pillow. Nothing. She tiptoed to the other side of the bed. Carefully she lifted the other side of the pillow. There she saw not one, not two, but THREE big, shiny five rand coins. The tooth fairy had only given *her* two five rand coins. Zoleka felt jealous. It wasn’t fair. But if she took only one of those coins, nobody would ever know. So, before she could think about it anymore, she took one of the coins and went back to her bed. She held the coin tightly in her fist as she tried to get back to sleep.

Zoleka thought about all the time she had spent saving money. Every time she cleaned Mrs Ngoma’s yard and was paid, she put the money in her piggy bank. When her teeth fell out, and the tooth fairy gave her money, she put it in her piggy bank. When Gogo came over last Christmas and gave them real paper money, she had put that money in her piggy bank too. After all that hard work, she was going to lose it all.

“Yes, Mama,” Zoleka said sadly. “I’m sorry, Mama. I’m sorry, Mbali. I won’t ever do that again.”

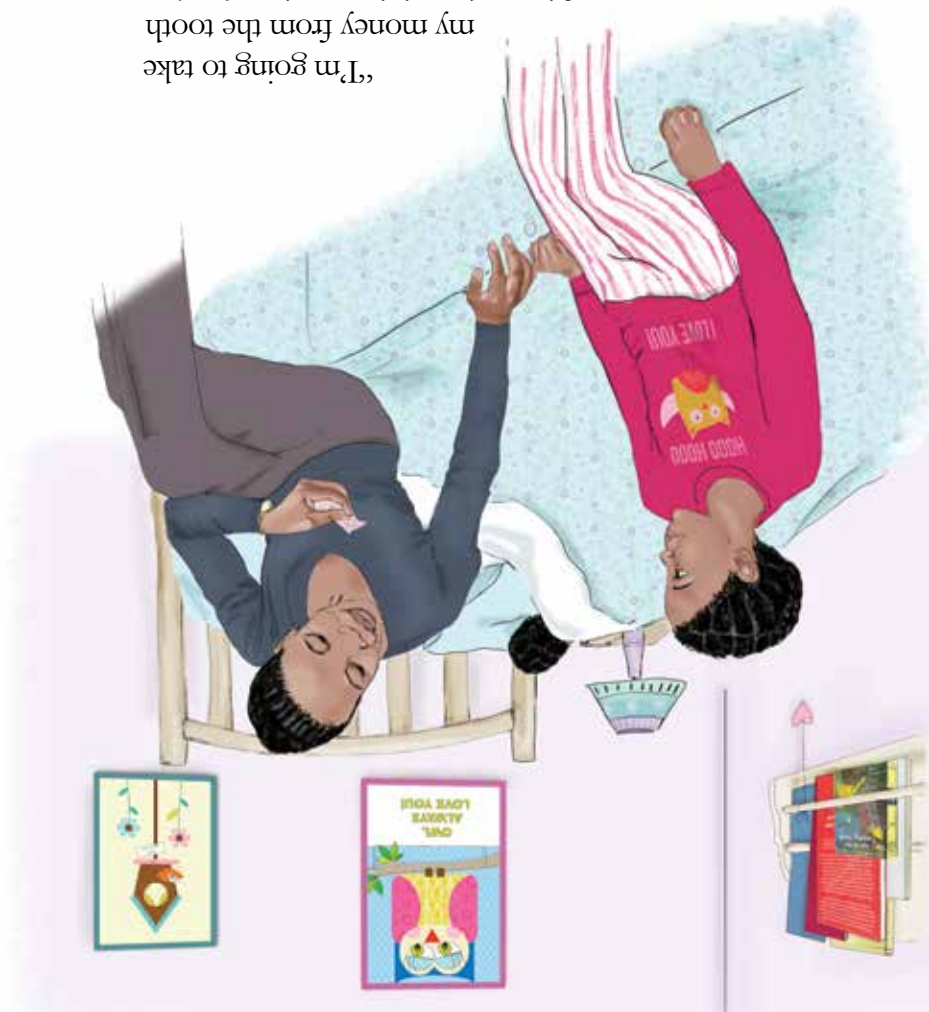
“It’s okay, Zoleka. I love you and will help you work hard to get money in your piggy bank again,” said Mbali.

The two sisters hugged and Mama was happy that Zoleka had learnt her lesson and that Mbali had forgiven her.



“Ek gaan die geld wat die tandemuis bring in my spaarvarkie sit, Mamma,” sê Mbali toe haar ma haar daardie aand in die bed sit.

“I’m going to take my money from the tooth fairy and put it in my piggy bank, Mama,” Mbali said while her mother tucked her into bed that night.



Mama knew immediately that Zoleka had been telling lies.

“Zoleka, I’m going to give you one more chance to tell me where you got those sweets,” said Mama in a very stern voice.

Zoleka knew that when Mama’s voice got stern, trouble was around the corner. Tears filled her eyes. “I took the money from under Mbali’s pillow, Mama. I’m sorry! The tooth fairy gave her more money than me. I just wanted a bit of it,” she cried.

Mbali stood to the side, shocked by what her sister was saying.

“Zoleka, you have done a very bad thing. That money was for Mbali, not for you. That was stealing and stealing is never the right thing to do. Do you understand?” asked Mama.

“Yes, Mama,” cried Zoleka. Big, fat tears rolled down her cheeks.

Mama put her arm around Zoleka. “I am going to take all the money from your piggy bank to buy Mbali her soccer boots. That means you have to start saving all over again. You’ll have to work very hard to earn back all the money you had saved. This is what happens when you take things that do not belong to you – in the end you lose everything,” Mama said.



Mamma weet onmiddellik dat Zoleka jok.

“Zoleka, ek gaan jou nog een kans gee om vir my te vertel waar jy daardie lekkers gekry het,” sê Mamma baie streng.

Zoleka weet dat wanneer Mamma se stem so streng is, daar moeilikheid aan die kom is. Haar oë skiet vol trane.

“Ek het die geld onder Mbali se kussing uitgehaal, Mamma. Ek is jammer! Die tandemuis het vir haar meer geld gegee as vir my. Ek wou net ’n bietjie daarvan hê,” huil sy.

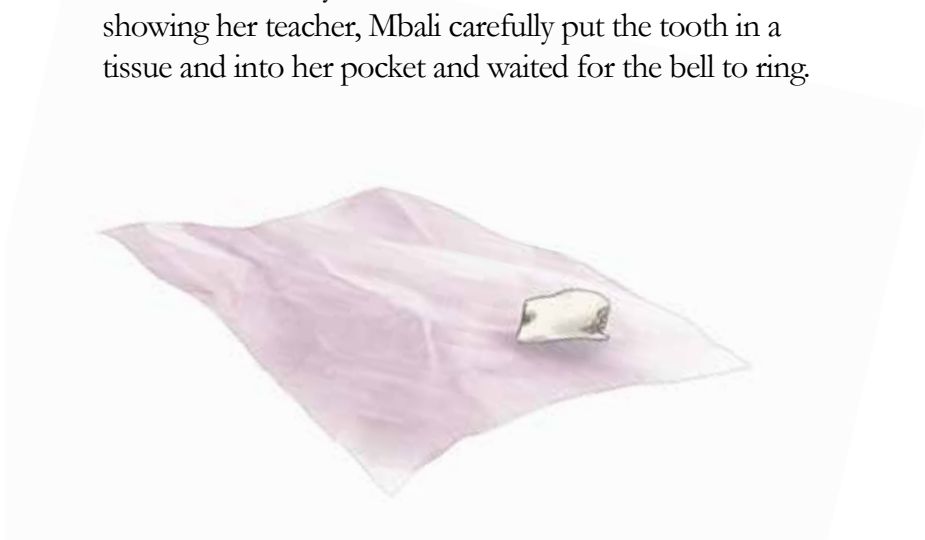
Mbali staan eenkant, geskok oor wat haar suster sê.

“Jy het ’n baie slegte ding gedoen, Zoleka. Daardie geld was vir Mbali, nie vir jou nie. Dit is steel, en dit is altyd verkeerd om te steel. Verstaan jy?” vra Mamma.

“Ja, Mamma,” huil Zoleka. Groot, vet trane rol teen haar wange af.



Then suddenly in art class, her tooth fell out. After showing her teacher, Mbali carefully put the tooth in a tissue and into her pocket and waited for the bell to ring.



Toe, skielik, val haar tand in die kunsklas uit. Nadat sy vir haar juffrou gewys het, vou Mbali die tand versigtig in ’n snesie toe, bêre dit in haar sak en wag vir die klok om te lui.

Beste Na'ibali

My naam is Edith Fezeka Khuzwayo. Ek is 'n bibliotekaris by Murray Park-biblioteek in Belgravia, Johannesburg. Ek skryf hierdie brief om vir julle te vertel hoe Na'ibali my gehelp het om die kinders van Jepestown en Belgravia te help.

Twee jaar gelede het ek een van julle bylaes in 'n koerant gevind. Ek lees nie graag koerant nie, maar as 'n bibliotekaris blaai ek elke oggend vinnig deur die koerant sodat ek weet wat nuus is. Daardie dag vind ek toe die Na'ibali-bylae, en ek lees dit! Dit is waar ek met Na'ibali kennis gemaak het.

Daarna het ek elke dag die koerant oopgeslaan – nie om dit te lees nie, maar om die Na'ibali-bylae te kry. Ek het die bylaes bymekaar gemaak sodat die kinders meer boeke kon hê om te lees. Die eerste boek wat ons gelees het, was *Beer se haarsny* deur Nola Turkington en Joseph Mugisha. Die tweede een was *Die "cool" Nguni* deur Maryanne Bester en Shayle Bester.

En toe, ná 'n tyd, was die Na'ibali-bylae nie meer in ons koerant nie. Ons was nie seker wat ons moes doen om nog bylaes te kry nie, en ons het dit nodig gehad, want dit het ons ook gehelp met ons uitstallingstemas in die biblioteek. Op 'n dag vertel twee kollegas van 'n ander organisasie toe vir my dat hulle 'n opleidingswerkwinkel van Na'ibali gaan bywoon. Ek het baie belanggestel in hoe die opleiding my kon help om die dagsorgsentrums en kinders in ons area te help. Deur my kollegas het ek die kans gekry om deel te wees van die opleiding!

Dankie, Na'ibali! Julle help kinders om goed te presteer op skool. Die kinders by ons Shooting Stars-leesklub, met wie ons eerste die Na'ibali-bylae begin gebruik het, is nou goeie lesers. Hulle kom na skool na my toe by ons Huiswerkhulp-afdeling. Hulle het voorheen gesukkel om te lees wat hulle vir huiswerk moet doen, maar vandag kan hulle vrae lees en beantwoord. Die woordsoek-aktiwiteite in "Na'ibali-pret" aan die einde van die bylae help hulle om woorde te bou. Hulle geniet die aktiwiteite en leer baie daaruit.

Dankie, Na'ibali – ons is lief vir julle. Daar is so baie wat ons oor julle kan sê.

Vriendelike groete

Edith Fezeka Khuzwayo



Beste Edith

Dankie vir jou brief en dat jy jou ervarings met ons gedeel het. Ons voel geïnspireer deur wat jy by jou biblioteek doen en die verskil wat jy in kinders se lewens maak.

Hou aan om hulle potensiaal te ontwikkel deur vir hulle te lees en stories te vertel!

Met liefde van
Die Na'ibali-span



Dear Na'ibali ... Beste Na'ibali ...

Write to Na'ibali at
The Na'ibali Trust, Suite 17-201,
Building 17, Waverley Business Park,
Wyecroft Road, Mowbray, 7700, or
at info@nalibali.org.

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The Na'ibali Trust, Suite 17-201,
Gebou 17, Waverley-besigheidspark,
Wyecroft-weg, Mowbray, 7700, of
by info@nalibali.org.

Dear Na'ibali

My name is Edith Fezeka Khuzwayo. I am a librarian at Murray Park Library in Belgravia, Johannesburg. This is just a letter to tell you how Na'ibali has helped me to help the children of Jepestown and Belgravia.

Two years ago I found one of your supplements in a newspaper. I don't like to read newspapers, but as a librarian, every morning I run my eyes through the newspaper so that I'm aware of what is in the news. But on that day, I found the Na'ibali Supplement and I read it! That is where I started to know about Na'ibali.

After that I opened the paper every day – not to read it, but to find the Na'ibali Supplement. I collected them so that the children had more books to read. The first book we read was *Bear's haircut* by Nola Turkington and Joseph Mugisha. The second one was *The cool Nguni* by Maryanne Bester and Shayle Bester.

Then there came a time when the Na'ibali Supplement wasn't in our newspaper anymore. We were not sure what to do to get more supplements and we needed them because they also helped us with our display themes in the library. Then one day two colleagues of mine from another organisation told me that they were going to a Na'ibali training workshop. I was very interested in how the training could help me to help the day care centres and children in our area. Through my colleagues, I got the chance to be part of the training!

Thank you, Na'ibali! You are helping children perform well at school. The children at our Shooting Stars Reading Club with whom we first started using the Na'ibali Supplement, are good readers now. They come to me at our Homework Help Desk after school. They used to struggle to read what they had to do for homework, but today they can read and answer questions. The wordsearch puzzles in "Na'ibali fun" at the end of the supplement help them to build words. They enjoy the activities and they learn a lot from them.

Thank you, Na'ibali – we all love you. There is a lot we can say about you.

Yours faithfully

Edith Fezeka Khuzwayo

Dear Edith

Thank you for your letter and for sharing your experiences with us. We are inspired by what you are doing at your library and the difference you are making in children's lives.

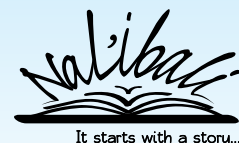
Keep on sparking their potential through storytelling and reading!

With love from
The Na'ibali Team

Drive your
imagination



How the ostrich got a long neck



Retold by Wendy Hartmann ★ Illustrations by Jiggs Snaddon-Wood

Mr Ostrich was kind and gentle and he loved Mrs Ostrich very much. He always helped her with the things she had to do.

One day, Mrs Ostrich laid seven eggs in her nest in a hollow in the ground. She fluffed her feathers and sat on her eggs to keep them warm. For days and days she sat there looking after the eggs.

“Dear Mrs Ostrich,” said her husband one evening, “you have been sitting on our eggs for so many days. My black feathers are as dark as the night. I will not be seen in the darkness, so I will look after our eggs at night. I will keep them warm for you. Now you will have some time to yourself. You can enjoy yourself until the sun comes up in the morning.”

Mrs Ostrich was so happy. She wanted to stretch her legs. She stood up and Mr Ostrich sat down clumsily to cover the eggs. Mrs Ostrich fluffed up her feathers to show how happy she was. Then she left to dance in the fields that were around their nest.

Mr and Mrs Ostrich had chosen the place for their nest very carefully. They knew that in this spot it would be difficult to see Mrs Ostrich as she sat on the nest during the day. You see, in those days ostriches had short necks like a guinea-fowl. So, from a little way away, when her head was down, the ostrich mother looked like a bump on the ground. They had chosen this field, which had short grass, because long ago they had learnt that in long grass they could be attacked before they even knew there was any danger. Because they had chosen carefully, they were able to see everything.

Mr and Mrs Ostrich also knew how to keep their eggs safe from the fires that sometimes burnt across the fields. They had carefully scratched away the grass so that there was a big circle of dusty sand around their nest. Mr and Mrs Ostrich were very happy with their lovely, safe nest and their seven eggs.

But now that Mr Ostrich was sitting on the eggs at night, there was one thing that made him worry. His wife was too happy when she was out in the fields. She danced around with her feathers flying, and it didn't look like she was alone.

“What is she doing?” Mr Ostrich thought. She should not be dancing around like that. She is a mother now and she has eggs to look after. But like a good father he wiggled his body on the ground to cover the eggs and keep them warm. Then he settled down for a long night's wait while his wife was playing in the fields.

One night, the silvery moonlight made strange shadows on the field. The shadows seemed to be dancing. Mr Ostrich was getting very sleepy. His eyes were starting to close when he heard his wife's laugh. He was wide awake the moment he heard it. He looked up.



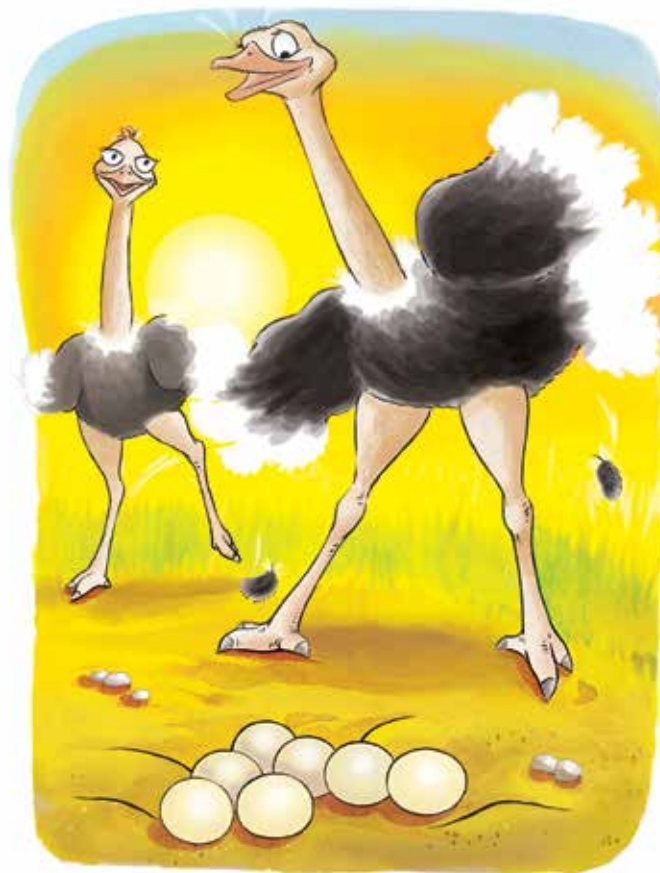
At first he could not see anything. He stretched his short neck as far as it would go and then he saw her. Mrs Ostrich was dancing through the grass, between the bushes playing a game of hide-and-seek with a handsome young ostrich. When she hid behind a bush, she stretched her neck as far as she could to make sure that her husband was still sitting on their eggs.

Mr Ostrich was angry. He got up from the nest to see what was going on, but then he sat down again. He could not leave the eggs. What if they got cold while he was gone? So he spread his feathers over the eggs and just stretched his neck further and further trying to see what his wife was doing.

Every now and then he heard his wife giggle. Every now and then he could see shadows dancing in the field in the moonlight. Each time he saw a shadow, he stretched his neck as far as it would go. But that was all he could do because he had to keep the eggs warm.

At last, the long, long night came to an end as the sun rose. As it did, Mr Ostrich could see his wife coming back to sit on the eggs for the day. He tried to get up, but he felt very stiff. The muscles in his neck were hurting.

At last he stood up. He was just about to tell his wife how angry he was, when he looked down at his feet. They looked so far away from his head. Suddenly he knew what had happened – during that long night he had stretched his neck further and further and further.



He shook his head. He stamped his feet, but no matter what he did his neck stayed long. Nothing that he did would change it. And his wife? She had a long neck too! She also tried to shake her head and stamp her feet, but it did not help. She had stretched and stretched her neck to see if her husband was still sitting on their eggs!

And that is how it happened that Mr and Mrs Ostrich got long necks! And that is why from that night until today every ostrich you see has a long neck too.

Hoe die volstruis 'n lang nek gekry het

Oorvertel deur Wendy Hartmann ★ Illustrasies deur Jiggs Snaddon-Wood

Mnr. Volstruis was vriendelik en sagmoedig, en hy was baie lief vir mev. Volstruis. Hy het haar altyd gehelp met alles wat sy moes doen.

Op 'n dag lê mev. Volstruis sewe eiers in haar nes in 'n holte in die grond. Sy pof haar vere uit en gaan sit op haar eiers om hulle warm te hou. Sy sit dae lank op die nes om die eiers op te pas.

“Liefste mev. Volstruis,” sê haar man een aand, “jy sit al so lank op ons eiers. My swart vere is so swart soos die nag. Ek sal nie in die aand gesien kan word nie, en daarom sal ek snags ons eiers oppas. Ek sal hulle vir jou warm hou. Nou sal jy 'n bietjie tyd vir jouself hê. Jy kan dit geniet tot die son soggens opkom.”

Mev. Volstruis is so bly. Sy wil haar bene rek. Sy staan op en mnr. Volstruis gaan sit effe lomp om die eiers warm te hou. Mev. Volstruis pof haar vere om te wys hoe bly sy is. Toe stap sy weg om in die veld te gaan dans.

Mnr. en mev. Volstruis het die plek vir hulle nes baie versigtig gekies. Hulle het geweet dat dit op hierdie plek baie moeilik sou wees om mev. Volstruis te sien wanneer sy gedurende die dag op haar nes sit. Jy sien, in daardie dae het volstruise kort nekke gehad, soos tarentale. Van 'n entjie weg het die volstruisma, wanneer sy haar kop laat sak, soos 'n hobbel op die grond gelyk. Hulle het hierdie veld gekies, omdat die gras hier kort was, want hulle het lank gelede geleer dat hulle in lang gras aangeval kon word voordat enigiemand nog geweet het dat gevaar dreig. Omdat hulle so goed gekies het, kon hulle alles sien.

Mnr. en mev. Volstruis het ook geweet hoe om hulle eiers te beskerm teen die veldbrande in die omgewing. Hulle het die gras sorgvuldig weggekrap sodat daar 'n groot sirkel stowwerige sand om hulle nes was. Mnr. en mev. Volstruis was baie gelukkig met hulle pragtige, veilige nes en hulle sewe eiers.

Maar noudat mnr. Volstruis snags op die eiers sit, was daar een ding wat hom bekommer het. Sy vrou was te gelukkig wanneer sy in die veld was. Sy het rondgedans dat haar vlerke fladder, en dit het nie gelyk of sy alleen was nie.

“Wat doen sy?” wonder mnr. Volstruis. Sy kan nie so rondans nie. Sy is nou 'n ma en sy het eiers om op te pas. Maar, soos 'n goeie pa, wriemel hy sy lyf op die grond om die eiers te bedek en hulle warm te hou. Toe maak hy hom gereed vir 'n lang nag se wag terwyl sy vrou in die veld kerjaker.

Een aand gooi die silwer maanlig vreemde skaduwees oor die veld. Dit lyk of die skaduwees dans. Mnr. Volstruis raak baie vaak. Sy oë begin net toeval toe hy sy vrou hoor lag. Die oomblik toe hy dit hoor, is hy wawyd wakker. Hy kyk op.



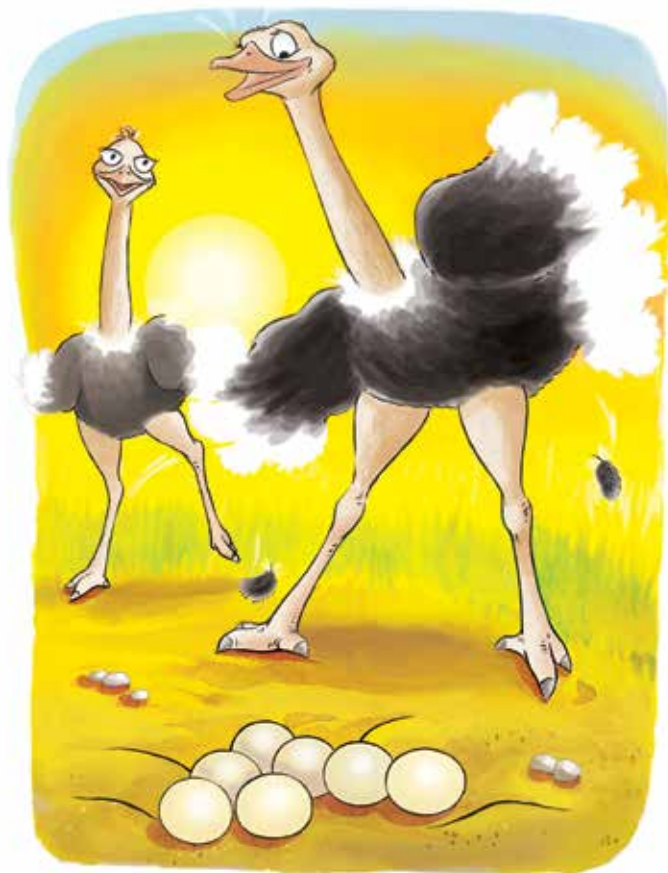
Eers kan hy niks sien nie. Hy strek sy kort nek so ver hy kan en toe sien hy haar. Mev. Volstruis dans deur die gras, en speel wegkruipertjie tussen die bosse met 'n aanvallige jong volstruis. Toe sy agter 'n bos wegkruip, strek sy haar nek so ver sy kan om seker te maak dat haar man nog op die nes met eiers sit.

Mnr. Volstruis is kwaad. Hy staan op van die nes om te kyk wat aangaan, maar gaan sit weer. Hy kan nie die eiers so los nie. Wat as hulle koud word terwyl hy weg is? Hy spreid dus sy vere oor die eiers oop en strek net sy nek verder en verder om te probeer sien wat sy vrou doen.

Elke nou en dan hoor hy sy vrou giggel. Elke nou en dan kan hy in die maanlig skaduwees oor die veld sien dans. Elke keer as hy 'n skaduwee sien, strek hy sy nek so ver hy kan. Maar dit is al wat hy kan doen, want hy moet die eiers warm hou.

Uiteindelik kom die son op en is die lang, lang nag verby. En toe die son opkom, sien mnr. Volstruis sy vrou terugkom om vir die dag op die eiers te sit. Hy probeer opstaan, maar voel baie styf. Die spiere in sy nek is seer.

Einde ten laaste staan hy op. Hy is net van plan om vir sy vrou te vertel hoe kwaad hy is, toe hy afkyk na sy pote. Hulle lyk so ver weg van sy kop af. Skielik weet hy wat gebeur het – in daardie lang nag het hy sy nek langer en langer en langer gerek.



Hy skud sy kop. Hy stamp sy pote, maar wat hy ook al doen, sy nek bly lank. Niks wat hy doen, kan dit verander nie. En sy vrou? Sy het ook 'n lang nek! Sy skud ook haar kop en stamp haar pote, maar dit help nie. Sy het haar nek gestrek en gestrek om te kyk of haar man op die eiers sit!

En dit is hoe dit gebeur het dat mnr. en mev. Volstruis lang nekke het! En dit is waarom elke volstruis van daardie nag af tot vandag toe, almal lang nekke het.

Skryf in die praatborrel hieronder 'n gedig wat Lazola in die storie, *Lazola se bok raak weg*, oor sy bok, Spotty, kon geskryf het. Moenie vergeet om vir jou gedig 'n titel te gee nie.

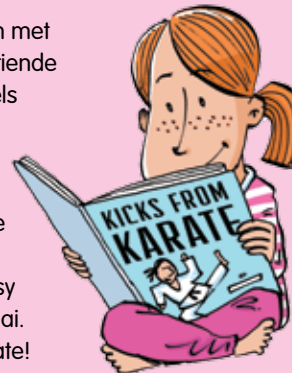
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es
one?

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Hope is **20/10** jaar oud en woon saam met haar mamma en pappa. Sy is goeie vriende met Neo en Josh. Hulle kom kyk dikwels wanneer sy deelneem aan **dans-/karatekompetisies**. Hope hou daarvan om kort romans oor kinders van haar ouderdom en hulle daaglikse lewens te **sing/lees**. Sy hou baie van diere, en jy sal haar dikwels kry waar sy deur boeke oor wilde **diere/plante** blaai. En natuurlik hou sy van boeke oor karate!



b.



A cartoon illustration of a man with dark skin and dreadlocks, wearing a colorful patterned shirt, sitting and reading a comic book. A young boy with dark skin and glasses, wearing a blue shirt, is sitting next to him, also reading the comic book. The man is smiling broadly. The comic book has a cover with a superhero and the text 'SCOO ME!'. The background is a solid light green color.

c.



A cartoon illustration of a man with dark skin and dreadlocks, wearing a colorful patterned shirt, sitting and reading a book. A young boy with glasses and a blue shirt is sitting next to him, pointing at the book. A soccer ball is on the floor next to the boy. The background is a solid light green color.

A cartoon illustration of a man with dreadlocks and a wide smile, wearing a patterned shirt, sitting behind a young boy with glasses. The boy is holding a comic book titled 'SCORE!' which shows a soccer player. A soccer ball is on the ground next to the boy.

Answers: 2. 10, karate, reading, animals; 3. a

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