



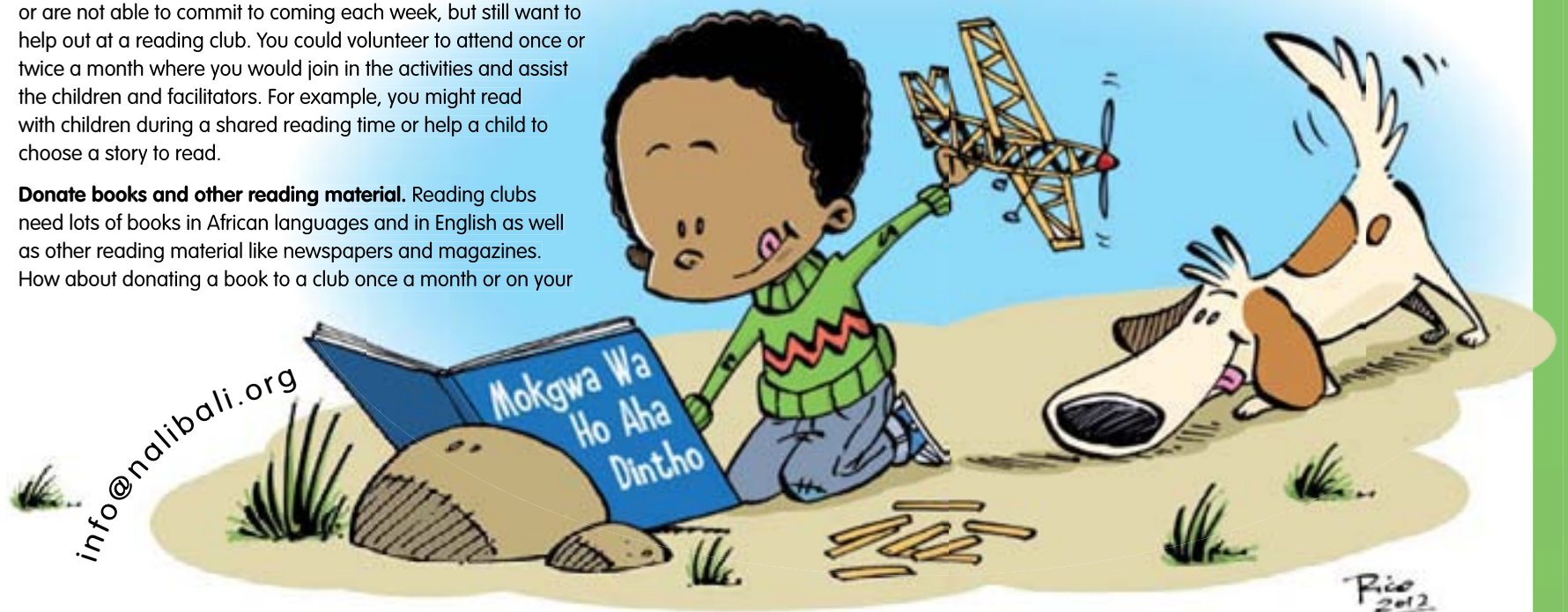
Seven simple ways to become part of a reading club

Getting involved in a reading club can be really very easy! It all depends on what you'd like to do and what you are able to offer. Here are some ways to get involved.

1. **Become a reading club facilitator at an existing club.** You'll need to commit to attending club sessions each week where you'll share stories with the children and lead other activities. You'll also participate in the planning for each session with other facilitators.
2. **Be a reading club volunteer.** Maybe you don't want to lead activities or are not able to commit to coming each week, but still want to help out at a reading club. You could volunteer to attend once or twice a month where you would join in the activities and assist the children and facilitators. For example, you might read with children during a shared reading time or help a child to choose a story to read.
3. **Donate books and other reading material.** Reading clubs need lots of books in African languages and in English as well as other reading material like newspapers and magazines. How about donating a book to a club once a month or on your

children's birthdays? Or, buy extra copies of the newspaper with the Nal'ibali supplement in it to donate to a club.

4. **Give some stationery.** Clubs offer drawing and writing activities and welcome equipment like paper, exercise books, pens, pencils, sharpeners, erasers, chalk, crayons, koki pens, scissors, glue and glitter. Collect recycled paper, go through your stationery drawer or buy some items and drop them off at a club.
5. **Help with transport.** If you own a car, consider helping lift volunteers and children to and/or from the reading club or on outings.
6. **DIY.** You can do small things to make a reading club's venue comfortable and inviting. Knit blankets and make cushions for the children to sit on or help to put up book shelves and paint the walls.
7. **Fill hungry tummies.** Most reading clubs supply the children with a healthy snack because it's hard to concentrate if you are hungry! Consider making a donation of either fruit or money to a club's fruit-fund.



Iindlela ezisixhenxe ezilula zokuba yinxalenye yeqela elifundayo

Kungalula kakhulu ukuzibandakanya neqela elifundayo! Konke oku kuxhomekeke koko ufuna ukukwenza kuquka noko ukwaziyo ukukwenza. Nazi ezinye iindlela zokuzibandakanya.

1. **Yiba ngomnye weenkokheli nabaququzeleli beqela elifundayo esele likho.** Kuza kufuneka uzibophelele ekunyamekeleni ukuhamba iindibano zamaqela rhoqo ngeveki, apho uza kuthi wabelane khona nabantwana ngamabali kwaye ukhokele nemisetyenzana ethile. Uza kuthatha nenxaxheba ekwenzeni isicwangciso sendibano nganye kunye nabanye abancedisi.
2. **Yiba livolontiya leqela elifundayo.** Kunokwenzeka ukuba ungafuni kukhokela imisetyenzana okanye ke ungabi nakuzibophelela ekuzeni kwiqela rhoqo ngeveki, kodwa ube unawo umdla wokunceda kwiqela elifundayo. Ungavolontiya ekubeni ubekho kwiqela elifundayo kanye okanye kabini ngenyanga, apho unokungenelela kwimisetyenzana eyenziwayo uze uncedise abantwana namanye amagosa ancedisayo. Umzekelo, unakho ukufunda nabantwana ngexesha lokwabelana ngokufunda okanye uncedise umntwana akhethe ibali anokulifunda.

3. **Yenza isipho seencwadi okanye ezinye izixhobo zokufunda.** Amaqela afundayo adinga iincwadi ezininzi ezibhalwe ngeelwimi zaseAfrika nesiNgesi, kuquka nezinye izixhobo zokufunda ezifana namaphephandaba neemagazini. Kunganjani xa unokunikezela ngencwadi kwiqela elifundayo kube kanye ngenyanga okanye ngeentsuku abazalwa ngazo abantwana bakho? Kungenjalo, ungathenga iikopi eziliqela zamaphephandaba anehlelo likaNal'ibali ukuze unikezele ngawo njengesipho kwiqela elifundayo.
4. **Nikezela ngezinto zokubhala namaphepha.** Amaqela afundayo akwafundisa nangemisetyenzana yokuzoba nokubhala kwaye angazithakazelela izipho ezifana namaphepha, iincwadi zokusebenzela, iipeni, iipensile, oomatshini bokulola, iirabha, itshokwe, iikhreyoni, iikoki, izikere, iglu nezinto ezimenezelisa amaphepha. Qokelela amaphepha asele esebenzile, khangela kwidrowa yakho yezinto zokubhala nokufunda okanye ke ungathenga izinto ezithile uzishiye kwiqela elifundayo.
5. **Ncedisa ngesithuthi.** Ukuba unemoto, unganakho ukunceda ngokukhwelisa amavolontiya nabantwana ubase kwaye ubalande kwindawo elidibanela kuyo iqela elifundayo okanye kwezo ndawo bahambele kuzo.
6. **Zenzele.** Zikho izinto ezincinci onokuzenza ukuze indawo elidibanela kuyo iqela elifundayo ibe ntofo-ntfo kwaye ibe nomtsalane. Ungenza iikhushini abaza kuhlala kuzo abantwana kwaneengubo, okanye ke uncedise ngokubethelela iishelufu zeencwadi nangokupeyinta iindonga.
7. **Yondla izisu ezilambileyo.** Uninzi lwamaqela afundayo lunika abantwana izimuncu-muncu ezinempilo kuba kaloku kunzima ukugqala entweni oyenzayo xa ulambile! Unganakho ke nokunikezela ngesipho seziqhamo okanye semali kwingxowa-mali yeziqhamo yeqela elifundayo.

Help your child be a somebody. It starts with a story...
Nceda umntwana wakho abe lulutho. Konke kuqala ngebali...



@nalibali: "I just bought *The Times* newspaper so I could get a Nal'ibali supplement. Oh my gosh, it's more than what I expected. My daughter is going to love it!"

Mpho Motloung

@nalibali: "I love it. I get goosebumps just by looking @ the Nal'ibali advert. Thank u for encouraging me to read stories to my daughter!"

Noluvuyo Kula

"Hayi ndifunde nto ke nam namhlanje kuNal'ibali ngezaa rings zintlanu kwiolympic flag, bendingazazi. Nebali i*The running shoes* lanamhlanje likhuthaza kakhulu ebantwaneni, xa umntu esebenza nzima ezimisele angazibona egqwesa kuyo yonke into ayenzayo. Kwanga abazali bayabafundela abantwana la mabali."

Thobelani Mtsewu, Umhlanga Village, Lady Frere

"We are full of admiration for the Praesa team who are busy promoting their Nal'ibali Reading Clubs. Nal'ibali means 'Here's the Story' in Xhosa... You will start to see the Nal'ibali supplements filtering into our Shine Centres over the coming months: they are printed in English and Xhosa in the Western Cape, and we are delighted to be able to use these books in a multiple of ways: as readers to take home, as books to go home in parent packs, and eventually to be a strong feature in our community initiatives that we are busy working on... Many congratulations to the Nal'ibali team, and we are proud to promote the work they are doing."

The Shine Centre

Dear Nal'ibali...
Mhleli weNal'ibali...

Write to
Nal'ibali at PO Box
1654, Saxonwold, 2132 or
letters@nalibali.org

Bhalela kwi: Nal'ibali,
PO Box 1654, Saxonwold,
2132 okanye kwi:
letters@nalibali.org

Bhala uze uphumelele!

Write and win!

Are you between the ages of 12 and 17 and looking for something to do during the school holidays? Read the *Twisted Tales* in this supplement then write your own 500-word story (in English, isiXhosa or isiZulu) with a twist at the end of it. You could have your story published on our website and/or in a future Nal'ibali supplement, be featured on the Fundza mobisite and win a set of three Harmony High novels and an illustrated dictionary.

Send your story together with your full name, physical address and contact number to letters@nalibali.org or Nal'ibali, PO Box 1654, Saxonwold, 2132 by 23 October 2012.

Ingaba uphakathi kweminyaka eli-12 neli-17 ubudala, kwaye ukhangela into onokuyenza ngexesha leeholide zesikolo? Funda incwadi engu*Intsomi eziphothiweyo* kwesi hlelo uze emva koko ubhale ibali isiXhosa okanye isiZulu angama-500 (ngesiNgesi, isixhosa okanye isiZulu) neliza kuphela ngendlela ebingalindelekanga. Eli bali lakho lisenokushicilelwa kwiwebhusayithi yethu okanye kwihlelo likaNal'ibali elilandelayo, okanye livezwe kuFundza mobisite ukuze uphumelele iseti yeenoveli ezintathu zikaHarmony High kwanesichazi-magama esinemizobo.

Ibali lakho lithumele lihambe negama lakho elipheleleyo, idilesi yakho kunye neenombolo ofumaneka kuzo kule dilesi: letters@nalibali.org okanye kule: Nal'ibali, PO Box 1654, Saxonwold, 2132 ungalulanga umhla wama-23 Okthobha 2012.

Need help finding a club?

Email join@nalibali.org to find the name and contact details of your nearest club – and how to get involved, from volunteering to book donations.

Do you have other ideas for how to get involved with reading clubs? Let us know by writing to us at Nal'ibali at PO Box 1654, Saxonwold, 2132 or letters@nalibali.org or post them on Twitter using [#ReadingClubs](https://twitter.com/ReadingClubs).

Start your own club!

Even one adult and three to five children can be a reading club! If you do not have books yet, start small using the stories and activities in your weekly Nal'ibali supplement.

Ingaba udinga uncedo lokufumana iqela elifundayo?

Imeyilela kule dilesi: join@nalibali.org ukuze ufumane igama neenkukacha zeqela elifundayo elikufuphi nawe – nendlela onokubandakanyeka ngayo, ukususela kubuvolontiya ukuya ekunikezeleni ngeziphos ezizincwadi.

Ingaba unazo ezinye iibono malunga nokuzibandakanya kwiqela elifundayo? Sazise ngokuthi usibhalele kuNal'ibali kule dilesi: PO Box 1654, Saxonwold, 2132 okanye kule: letters@nalibali.org okanye uzithumele ngeposi kuTwitter ngokusebenzisa u: [#ReadingClubs](https://twitter.com/ReadingClubs).

Qalisa elakho iqela elifundayo!

Nokuba ngumntu omnye kunye nabantwana abathathu ukuya kwabahlanu, bangalilo iqela elifundayo! Ukuba awukabinazo incwadi, qala kancinci, usebenzise amabali akwihlelo likaNal'ibali eliphuma rhoqo ngeveki.

Shelley Christians

Create your own mini-book Zenzele eyakho incwadana encinane

1. Take out pages 3 to 6 of this supplement.
2. Fold it in half along the black dotted line.
3. Fold it in half again.
4. Cut along the red dotted lines.
1. Thabatha amaphepha ama-3 ukuya kwisi-6 kweli hlelo.
2. Wasonge esiphakathini kumgca wamachaphaza amnyama.
3. Phinda uwasonge esiphakathini kwakhona.
4. Sika kwimigca yamachaphaza abomvu.



Get story active!

After you and your children have read *One more* on page 8, try out some of these ideas.

If you have 10 minutes...

- ★ Read the story together in your home language again and ask your children to look in each picture for the person who has just got into the taxi.
- ★ Read the story in the other language of the supplement. Point to the people in the taxi as you read about them.
- ★ Talk about different types of transport that you and your family use – for example: you may walk your children to school and then take a bus to work.
- ★ Together sing the song “The wheels on the bus go round and round” or any other transport songs that you know. Use actions that go with the words of the songs.

If you have 30 minutes...

- ★ Encourage your children to use a cardboard box (like a tissue box), bottle tops, other scrap materials, glue and paint to make their own taxis.

If you have one hour...

- ★ Let your children create their own zig-zag books by folding a sheet of paper in the same way as you folded page 8. Encourage them to write and illustrate their own little story. They could also adapt the words of *One more* – for example: “We sit in the ____ and me.”, “One more next to ____.”, “One more next to me.”

Yenza ibali linike umdla!

Emva kokuba wena nabantwana bakho nifunde ibalana u*Omnye kwakhona* kwiphepha lesi-8, ningalinga ezinye zezi mbono.

Ukuba unemizuzu eli-10...

- ★ Lifundeni kwakhona ibali ngolwimi lwenu lwasekhaya uze ucele abantwana ukuba bakhangele umntu osanda kungena etekisini kumfanekiso ngamnye.
- ★ Lifunde kwakhona ibali ngolunye ulwimi olukwihlelo lephephandaba. Khomba kwaba bantu basetekisini ngeli lixa ufunda ngabo.
- ★ Ncokolani ngeendidi ezahlukileyo zezithuthi enizisebenzisayo nosapho lwakho – umzekelo: ubakhapha ngeenwayo abantwana bakho ukubasa esikolweni uze emva koko ukhwele ibhasi ukuya emsebenzini.
- ★ Culani le ngoma kunye “Amavili ebhasi ayajikeleza, ayajikeleza” okanye ningacula ezinye iingoma ezingezithuthi enizaziyo. Sebenzisa neentshukumo ezihambelana namazwi ezo ngoma.

Ukuba unemizuzu engama-30...

- ★ Bakhuthaze abantwana bakho ukuba basebenzise ibhokisi yekhadibhodi (njengebhokisi yephetshana eliyacuyacu), iziciko zeebhottle, izinto ezindala ezilahliweyo, iglu nepeyinti ukuze benze eyabo itekisi.

Ukuba uneyure...

- ★ Bakhuthaze abantwana benze ezabo iincwadi ezenziwe zamajikojiko ngokuthi basongwe umcwe wephepha ngokufanayo nohlobo osongwe ngalo iphepha lesi-8. Bakhuthaze ukuba babhale baze benze imizobo kumabalana abo amafutshane. Bangakwazi nokutshintsha kancinci amazwi ebali u*Omnye kwakhona* – umzekelo: “Sihlala e ____ kwaye mna.”, “Omnye kwakhona ecaleni kw ____.”, “Omnye kwakhona ecaleni kwam.”

Meet the Nal'ibali characters

Noodle

Noodle lives with Bella and her mom and he is friends with all of Bella's friends too! Sometimes Bella thinks she should have taken him to puppy school when he was younger because he can be very naughty! When Bella and her mom are reading together, Noodle likes to lie

near them in case they are reading a story with animal sounds in it – he likes these stories very much, especially if they have dogs barking in them. Noodle is full of energy and loves places where he can run around and dig. And when he's done that, there is nothing that he likes more than to have a large drink of water and a dog biscuit!



Dibana nabalinganiswa bakaNal'ibali

UNoodle

UNoodle uhlala noBella kunye nomama wakhe, ukwangumhlobo wabo bonke abahlobo bakaBella! Ngamanye amaxesha uBella uye acinge ukuba bekufanele ukuba umse kwisikolo seenjana ngokuya ebeseemncinci

kuba ngamanye amaxesha uyageza kakhulu! Xa uBella nomama wakhe befunda kunye, uNoodle uyathanda ukungqengqa ecaleni kwabo kuba kungenzeka ukuba baza kufunda amabali anezandi zezilwanyana – uyawathanda kakhulu la mabali, ingakumbi

xa enezinja ezikhonkothayo kuwo. UNoodle udlamkile kakhulu kwaye uyazithanda iindawo anokubaleka aze agrumbe kuzo. Uthi akugqiba ukwenza oko, kungabikho nto ayithanda ukodlula isiselo esininzi kunye nebhiskithi yezinja!

In your next Nal'ibali supplement:

- Getting the most from your library
- Story star: A librarian who inspires children to read
- Mini-book, *A good plan*
- A read-aloud story, *The smell thief*

Can't wait until next week for more reading and story tips, tools and inspirational ideas? Visit www.nalibali.org or find us on Facebook: www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA

Which is your favourite part of the supplement? Tell us on Twitter using the hashtag #nalibaliSA
Loluphi olona papasho uluthandileyo? Sixelele kuTwitter ngokusebenzisa u-hashtag #nalibaliSA

Kwihlelo elilandelayo leNal'ibali:

- Ukufumana lukhulu kwithala lakho leencwadi
- Imbalasane yebali: Umsebenzi wethala leencwadi okhuthaza abantwana ekubeni bafunde
- Incwadana, *Icebo elilungileyo*
- Ibali elifundelwa phezulu, *Isela levumba*

Ingathi ayisafiki iveki elandelayo ndifumane ezinye iingcebiso, izixhobo neembono ezikhuthazayo ngokufunda nezamabali? Ndwendwela kule webhusayithi- www.nalibali.org sifumane nakuFacebook: www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA



Hayi akusekho ndawo! Masihambe!

Translated by Sebolelo Makapela

No more! Let's go!

8

1 **One more**
Omnye kwakhona

We sit in the taxi. Gogo and me.



Sihlala eteksimi. Ndim noGogo.



Lisa Greenstein
Nikki Jones



Omnye kwakhona phambi kwam.

One more in front of me.

7

FOLD

2 **One more next to Gogo.**



Omnye kwakhona ecaleni
kukaGogo.



Omnye kwakhona phambi
kukaGogo.

One more in front of Gogo.

9

FOLD

3 **One more next to me.**



Omnye kwakhona ecaleni kwam.



Omnye kwakhona emva kwam.

One more behind me.

5

4 **One more behind Gogo.**



Omnye kwakhona emva koGogo.



Enjoyed these Twisted Tales? There's more on FunDza's mobi network!

Join FunDza's mobi reading community to read *Seven Twisted Tales*, by Jenny Robson, and many other stories on your mobile phone!

FunDza is fun, easy to join and ... it's FREE!

What's more, you just need a cellphone to:

- Read a great new story each week
- Explore our growing 'library' of teen fiction
- Comment on the stories
- Submit your own writing for publication too

Get connected!

If you're on Mxit, make FunDza a contact:

Mxit > TradePost > Mxit Reach > mobiBooks > FunDza

Or find us with your phone or computer on the web at:

www.funda.mobi

Ingaba uzonwabele iiNtsomi eziPhothiweyo? Kuninzi onokukufumana kuthungelwano lukaFunDza mobi!

Joyina uluntu olufundayo lweFunDza mobi ukuze ufunde iiNtsomi eziSixhenxe eziPhothiweyo, zikaJenny Robson, kunye namanye amabali amaninzi owafumana kwiselifowuni yakho!

IFunDza iyonwabisa, kulula ukuyijoyina kwaye ... ifumaneka MAHALA!

Yintoni enye, udinga nje iselifowuni ukuze:

- Ufunde ibali elitsha elingungqa-phambili qho ngeveki
- Uhlale ithala lethu leencwadi elikhulayo lamabali wabo bafikisayo
- Unike amagqabantshintshi angamabali
- Ufake eyakho imibhalo ukuze ishicilelwe

Hlala usemfuthweni!

Ukuba usebenzisa uMxit, yenza iFunDza enye yabaqagamshelwa bakho:

Mxit > TradePost > Mxit Reach > mobiBooks > FunDza

Okanye usifumane ngefowuni yakho okanye ngekhompyutha kwiwebhusayithi ethi:

www.funda.mobi

Nal'ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment initiative to get people in South Africa – children and adults – passionate about telling and reading stories. For more information, visit www.nalibali.org

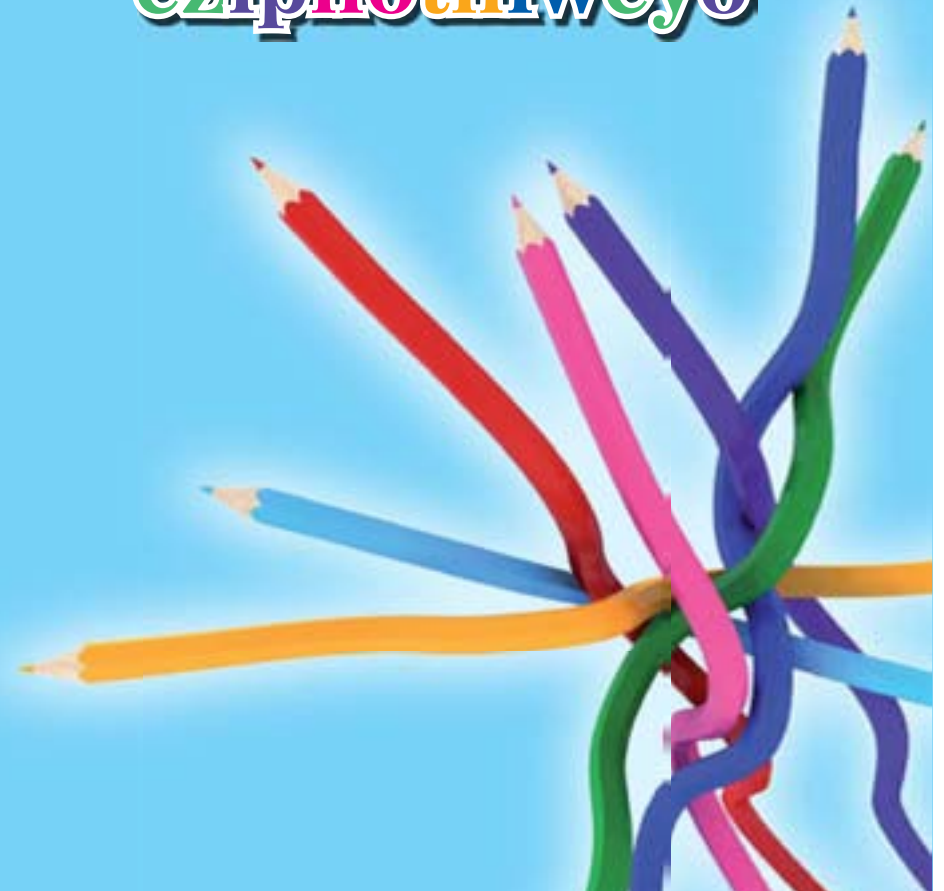


INal'ibali liphulo lesizwe lokufundela ulonwabo lokwenza abantu eMzantsi Afrika – abantwana nabantu abadala – bakuthakazelele ukubalisa nokufunda amabali. Ukuze ufumane inkcazelo ebanzi, ndwendwela ku-www.nalibali.org

Teen-read
Iincwadi zabafikisayo

Twisted tales

Iintsomi eziphothiweyo



Jenny Robson

The girl next door

“Party on!” says Thandi happily. This is great! New people are moving into the house next door and they seem to have a teenage daughter. She’s about sixteen too. “Fantastic! I am sick of living in a street full of screeching little boys playing gangsta-gangsta.”

Mom smiles. She says, “We’ll give them a chance to settle in. Maybe tomorrow you can invite the girl round for cooldrink and biscuits? Her name is Grace, her mother told me.”

The girl next door seems nice, too. She gives Thandi a big smile over the fence. She does her best to wave even though her arms are full of things from the removal van – including CDs. But Thandi isn’t close enough to see which pop singers are Grace’s favourites.

It is around supper time when the yelling next door starts. Thandi is in the kitchen with her Mom. Such awful shouting going on! First it is next-door’s mother yelling at the girl. Then the father takes over. Thandi is horrified, even though she can’t hear the words being shouted.

“Relax, Thandi,” says Mom. “I’m sure it just sounds loud because the curtains aren’t up yet. Or maybe Grace is in another room. I’m sure it’s nothing to worry about.”

But later Thandi is outside in the yard. She can see into next door’s kitchen and Grace and her mother are both there. Yet once again the mother is shouting at her daughter. So loudly! Then the father appears and starts up too.

“It’s okay, Thandi,” Mom says. “I suppose they are all just stressed out from moving. It is quite a strain.”

“That’s no excuse, Mum. You are stressed sometimes with being a single parent. With having to hold down two jobs. Yet when do you ever yell at me like that? Never!”

Thandi goes to bed, feeling so sad for Grace next door. How terrible to have parents who treat you like that! How awful to live in such a home, with such a family! Maybe, thinks Thandi, maybe she should ask Mom if Grace can come and stay with them? Hey, that would be great! Like having her very own sister.

“Party on,” says Thandi sleepily before she falls asleep.

Next morning, bright and early, Thandi sees Grace out in the yard next door. She runs

outside. Grace smiles and waves to her. How brave she is to smile after all that, thinks Thandi.

“Hi there Grace! Why don’t you come over and we can listen to my new Rihanna? Do you like Rihanna?”

“What are you saying?” asks the girl. She has a strange accent. Maybe she is foreign? Maybe she comes from somewhere where it is normal for parents to yell at their children?

Thandi tries again: “Do you like Rihanna’s music?”

The girl shakes her head. “Sorry, I can’t hear you. You will have to shout. Just like my poor mom and dad. I’m deaf, see? I lost my hearing aid in all the chaos of moving.”

The end

Exit stage left

“A blind date!” I shrieked. “You’ve gotta be kidding, Kay. I don’t do blind dates!”

But my friend Kay wasn’t kidding. “Please, Lebo? It’s my cousin from Durban. I promised. He’ll take you to a fancy restaurant.”

Well, that tempted me. A little. “So what’s he like? He’d better be drop-dead gorgeous. I only do drop-dead gorgeous!”

“I don’t know. Last time I saw him he was a snotty-nosed kid of eleven with a bandage round his head because he fell out of a tree. But he’s twenty-six now. I’m sure he’s improved.”

“What if he hasn’t? Forget it, Kay! I don’t do duds – I only do studs!”

But once my friend has an idea in her head, nothing will shift it. Next day Kay arrived with a pile of papers. Across the top was written EXIT STRATEGY in bright red letters.

“I printed this off the internet, Lebo. It tells you how to escape if your blind date is going badly.”

I wasn't about to read all that! "Okay, Kay. So summarise. What do I do if your cousin is a dud?"

So she summarised. If the blind date is bad news, I must go to the Ladies cloakroom and SMS her. Then once I was back at the table with the dud, she would phone me on my cellphone. She would tell me there was a 'family emergency'. Like, my kid sister had broken her ankle and I was needed at home. Immediately.

"See? Easy! Then you tell my cousin: 'Sorry, there's a family emergency'. And then you exit stage left! No problem, Lebo."

"Just make sure your cellphone is switched on!" I warned her.

Thank goodness I warned her. Her cousin from Durban was a Dud De Luxe! OUCH!

Lucky – that was his name. Not very 'lucky' for me! We met at a seafood restaurant and he ordered prawns. Prawns! With their heads and tails and spiky little legs still attached! Is there anything more disgusting? Even if you grew up beside the sea in Durban – that's still no excuse! I could barely swallow my fish, watching him rip the prawn shells off. And then suck stuff out their heads! DOUBLE OUCH!

He had a round, chubby face. And he was boring. He went on about life in 'Durbs' and all his 'chinas' and how 'kif' they were. It was definitely time for Kay's Exit Strategy. Time to head to the Ladies and SMS her: *Get me outa dis! Now!*

But then Lucky announced: "Yeah, I'm completing my internship. Next year, I will be a qualified doctor."

A doctor?! *A doctor?! Why didn't Kay tell me that from the start? Forget going to the Ladies cloakroom! Forget SMSing Kay, forget 'family emergencies' and exiting stage left! Hey, this was the best blind date ever. He wasn't a dud! He was drop-dead gorgeous, the way only a doctor-to-be can be drop-dead gorgeous.*

Hopefully Lucky and I would have many more dates! Just not at a seafood restaurant next time!

A doctor! Wow! When Lucky came back from the Gent's cloakroom, I started with 'twenty questions'.

"So are you going to have a private practice? Are you going to specialise? Have you worked in Emergency? Are you..."

But then his cellphone rang. He listened with a frown. Then said: "Sorry Lebo, I have to go home. Immediately. There's a family emergency. My kid sister has broken her ankle."

The end

Keep your distance!

Isaac Modise's clients were always emotional. In his line of work, he expected it. By the time clients made an appointment with Isaac, their lives were usually upside-down and chaotic.

Some clients were upset and tearful; some were confused and afraid; some were a little too crazy with excitement.

Usually Isaac followed his father's advice. His father had done this same work for many years. "Keep your distance, son. Be professional. Never get emotionally involved."

But not this time! Not with today's client: Ms Naledi Tangane!

For one thing, Ms Naledi Tangane was beautiful. For another thing, Ms Tangane was sobbing her eyes out while she spoke.

"But Mr Modise, what if I'm making a terrible mistake?" she wailed. "What if I'm messing up my little daughter's life? What should I do?" Tears ran down her lovely smooth cheeks.

Isaac's father always warned him: "Don't offer advice. That is not part of your job."

So Isaac handed Ms Tangane a clean white handkerchief. He said gently, "Only you can judge. Only you know what is best for you and your daughter." He longed to put his arms around her and tell her everything would be all right. But that was a total no-no! His Dad would have a fit!

So instead Isaac tried to cheer her up. "If this turns out to be the wrong decision, there are always ways to reverse it. And I will be there to help you through."

Isaac understood her problem completely. Ms Tangane had explained that she had moved to another part of the city. She had needed to get far away from her bullying ex-boyfriend. He had been harassing her.

But moving meant she had left all her friends, her kind neighbours, taken her little daughter out of the crèche where the little girl was happy and secure.

No wonder she felt torn apart! Poor, lovely, Ms Tangane! Poor lovely Naledi!

Isaac's work day was over now. He sat in his lounge, sipping coffee, trying to relax. But he couldn't get Ms Tangane out of his mind.

"Stop it!" he told himself aloud in the empty lounge. "She's just a client! Keep your distance!"

But how could he? No matter what his father said. No! He needed to see her. He would visit her. He knew the address of her new home on the other side of the city. Maybe take a bunch of flowers to brighten up the place. It was probably full of unpacked boxes. And maybe take some Nando's for her and her daughter. Very likely her new kitchen wasn't ready for cooking yet.

"Sorry Dad," said Isaac, even though his father wasn't there. "Sorry. I know this is unprofessional, but I can't help myself."

Isaac picked up his keys and headed for the door.

Isaac Modise started the engine. He drove towards Naledi's new home in his Dad's huge truck with their sign painted on the side: MODISE AND SON, FURNITURE REMOVALS.

The end

Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord

Sometimes it feels like there is no justice in this world. Evil people prosper. Good people go unrewarded.

Let me tell you the story of Dadi. I know it well. We are from the same village.

Dadi called himself a child soldier but seventeen is no longer a child. And Dadi was seventeen when he joined the rebels and headed north. He marched with them by day. He slept with them in damp forests by night.

He took part in the many atrocities the rebels were famous for. When it came to the chopping off of hands, he was often the one who wielded the machete. He helped set fire to villages. He participated in rapes and murders.

But finally, after many cruel years, the civil war ended. Rebels and child soldiers returned to their homes. Dadi returned to our village. With blood on his hands, but riches in his pockets. Riches stolen from northern mines.

And he was made welcome! The elders said, "He must be forgiven. These child soldiers cannot be held responsible. He must be given his plot of farmland like the other young men." Perhaps it was his riches that swayed the elders? His riches certainly swayed the young women of our village. Especially the beautiful ones. Like Claudette.

And in the end Dadi married Claudette too. Even though she had been promised to me. And was that justice? Was that fair punishment for his crimes? To be rewarded with a beautiful wife. And a fruitful one too.

Claudette bore him five sons. All born healthy and bright-minded. The crops on his farm plot prospered too. They grew firm and tall. Certainly taller than mine.

But in one thing, Dadi was not so blessed. His years of sleeping in damp forests had damaged his heart.

"But I will give you these pills," said the visiting doctor. "If the chest pains strike, take two instantly. Keep them away from your children. They are dangerous, highly toxic."

Aha, I thought. Will this be Dadi's punishment? That one of his sons will find these pills, red like town-shop sweets? Swallow them?

But no. "See," said the doctor. "The bottle's lid is child-proof."

Out at the farmlands one day, hidden by bushes, I watched Dadi swaggering amongst his crops. My jealousy grew huge. A longing for murder gripped my heart. And there was no one else around who could bear witness.

But I stayed hidden. I am not a man of violence. Yet as I watched, Dadi fell down onto his fertile soil, clutching at his weak heart.

“Help!” he screamed to the empty sky.

I did not move. Perhaps justice was visiting him at last? How could I interfere with justice?

But no! Once more Dadi was blessed and lucky. Rewarded instead of punished. A passing stranger heard his cries: a woman dressed in the clothing of the northern states. She came running and knelt beside him.

“How can I help you, sir?”

“My pills!” he screamed again. “Quick. Here in my pocket! Put two on my tongue or I will die.”

“I am sorry, sir,” said the woman. “I cannot help you.”

She lifted up her arms so that her sleeves fell away. Mutilated arms. Arms without hands.

The end

Intombazana kammelwane

“Maluqhube ulonwabo!” utshilo uThandi ngovuyo. Ngxatsho ke! Kukho abantu abatsha abangena kule ndlu isecaleni kwethu kwaye bakhangeleka ngathi banomntwana oyintombi esafikisayo. Ingathi ineminyaka eli-16 nayo. “Heke! Ndanele gqithi kukuhlala kwisitalato esizele ngamakhwenkwana anentswahla adlala *ugangsta-gangsta*.”

Umama uyancuma. Uthi, “Siza kubanika ithuba lokuzinza. Mhlawumbi ngomso ungayimema intombazanana ize kufumana iziselo namaqebengwana? Igama lakhe nguGrace, ndixelelwe ngumama wakhe.”

Intombazana engummelwane ikhangeleka ilungile. Iye imncumele uThandi ingaphaya kocingo. Iye izame kangangoko nokumphakamisela isandla nangani iingalo ezi zithwele umthwalo owothulwa kwinqwelo ethuthayo – kuquka iiCD. Kodwa ke uThandi akakwazanga ukusondela ukuze abone ukuba zeziphi iimvumi zomculo *wepop* ezithandwa nguGrace.

Malunga nexesha lesidlo sangokuhlwa, beva kuqalisa umkhwazo apho kubamelwane babo. UThandi usekhitshini nonina. Kukho umkhwazo ombi oqhubekayo! Kuqala kukhwaze umama wasebumelwaneni engxolisa intombazana! Emva koko kungenelele utata. UThandi uyoyika ngoku, nangona engeva ukuba lo mkhwazo ungantoni na.

“Phola, Thandi,” utshilo uMama. “Ndiqinisekile kuvakala kungxolwa kuba iikhethini zingekavalwa. Okanye ke inokuba uGrace ukwelinye igumbi. Ndiqinisekile asinto ifuna ukuba sizive sikhathazekile le.”

Kungekudala, nanko uThandi ephandle eyadini. Ubona kakuhle kwikhithi labamelwane kwaye uGrace nomama wakhe balapho. Nakweli ityeli umama ungxolisa intombi yakhe. Uyakhwaza kakhulu! Nanko uyise evela, naye aqale phantsi.

“Kulungile, Thandi,” Atsho uMama. “Ndiqinisekile xa bebonke baziva bexinzelekile ngenxa yokufuduka. Yinto enoxinzelelo kakhulu kaloku leyo.”

“Asilosebe lokusithela elo, Mama. Nawe ukhe ube nalo uxinzelelo lokuba ngumzali oyedwa ngamanye amaxesha. Kuba kaloku ukwajongene nemisebenzi emibini. Kodwa wakhe wandingxolisa ngoluya hlobo? Nakanye!”

UThandi uyahamba aye ebhedini yakhe, evakalelwa kabuhlungu nguGrace ummelwane wakhe. Imbi kakhulu into yokuba nabazali abakuphethe ngala ndlela! Kubi ngenene ukuhlala kwikhaya elifana neliya, nosapho olufana noluya! UThandi ucinge ukuba mhlawumbi kungakuhle xa enokucela kumama wakhe ukuba uGrace aze kuhlala nabo. Kwekhu! Ingantle ke loo nto! Kuba angatsho abe nodadewabo.

“Maluqhubo ulonwabo,” utshilo uThandi esozela phambi kokuba alale.

Ngentsasa elandelayo, uThandi ubona uGrace eyadini yakowabo. Uyabaleka aphume phandle. UGrace uyancuma ambulise ngokuphakamisa izandla. Inene ukhaliphile xa kanti usakwazi ukuncuma emva kwemeko yaphezolo, ucinge ngolo hlobo uThandi.

“Molo wethu Grace! Akufuni ukuza ngapha ukuze simamele icwecwe lam elitsha likaRihanna? Uyamthanda uRihanna?”

“Uthini?” ibuzile intwazana. Uthetha ngendlela engaqhelekanga. Mhlawumbi usuka kwilizwe langaphandle? Mhlawumbi usuka kwilizwe apho kwamkelekileyo ukungxoliswa kwabantwana ngabazali?

UThandi uzamile kwakhona: “Ingaba uyawuthanda umculo kaRihanna?”

Intwazana inikina intloko. “Uxolo, andikuva. Kuza kufuneka ukhwaze. Uxelize usizana lukamama wam notata. Andiva ngeendlebe, uyazi? Ndilahlekelwe sisixhobo sam kulo bhentsu-bhentsu wokuthutha.”

Laphela ibali

Phuma kanje

“Idinga labangazaniyo!” Ndigigithekile. “Yithi uyadlala, Kay. Andiwenzi amadinga nabantu endingabaziyo!”

Kodwa ndifumanise ukuba umhlobo wam uKay akadlali. “Yhini Lebo? Ngumzala wam waseThekwini. Ndimthembisile. Uza kuhamba nawe akuse kwiresty ekhethekileyo.”

Hayi ke, oku kube nomtsalane kum. Kancinci nje, “Phofu ke, ingaba ungumntu onjani? Kumele ukuba abemhle nyhani. Ndenza amadinga neenzwane kuphela mna!”

“Andazi. Ukugqibela kwam ukumbona wayeyinkwenkwana eneminyaka eli-11 eneempumlo ezinezigqawathi enebhandeji entloko kuba ewe emthini. Kodwa ke noko uneminyaka engama-26 ngoku. Ndiqinisekile kukho ukuphucuka okukhoyo noko.”

“Ukuba kuthe kanti akunjalo? Hayi libala sana Kay! Andenzi madinga namadlavu – ndingumntu weenzwana!”

Kodwa ke ndiyazi ukuba xa umhlobo wam enoluvo oluthile engqondweni, kubanzima ukulutshintsha, akukho nento le eya kumtshintsha. Ngemini elandelayo uKay wafika ephethe isipha samaphepha. Apha phezu kwawo kukho nombhalo oxwesileyo othi:

INDLELA YOKUZIKHUPHA obhalwe ngoonobumba ababomvu krwe.

“Oku ndikuprinte kwi-intanethi, Lebo. Kuyakuchazela ukuba ungasaba njani na ukuba idinga lakho nomntu ongamaziyo lihamba kakubi.”

Bendingafuni nokukufunda konke oku! “Kulungile, Kay. Khawuthi gqabagqaba. Ndiza kuthini ke ukuba umzala wakho ngumahlwa-nofele?”

Naye ke uye wamthela gqaba-gqaba. Ukuba idinga lakho nomntu ongamaziyo libubufede, kufuneka ndiye kwiGumbi langasese lamanenekazi ndimthumelele iSMS. Ndiza kuthi ke xa sele ndibuyele etafileni naloo malahlwa-nofele, uza kundifonela kwiselulafowuni yam. Uza kundixelela ukuba kukho ‘undonakele ekhaya’. Umzekelo, udadewethu omncinci wophuke iqatha kwaye ndiyafuneka ekhaya. Ngokukhawuleza.

“Uyabona ke? Lula nje! Emva koko ke uthi kumzala wam: ‘Uxolo, kukho ingxaki ekhaya’. Emva koko uphume kanje! Akukho ingxaki, Lebo.”

“Qiniseka nje wena ukuba iselulafowuni yakho ivuliwe!” Ndimlunkise ngelitsheyo!

Ndiyavuya kuba ndiye ndamlunkisa. Umzala wakhe waseThekwini wayenguMalahlwa-nofele oGqibeleleyo! KWEKHU!

ULucky – yayiligama lakhe elo. Hayi wayengenathamsanqa ngokubona kwam! Siye sadibana kwiresty ethengisa ukutya kwaselwandle waze wa-odola iimbaza. Iimbaza! Zihamba nezo ntloko zazo nemisila kunye nemilenze enameva ethe nca kuzo! Ingaba ingakho bethu enye into enokonyanyisa ukodlula oku? Nokuba ukhule ecaleni kolwandle eThekwini – asinto onokusithela ngayo leyo! Kunzima kum ukuginya nentlanzi le, ndimbukele echuba amaqokobhe eembaza. Andule ukubizela incindi kwiintloko zazo! NDADIKWA NGOKUPHINDWE KABINI!

Ubuso bakhe babusisangqa esikhulu esityebileyo. Wayedika kakhulu. Eyona nto ebethetha ngayo bubomi eThekwini noontanga bakhe nendlela abavana ngayo. Lalifikile ngenene ixesha leNdlela yokuziKhupha kaKay. Ixesha lokuya kwigumbi laManenekazi ndimthumelele iSMS: *ndikhuphe kule meko! Ngoku!*

Kuthe kusenjalo uLucky wandazisa: “Heke, ndigqibezela uqeqesho lokuzilolonga emsebenzini. Kulo nyaka uzayo ndiza kuba ngugqirha ngokusesikweni.”

Ugqirha!? *Ugqirha!*? Hayi bo bekutheni aze angatsho kwakuqala uKay? Libala ngolo tyelelo lwam lokuya kwiGumbi laManenekazi! Libala ngokuthumela uKay iSMS, libala ‘ngentlekele yosapho’ kwanokuphuma ekhohlo eqongeni! Yhu, lelona dinga labangazaniyo lakhe lamnandi ke eli. Wayengumahlwa-nofele! Emhle kunene, ngokohlobo amele ukuba mhle ngayo ugqirha wangomso.

Ngethemba lokuba mna noLucky singanamadinga amaninzi! Kodwa angabi kwirestyu yokutya kwaselwandle kwilixa elizayo!

Ugqirha! Tyhini! Uthe xa ebuya kwigumbi langasese laManene uLucky, ndambuza imibuzo 'engamashumi amabini'.

“Ke ngoku uza kuba nendawo eyeyakho osebenzela kuyo? Ingaba kukho uhlobo lonyango oza kugqalisa kulo? Ukhe wasebenza kwicandelo likaXakeka? Ingaba u...”

Kuthe kusenjalo yakhala iselulafowuni yakhe. Uye wamamela ngobuso obusangeneyo. Waze wathi: “Uxolo Lebo, kufuneka ndigoduke. Ngokukhawuleza. Kukho ingxaki ekhaya. Udadewethu omncinci wophuke iqatha.”

Laphela ibali

Hlala uthe qelele!

Abaxhasi bakaIsaac Modise babesoloko benovakalelo olukhulu. Kumsebenzi wakhe, wayekulindlele oku. Xa abaxhasi bakhe besenza idinga noIsaac, ubomi babo babuthanda ukuba ngamahla-ndinyuka kwaye bunengxwabangxwaba.

Bambi kwaba baxhasi babedakumbile benyembezana; bambi kubo bexakanisekile besoyika; bambi ke kubo bekhangeleka bonwabe ngokugqithisileyo.

Amaxesha amaninzi u-Isaac wayelandela ingcebiso katata wakhe. Lo yayingumsebenzi owawusenziwa ngutata wakhe iminyaka emininzi. “Hlala uthe qelele, nyana wam. Yiba ngumsebenzi ondilisekileyo. Ungaze uzibandakanye kuvakalelo nomntu omxhasayo.”

Kodwa hayi kweli ityeli! Hayi kulo wanamhlanje umxhasi. UNkosazana Naledi Tangane!

Ngesizathu esinye, uNkosazana Naledi Tangane wayemhle. Esinye isizathu, uNkosazana Tangane wayentywizisa ngeli lixa athethayo.

“Kodwa ke Mnu Modise, kuza kwenzekani ukuba ndenza impazamo enkulu?” ukhale watsho. “Ndingathini ukuba kunokuthi kanti ndonakalisa ubomi bentombi yam encinci? Kumele ndenzeni?” Nazo iinyembezezi zinqamleza kwezo zidlele zakhe zithandekayo zimpuluswa.

Wayesoloko elunyukiswa ngutata wakhe uIsaac: “Musa ukunika abantu ingcebiso. Ayingomsebenzi wakho wakho lowo.”

Ngoko nangoko, uIsaac unike uNkosazana Tangane itshefu emhlophe ecocekileyo. Uthethe

ngelizwi elithambileyo wathi, “Nguwe wedwa onokugweba. Nguwe wedwa owaziyo ngokulungele wena nentombi yakho.” Ube nawo nomnqweno wokumanga amxelele ukuba konke kuza kulunga. Kodwa oko kwakungamkelekanga kwaphela! Utata wakhe wayeza kuba nesathuthwane ngumsindo!

Into nje ayenzileyo uIsaac kukuzama ukumenza onwabe. “Ukuba oku kungaphela kuisigqibo esingalunganga, zihlala zikho iindlela zokusijika. Kwaye ke ndakuba ndikho ukuze ndikuncede.”

UIsaac wayeyiqonda kakuhle ingxaki yakhe. Unkosazana Tangane ebesele emchazele ukuba ufudukele kwelinye icala ledolophu. Ebefuna ukuba kude lee nesoka ohlukene nalo ebelimxhaphaza. Ebengumntu omtshutshisayo.

Kodwa ke oku kufuduka bekuthetha ukuba ubashiya ngasemva bonke abahlobo bakhe, abamelwane bakhe, ukhupha intombazanana yakhe kwisikolo sakhe sabo baqalayo, apho le ntombazana ibichulumance khona nalapho ibiziva ikhuselekile.

Kwakumele ukuba azive exhelekile emphufemlweni! Usizana oluthandekayo olunguNkosazana Tangana torho! Usizana oluthandekayo olunguNaledi!

Usuku lomsebenzi lwaluphelile ngoku kuIsaac. Uye wahlala kwigumbi lakhe lokuphumla, erhabula ikofu, ezama ukuphumla. Kodwa kwakunzima ukumkhupha engqondweni yakhe uNkosazana Tangane.

“Yiyeke le nto!” uzixelele oko ekhwaza kweli gumbi lokuphumla lingenamntu. “Ngumxhasi endisebenza naye kuphela lo! Hlala uthe qelele!”

Kodwa wayenokukwenza njani oko? Nokuba wayetheni utata wakhe. Hayi! Wayefuna ukumbona ngamandla. Uza kumndwendwela. Wayeyazi idilesi yendlu yakhe entsha ekwelinye icala ledolophu. Mhlawumbi kwakuza kufuneka apha the isipha seentyatyambo ukuze ziqhakrazise loo ndlu. Inokuba izele ziibhokisi ezinezinto ezingekapakishwa. Mhlawumbi angaphathela yena nentombi yakhe ukutya kwakwaNando`s. Kunokwenzeka ukuba ikhitshi lakhe elitsha lalingekakulungeli ukuphekela.

“Uxolo Tata,” utshilo uIsaac, nangona utata wakhe wayengekho kuloo ndawo akuyo. “Uxolo. Ndiyazi ukuba oku akwamkelekanga ngokwasemsebenzini, kodwa andikwazi ukuzinceda nam.”

UIsaac uthathe isitshixo sakhe wonda ngomnyango.

UIsaac Modise uvumise injini yemoto yakhe. Uqhube isithuthi esikhulu sikayise wasinga kwikhaya elitsha likaNaledi, esi sithuthi sabe sinophawu lwabo olupeyintwe apha ecaleni: MODISE AND SON, FURNITURE REMOVALS.

Laphela ibali

Isixhiba sesam, itshilo iNkosi

Ngamanye amaxesha iba ngathi abukho ubulungisa kweli lizwe. Abenzi bobubi bayaphumelela. Abantu abalungileyo abawongwa.

Mandikubalisele ibali likaDadi. Ndilazi kakuhle. Mna naye sisuka kwilali enye.

UDadi wayezibiza ngokuba lijoni elingumntwana, kodwa ke xa sele uneminyaka eli-17 awusengomntwana. UDadi wayeminyaka eli-17 ukuzibandakanya kwakhe nabagrogri si waze wenyukela kumantla. Wayematsha nabo ngexesha lasemini. Aze aphinde alale kunye nabo kumahlathi anemigxobhozo ngobusuku.

Wayethatha inxaxheba kuyo yonke inkohlakalo ababedume ngayo abagrogri si. Xa kwakunqunyulwa izandla zabantu, yayiba nguye osebenzisa isitshetshe. Wayenceda nasekutshiseni imizi apho elalini. Wayekwathatha inxaxheba nakwizenzo zodlwengulo nogwinto.

Ekugqibeleni, emva kweminyaka emininzi yenkohlakalo, imfazwe yobukhaya yaphela. Abagrogri si kunye namajoni angabantwana aphindela kumawabo. UDadi wabuyela kwilali yethu. Izandla zakhe zizele ligazi, kodwa iipokotho zakhe ziphuphuma bubutyebi. Ubutyebi obubiwe kwiimayini zasemantla.

Baye bamenza waziva amkelekile! Abantu abadala baye bathi, ‘Makaxolelwe. La majoni angabantwana awanako ukubekwa ityala. Makanikwe umhlaba wakhe oyifama njengabanye abafana.’ Kungenzeka bethu ukuba bobu butyebi bakhe obathibaza abantu abadala? Ubutyebi bakhe bazithambisa bazithibaza ngenene iintombi zelali yethu. Ingakumbi ezi zintle kunene. NjengoClaudette.

Ekugqibeleni ke uDadi wamtshata uClaudette. Nangona ke ndandithenjisiwe ngaye. Ingaba yayibubulungisa obu? Ingaba yayiyindlela efanelekileyo yokumohlwaya le ngobuhange bakhe? Ukuwongwa ngenzwakazi. Eyona iqhamileyo ke phofu.

UClaudette wamzalela oonyana abahlanu. Bonke bezalwe bephile qete kwaye beneengqondo eziphaphileyo. Izityalo kwintsimi yefama yakhe nazo zaqhama. Zaikhula zomelela kwaye zande. Zande ukodlula nezi zam.

Kodwa kwakukho nto inye, UDadi wayengasikelelwanga ngayo. Laa minyaka yokulala kumahlathi anemigxobhozo yayilimaza intliziyo yakhe.

“Kodwa ndiza kukunika ezi pilisi,” watsho ugqirha otyeleleyo. “Ukuba iintlungu zesifuba ziyakuhlasela, thatha zibe mbini ngoko nangoko. Uncede uzifihle kubantwana bakho. Zinobungozi kwaye zinetyhefu eninzi.”

Nantso ke, ndicinge ndatsho. Ingaba siza kuba sisohlwayo sikaDadi esi? Ukuba omnye woonyana bakhe uza kuzifumana ezi pilisi, zibomvu oku kweelekele zeevenkile zasedolophini? Aziginye?

Kodwa kwakungenjalo. “Uyabona,” utshilo ugqirha. “Isiciko sebhottle sinesikhusele sabantwana.”

Ngaphandle kumhlaba wefama ngenye imini, ndizimele etyholweni, ndandibukele uDadi ehambahamba eqhayisa phakathi kwezityalo zakhe. Umona wandikhulela. Umngqweni wokugwinta wagubungela intliziyo yam. Kwaye ke kwakungekho bani kuloo ndawo owayenokunika ubungqina.

Kodwa ndahlala ndizifihlile. Andiyondoda ithanda ubugebenga. Kodwa ndandibukele, xa uDadi wayesiwa phezu kwaloo mhlaba wakhe utyebileyo, ebambe kwintliziyo yakhe ebuthathaka.

“Ndincedeni!” ukhale watsho ejonge kwisibhakabhaka esingenabani.

Andizange ndenze nentshukumo. Kungenzeka phofu ukuba ekugqibeleni wayendwendwelwa bubulungisa? Ndingabuphazamisa njani ubulungisa?

Nalapho akukhange kuvume! UDadi uphindile wasikelelwa wanethamsanqa. Wawongwa endaweni yokohlwaywa. Umntu owayezihambela ngendlela wasiva isikhalo sakhe: inkosikazi eyayinxibe izivatho zamazwe asemantla. Yeza ibaleka yaguqa ecaleni kwakhe.

“Ndingakunceda njani, mhlekazi?”

“Ipilisi zam!” ukhaze watsho kwakhona. “Khawuleza. Nanzi empokothweni yam! Beka zibe mbini apha kulwimi lwam, kungenjalo ndiza kufa.”

“Uxolo, mhlekazi,” itshilo inkosikazi. “Andikwazi ukukunceda.”

Waphakamisa izandla zakhe ukuze imikhono yakhe iwele kude. Iingalo zakhe zazilinyaziwe. Iingalo zazingenazo izandla.

Laphela ibali