



Edition 69
Afrikaans, English

Nalibali

It starts with a story...

From one dad to another

John McCormick is one of the authors of the book *Dad, Tell Me a Story*. The other authors are his sons aged 11 and 14 years. John says he is learning about parenting as he goes along – just like all of us! But he has one suggestion for all dads this Father's Day: start a storytelling tradition at home!

John says, "I did that about 14 years ago, and the time I've spent since telling stories with my sons, is one of the greatest treasures of my life. It's given me lasting memories with my boys, and I learnt things about them that I'd never have known. Storytelling is an easy way for fathers to spend quality time with their children, and the benefits to both dads and kids are countless."

Children learn so much through listening to you tell and read stories to them, and through playing with you –

and what they learn also helps them to do better at school.

"Storytelling connects children to their own culture and language," says John. "Every culture in the world has a storytelling tradition, and through stories, we connect our children to the generations that came before and the rituals and customs they established." This gives our children confidence in who they are and where they come from – it gives them roots! Roots help a plant to stand strong in the ground and roots help to take food and water to other parts of the plant so that it can grow and be healthy. The roots we give children do the same for them.

You don't have to be an actor or a performer to tell your children stories. All you need is what you already have, otherwise you wouldn't be reading this: an interest in your children, and in their development and happiness. But, warns John, "Storytelling can't be a family tradition if you try it only once or twice and never come back

to it." You have to keep doing it and make it a regular feature of life in your home!

So, what is John's Father's Day message to dads out there? "All South Africans have rich and long traditions of storytelling. Use your culture's natural love of storytelling to inspire your children to read, write and tell stories with you. If you do, it'll be the best present you could give to yourself and your families this Father's Day and every day of the year."

You can read more about John McCormick's ideas about family storytelling in his book, *Dad, Tell Me a Story*, and at www.dadtellmeastory.com and www.huffingtonpost.com/parents/. Get your Nalibali storytelling tips and ideas at www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi

Van een pa aan 'n ander

John McCormick is een van die skrywers van die boek, *Dad, Tell Me a Story*. Die ander skrywers is sy seuns, wat 11 en 14 jaar oud is. John sê hy leer oor ouerskap soos hy aangaan – net soos almal van ons! Maar hy het een voorstel vir alle pa's hierdie Vadersdag: begin by die huis 'n tradisie om storie te vertel!

John sê: "Ek het dit ongeveer 14 jaar gelede begin, en die tyd wat ek sedertdien daaraan gewei het om stories saam met my seuns te vertel, is een van die grootste skatte in my lewe. Dit het my blywende herinneringe saam met my seuns gegee, en ek het dinge oor hulle geleer wat ek nooit sou geweet het nie. Die vertel van stories is 'n maklike manier vir pa's om gehaltetyd saam met hulle kinders deur te bring, en die voordele vir pa's en kinders is ontelbaar."

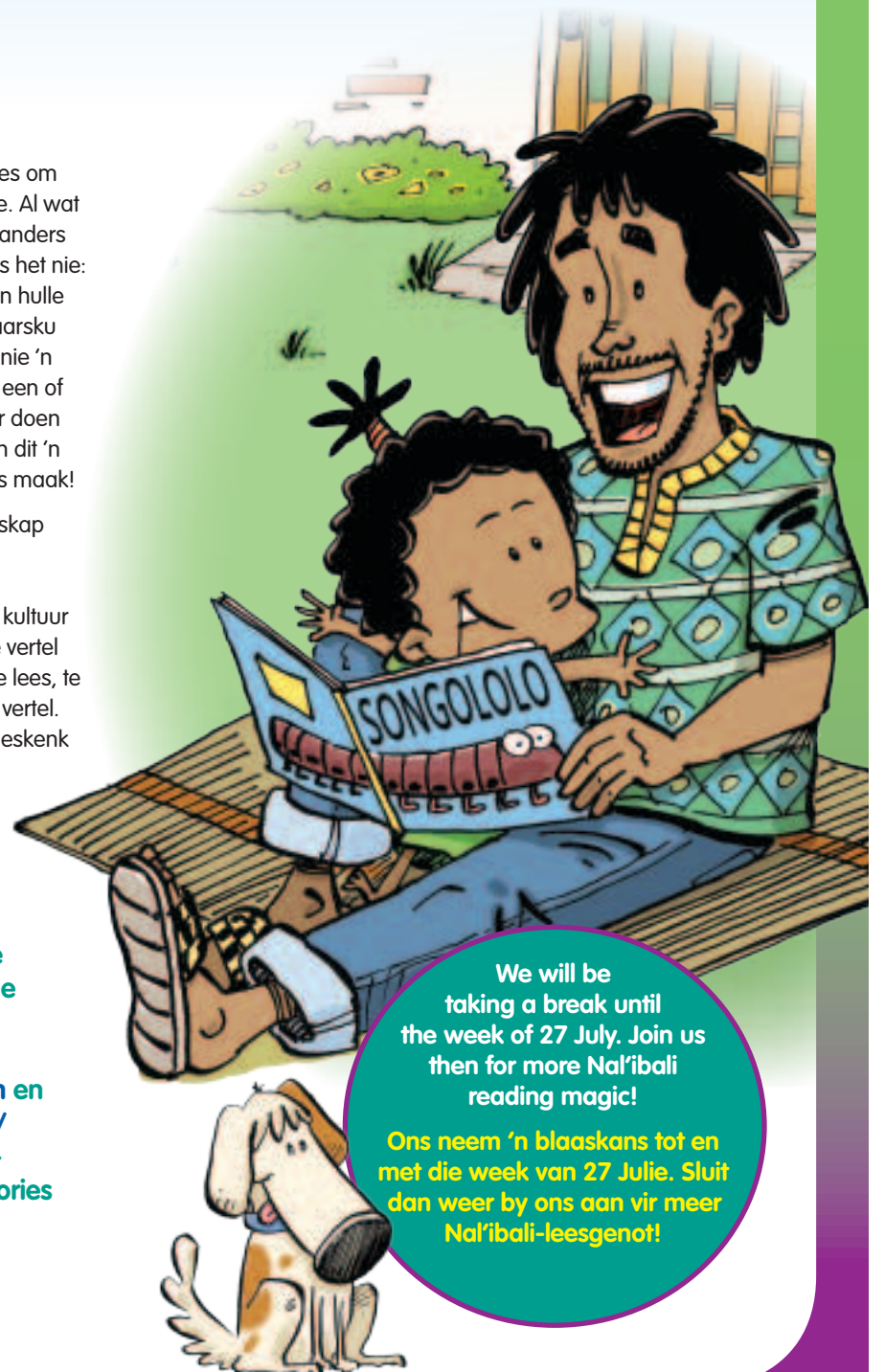
Kinders leer soveel deur te luister hoe jy vir hulle stories vertel en lees, en deur met jou te speel – en wat hulle leer, help hulle ook om beter te vaar op skool.

"Die vertel van stories bind kinders aan hulle eie kultuur en taal," sê John. "Elke kultuur in die wêreld het 'n tradisie van stories vertel, en deur stories bind ons ons kinders aan die geslagte wat hulle voorafgegaan het en die rituele en gebruike wat hulle gevestig het." Dit gee ons kinders selfvertroue in wie hulle is en waar hulle vandaan kom – dit gee hulle wortels! Wortels help 'n plant om sterk te staan in die grond en wortels help om kos en water na ander dele van die plant te neem sodat dit kan groei en gesond kan wees. Die wortels wat ons vir ons kinders gee, doen dieselfde vir hulle.

Jy hoef nie 'n toneelspeler te wees om vir jou kinders stories te vertel nie. Al wat jy nodig het, is wat jy reeds het, anders sou jy nie nou hierdie stuk gelees het nie: 'n belangstelling in jou kinders en hulle ontwikkeling en geluk. Maar, waarsku John: "Die vertel van stories kan nie 'n familietradisie wees as jy dit net een of twee keer probeer en nooit weer doen nie." Jy moet dit aanhou doen en dit 'n gereelde instelling in julle lewens maak!

Wat is John se Vadersdag-boodskap dus vir die pa's daar buite? "Alle Suid-Afrikaners het ryk en lang storieverteltradisies. Gebruik jou kultuur se natuurlike liefde om stories te vertel om jou kinders te inspireer om te lees, te skryf en saam met jou stories te vertel. As jy dit doen, sal dit die beste geskenk wees wat jy jouself en jou gesin hierdie Vadersdag en elke dag van die jaar kan gee."

Jy kan meer oor John McCormick se idees vir die vertel van stories in gesinne lees in sy boek, *Dad, Tell Me a Story*, en by www.dadtellmeastory.com en www.huffingtonpost.com/parents/. Kry jou Nalibali-wenke vir die vertel van stories by www.nalibali.org of www.nalibali.mobi



We will be taking a break until the week of 27 July. Join us then for more Nalibali reading magic!

Ons neem 'n blaaskans tot en met die week van 27 Julie. Sluit dan weer by ons aan vir meer Nalibali-leesgenot!



Drive your imagination

Read to me. Book by book.

Lees vir my. Boek vir boek.





Drive your imagination

Story stars

A reading dad!

Meet Simon Tau from Limpopo. Simon is a father and teacher who is committed to reading to children. Not only does he read to his own children regularly, but he has also started a reading club – Glen Cowie Fun-Fun Reading Club – from his home. We asked Simon about his passion for reading to children.

What is your favourite part about reading to children?

Showing them the pictures in a story! The pictures excite them and increase their curiosity.

How often do you read to children?

Our reading club meets every Monday from 15h30 to 18h00 during school terms. I make sure that I read an interesting story to the children at every reading club session. But at home, I read to my children almost every evening for 15 minutes before bedtime.

What languages do you read in?

Sepedi and English

What inspired you to start a Nal'ibali Reading Club?

I wanted to make a literacy difference amongst the children in my neighbourhood and community. The reading club was established in July 2012. I registered the reading club online with Nal'ibali after reading about it in *The Times* newspaper.

Why is reading for enjoyment important?

It exposes children to the world of books, develops their reading skills and increases their knowledge. And, while they are enjoying reading, they are also learning. Reading for enjoyment as a child means you are likely to embrace this habit as an adult too!

What are some of your favourite children's stories?

The Name of the Tree is Bojabi by Piet Grobler. The book deals with diversity and tells a great wildlife adventure story. Another story that I like reading again and again even as an adult is *Lazy Jack* by Sidney Edwin. It's a folktale with a lot of fun in it – the children at the reading club love it too!

Finish this sentence: The greatest lesson I ever learnt from a story is ...

... never to fool yourself that something bad done in the darkness will never be brought to light.



Storiesterre

'n Lesende pa!

Ontmoet Simon Tau van Limpopo. Simon is 'n pa en onderwyser wat toegewy is daaraan om vir kinders te lees. Hy lees nie net gereeld vir sy eie kinders nie, maar hy het ook 'n leesklub by sy huis begin – Glen Cowie Fun-Fun Reading Club. Ons het Simon uitgevra oor sy passie om vir kinders te lees.

Wat omtrent lees vir kinders is vir jou die lekkerste?

Om vir hulle die prente in 'n storie te wys! Die prente maak hulle opgewonde en prikkel hulle nuuskierigheid.

Hoe gereeld lees jy vir kinders?

Ons leesklub ontmoet elke Maandag vanaf 15:30 tot 18:00 gedurende die skoolkwartaal. Ek maak seker dat ek tydens elke leesklubsessie vir die kinders 'n interessante storie lees. Maar by die huis lees ek byna elke aand vir 15 minute voor slaaptyd vir my kinders.

In watter tale lees jy?

Sepedi en Engels

Wat het jou geïnspireer om 'n Nal'ibali-leesklub te begin?

Ek wou 'n verskil in die geletterdheid van die kinders in my woonbuurt en gemeenskap maak. Die leesklub is in Julie 2012 gestig. Ek het die leesklub aanlyn by Nal'ibali geregistreer nadat ek in *The Times*-koerant daarvan gelees het.

Waarom is lees vir genot belangrik?

Dit stel kinders bekend aan die wêreld van boeke, ontwikkel hul leesvaardighede en verbreed hulle kennis. En, terwyl hulle dit geniet om te lees, leer hulle ook. Wanneer kinders vir genot lees, beteken dit hulle sal meer geneig wees om hierdie gewoonte ook as volwassenes voort te sit!

Wat is van jou gunstelingstories vir kinders?

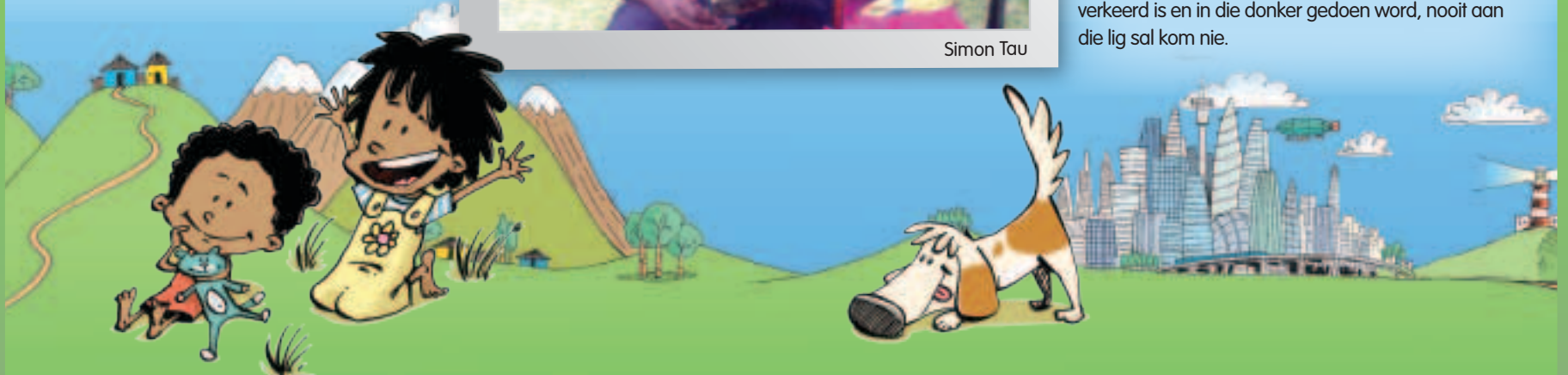
The Name of the Tree is Bojabi deur Piet Grobler. Die boek gaan oor diversiteit en vertel 'n wonderlike avontuurverhaal oor wilde diere. 'n Ander storie wat ek graag weer en weer lees, selfs as 'n volwassene, is *Lazy Jack* deur Sidney Edwin. Dit is 'n volksverhaal vol pret – die kinders by die leesklub hou ook baie daarvan!

Voltooi hierdie sin: Die grootste les wat ek al uit 'n storie geleer het is ...

... om nooit jouself te flous deur te dink dat iets wat verkeerd is en in die donker gedoen word, nooit aan die lig sal kom nie.



Simon Tau

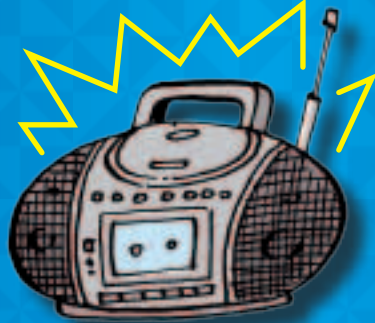


Nal'ibali on radio!

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.

Create your own cut-out-and-keep book

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.

Maak jou eie knip-uit-en-bêreboekie

1. Haal bladsye 3 tot 6 van hierdie bylae uit.
2. Vou dit op die swart stippellyn.
3. Vou dit weer in die helfte.
4. Sny dit uit op die rooi stippellyne.



Die eerste een wat praat, is Charmaine Johnson. Sy is deel van ons hoërskool se koningsgesin. Moenie my vra hoekom nie. Sy is taamlik dom. Sy dra 'n klein goue nommerjie, omtrent so groot soos 'n sakdoek. Ek skat dis mode.

Sy staan langs Kim Water, wat net soos sy lyk.

Kim trek 'n gesig. "Wie is jy veronderstel om te wees? Lady Gaga?"

"Niemand nie," antwoord ek koel. "Ek is veronderstel om ek te wees. Soos wie het jy gekom?"

"Niemand nie!" kap sy katterig terug. Sy beweeg haar hande op en af teen haar lyf. "Dis die mode."

"Daardie sjokoladepapier? Jy kon my geffous het," sê ek, en stap na die tafel met drankies om 'n glasië pons te kry.

Ek hoor mense lag. Ek is bly ek kan nie Kim se gesig sien nie. Ek wed haar oë gooi messe in my rug.

Die partyjie is toe baie makliker as wat ek gedink het dit sal wees. 'n Klomp kinders, party van hulle selfs van my klas, vra of hulle 'n foto saam met my kan neem. Vir omtrent 'n uur voel ek nie bang nie. Dis byna asof die kostuum my beskerm, my toelaat om iemand anders te wees.

Maar dit is uitputtend. Teen 7.30 nm. het ek genoeg gehad. Ek stap tuin toe. Die tuin is vol papierlanterns en daar hang ook lanterns in die bome. Dit lyk betowerend – soos 'n sprokieswoud.

Ek sien 'n figuur by 'n paar roosbome staan met 'n kamera wat na die lug wys. Hy dra 'n donkerblou parka. Ek gee 'n tree vorentoe. Takkies kraak onder my hakke – *krak!*

Hy laat sak sy kamera en draai na my. "Is dit nie mooi nie?" vra hy.

Ek is so verstom dat hy so skielik met my praat, en so openlik, dat ek nie weet wat om te sê nie. Hy kyk weer op in die lug. Ek volg die pad van sy oë en sien wat hy sien. Natuurlik. Die maan.

Sy's in die maanlig en in die flikkerende lig van die lantern kan ek sien hy is aantreklik. Hy lyk soos iets uit *Teen Vogue*, om eerlik te wees.

The first person to speak is Charmaine Johnson. She is part of our high school's royalty. Don't ask me why. She's pretty stupid. She's in a tiny gold dress the size of a *lappie*. I guess that's fashion.

She is standing next to Kim Water, who looks like her clone.

Kim makes a face. "Who are you supposed to be? Lady Gaga?"

"Nobody," I reply coolly. "I'm only supposed to be me. What are you dressed as?"

"Nothing!" she shoots back cattily. She moves her hand up and down her body. "This is fashion."

"That chocolate wrapper? Could have fooled me," I say, and walk toward the drinks table to get a cup of punch.

I hear people laugh. I'm glad I can't see Kim's face. I bet her eyes are throwing knives into my back.

The party ends up being a lot easier than I thought. A dozen kids, some of them even from my class, ask for a photo with me. For about an hour, I don't feel afraid. It's almost as if the costume is giving me protection, letting me be someone else.

It's tiring, though. By 7.30 p.m. I've had enough. I go out into the garden. The garden is full of paper lanterns and some are hung in the trees too. The effect is magical. It's like a fairy-tale forest.

I notice a figure standing by some rosebushes, with a camera aimed at the sky. He is wearing a dark blue anorak. I take a step forward. My heels crunch on twigs – *snap!*

He lowers his camera and turns to me. "Isn't it beautiful?" he says.

I am so stunned he is talking to me so suddenly, and with such openness, that I don't know what to say. He looks up into the sky again. I follow the arrow of his eyes and see what he sees. Of course. The moon.

Even by the moonlight and the wavering lantern-light, I can tell he is handsome. He looks like something out of *Teen Vogue*, to be perfectly honest.



Enjoyed this short story? There's lots more on the FunDza mobi network!

Join FunDza's mobi reading community to read the full version of *The skin I live in*, by Francesco Nassimbeni, as well as many other stories all on your cellphone!

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

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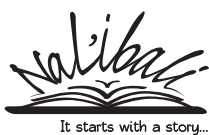
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Nal'ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign to spark children's potential through storytelling and reading. For more information, visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi



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



Francesco Nassimbeni

In een kil oomblik wat voel of dit 'n ewigheid aanhou, besef ek: Nie Een Van Hulle Het 'n Kostuum Aan Nie.

omtrent vyftig paar oë op my.

Die voordeur is oop. Ek stap in. Toe ek in die woonkamer kom, voel ek

aan nie.

Die oomblik toe ek deur die tuinhok stap, sien ek iets is verkeerd. Twee kinders sit op die voorstoep se trappies. *En nie een van hulle het kostuums*

Die partytjie begin Saterdag om vyftuurf en ek moet 'n bus soontoe haal.

Ek en my ma sit en kyk na die volgende program ook. Dis lekker – net die twee van ons. Ons kyk met ons naaldwerk in ons hande en snak na ons asems en lag vir die mense op TV se dramatiese lewens.

Later, terwyl ons na *The Bold and The Beautiful* sit en kyk, dink ek hardop. "Dalk sal ek net nie gaan nie. Die kostuumding stres my te veel uit."

My ma kyk na my. Dan tel sy die afstandbeheer op en doof die klank uit.

"Wat? Komman, Aggy. Jy moet gaan. Ek sê jou wat. Ek sal jou help om iets te maak."

My ma is 'n naaldwerkster, en daarom is sy baie goed met naaldwerk.

"Ons kan vir jou 'n prettige kostuum maak. Ons kan jou soos 'n oulike heks laat lyk!"

Twintig minute later is ons terug op die rusbank, met Ma se naaldwerk-stelleliefte op die lae tafeltjie voor ons. Sy is gewoon daaraan om naaldwerk te doen en te brei terwyl sy TV kyk en ons kan nog sien wat in *Bold* aangaan terwyl ons werk.

Ek en my ma sit en kyk na die volgende program ook. Dis lekker – net die twee van ons. Ons kyk met ons naaldwerk in ons hande en snak na ons asems en lag vir die mense op TV se dramatiese lewens.

Ek en my ma woon in 'n woonstel met twee slaapkamers in Argylestraat, Woodstock. Dis net af van die hoofstraat af, en dus taamlik rasertig. Ek slaap met oorpiluisies, want soggens vroeg maak die *gaities* wat uit die taxi's skree 'n groot lawaai. Dis nie die beste woonbuurt nie, maar Ma sê dit word beter.

My name is Agnes Molohe. I am seventeen years old. I like reading, animals, rainy days, watching *Generations*, and toasted-cheese sandwiches.

Also, I'm an albino.

This story isn't about being albino, but being albino does feature in it. It's the story of my skin, the skin I live in. It's the story of me. It's the story of how I look, and how that has affected my life.

But my skin is not me. *I* am me. My skin is just ... skin.

Before I get started on my story though, I thought I'd give you a quick crash-course on albinism.

Albinos are people whose skin doesn't have colour. This is because their skin doesn't produce melanin, which is the stuff that makes you brown, pink, yellow and chocolate. So, we're super-white and we need to stay out of the sun. You do not want to see a sunburned albino. Trust me. It's not cute.

Our eyes are also extremely sensitive to light. I wear sunglasses quite a bit, sometimes even indoors, if my eyes are sore. It makes me look like the school vampire, but I can't help it.

At school I have a whole collection of nicknames: Snowy, Snowball, Bleach, Glow-worm, Spooky, Ghost and, of course, Whitey. Before I went to school, I'd always just stayed at home with Mom, who never treated me like I was different. She said I was a snowflake dropped by God.

I've heard loads of crazy beliefs about albinos. That we have superpowers, can kill on sight, are cursed, or that sex with an albino can cure diseases. Believe me when I tell you – none of it is true.

Anyway, the story isn't about being albino. The story is about me. *There's more to everyone than what you see.* I wish everyone in the world could just realise that. Maybe after reading my story, one or two people will. That would be great.

I go to Rosemont High, which is in Hope Street in a pretty well-off suburb up the road. It's an OK school I guess. I have nothing to compare it to because I have always gone there. The plumbing is a little rotten and sometimes you have to wait for the water to clear when you run a tap, but other than that, I guess it's fine.

Fold

On the day, I take the train into town. The studio he is using for the day is attached to the college where he studies and it's an enormous room filled with natural light.

The shoot is scheduled for the coming Saturday. I daydream about it non-stop throughout the week.

A slow smile spreads across his soft-looking lips. It is like watching a sunrise.

"I'll do it."

want him to see me. I want him to see me the way I am.

but – " He is offering me a way out; I don't need one. I know I want to do it. I senses my painful shyness. "Of course, I'd understand if you don't want to, same sentence. My brain is trying to process it, but failing.

I'm trying to understand how he has said "your look" and "awesome" in the "Unique South Africans". I'd love to photograph you. Your look is so awesome."

"I'm putting together this calendar, for Cape Town Design Month. Its theme is I wait, my breath held.

"There's something I need to ask you," he says.

"In a minute!" Jonah responds, his voice sailing over the lawn with ease.

We're out!"

Just as I am about to melt into the ground from looking into his dreamy brown eyes, a dreadlocked dude pops his head out the sliding door and yells, "Bro!

I find out that his name is Jonah Fartier, that he is half-Jewish, his mother writes books about travelling on a budget, and that his dad was one of the first coloured people to be born in Groote Schuur hospital.

I clear my throat. Suddenly I feel like coughing. Great, Aggy, cough all over the place, like you have TB. I manage to force out my first name, "Agnes."

"I'm Jonah," he says, smiling, and I realise I have been lost in a daze looking at him.

Carmen kyk ernstig na my. "Ek het nie geweet jy is 'n model nie." Haar stem is effe geïrriteerd. Sy lig die iPad op en ek sien waarna sy kyk.

"Daar is baie dinge wat jy nie van my weet nie," sê ek, draai om en stap weg.

Later die middag is ek by die huis toe Jonah vir my 'n SMS stuur.

**Flied die naweek?
Niks helder ligte! Laat weet of jy kan!**

Hy onthou van my afkeer vir skerp lig. Die gedagte verwarm my soos 'n klein vlammetjie in my maag.

Ek het gehoor meisies moet glo nie dadelik op boodskappe antwoord nie, maar ek gee nie om nie. Ek is nie soos ander meisies nie. Ek is die meisie op die foto – dapper, treffend, iemand wat nie verskonings maak nie.

Ek tik 'n boodskap terug en my vingers voel opgewonde terwyl ek die klein knoppies druk.

**Klink lekker! Wil graag gaan!
Bel my Vrydag met reëlins?**

Ek gaan staan voor die spieël. Wat is aan die gebeur? Is ek besig om te verander? Ek kyk na my gesig, soos 'n miljoen keer vantevore. Ek kyk na my mond. Dit glimlag. Dit laat my anders lyk. Nie bang nie. Nie asof ek wegkruip nie.

Ek druk die knoppie om die boodskap te stuur, en glimlag. Ek voel lus om tot op die wolke te spring. Ek voel lus om te sing. Ek voel of ek oor die wêreld regeer.

In a split-second of horror, that seems to stretch to eternity and back, I realise: None of Them Are In Fancy Dress.

The front door is open. I walk through. As soon as I walk into the living room, I feel about fifty pairs of eyes on me.

I notice something is very wrong as soon as I walk through the garden gate. There are two kids sitting on the front door steps. *And they are not in fancy dress.*

The party starts at 5 p.m. on Saturday and I have to take a bus there.

My mom and I sit and watch the next programme as well. It's nice – just the two of us. We watch with our work in our hands, gasping and laughing at the dramatic lives of others.

Twenty minutes later we are back on the couch, with Mom's sewing kit laid out on the low table in front of us. She is used to sewing and knitting while watching TV, so we still get to see what's happening on *Bold* while we work.

"We can make you a fun little outfit. We'll make you look like a cute witch!"

My mother is a seamstress, so obviously she's really good at sewing.

"What? Come on, Aggy. You should go. Tell you what. I'll help you put something together."

My mom shoots me a look. Then she picks up the remote control and turns the audio to silent.

"Maybe I just won't go. The costume thing is stressing me out too much."

Later, while we're watching *The Bold and The Beautiful*, I think out loud.

My mother and I live in a two-bedroom flat in Argyle Road, Woodstock. That's just off the main road, so it's pretty noisy. I sleep with earplugs, because in the early morning the *gaities* shouting out of the taxis make such a racket. It's not the best neighbourhood, but Mom says it is improving.

My naam is Agnes Molope. Ek is sewentien jaar oud. Ek hou van lees, diere, reëndae, om na *Generations* te kyk, en van geroosterde kaastoebroodjies.

Ek is ook 'n albino.

Hierdie storie gaan nie oor hoe dit is om 'n albino te wees nie, maar dit speel wel 'n rol daarin. Dit is die storie van my vel, die vel waarin ek leef. Dit is my storie. Dit is die storie van hoe ek lyk, en watter invloed dit op my lewe het.

Maar my vel is nie ek nie. *Ek* is ek. My vel is net ... vel.

Maar voor ek my storie begin, wil ek jou gou 'n blitskursus oor albino's gee.

Albino's is mense wie se vel geen kleur het nie. Dit is omdat hulle vel nie melanien vervaardig nie, wat die goed is wat jou vel bruin, pienk, geel en sjokoladekleur maak. Ons is dus superwit en moet uit die son bly. Jy wil nie 'n albino met sonbrand sien nie. Glo my. Dis nie oulik nie.

Ons oë is ook uiters sensitief vir lig. Ek dra nogal baie my sonbril, soms selfs binne, as my oë seer is. Dit laat my soos die skoolvampier lyk, maar ek kan nie help nie.

By die skool het ek 'n hele versameling byname: Sneeuwal, *Jik*, Glimwurm, Spook en natuurlik, *Whitey*. Voordat ek skool toe is, het ek altyd net by Ma by die huis gebly. Sy het my nooit anders behandel nie. Sy het gesê ek is 'n sneeuvalkie wat God laat val het.

Ek het al baie mal dinge gehoor wat mense van albino's glo. Dat ons superkragte het, iets kan doodmaak deur net daarna te kyk, vervloek is, of dat seks met 'n albino siektes kan genees. Glo my as ek vir jou sê – niks hiervan is waar nie.

In elk geval, hierdie storie gaan nie oor hoe dit is om 'n albino te wees nie. Die storie gaan oor my. *Daar's meer aan elke mens as wat jy sien*. Ek wens almal in die wêreld kan dit net besef. Dalk, nadat hulle my storie gelees het, sal een of twee mense dit wel besef. Dit sal wonderlik wees.

Ek is in Hoërskool Rosemont, wat in Hoopstraat in 'n taamlik gegoede buurt op in die straat is. Ek skat die skool is oukei. Ek het niks om dit mee te vergelyk nie, want ek was nog nie in 'n ander skool nie. Die pype is effens geroes en soms moet jy wag tot die water skoon uitloop wanneer jy 'n kraan oopdraai, maar buiten dit skat ek dis nie te sleg nie.

Op die dag haal ek die trein stad toe. Die ateljee wat hy vir die dag gebruik, is langs die kollege waar hy studeer en is 'n enorme vertrek vol natuurlike lig.

Die fotosesie is vir die komende Saterdag gereël. Ek dagdroom die hele week sonder ophou daaroor.

'n Glimlag sprei stadig om sy sagte lippe. Dis soos om na 'n sonsopkoms te kyk.

"Ek sal dit doen."

Hy voel aan hoe pynlik skaam ek is. "Ek sal natuurlik verstaan as jy dit nie wil doen nie, maar – " Hy gee my kans om nêe te sê, maar ek het dit nie nodig nie. Ek weet ek wil dit doen. Ek wil hê hy moet my sien. Ek wil hê hy moet my sien soos ek is.

Ek probeer verstaan hoe hy "jy lyk" en "asemrowend" in dieselfde sin kon sê. My brein probeer dit verwerk, maar kry dit nie reg nie.

"Ek is besig om hierdie kalender vir Kaapstad Ontwerpmaand saam te stel. Die tema is 'Unieke Suid-Afrikaners'. Ek sal jou graag wil afneem. Jy lyk regtig asemrowend."

Ek wag met opgehoue asem.

"Daar's iets wat ek jou wil vra," sê hy.

"Net 'n minuut!" antwoord Jonah, en sy stem seil gemaklik oor die grasperk.

Net toe ek in die grond wil wegsmeel van sy dromerige bruin oë, loer 'n ou met Kastalokke om die skuifdeur en skree: "Bro! Ons gaan!"

was wat in Groote Schuur-hospitaal gebore is. oor hoe om met 'n begroting te reis, en dat sy pa een van die eerste bruinmense Ek vind uit sy naam is Jonah Farris, dat hy half Joods is, dat sy ma boeke skryf

of jy TB het. Ek kry dit reg om my naam te sê: "Agnes."

Ek maak keel skoon. Skielik wil ek hoers. Wonderlik, Aggy, gaan nou aan 't hoers hom staar.

"Ek's Jonah," sê hy glimlaggend, en ek weet ek is in 'n dwaal terwyl ek na

Carmen regards me seriously. "I didn't know you were a model." There is a touch of irritation in her voice. She lifts the iPad up and I see what she is looking at.

"There's a lot of things you don't know about me," I say, and turn around and walk off.

Later in the afternoon I'm at home and Jonah texts me.

**Wnt 2 go 2 a movie on the wknd?
No brite lites! Let me kno if ur free!**

He remembers about my aversion to strong light. The thought warms me like a little flame in my tummy.

I have heard that it's bad for girls to message back instantly, but I don't care. I am not other girls. I am the girl from the photo – brave, striking, making no apologies.

I text back and my fingers feel excited, pressing the little buttons.

**Sounds fun! I'd like that!
Fone me Frdy 2 plan?**

I go to the mirror. What is happening? Am I changing? I look at my face, as I have done a million times. I look at my mouth. It's smiling. It makes me look different. Not scared. Not like I'm hiding away.

I press "send" and grin to myself. I feel like jumping into the clouds. I feel like singing. I feel like ruling the world.

Plus, daar is die kostuumfaktor. Ek staan uit as ek net gewone klerre dra, wat nog te sê 'n partyfjiekostuum.

Ek is laas na 'n partyfjie genoot toe ek op laerskool was.

Dis lank stil, en dan voeg sy byna as 'n nagedagte by: "Ons gaan soos sprokieskarakters aantrek. Die tema is 'sprokies'. En ek is Aspoestertjie. My adres is op die agterkant."

Ek is so uit die veld geslaan omdat sy so onbeskof is dat ek net na haar staar. "Haar," sê sy, en begin in 'n verveelde stem praat terwyl sy 'n kaartjie op my bank neersit. "My voorligtingsonderwyser sê ek moet jou na my partyfjie toe nooi. Moenie vra hoekom nie. In elk geval, hier's die uitnodiging."

Tyra Banks nie. Steslog. Daarvan" en stuur boodskappe soos: "Jy lyk fantasties!" "G'n wonder sy dink sy's lipomlynner. En sy neem omtrent 'n honderd selfies per minuut. En almal "hou kom uit 'n botteljie en sy het verskriklike reguit blonde hare. Sy dra te veel Almal dink Carmen is mooi, maar sy's nie vir my mooi nie. Haar sonbrun vel

ander rede cool is, al kan ek glad nie sien wat cool is aan hulle nie. of sangers wil wees. Hulle is meer gegoeke kinders – meisies wat om die een of gemeenste meisie in Suid-Afrika. Sy is deel van die groep wat so graag modelle Hofmeyr is die gemeenste, hoogmoedigste meisie in ons klas. Moonlik die Ek sien Carmen met swaaiende heupe na my toe aangestap kom. Carmen

Die Geskiedenis-onderwyser, mnr. Oelofse, is laat. Die klas gaan tekere soos altyd wanneer 'n onderwyser nie in die rondte is nie. Soos 'n klomp barbare.

Nou gaan ons 'n reusesprong in tyd maak. Ons arriveer in 2014. Ek is in Graad 11. Dis Maandag, tweede periode.

Dis nie die skool self waarmee ek 'n probleem het nie. Dis die leerders wat soontoe gaan. Daar is blykbaar 540 leerders in ons skool en ek kan met sekerheid sê dat ongeveer negentig persent van hulle absoluut aaklig is.

It's not the school itself I have a problem with. It's the people who go there. There are apparently 540 learners at our school and I can safely say that approximately ninety percent of them are completely awful.

We're going to take a huge leap in time now. Fast forward to 2014. I'm in Grade 11. It's Monday, second period.

The History teacher, Mr Oelofse, is late. The class behaves like it always does when a teacher is not around. Like a bunch of barbarians.

I notice Carmen walking up to me with her hips swaying. Carmen Hofmeyr is the meanest, snobbiest girl in our class. Possibly the meanest girl in South Africa. She is part of the group of wannabe-models, wannabe-singers, better-off kids, and girls who for some reason are "cool", though I can't see what's cool about them, not at all.

Everyone thinks Carmen is pretty, but I don't see it. She's very fake-tanned, with super-straight blonde hair. She wears too much lip liner. Plus, she takes about a hundred selfies per minute. And everyone "likes" them and posts things like, "You're so hot!" No wonder she thinks she is Tyra Banks. Shame.

"Hey," she says, launching into a bored-sounding speech, and putting a card down on my desk. "My guidance teacher says I need to invite you to my party. Don't ask me why. Anyway, that's the invite."

I'm so blown away by her rudeness I just look at her.

There is a long pause, then she adds, almost like an afterthought, "It's fancy dress. The theme is 'fairy tales'. I'll be Cinderella BTW. My address is on the back."

I haven't been invited to a party since I was a kid in junior school.

Fast-forward four days. It's the day before the party. My stomach is in knots from morning till night. I'm nervous.

Plus, there's the costume factor. I look out of place wearing regular clothes, let alone fancy dress ones.

As I turn the corner of the corridor I see Carmen Hofmeyr and her A-listers. They are absorbed in the screen of Carmen's iPad.

I go to school on Monday morning as normal.

Every time a bulb flashes, I imagine it is a kiss from his lips.

I didn't know being honest was a skill. Still, I'm thrilled.

Jonah tells me I am a natural model, that my face is expressive, and that he likes the honesty I give off when I look into the camera.

The shoot passes by like a dream, a dream that I don't want to end.

and I am able to see again. He is definitely the boss around here. Instantly the lights become less intense,

"It's nothing," I say, blinking away the tears. "My eyes are just very sensitive. Because of my..." Before I can say "albinism", Jonah nods, understanding, and yells, "Dim the lights!"

Jonah's face falls. "Are you OK? Oh no, are you... crying?"

My eyes start to water as soon as I sit down. He guides me over to the working area. It is very bright and the lights have white umbrellas over them to make the light bounce in different directions.

"Incredible! You look like a work of art!"

I see Jonah walking toward me. I feel shy in my outfit, but not as shy as the first time I met him. He flings out his arms in a gesture of appreciation.

Ten minutes later, I am in an avant-garde frock. To me, it looks a little like something from science-fiction. The collar is crazy-huge, and the shoulder pads look a bit like wings.

There are about fifteen people involved in the shoot – hairstylists, make-up artists, lighting operators, and camera assistants. Everyone is very sweet and polite to me – immediately I feel a bit like a celebrity!

Daar is omtrent vyftien mense by die fotosessie betrokke – haarstiliste, grimeerkunstenaars, beligtingsoperateurs, en kamera-assistente. Almal is baie gaaf en hoflik met my – ek voel onmiddellik bietjie soos 'n glanspersoonlikheid!

Tien minute later is ek in 'n avant-garde-rok. Vir my lyk dit 'n bietjie na 'n wetenskapfiksie-skepping. Die kraag is supergroot, en die skouerkussings voel soos vlerke.

Ek sien Jonah na my toe aangestap kom. Ek voel skaam in my uitrusting, maar nie so skaam soos toe ek hom die eerste keer ontmoet het nie. Hy gooi sy arms oop in 'n goedkeurende gebaar.

"Ongelooflik! Jy lyk soos 'n kunswerk!"

Hy lei my na die werksarea. Dis baie helder en die ligte het wit sambrele oor om die lig in verskillende rigtings te laat bons. Toe ek gaan sit, begin my oë traan.

Jonah se gesig val. "Is als reg? O, nee, h... huil jy?"

"Dis niks," sê ek en knip die trane weg. "My oë is net baie sensitief. Omdat ek 'n..." Voor ek "albino" kan sê, knik Jonah, en roep: "Doof die ligte!"

Hy is beslis die baas hier rond. Die ligte is onmiddellik minder intens, en ek kan weer sien.

Die fotosessie verloop soos 'n droom, 'n droom wat ek wens vir ewig kan aangaan.

Jonah vertel my ek is 'n natuurlike model, dat my gesig uitdrukkingsvol is, en dat hy van die eerlikheid hou wat ek uitstraal wanneer ek na die kamera kyk.

Ek het nie geweet eerlikheid is 'n vaardigheid nie. Tog is ek verheug.

Elke keer as 'n lig flits, verbeel ek my dis sy lippe wat my soen.

Ek gaan Maandag soos gewoonlik skool toe.

Toe ek om die hoek van die gang kom, sien ek Carmen Hofmeyr en haar A-lys. Hulle staan vasgenaël voor die skerm van Carmen se iPad.



Get story active!

Stella gets stuck is especially for younger readers. (Older children can enjoy it in their mother-tongue first and then read it in the other language of the supplement.) Here are some ideas of the kinds of things to do and say as you share the book together.

- **Page 2:** "Look at all those round things. Let's count them to see how many Stella has." (Count the round items in the picture.)
- **Page 3:** "What are these? Who do you think drew them?" (Point to the circles drawn on the wall.) "Stella seems to like playing with balls. Do you? What ball games do you enjoy?"
- **Page 4:** "Look Stella's eating a round pizza! Yum!"
- **Page 5:** "Stella's at the park now! What things do you think she likes to play on? Which do you like?" (Point to the pipe.) "What do you think she's going to do with that pipe?"
- **Page 6:** (Point to Stella.) "Oh no! Look, she can't move." (Point to the sun.) "The sun looks surprised!"
- **Page 7:** (Point to each of the pipes.) "That's like doing a roly-poly down the hill!" (Point to the sun.) "Look the sun has shut his eyes! It's like he can't bear to see what is going to happen next."
- **Page 8:** "That was lucky! Stella didn't seem to get hurt. Do you think she'd like to do that again?"



Raak doenig met stories!

Stella sit vas is spesiaal vir jonger lesers. (Ouer kinders kan dit eers in hulle moedertaal geniet en dit dan in die ander taal van die bylae lees.) Hier volg 'n paar idees vir die soort dinge wat jy kan doen en sê terwyl julle die boek saam geniet.

- **Blad 2:** "Kyk na al die ronde dinge. Kom ons tel hulle om te sien hoeveel Stella het." (Tel die ronde items in die prent.)
- **Blad 3:** "Wat is dit? Wie dink jy het dit geteken?" (Wys na die sirkels wat op die muur geteken is.) "Dit lyk of Stella daarvan hou om met balle te speel. Hou jy daarvan? Van watter balspeletjies hou jy?"
- **Blad 4:** "Kyk, Stella eet 'n ronde pizza. Lekker!"
- **Blad 5:** "Nou is Stella in die park! Op watter speelgoed dink jy speel sy graag? Van watter speelgoed hou jy?" (Wys na die pyp.) "Wat dink jy gaan sy met die pyp doen?"
- **Blad 6:** (Wys na Stella.) "O, nee! Kyk, sy kan nie roer nie." (Wys na die son.) "Die son lyk verbaas!"
- **Blad 7:** (Wys na elk van die pype.) "Dis soos om teen die heuwel af bollemakiesie te slaan!" (Wys na die son.) "Kyk, die son het sy oë toegemaak! Dis asof hy te bang is om te kyk wat volgende gaan gebeur."
- **Blad 8:** "Gelukkig het Stella nie seergekry nie. Dink julle sy sal dit weer wil doen?"

Reading club corner

June give us plenty of opportunities to celebrate stories and words, and because July is mostly filled with school holidays, it gives us plenty of free time to read! How about:

- ◆ choosing one or two of the special days and then plan reading club activities around them
- ◆ suggest the children choose holiday reading books by one or two of the children's authors who celebrate their birthday in June and July
- ◆ choose books by these authors to read to the children at reading club sessions. (You may need to translate some of the books into your language beforehand.)

Days to celebrate in June and July

Special days

5 June	World Environment Day
15 June	Father's Day
16 June	Youth Day
20 June	World Refugee Day
30 June	Social Media Day
18 July	Mandela Day

Special birthdays

2 June	Helen Oxenbury (books for 0–3 year olds)
4 June	Aesop (books for 3–93 year olds!)
10 June	Maurice Sendak (books for 3–10 year olds)
13 June	Niki Daly (books for 3–10 year olds)
25 June	Eric Carle (books for 2–6 year olds)
11 July	E.B. White (books for 8–11 year olds)



Leesklubhoekie

Junie gee vir ons baie geleenthede om stories en woorde te vier, en omdat die grootste deel van Juliemaand skoolvakansie is, gee dit ons baie vrye tyd om te lees! Probeer die volgende.

- ◆ Kies een of twee van die spesiale dae en beplan dan leesklubaktiwiteite rondom die dae.
- ◆ Stel voor dat die kinders boeke kies om in die vakansie te lees wat geskryf is deur een of twee van die skrywers van kinderverhale wat hulle verjaardae in Junie en Julie vier.
- ◆ Kies boeke deur hierdie skrywers om by die leesklubsessies vir die kinders te lees. (Jy sal dalk sommige van die boeke voor die tyd in jou taal moet vertaal.)

Dae om in Junie en Julie te vier

Spesiale dae

5 Junie	Wêreldomgewingsdag
15 Junie	Vadersdag
16 Junie	Jeugdag
20 Junie	Wêrelddag vir Vlugtelinge
30 Junie	Sosiale-mediadag
18 Julie	Mandela-dag

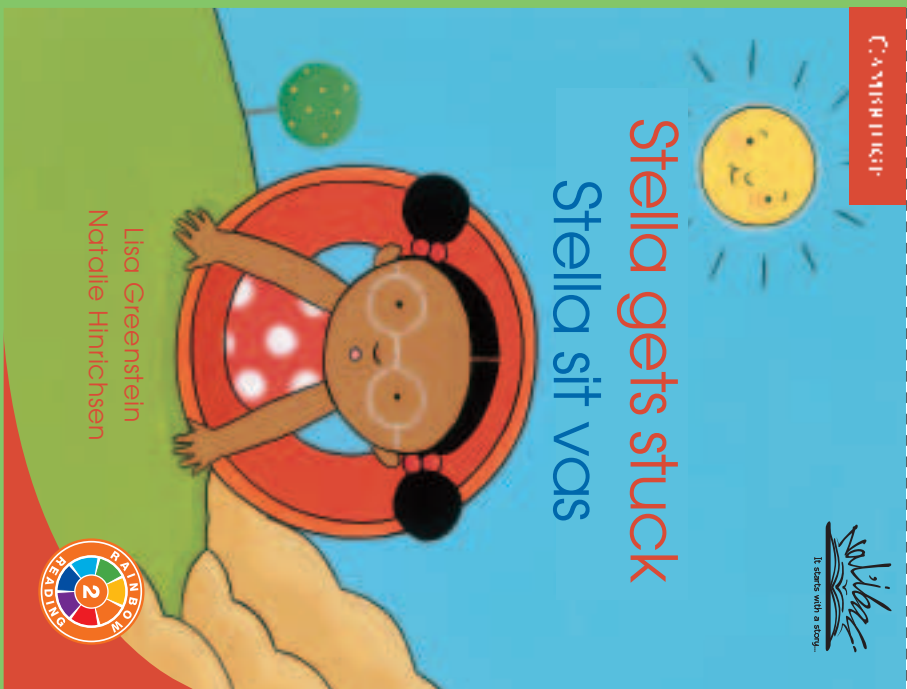
Spesiale verjaardae

2 Junie	Helen Oxenbury (boeke vir 0–3 jariges)
4 Junie	Esopus (boeke vir 3–93 jariges!)
10 Junie	Maurice Sendak (boeke vir 3–10 jariges)
13 Junie	Niki Daly (boeke vir 3–10 jariges)
25 Junie	Eric Carle (boeke vir 2–6 jariges)
11 Julie	E.B. White (boeke vir 8–11 jariges)

Don't forget that we will be taking a break until the week of **27 July**. Enjoy the school holidays, and join us again at the end of July for more Nal'ibali reading magic! In the meantime, find stories and fun things to do at www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi



Onthou dat ons 'n blaaskans neem tot en met die week van **27 Julie**. Geniet die skoolvakansie en sluit weer aan die einde van Julie by ons aan vir meer Nal'ibali-leesgenot! Vind intussen stories en prettige dinge om te doen by www.nalibali.org of www.nalibali.mobi



8

Then out she popped!



En woeps is sy weer uit!

2

Stella loved round things.



Stella hou van ronde goed.

7

Round and round she rolled.



Sy rol om en om.

3

She only played with round toys.



Sy speel net met ronde speelgoed.

9

She crawled in. Then Stella got stuck!



Sy kruip in. Toe sit Stella vas!

4

She only ate round food.



Sy eet net kos wat rond is.

5

One day she found a round pipe.



Eendag vind sy 'n ronde pyp.