



## Take a break with a book!

Soon it will be the end-of-year holidays – time to relax and spend time with family and friends. And, of course, holidays give us more time to read and share stories. Here are some holiday ideas to keep you and your children stocked up on stories well into 2014!

- 1. Find stories to read together.** Borrow library books by authors that you have never read before, or borrow more books by your favourite authors. Read our stories on [www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org) and on [www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi).
- 2. Make up stories.** Start telling your family a story that you have made up. Then add another instalment each day to continue your story. You can all take turns adding each day's instalment until the story ends.
- 3. Create a reading corner.** Encourage your children to find a place at home that they can make into a holiday reading corner. Let them use cushions and blankets to make it comfortable. Decorate it with their drawings and other pictures, like our special holiday poster on page 8!

- 4. Change chore time into story time.** Let a family member read aloud from their favourite book while others are preparing meals or cleaning up afterwards. Take turns being the person who reads aloud.
- 5. Create a menu.** Imagine the foods your favourite story characters would like and write a pretend menu for a supper you would invite them to.
- 6. Write a story.** Make books by stapling blank sheets of paper together and write stories with your children. Younger children can draw the pictures. Offer to write the words they tell you, but also encourage them to write for themselves. Let older children draw and write on their own. Read your books to each other – and to children who visit!

- 7. Theatre time.** Choose a well-loved story with exciting characters. With your children, write down what each character says and let them choose who they want to be! Provide props like pieces of fabric, hats, shoes or clothes and act out the story.
- 8. Reading places.** How many different places can you read or tell stories in during the holidays? How about in a car or bus, under a tree, or on the beach? Keep a list and at the end of the holidays, share your list by posting it on Facebook: [www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA](http://www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA). Tell us the names of the stories you enjoyed too!

Have a fabulous story-filled holiday!

For more ideas on sharing stories with children, visit [www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org) or [www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi).

We will be taking a break until the last week of January 2014. Join us then for more Nal'ibali reading magic!

Ons gaan 'n blaaskansie neem tot en met die laaste week van Januarie 2014. Sluit dan weer by ons aan vir nog Nal'ibali-leesgenot!



## Neem 'n blaaskansie met 'n boek!

Die Desember-vakansie is om die draai – tyd om te ontspan en tyd saam met familie en vriende deur te bring. En natuurlik gee vakansies ons meer tyd om stories te lees en te deel. Hier is 'n paar vakansie-idees om jou en jou kinders vol stories te hou tot in 2014!

- 1. Vind lekker stories om saam te lees.** Neem biblioteekboeke uit van skrywers wie se boeke jy nog nie voorheen gelees het nie, of neem nog boeke van jou gunstelingsskrywers uit. Lees ook al ons stories by [www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org) en [www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi).
- 2. Versin stories.** Begin vir jou gesin 'n storie vertel wat jy versin het. Voeg dan elke dag nog 'n hoofstuk by om jou storie voort te sit. Julle kan almal beurt maak om elke dag se hoofstuk by te voeg totdat die storie klaar is.
- 3. Skep 'n leeshoekie.** Moedig jou kinders aan om 'n plek in die huis te vind wat hulle in 'n

vakansieleeshoekie kan omskep. Laat hulle kussings en komberse gebruik om dit gerieflik te maak. Versier dit met tekeninge en ander prente, soos ons spesiale vakansieplakkaat op bladsy 8!

- 4. Verander werktyd in storietyd.** Laat 'n familielid hardop uit hulle gunstelingboek voorlees terwyl iemand anders kos maak of opruim. Maak beurt om die persoon te wees wat hardop lees.
- 5. Stel 'n spyskaart op.** Dink aan die kos waarvan jou gunstelingkarakters in stories sal hou en stel 'n denkbeeldige spyskaart op vir 'n aandete waarheen jy hulle wil uitnooi.
- 6. Skryf 'n storie.** Maak boeke deur blanko velle papier aanmekaar vas te kram en stories saam met jou kinders te skryf. Jonger kinders kan die prente teken. Bied aan om die woorde neer te skryf wat hulle vir jou sê, maar moedig hulle ook aan om self te skryf. Laat ouer kinders op hulle eie teken en skryf. Lees julle boeke vir mekaar voor – en vir kinders wat kom kuier!

- 7. Teatertyd.** Kies 'n geliefde storie met opwindende karakters. Skryf saam met jou kinders neer wat elke karakter sê en laat hulle kies wie hulle wil wees! Verskaf rekvisiete soos lappies materiaal, hoede, skoene of klere en voer die storie op.

- 8. Leesplekke.** Op hoeveel verskillende plekke kan julle gedurende die vakansie stories lees of vertel? Wat van in 'n motor of bus, onder 'n boom of op die strand? Maak 'n lysie en deel jou lysie aan die einde van die vakansie deur dit op Facebook te plaas: [www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA](http://www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA). Sê ook vir ons wat die titels is van die stories wat julle geniet het!

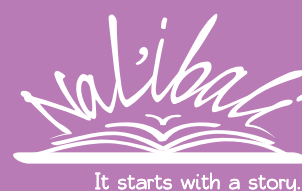
Geniet 'n fantastiese vakansie vol stories!

Vir meer idees oor hoe om stories met kinders te deel, besoek [www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org) of [www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi).



Drive your imagination

Read to me. Explore a story.  
Lees vir my. Verken 'n verhaal.





## Get story active!

With your children, enjoy reading the story, *Zebra and Crocodile* on page 4. It's best to read the story in your children's mother tongue/s before reading it in the other language provided. Here are some ideas for you to try out before, during and after reading the story.

### Before

- Let your children tell you what they know about zebras and crocodiles. Then take a quick look at the pictures and guess what the story is about.
- Ask older children to think about what kind of character a zebra and a crocodile might be in a story. For example, do they think a crocodile would be sly and mean, or shy and kind? Why?

### During

- As you read, help develop children's prediction skills by asking, "What do you think will happen next?" after you have read frame 4 of the story.
- Ask your children to find the smaller animals in some of the pictures and comment on what they are doing.
- If your children can already read, let them read the words of Zebra and/ or Crocodile if they want to.

### After

- Talk about the story with your children. Do they think the zebra or the crocodile was the cleverest, and why? What do you think Crocodile might have said after Zebra got away at the end of the story?
- Let your children have fun retelling the story or telling their own story using the Zebra and Crocodile puppets on this page.

## Raak doenig met stories!

Geniet dit om saam met jou kinders die storie, *Sebra en Krokodil* op bladsy 4 te lees. Dit is die beste om die storie eers in jou kinders se moedertaal/-tale te lees voordat jy dit in die ander taal lees wat verskaf word. Hier is 'n paar idees wat jy kan probeer voor, tydens en nadat jy die storie gelees het.

### Voor

- Laat jou kinders vir jou vertel wat hulle van sebras en krokodille weet. Kyk dan vinnig na die prentjies en raai waaroor die storie gaan.
- Vra ouer kinders om na te dink oor watter soort karaktertrekke 'n sebra en krokodil in 'n storie kan hê. Byvoorbeeld, dink hulle 'n krokodil sal slu en gemeen, of skaam en vriendelik wees? Waarom?

### Tydens

- Help kinders se voorspellingsvaardighede ontwikkel terwyl jy lees deur te vra: "Wat dink julle gaan volgende gebeur?" nadat jy raampie 4 van die storie gelees het.
- Vra jou kinders om die kleiner diere in sommige van die prente te soek en te sê wat hulle doen.
- As jou kinders reeds kan lees, laat hulle die woorde van Sebra en/of Krokodil lees.

### Na

- Praat met jou kinders oor die storie. Wie dink hulle was die slimste, die sebra of die krokodil, en waarom? Wat dink hulle het Krokodil waarskynlik gesê toe Sebra aan die einde van die storie weggekrom het?
- Laat jou kinders dit geniet om die storie weer te vertel of hulle eie storie te vertel deur die handpoppe van Sebra en Krokodil op hierdie bladsy te gebruik.

### How to make the puppets

1. Cut along the black lines and use glue to paste the pictures onto a sheet of paper or thin cardboard.
2. Cut carefully along the red dotted lines.
3. Tape the story characters to thin sticks or drinking straws to make puppets.

### Hoe om die handpoppe te maak

1. Sny langs die swart lyne uit en gebruik gom om die prente op 'n vel papier of dun karton vas te plak.
2. Sny versigtig op die rooi stippellyne uit.
3. Plak die storiekaraktters aan dun stokkies of strooitjies vas om handpoppe te maak.



## Nal'ibali on radio!

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

X-K FM on Monday to Wednesday from 9.00 a.m. to 9.15 a.m.

SAfm on Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 1.50 p.m. to 2.00 p.m.



## Nal'ibali op die radio!

Geniet dit om in Afrikaans en Engels op Nal'ibali se radioprogram na stories te luister:

X-K FM van Maandag tot Woensdag vanaf 9.00 vm. tot 9.15 vm.

SAfm op Maandag, Woensdag en Vrydag vanaf 1.50 nm. tot 2.00 nm.

## Thank you!

A big, Nal'ibali thank you to **Wimpy** for sponsoring our **Story Stars** feature in 2013! Wimpy provided meal vouchers to individuals and organisations selected as Story Stars between May and November 2013 in appreciation of what they are doing to make reading and writing part of children's daily lives.



## Dankie!

'n Groot Nal'ibali-dankie aan **Wimpy** omdat hulle ons **Storiesterre** in 2013 geborg het! Wimpy het maaltydbewyse aan individue en organisasies geskenk wat tussen Mei en November 2013 as Storiesterre gekies is as blyk van waardering vir wat hulle doen om lees en skryf deel van kinders se daaglikse lewens te maak.



# Story stars

## Making a Na'ibali difference

Every day, in six provinces around South Africa, Na'ibali's Cluster Mentors inspire and support others to run reading clubs in which children can experience the joy of reading for pleasure. Here's your chance to meet them!

# Storiesterre

## Maak 'n Na'ibali-verskil

Elke dag, in ses provinsies in Suid-Afrika, inspireer en ondersteun Na'ibali se Leesklubmentors ander mense om leesklubs te bestuur waar kinders die vreugde van lees vir genot kan ervaar. Hier is jou kans om hulle te ontmoet!

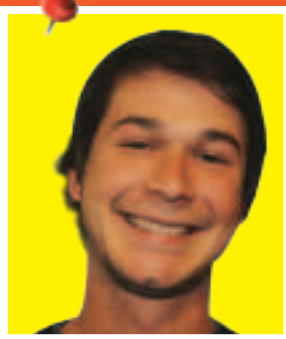
**Gcinumuzi Radebe (KZN)**

**Number of clubs:** 12  
**Favourite reading place:** the library or any quiet place  
**Reading is ...** life!



**Gcinumuzi Radebe (KZN)**

**Getal klubs:** 12  
**Gunstelingplek om te lees:** die biblioteek of enige stil plek  
**Lees is ...** lewe!



**David Jeffery (Western Cape)**

**Number of clubs:** 24  
**Favourite childhood book:** *The Enormous Crocodile* by Roald Dahl  
**Reading is ...** an adventure.

**David Jeffery (Wes-Kaap)**

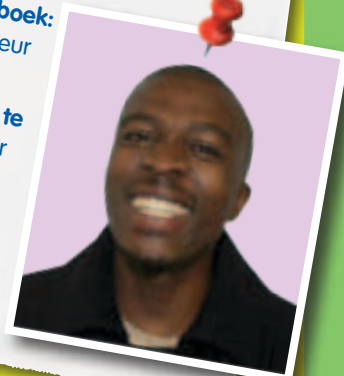
**Getal klubs:** 24  
**Gunstelingboek uit jou kinderjare:** *The Enormous Crocodile* deur Roald Dahl  
**Lees is ...** 'n avontuur.

**Tsepiso Nzayo (Eastern Cape)**

**Number of clubs:** 10  
**Favourite children's book:** *Umanendaba* by Gcina Mhlophe  
**Favourite reading place:** my bedroom

**Tsepiso Nzayo (Oos-Kaap)**

**Getal klubs:** 10  
**Gunstelingkinderboek:** *Umanendaba* deur Gcina Mhlophe  
**Gunstelingplek om te lees:** my slaapkamer



**Rinae Sikhwari (Limpopo)**

**Number of clubs:** 22  
**Favourite reading place:** school library  
**Reading is ...** amazing and adventurous!



**Rinae Sikhwari (Limpopo)**

**Getal klubs:** 22  
**Gunstelingplek om te lees:** skoolbiblioteek  
**Lees is ...** wonderlik en 'n avontuur!

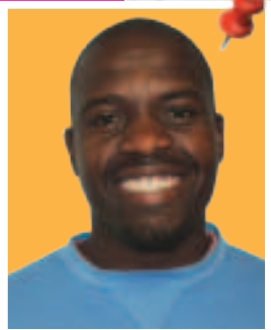
**Bongani Godide (Gauteng)**

**Number of clubs:** 30  
**Favourite childhood story:** *Tselane*, a Sesotho tale from long ago  
**Favourite reading places:** reading club and at home



**Bongani Godide (Gauteng)**

**Getal klubs:** 30  
**Gunstelingboek uit jou kinderjare:** *Tselane*, 'n Sesotho-verhaal van lank gelede  
**Gunstelingplekke om te lees:** leesklub en by die huis



**Sithembiso Nhlapo (Free State)**

**Number of clubs:** 14  
**Favourite children's story:** *Three friends in a taxi* by Maryanne and Shayle Bester  
**Reading is ...** a key to understanding your world.

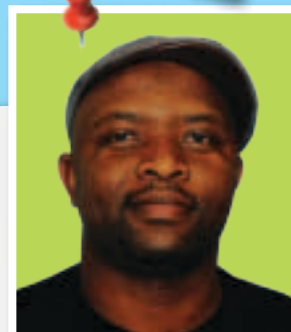
**Sithembiso Nhlapo (Vrystaat)**

**Getal klubs:** 14  
**Gunstelingkinderboek:** *Three friends in a taxi* deur Maryanne en Shayle Bester  
**Lees is ...** 'n sleutel om jou wêreld te verstaan.



**Malusi Puwe (Eastern Cape)**

**Number of clubs:** 22  
**Favourite reading place:** outside  
**Reading is ...** essential.



**Malusi Puwe (Oos-Kaap)**

**Getal klubs:** 22  
**Gunstelingplek om te lees:** buite  
**Lees is ...** noodsaaklik.



# Zebra and Crocodile Sebra en Krokodil

Joshua S. Madumulla  
Arnold Birungi



1.

Zebra and Crocodile were great friends.  
Krokodile lived in the caves of Ruaha River.

Sebra en Krokodil is groot maats. Krokodil woon in die gate by die Ruaharivier.



2.

Zebra lived among the bushes and the tender, sweet grass.

Sebra woon op die vlakke tussen die bosse en die sagte, soet gras.

Zebra often went down to the river to visit her friend Crocodile and to drink the fresh river water.

3.



Sebra gaan baie na die rivier toe om by haar maat Krokodil te gaan kuier en van die vars rivierwater te drink.



4.

After some time, Crocodile noticed that Zebra looked fat and juicy. Suddenly, he felt rather hungry.

Na 'n ruk beseft Krokodil dat Sebra lekker vet en sappig lyk. Skielik voel hy nogal honger.



5.

When Zebra next visited Crocodile, her friend was nowhere to be seen. "Help, help! I am drowning!" came a cry from the river.

Die volgende keer toe Sebra by Krokodil gaan kuier, is haar maat nêrens te sien nie. Dan hoor sy 'n geroep van die rivier se kant: "Help, Help! Ek is besig om te verdrink!"



6.

Zebra threw herself into the river to rescue her poor dying friend. "Hahahahaha! Yum! Now I am going to eat you!" laughed Crocodile.

Sebra spring in die rivier om haar arme maat te red. Krokodil lag, "Hahahahaha! Lekker! Nou gaan ek jou opvreet!"



7.

"Oh no you are not, bad friend!" shouted Zebra as she kicked Crocodile hard on his long jaw.

"O nee, jy gaan nie! Ek het gedink jy is my maat!" skree Sebra. En sy skop Krokodil hard teen sy keel.



8.

"Phew, that was a narrow escape!" panted Zebra, trotting away.

"Sjoe, dit was darem amper!" hyg Sebra terwyl sy wegdraf.



It starts with a story.



# Nal'ibali fun! Nal'ibali-pret!











Can you find six differences between these two pictures?  
 Kan jy ses verskille tussen hierdie twee prente vind?



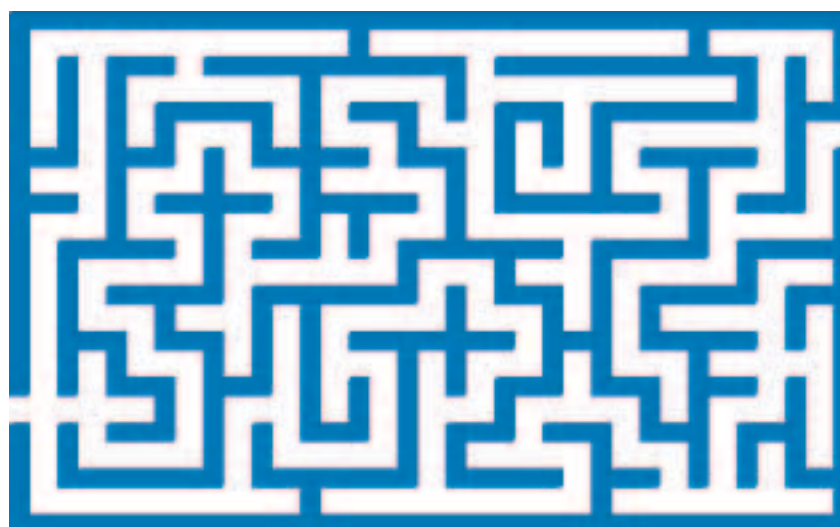
Can you find the names of the Nal'ibali characters in this word search?  
 Kan jy die name van die Nal'ibali-karakters in hierdie woordsoekspeletjie vind?

C	G	O	G	O	M	X	H	I	M	B
A	D	E	O	O	B	L	D	O	S	O
A	F	R	I	K	A	M	I	N	H	L
J	N	O	O	D	L	E	N	A	O	L
O	K	N	P	Q	I	R	T	S	P	A
S	T	B	E	L	L	A	L	U	E	R
H	W	M	Y	Z	A	N	E	O	I	P
M	M	E	W	A	A	F	R	I	K	A



-  NEO
-  NOODLE
-  GOGO
-  AFRIKA
-  MME WA AFRIKA
-  BELLA
-  MBALI
-  HOPE
-  DINTLE
-  JOSH

Help Noodle find his way to Bella!  
 Help Noodle om sy pad na Bella te vind!



# The amazing tale of floating Zimkhitha

Story by Helen Brain  
Illustrations by Magriet Brink

There was once a girl named Zimkhitha who never stopped laughing. She made her dad mad. One day he was driving her home from school. When he reached the beginning of their road, he'd had enough! He stopped the car.

"Are you going to stop laughing or are you going to walk home?" he asked. But Zimkhitha just laughed louder.

"Right," he said, "you can walk home." He made her get out of the car and he drove home.

"Where's Zimkhitha?" asked her mom when her dad walked in the front door. "I'm cooking her favourite dinner."

"Oh dear," her dad said. "I made her walk home from the corner because she wouldn't stop laughing."

"My precious baby?" cried Zimkhitha's mom. "You made my precious baby walk home? All alone? We'd better go and find her." They looked and looked, but there was no sign of Zimkhitha.

"Where did you leave her?" asked Mom. "Where is she, Ron?"

"Oh dear," muttered Zimkhitha's dad, checking under every bush and up every tree.

"Zimkhitha," called her mom. "Where are you?"

A woman stopped her car. "Can I help you?" she asked.

"We've lost our little girl," said Zimkhitha's mom. "Have you seen her?"

The woman drove round the block and came back to report, "I saw a black cat, and a yellow dog, and a man selling bananas. But I didn't see a little girl anywhere."

Zimkhitha's dad looked up, and there Zimkhitha was, floating high, high in the sky above them, like a big pink balloon.

"Oh my word!" exclaimed Mom. "How in the world did she get up there?"

The kind woman stared up into the sky, watching Zimkhitha bobbing about in the clouds. "Is she ... laughing?" she asked.

"Zimkhitha always laughs," said her mom and dad together. "We can't stop her. Listen." From high, high up in the sky Zimkhitha's laugh came tinkling down like a little bell.

"Oh no!" cried her mom, wringing her hands. "She might fall into the sea."

"Or, onto a rose bush," groaned her dad.

"I am a scientist," said the kind woman, "and one of the first things we learn is that air floats. She must have swallowed so much air from laughing that she has floated up like a balloon."

"Oh, oh," cried Zimkhitha's parents.

"There's only one way to get her down," said the kind woman. "We'll have to make her cry."

"Oh dear," said her mother. "That's not easy. She's such a giggling child."

"We'll have to shout something horrible to her," said Zimkhitha's dad, sobbing into his handkerchief.

"We need lots and lots of people to all shout at once," said the woman. "She'll never hear just the three of us." So they rang all the doorbells, and asked the people to come outside. Zimkhitha's dad stopped the traffic and asked everyone to come and help. Soon a big crowd had gathered, and they were pointing and waving and filming Zimkhitha on their cellphones.

Zimkhitha laughed and laughed. It was the funniest thing she had ever seen.

"What are we going to say to make her cry?" asked the kind woman.

"I know!" said Zimkhitha's dad, and he told them what to say.

"One, two, three, altogether now..." ordered the kind woman.

And with that, the crowd pointed into the sky and roared, "Hey, Zimkhitha! We can see up your dress!" Far up in the clouds Zimkhitha heard them. She looked down and saw five hundred people pointing at her dress, and she stopped laughing.

Down she floated. But as she came down the clouds tickled her, and she thought how funny it was to be so far up while everyone else was down there. And she began to laugh again.

"Oh dear," said her dad. "That didn't work."

"I know!" said her mom. "Tell her we can see her spotted panties!"

So the crowd took a deep breath and shouted at the top of their lungs, "Hey, Zimkhitha! We can see your spotty panties!"

And Zimkhitha stopped laughing and floated down fifty metres. But as she looked at the huge traffic jam and the TV crew and the thousands of people watching her, she started to laugh again. And up she went again.

The kind woman shook her head. "We're going to have to be a little bit meaner," she said firmly. "Any minute now the wind will catch her, and she will float away forever. What is the worst thing you can think of to say to her?"

They all put their heads together and thought and thought and thought. Finally they had it.

"Altogether now," called Zimkhitha's dad, standing on the roof of a Mercedes Benz. "Everybody shout as loudly as you can, all at once."

And the whole crowd of four thousand people, and the yellow dog, and the black cat, and the man selling bananas all shouted at once, "HEY ZIMKHITHA!

WE CAN SEE YOUR PANTIES, AND THERE'S A HOLE IN THEM!"

And Zimkhitha stopped laughing.

Down she came. Down, down, down. Even further down, and further down, and further down, until finally she was almost on the ground.

"My precious baby!" cried her mom, grabbing her legs and pulling her back to Earth. "Thank goodness you're safe!"

Zimkhitha looked at the crowd of people all cheering and laughing and clapping their hands. She was so embarrassed that she covered her face and ran home.

"Oh dear," said her dad. "We've hurt her feelings. She's very upset."

So the people put their heads together again and thought of the right thing to say to cheer her up.

"Altogether now," called her mom.

And they shouted, "HEY, ZIMKHITHA! WE WERE ONLY JOKING!"

Zimkhitha stopped running.

"WE PROMISE YOU!" they all shouted. "WE COULDN'T REALLY SEE YOUR PANTIES, BECAUSE YOU'RE WEARING PINK TROUSERS!"

And Zimkhitha started to laugh.

"Oops, grab her quickly," shouted her mom.

And they did. Just in time.



# Die verstommende verhaal van swewende Zimkhitha

Storie deur Helen Brain  
Illustrasies deur Magriet Brink

Daar was eenmaal 'n meisie met die naam Zimkhitha wat nooit ophou lag het nie. Sy het haar pa gek gemmaak. Op 'n dag gaan haar hy haar by die skool. Toe hy aan die punt van hulle straat kom, het hy genoeg gehad! Hy hou stil.

“Gaan jy ophou lag of gaan jy verder huis toe stap?” vra hy. Maar Zimkhitha lag net harder.

“Reg, sê hy, “Jy kan huis toe stap.” Hy laat haar uit die motor klim en hy ry huis toe.

“Waar’s Zimkhitha?” vra haar ma toe haar pa by die voordeur instap. “Ek kook haar gunstelingkos.”

“O, toggie,” sê haar pa. “EK het haar laat huis toe stap van die hoek af omdat sy nie wou ophou lag nie.”

“My dierbare klein dogtertjie?” huil Zimkhitha se ma. “Jy het my dierbare dogtertjie laat huis toe stap? Heeltemal alleen? Ons moet haar gaan soek.” Hulle soek en soek, maar daar is geen teken van Zimkhitha nie.

“Waar het jy haar afgelei?” vra Ma. “Waar is sy, Ron?”

“Ai, tog,” mompel Zimkhitha se pa, en kyk onder elke bos en in elke boom.

“Zimkhitha,” roep haar ma. “Zimkhitha, waar is jy?”

“n Vrou in ’n motor hou stil. “Kan ek julle help?” vra sy.

“Ons het ons dogtertjie verloor,” sê Zimkhitha se ma. “Het jy haar dalk gesien?”

Die vrou ry om die blok, kom terug en sê: “Ek het ’n swart kat en ’n geel hond gesien, en ’n man wat piessangs verkoop. Maar ek het nêrens ’n dogtertjie gesien nie.”



Zimkhitha se pa kyk op, en daar sweef Zimkhitha hoog, hoog bo hulle in die lug, soos ’n groot pienk ballon.

“O, goeie,” roep Ma. “Hoe op aarde het sy daar bo gekom?”

Die gawe vrou kyk in die lug op, en sien hoe Zimkhitha op die wolke dans. “Lag ... lag sy?” vra die vrou.

“Zimkhitha lag altyd,” sê haar ma en pa tegelyk. “Ons kan haar nie maak ophou nie. Luister.” Van hoog bo uit die lug kom Zimkhitha se lag aangesweef soos die geluid van ’n klokkie wat klingel.

“O, nee!” roep haar ma, en wring haar hande saam. “Netrou val sy in die see.”

“Of binne-in ’n roosboom,” kreun haar pa.

“Ek is ’n wetenskaplike,” sê die gawe vrou, “en een van die eerste dinge wat ons leer, is dat lug opstyg. Sy moes so baie lug ingestuk het van al die gelag dat sy soos ’n ballon in die lug opgestyg het.”

“Ai, ai, ai,” huil Zimkhitha se ouers.

“Daar is net een manier om haar af te kry,” sê die gawe vrou.

“Ons sal haar moet laat huil.”

“Goeie,” sê haar ma. “Dit gaan nie maklik wees nie. Sy is so ’n giggelende kind.”

“Ons sal vir haar iets vreesliks moet skree,” sê Zimkhitha se pa, en snik in sy sakdoek.

“Ons het baie mense nodig wat almal saam kan skree,” sê die vrou. “Sy sal nooit net die drie van ons hoor nie.” Hulle lui toe al die deurtlokkies en vra die mense om buitentoe te kom. Zimkhitha se pa stop die verkeer en vra almal om te kom help. Gou is daar ’n groot skare byeen, en hulle wys en wuf en neem foto’s van Zimkhitha met hulle selfone.

Zimkhitha lag en lag. Dit is die snaakste ding wat sy nog ooit gesien het.

“Wat gaan ons sê om haar te laat hui?” vra die gawe vrou.

“Ek weet!” sê Zimkhitha se pa, en hy sê vir hulle wat om te sê.

“Een, twee, drie, almal saam ...” beveel die gawe vrou.

En toe kyk die skare in die lug op en skree: “Haai, luister Zimkhitha! Ons kan onder jou rok insien!” Hoog bo in die wolke hoor Zimkhitha hulle. Sy kyk af en sien vyf honderd mense wat na haar rok wys, en sy hou op lag.

Sy begin ondertoe sweef. Maar terwyl sy sweef, kielie die wolke haar, en sy dink hoe snaaks dit is dat sy so hoog in die lug is terwyl al die ander mense daar onder is. En sy begin weer lag.

“Ag, nee,” sê haar pa. “Dit het glad nie gewerk nie.”

“EK weet!” sê haar ma. “Sê vir haar ons kan haar kollejies-broeckie sien.”

Die skare haal diep asem en skree so hard hulle kan: “Haai, luister Zimkhitha! Ons kan jou kollejies-broeckie sien!”



En Zimkhitha hou op lag en sweef vyftig meter ondertoe. Maar sy kyk na die groot verkeersknoep en die TV-span en die duisende mense wat na haar kyk, en sy begin weer lag. En daar sweef sy weer op in die lug.

Die gawe vrou skud haar kop. “Ons gaan iets onaangenaam moet sê,” sê sy ferm. “Die wind kan haar nou enige oomblik skep en dan sal sy vir altyd wegweef. Wat is die ergste ding waaraan julle kan dink wat ons vir haar kan sê?”

Hulle sit almal koppe bymekaar en dink en dink en dink en dink. Uiteindelik het hulle dit.

“Almal saam,” roep Zimkhitha se pa, wat op die dak van ’n silwer Mercedes Benz staan. “Almal skree so hard julle kan, almal tegelyk.”

En toe skree die skare van vier duisend mense, en die geel hond, en die swart kat, en die man wat piessangs

verkoop almal saam: “HAAI ZIMKHITHA! ONS KAN JOU BROECKIE SIEN, EN DAAR IS ’N GAATJIE DAARIN!”

En Zimkhitha hou op lag.

Sy kom afgesweef. Af, af, af. Nog verder af, en af, en af, tot sy uiteindelik byna op die grond is.



“My dierbare klein dogtertjie!” huil haar ma, gryp haar bene vas en trek haar terug tot op die grond. “Dankie tog jy is veilig!”

Zimkhitha kyk na die skare mense wat almal juig en lag en hande klap. Sy is so verlei dat sy haar gesig met haar hande bedek en begin huis toe hardloop.

“Ai, tog,” sê haar pa. “Ons het haar gevoelens seergemak. Sy is bate ontsteld.”

En die mense sit toe weer koppe bymekaar en dink aan die regte ding om te sê om haar op te beur.

“Almal saam,” roep haar ma.

En hulle skree: “HAAI, ZIMKHITHA! DIT WAS NET ’N GRAPPIE!”

Zimkhitha gaan staan stil.

“ONS BELOWE JOU!” skree hulle almal saam. “ONS KON NIE REGTIG JOU BROECKIE SIEN NIE, WANT JY HET DAN ’N PIENK LANGBROEK AAN!”

En toe begin Zimkhitha lag.

“Oeps, gryp haar gou!” skree haar ma.

En hulle doen dit. Net betyds.

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