



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

Ho tswa ho ntate e mong ho ya ho e mong

John McCormick ke e mong wa bangodi ba buka ena, *Dad, Tell Me a Story*. Bangodi ba bang ke bara ba hae ba dilemo tse 11 le tse 14. John o re o ithuta tsa botswadi ha a ntse a tswela pele – jwaloka rona bohle! Empa o na le tlhahiso e le nngwe feela bakeng sa bontate bohle ka letsatsi lena la Bontate: qala tlwaelo ya ho pheta dipale lapeng!

John o re, "Ke entse hoo dilemo tse ka bang 14 tse fetileng, mme nako eo ke e qetileng ho tlaha ha ke qala ho phetela bara ba ka dipale, ke le leng la matlotlo bophelong ba ka. Ho mphile dintho tseo ke tlang ho di hopola ka ho sa feleng mmoho le bashemane ba ka, mme ke ile ka ithuta dintho tse itseng ka bona tseo ke neng nke ke ka di tseba le kgale. Ho pheta dipale ke tsela e bonolo bakeng sa bontate ho qeta nako e itseng ya bohlokwa mmoho le bana ba bona, mme melemo e kgolwang ke bontate esitana le bana ke e kekeng ya balwa."

Bana ba ithuta haholo ka ho o mamela ha o ba phetela le ho ba balla dipale, le ka ho bapala le wena – mme seo ba ithutang sona se ba thusa hape ho ithuta ka matla sekolong.

"Ho pheta dipale ho hokahanya bana le setso sa bona le puo ya bona," ho rialo John. "Setso se seng le se seng lefatsheng se na le mogkwa kapa moetlo wa ho pheta dipale, mme ka dipale, re hokela bana ba rona le meloko e fetileng le mekgwa le meetlo eo meloko eo e e thehileng." Sena se fa bana ba rona boitshepo ho seo ba leng sona le moo ba tswang teng – se ba fa metso! Metso e thusa sejalo ho ema se tiile mobung mme metso e thusa ho isa dijo le metsi dikarolong tse ding tsa sejalo ho etsa hore se hole le ho phela hantle. Metso eo re e fang bana ba rona le yona e ba etsetsa seo.

Ha se hore o tlamehile ho ba sebakadi sa ditshwantsho kapa sa kalana hore o tle o kgone ho phetela bana ba hao dipale. Seo o se hlokang feela ke seo o seng o ena le sona, ho seng jwalo o ka be o sa bale hona: ho ba le tiantjello baneng ba hao, le kgolong le thabong ya bona. Empa, John o lemosa ka hore, "Ho pheta dipale e keke ya eba moetlo wa lelapa haeba o e leka ha nngwe kapa habedi feela mme o sa hlole o kgutlela ho yona." O lokela ho dula o e etsa mme o etse hore e be tlwaelo ya bophelo lelapeng la hao!

Jwale, ebe molaetsa wa John o lebang ho bontate bohle ka Letsatsi la Bontate ke ofe? "Maafrika Borwa ohle a na le meetlo e ruileng le eo e leng kgale e le teng ya ho pheta dipale. Sebedisa lerato la tlhaho la setso sa heno la ho pheta dipale ho kgothaletsa bana ba hao ho bala, ho ngola le ho pheta dipale mmoho le wena. Ha o etsa jwalo, seo e tla ba mpho e molemo ka ho fetisisa eo o ka iphang yona le ba lelapa la hao Letsatsing lena la Bontate le letsatsing le leng le le leng la selemo."

O ka bala haholwanyane ka mehopolu ya John McCormick e mabapi le ho pheta dipale malapeng bukeng ya hae e bitswang, *Dad, Tell Me a Story*, le ho www.dadtellmeastory.com le www.huffingtonpost.com/parents/. Fumana dikeletso le mehopolu ya ho pheta dipale tsa Nalibali ho www.nalibali.org kapa www.nalibali.mobi



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

Re tiilo kgefutsa ho fihlela bekeng ya la 27 Phupu. Eba le rona nakong eo bakeng sa mehlolo e meng hape ya ho bala ya Nalibali!



Drive your imagination

Read to me. Book by book.

Mpalle. Buka ka buka.



It starts with a story...



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?

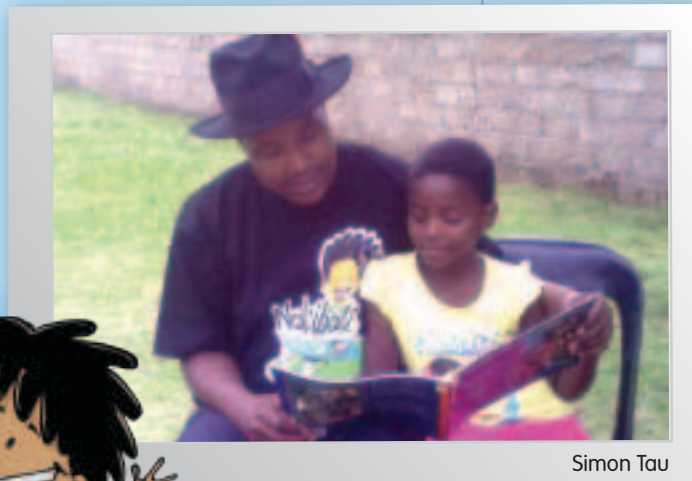
It exposes children to the world of books, develops their reading skills and increases their knowledge. And, while they are enjoying reading, they are also learning. Reading for enjoyment as a child means you are likely to embrace this habit as an adult too!

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.



Simon Tau

Dinaledi tsa dipale

Ntate ya balang!

Kopana le Simon Tau ya tswang Limpopo. Simon ke ntate le titjhere ya inehetseng bakeng sa ho balla bana. Ha a balle feela bana ba hae ka dinako tsohle, empa hape o qadile tlelapo ya ho bala – Glen Cowie Fun-Fun Reading Club – lapeng la hae. Re ile ra botsa Simon mabapi le lerato la hae la ho balla bana.

Ke karolo efe eo o e ratang ka ho fetisisa mabapi le ho balla bana?

Ho ba bontsha ditshwantsho paleng! Ditshwantsho di a ba thabisa mme di eketsa tjheseho ya bona ya ho batla ho tseba.

O balla bana hakae?

Tlelapo ya rona ya ho bala e kopana Mantaha e nngwe le e nngwe ho tloha ka 15h30 ho fihla ka 18h00 nakong eo dikolo di butsweng ka yona. Ke etsa bonnete ba hore ke balla bana pale e hohelang kopanong e nngwe le e nngwe ya tlelapo ya ho bala. Empa lapeng, ke balla bana ba ka bosiueng bo bong le bo bong metsotso e ka bang 15 pele ba robala.

O bala ka dipuo dife?

Sepedi le English

Ke eng e o kgothaleditseng ho qala Tlelapo ya ho Bala ya Nal'ibali?

Ke ne ke batla ho etsa phapang ya tsebo ya ho bala le ho ngola hara bana ba haufi motseng wa heso. Tlelapo ya ho bala e ile ya thewa ka Phupu 2012. Ke ile ka ngodisa tlelapo ya ho bala inthaneteng le Nal'ibali kamora ho bala ka yona koranteng ya *The Times*.

Hobaneng ho le bohlokwa ho balla boithabiso?

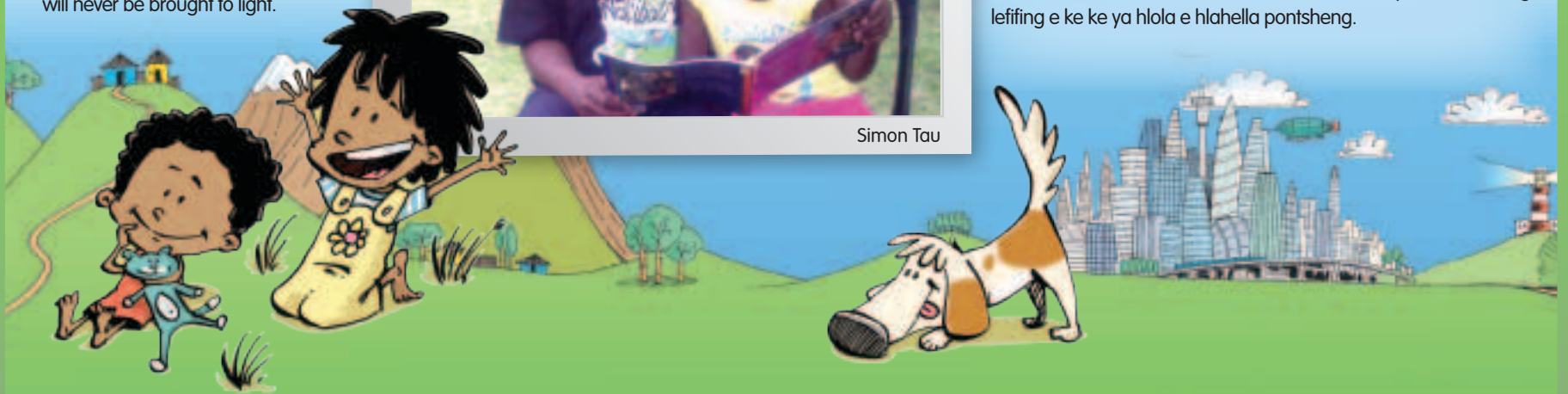
Ho hlahisa bana lefatsheng la dibuka, ho bopa bokgoni ba bona ba ho bala mme ho eketsa tsebo ya bona. Mme, ha ba ntse ba natefelwa ke ho bala, ba bile ba a ithuta. Ho balla monate ha o sa le ngwana ho bolela hore o ka nna wa thabela tlwaelo ena leha o se o le motho e moholo!

Ke dipale dife tse ding tsa bana tseo o di ratang ho feta?

The Name of the Tree is Bojabi ka Piet Grobler. Buka ena e bua ka diphapano mme e pheta pale e monate ya tshibollo ya bophelo ba naheng. Pale e nngwe eo ke ratang ho e bala hangata esitana le ha ke se ke le motho e moholo ke *Lazy Jack* ka Sidney Edwin. Ke tshomo e nang le diketsahalo tse ngata tse thabisang ho yona – bana ba tlelapong ya ho bala ba e rata haholo le bona!

Qetella polelo ena: Thuto e kgolo ka ho fetisisa eo ke ithuteng yona paleng ke ...

... o se ke wa ithetsa ka ho nahana hore ntho e mpe e etsetswang leffing e ke ke ya hlola e hlahella pontsheng.



Nal'ibali on radio!

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

Lesedi FM on Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 9.45 a.m. to 10.00 a.m.

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



Nal'ibali radiyong!

Natefelwa ke ho mamela dipale ka Sesotho le Senyesemane lenaneong la radiyo la Nal'ibali:

Lesedi FM ka Mantaha, Laboraro le Labohlano ho tloha ka 9.45 a.m. ho fihlela ka 10.00 a.m.

SAfm ka Mantaha, Laboraro le Labohlano ho tloha ka 1.50 p.m. ho fihlela ka 2.00 p.m.

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.

Iketsetse bukana e-sehwang-le-ho-ipolokelwa

1. Ntsha leqephe la 3 ho isa ho la 6 bukaneng ena ya tlatsetso.
2. Le mene ka halofo hodima mola wa matheba a matsho.
3. Le mene ka halofo hape.
4. Seha hodima mela ya matheba a mafubedu.



Motho wa pele ho bua e bile Charmaine Johnson. Ke karolo ya ba hlompshuwanang habolo sekolong sa rona se phahameng. O se ke wa mpotisa hore ke hobaneng. Ke semau mau tjena. O apere mose o mmala wa gauda o monyane hoo o lekanaang le *leselanyana* feela. Mohlomong ke feshene ha ke tsebe.

O eme pela Kim Water, ya shebahalang jwaloka ka haeka ke letfahla la haec. Kim a sothaka sefahleho. "E le hore o tshwanetse ho ba mang he wena? Lady Gaga?"

"Ha ho motho eo ke tshwanang le yena," ka araba ke phodile. "Ke tshwanetse ho ba ma ka sebele. Wena o apere ho ba mang he?"

"Ha ho motho eo ke tshwanang le yena!" a araba ka bohale. A nyolla le ho theola letsoho la haec mmeleleng wa haec, "Nthwena ke feshene."

"Pampiri eo ya ho phuthela tshokolete? E batile e ntsietsa," ka ralo, mme ka tsamaela lehlakoreng la tafole ya dino ho ya nka galase ya senomaphodi.

Ka utlwa batho ba tshena. Ke thabetse hore ha ke bone sefahleho sa Kim. Ke na le bonnete ba hore mahlo a haec a ntlhaba ka dithipa tse bohale hampe ka mokokotlong ka mona.

Moketjana wa getella o le bobebe haholo ho feta kamoo ke neng ke nahanne ka teng. Bana ba bangata, ba bang ba bona ba kenang le ma ka tlaseseng, ba mkopa ho letho. Ekare khosefjhumo ena e ntshireleditse, e ntumella ho ba motho e mong.

Leha ho le jwalo, ho a kgathatsa. Ka 7:30 ke ne ke se ke utlwiwe jwale. Ka tswelela ka ntle jareteng. Tshimong ho tletse dilantere tsa pampiri mme tse ding di fanyehilwe ditateng. Sena se etsa hore ho be hotle ka tsele e makatsang. Ekare motu wa tshomong ruri.

Ka ehlwa sebopeho sa motho se emeng ka hara dihlahla tsa dipalesa, ka khemera e shebileng hodimo marung. O apere anoraka e bolou bo lefifi. Ka atamela hanyane. Dieta tsa ka tsa twatatsa makala a ommeng fatshe – *mwalla!*

A theola khemera ya haec mme a sheba ka ho ma. "E ntle, ha ho jwalo?" a ralo.

Ke makaditwe ke hore o bua le ma ke sa lebella, ka ho phutholoha ho hokalo, hoo ke sa tsebeng le hore nka teng. A sheba hodimo marung hape. Ka latela moo mahlo a haec a shebileng teng mme ka bona seo a se bonang. Ehli! Ke kgwedl!

Estana le kganyeng ya kgwedl le ya lanterene, ke kgona ho bona hore o hile o motle. O shebeha jwaloka motho ya tswang makasimeng wa batjha wa *Teen Vogue*, ha ke se ke bua mnete feela.

Fold

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.

"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 – *snaps!*

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!

- You just need a cellphone to:
- Read a new story each week
 - Explore our growing 'library' on a phone
 - Comment on the stories
 - Submit your own writing for publication too.

Get connected!

Connect with FunDza's Mxit app at <http://mxitapp.com/fundza> or, if you're already on Mxit, simply add the 'FunDza' app. Or find us on your computer, tablet or smartphone connected to the Internet at: <http://fundza.mobi>

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 ke letsholo la naha la ho-balla-boithabiso bakeng sa ho tsoseletsa bokgoni ba bana ka ho ba balla le ho ba phetela dipale. Bakeng sa tlhahisoleseding e nngwe, etela www.nalibali.org kapa www.nalibali.mobi



Fold

Teen read Padi ya batjha

The skin I live in

Letlalo leo ke phelang ka hara lona

Francesco Nassimbeni

Nha le mme wa ka re dula foleting e nang le dikamore tse pedi tsa ho robala mane
 Argyle Road, Woodstock. Ke ha o tswa mmling o moho, kahoo ho lerata haholo.
 Ke robala ke kentse diporopo tsa ditsebe, hobane mesong e meholo di-*gaities* tse
 hoetsang ditseking di etsa lerata le leholo. Ha se sebaka se setle ka ho fetisisa,
 empa Mme o re se ntle se mlatala.

Ha morao, ha re ntle re shebile *The Bold and The Beautiful*, ke buela hodimo ntle
 ke nahana.

“Mohlomong ha ke no ya. Taba ena ya ho apara ka tsela ya ho ikgakanya e
 nkgethatsa maikutlo haholo.”

Mme wa ka o ntheba ka leihlo le bohale. Mme o nka remouto a tima modumo wa
 televishine.

“Eng? Butle pele Aggy. O tshwanetse o ye. Ere ke o jwetse. Ke tla o thusa ho
 kopanya dintho hantle.”

Mme wa ka ke seroki, kahoo ho a utwahala hore o tseba ho roka haholo.
 “Re ka ma ra o rokela seaparo se setle sa boswaswi. Re tla o etsa hore o shebahale
 jwaloka moloinyana e motlenyana!”

Kamora metsotsa e mashome a mabedi re se re kgutletse soufeng, dintho tsa ho roka
 tsa Mme di tse hohle tafoleng e ka pela rona. O tswaetse ho roka le ho loha a ntle a
 shebetse TV, kahoo re kgona ho shebella se etsahalang ho *Bold* re ntle re sebetsa.

Nha le Mme wa ka re boela re dula le ho shebella lenaneo le latelang. Ho monate
 – re babedi feela. Re shebella re ntle re tshwere mosobetse wa rona matsohong, re
 keketeha le ho tshelha maphelo a batho ba bang.

Moketjana o gala ka hora ya 5 mantsiboya ka Moqobelo mme ke tshwanela ho ya
 teng ka bese.

Ka ehlwa hore ho na le ho hong ho phoso hanghang ha ke kena hekeng ya tshimo ya
 teng. Ho na le bana ba babedi ba dutseeng ka ntle ditsepising tsa lemali le ka pele. *Mme*
ha ba a apara diparo tsa boikgakanyo.

Lemali la ka pele le butse. Ke kena ka lung. Hang ha ke kena ka phaposing ya ho
 phomola, ka utlwa mahlo a ka bang lekgolo a le ho nna.

Ka motsotswana feela, o utwahetse eka ke dilemoemo, ka ehlwa: Ha Ho Le a
 Mong Wa Bona Ya Apereng Diaparo Tsa Boikgakanyo.

Fold

“I’m Jonah,” he says, smiling, and I realise I have been lost in a daze looking
 at him.

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 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.

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!
 We’re out!”

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

“There’s something I need to ask you,” he says.

I wait, my breath held.

“I’m putting together this calendar, for Cape Town Design Month. Its theme is
 ‘Unique South Africans’. I’d love to photograph you. Your look is so awesome.”

I’m trying to understand how he has said “your look” and “awesome” in the
 same sentence. My brain is trying to process it, but failing.

He senses my painful shyness. “Of course, I’d understand if you don’t want to,
 but – ” He is offering me a way out; I don’t need one. I know I want to do it. I
 want him to see me. I want him to see me the way I am.

“I’ll do it.”

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

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

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.

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.

Ka Mantaha hoseng ka ikela sekolong jwaloka tlwaelo.

Ha ke potela hukung ya pasetjhe ka bona Carmen Hofmeyr le sehlopha sa hae sa
 Bomamoratwa. Kaofela ba tonetse *iPad* ya Carmen mahlo.

Carmen a ntjheba a hlile a busitse sefahleho. “Ke ne ke sa tsebe hore o
 mmotlelara.” Ke utlwa eka lentswe la hae le na le ho tenchanyana ho itseng. A
 phahamisa *iPad* mme ka bona seo a ntseng a se shebile.

“Ho na le dintho tse ngata tseo o sa di tsebeng ka nna,” ka rialo, mme ka thinya
 ka itsamaela.

Ha morao mantsiboyeng ao ke ne ke le lapeng mme Jonah a nthomella molaetsa
 ka SMS.

**O batla ho ya moving mafelong a beke?
 Ha ho mabone a kganyang! Mpolelle haeba o batla ho ya!**

O ntle a hopola bothata ba ka ba kganya e matla. Taba ena ya etsa hore ke ikutlwe
 ke futhumala jwaloka haeka ho na le lelakabe le lenyane ka mpeng ya ka.

Nkile ka utlwa ho thwe ha ho a loka hore banana ba be ba se ba araba hanghang
 ha ba qeta ho fumana molaetsa, empa nna ha ke kgathale. Ha ke banana ba
 bang. Ke ngwanana yane ya setshwantshong – ya sebete, ya motle, ya sa kopeng
 tshwarelo ho motho.

Ka araba molaetsa oo mme menwana ya ka e tlola ke thabo, e ntse e tobetsa
 dikonopo tse nyane.

**Ekare e monate! Nka thabela ho ya!
 Ntsetse ka Labohlano re hlophise?**

Ka leba seiponeng. Ho etsahalang. Na ke a fetoha? Ka sheba sefahleho sa ka,
 jwaloka ha ke se ke ile ka etsa hangatangata. Ka sheba molomo wa ka. O a
 bososela. O etsa hore ke shebehe ka tsela e nngwe. Ha ke sa tshohile. E seng
 jwaloka ha eka ke ipatile.

Ka tobetsa “*send*” mme ka bososela ke le mong. Ka ikutlwa eka nka tlolela kwana
 marung. Ka ikutlwa eka nka bina. Ka ikutlwa eka nka busa lefatshe lohle.

Fold

Haesale ke nahana ka yona moishoare le bosiu.
 Ho nka ditshwantsho ho hlophiseditse Mogebele o latelang. Bekeng eo kaofela

 Poseselo e phatlalla molomong wa hae o dipounama di shebehang di le bonolo. Ekare
 ke shebile letsatsi ha le tjhaba.
 “Ke tla e etsa.”
 batla hore a mpone. Ke batla hore a mpone kamoo ke leng ka teng.
 Ekare o utlwa dihlong tsa ka tse bohloko. “Eh!le, ke tla utlwisisa haeba o sa batle,
 empa -” O mpha tselo ya ho hana; ha ke e batle. Ke a tseba hore ke batla ho e etsa. Ke
 pololong e le nngwe. Boko ba ka bo nise bo leka ho e thusa hantle, empa ha bo kgone.
 Ke leka ho utlwisisa hore o sebeditse jwang mantse ana ‘shebeha’ le ‘hantle’
 setshwantsho. O shebeha hantle haholo.”
 “Ke nise ke kopanya khalelana bakeng sa Kgweledi ya Moralo ya Cape Town.
 Mokotaba wa yona ke ‘Maafrika Borwa a Ikgethileng’. Nka thabela ho o nka
 Ka ema, ke tshwere moya.
 “Ho na le seo ke batlang ho o botsa sona,” a rialo.
 bonolo feela.
 “Mpho motsoiso feela!” Jonah a araba, lentse wa hae le foia ka hodima jwang ka
 le ntswang mme a holetsa, “Wa thaka! Re a tsamaya!”
 matle a sootho, moshanyana ya nang le manyetse a hlalisa hlooho ya hae le lemating
 Eitse moo ke reng ke tla ghibidihela fatshe ke nise ke shebile ka hara mahlo a hae a
 Groote Schuur.
 ntae e ne e le e mong wa batho ba pele ba matala ba ho tswalla sepetleeng sa
 mme wa hae o ngola dibuka tsa ho hlalula ka tshelate e itekanyeditsweng, le hore
 Ka fumana hore lebitso la hae ke Jonah Farter, hore ha se Mojuta ka ho phehahala,
 ka: “Agnes.”
 kgohlela haholo feela, jwaloka haeka o na le TB. Ka kgona ho gobella lebitso la
 Ka thetha sehlolela. Mme hang ka utlwa ke batla ho kgohlela. Ke hantle, Aggy,
 menahanong ke nise ke mo shebile.
 “Ke na Jonah,” a rialo, a bonyla, mme ka ehlilwa hore ke hohetswe mme ke lahlehile

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.

In a split-second of horror, that seems to stretch to eternity and back, I realise:
 None of Them Are In Fancy Dress.
 I feel about fifty pairs of eyes on me.
 The front door is open. I walk through. As soon as I walk into the living room,
 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.

 dramatic lives of others.
 two of us. We watch with our work in our hands, gasping and laughing at the
 My mom and I sit and watch the next programme as well. It’s nice – just the
 watching TV, so we still get to see what’s happening on *Bold* while we work.
 out on the low table in front of us. She is used to sewing and knitting while
 Twenty minutes later we are back on the couch, with Mom’s sewing kit laid
 “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.

Lebitso la ka ke Agnes Molohe. Ke na le dilemo tse leshome le metso e
 supileng. Ke rata ho bala, diphoofolo, matsatsi ao pula e nang ka ona, ho
 shebella *Generations*, le disemetjhise tsa kase tse entsweng thoustu.
 Hape ke lesofe (lealebino).
 Pale ena ha e mabapi le ho ba lesofe, empa ho ba lesofe ho a hlalaha ho yona. Ke
 pale ya letlalo la ka, letlalo leo ke phelang ka hara lona. Ke pale e mabapi le nna. Ke
 pale ya kamoo ke shebehang ka teng, le kamoo ho ammeng bophelo ba ka ka teng.
 Empa letlalo la ka ha se nna. *Nna* ke nna. Letlalo la ka ke ... letlalo feela.
 Pele ke qala ka pale ya ka he, ke ile ka nahana hore ke qale ka ho le fa
 tlhalosetsonyana feela ka bosofe.
 Masofe ke batho bao letlalo la bona le se nang mmala. Sena se etswa ke hoba letlalo
 la bona le sa hlalaha melanin, e leng ntho e etsang hore o be mosootho, o be mosehla
 kapa mmala wa tshokolete. Kahoo, re basweu haholo mme ha re a lokela ho dula
 letsatsing. O keke wa rata ho bona lesfofe le tshesitsweng ke letsatsi. Ke a o tiisetse.
 Ha se pono e ntle.
 Mahlo a rona le ona a tshaba kganya haholo. Ke dula ke rwetse diborele tsa letsatsi
 hangata, ka nako e nngwe le ka tlung, haeba mahlo a ka a le bohloko. Di nketsa hore
 ke shebahale jwalo ka vemphaya, empa ha ho seo nka se etsang.
 Sekolong ke na le letoto la mabitso a boswaswi: Tshweute, Snowy, Snowball,
 Bleach, Glow-worm, Spooky, Sepoko le, ehlile, Whitey. Pele ke qala ho kena sekolo,
 ke ne ke dula le mme wa ka lapeng, ya neng a sa ntshwara jwaloka ngwana ya
 fapaneng le ba bang. O ne a re ke lehlwa le theotsweng ke Modimo.
 Ke se ke ile ka utlwela ka dintho tse ngata tsa bophogo tseo batho ba di kgolwang
 mabapi le masofe. Hore re na le matla a sa hlaloseheng, re ka bolaya ka ponyo ya
 leihlo, re rohakilwe, le hore ha o kena thobalanong le lesfofe o ka fola bohlokong bofe
 kapa bofe. O nkgolwe ha ke re ho wena – kaofela ha tsona ha se nnete.
 Leha ho le jwalo, pale ena ha e mabapi le ho ba lesofe. Pale ena e mabapi le nna.
Ho na le tse ngata tse mothong tseo re sa di boneng. Ke lakatsa eka batho bohle
 lefatsheng ba ne ba ka ehlilwa seo. Mohlomong ka mora ho bala pale ya ka, motho a
 le mong kapa ba babedi ba tla ehlilwa sena. Hoo ho ka nthabisa.
 Ke kena sekolo se Phahameng sa Rosemont, se mane Seterateng sa Hope
 motsetoropong o motle o hodimo mane ha o nyolosa ka tsela. Nka re ke sekolo se
 lokileng. Ha ho seo nka se bapisang le sona hobane haesale ke kena teng. Diphaphe
 tsa sona di batla di senyehile hanyane feela mme ka dinako tse ding o lokela ho
 emela metsi hore a hlweke ha o bulela pompo, empa ka ntle ho moo ke nahana hore
 tsohle di lokile.



Ho feta moo, ho na le taba ena ya ho apara ka tsela ya ho ikgakanya . Ke shebha hampe ka diaparo tsa ka tse tlwalehleng, ebe jwale ha se ke apere tsa boikgakanyo teng.

Ha re fetelele pele kamora matsatsi a mane. Ke letsatsi le etelelela la mofetisa pele. Haesale ke tshwarwa ke mala ho tlaha hosing ho fihlela mantsoya. Ke tshohle.

Ha ke eso ka ke memelwa mofetisaeng haesale ho tlaha ke le monyane sekolong se tlase.

Cinderella BTW. Aterese ya ka e ka morao mono.”

Ho ba le kgutsiso e telele, mme o eketsa ka hore, jwaloka haeka o nise a nahana: “Ke mofetisa oo ho jwang lesela. Mokotaba ke ‘dinako tsa tshomong’. Nna ke tla ba ho ba le kgutsiso e telele, mme o eketsa ka hore, jwaloka haeka o nise a nahana: “Ke makaditswe ke botala bona ba hae hoo ke qetellang ke mo shebile feela.

deseke ya ka. “Tijhere ya ka ya thuto ya guidance o re ke tlamehile ho o memela mofetisaeng wa ka. O se ke wa mpotisa hore ke hobaneng. Kahoo he, memo ke eo.”

“Hei,” o rialo, a qala ho bua ka tsela e kang o tenehile, mme a bea karate hodima motle hakakang!” Ha se feela a nahanang hore ke Tyra Banks. Owai!

a di romele intheneheng. Mme bohle ba a di “rata” mme ba ngola dintho tse kang, “O tekano ka mekhoa ya teng. Ho feta moo o ikukha dinpe ha lekgolo ka motsotso feela lehalo ka letsatsi, ka moriri o moswen o molelele haholo. O itlota molomo ho tlola Bohle ba nahana hore Carmen o motle, empa nna ha ke bo bone botle boo. O ipesitse hodimo, ha ho letho.

nahanwang hore ba “hodimo”, leha ke sa bone hore na ke eng e ba etsang hore ba be ba dimotlolaro, ba batlang ho ba dibini, ba nahanang hore ba betere, le banana bao ho lonyha ho feta bohle Afrika Borwa. Ke karolo ya sehlotshwana sa banana ba batlang ho ya lonyha, ya ikghomomosing ho feta bohle ka tlelaseng ya rona. Hanthentle nka re o Ke ehlwa Carmen a tla ho nna a nise a tsoka letheka. Carmen Hofmeyr ke ngwanana tshware jwaloka kamelha ha tijhere a le syo. Jwalo ka dikwata tse tellang feela tjena. Tijhere e rutang Histoiri, Mong Oelofse o morao nakong. Bana ba ka tlelaseng ba ya li. Ke Mantaha, ka nako ya thuto ya bobedi.

Re tla tlola pele haholo nakong e tlang jwale. Ha re fetelele ho 2014. Ke Kereiting

mashome a robong hantle tsa bona tse sa lokang hohang.

Ho ka ba le bathuti ba ka bang 540 sekolong sa rona mme nka re ke dipresente tse Ha se sekolo ka bosona seo ke nang le bothata ka sona. Ke batho ba kenang moo.

Fold

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, and yells, “Dim the lights!”

Because of my...” Before I can say “albinism”, Jonah nods, understanding.

“It’s nothing,” I say, blinking away the tears. “My eyes are just very sensitive.

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!

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.

Ka letsatsi leo, ka palama terene e lebang toropong. Setudio seo a se sebedisang tsatsing leo se bapile le koletjhe eo a kenang ho yona mme ke phaposi e kgolo e tletseng kganya ya tlhaho.

Ho na le batho ba ka bang leshome le metso e mehlano ba sebetsanang le ho nka ditshwantsho hona – balokisi ba meriri, dinono tsa ditlolo, basebetsi ba mabone, le basebetsi ba dikhemera. Bohle ba ne ba le mosa mme ba mpuisa ka tlhompho – hanghang ka ikutlwa eka ke naledi ya ditshwantsho!

Metsotso e leshome ka mora moo, ke ne ke le ka hara seaparo sa *avant-garde*. Ho nna, se shebahala jwaloka ntho e tswang dipaleng tsa saense. Kholoro ya sona e kgolo hampe, mme mahetla a sona a shebahala jwaloka mapheo.

Ke bona Jonah a tla a lebile ho nna. Ka ikutlwa ke le dihlong ka hara seaparo sena, empa ke se dihlong jwaloka kgetlong la pele ha ke ne ke kopana le yena. A tsoka matsoho ka tsela ya thoholetso.

“Botle bo bokaalo! O shebahala jwaloka mosebetsi wa bonono!”

A nntaisa ho leba sebakeng seo ho sebeletswang ho sona. Se kganya haholo mme mabone a na le dikgele tse tshweu ka hodima ona hore kganya e lebe mahlakoreng a fapaneng. Mahlo a ka a qala ho tswa meokgo hang ha ke dula fatshe.

Sefahleho sa Jonah sa makala. “Na o hantle? Tjhe, bo, na o ... a lla?”

“Ha se letho,” ka rialo, ke panyapanya ho balehisa meokgo. “Mahlo a ka a mpa a tshaba kganya haholo feela. Ka lebaka la ...” Pele nka re ‘bosofe’, Jonah a oma ka hlooho, a utlwisisa, mme a hoeletsa, “Fokotsang kganya ya mabone!”

Ehlile ke yena ya ka sehloohong mona. Hanghang mabone a shebahala a fifala hanyane, mme ka kgona ho bona hape.

Ho nka ditshwantsho ha feta feela jwaloka toro, toro eo ke sa batlang ha e fela.

Jonah a mpoella hore ke motlelara ka tlhaho, hore sefahleho sa ka se kgona ho bontsha maikutlo, le hore o rata ho tshaphala hoo ke ho bontshang ha ke sheba ka hara khemera.

Ke ne ke sa tsebe hore ho tshaphala ke bokgoni. Leha ho lejwalo, ke thabile.

Ka nako e nngwe le e nngwe ha lebone le tsekema, ke nahana hore ke molomo wa hae o a ntshuna.

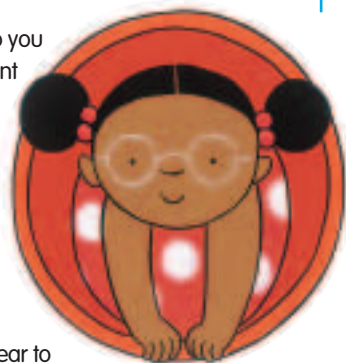
Fold 6



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?"



Eba mahlahlaha ka pale!

Stella o a tshwaseha e etseditswe ka ho qolleha babadi ba banyenyane. (Bana ba baholwanyane ba ka natefelwa ke yona ka puo ya lapeng pele mme ba ntoo e bala ka puo e nngwe ya tlatsetso.) Mehopolo e meng ke ena ya mefuta ya dintho tseo le ka di etsang le ho di bua ha le ntse le arolelana buka mmoho.

- **Leqephe la 2:** "Sheba dintho tsohle tse tihitja. Ha re di baleng mme re bone hore Stella o na le tse kae." (Balang dintho tse tihitja setshwantshong.)
- **Leqephe la 3:** "Dintho tsee ke ding? Ha le nahana ke mang ya di takileng?" (Supa didikadikwe tse takilweng leboteng.) "Ekare Stella o rata ho papala ka dibolo. Na le wena? Ke dipapadi dife tsa bolo tse o natefelang?"
- **Leqephe la 4:** "Bona Stella o ja pizza e tihitja! Yum!"
- **Leqephe la 5:** "Stella o phakeng hona jwale! Ke dintho dife tseo o nahanang hore o rata ho papalla ho tsona? Ke dife tseo o di ratang?" (Supa phaephe.) "O nahana hore o tlo etsa eng ka phaephe eo?"
- **Leqephe la 6:** (Supa Stella.) "Tjhe bo! Sheba, ha a kgone ho sutha." (Supa letsatsi.) "Letsatsi le shebeha le maketse!"
- **Leqephe la 7:** (Supa phaephe ka nngwe.) "Eka ke ho papala mapitikane ho theosa leralla!" (Supa letsatsi.) "Sheba letsatsi le kwetse mahlo! Ekare ha le kgone ho mamella ho bona se tla etsahala kamora moo."
- **Leqephe la 8:** "Ebile lehlohonolo feela! Stella ekare ha a utlwa bohloko. Na o nahana hore o tla lakatsa ho etsa seo hape?"

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)



Hukung ya Tlelapo ya ho Bala

Phupjane e re fa menyetla e mengata ya ho keteka dipale le mantswa, mme ka hobane Phupu yona e tletse ka matsatsi a phomolo ya dikolo, e re fa nako e ngata ya bolokolohi ba ho bala! Ho ka ba jwang:

- ◆ ho kgetha le le leng kapa a mabedi a matsatsi a ikgethang mme le rere diketsahalo tsa tlelapo ya ho bala ka matsatsi ao
- ◆ ho hlahisa hore bana ba kgethe dibuka tsa ho bala ka matsatsi a phomolo tse ngotsweng ke e mong kapa ba babedi ba bangodi ba bana ba ketekang matsatsi a bona a tswalo ka kgwedi ya Phupjane le Phupu
- ◆ ho kgetha dibuka tsa bangodi baa ho di balla bana dikopanong tsa tlelapo ya ho bala. (O ka nna wa hloka ho fetolela tse ding tsa dibuka tse na puong ya hao pele o ba balla.)

Matsatsi a ketekwang ka kgwedi tsa Phupjane le Phupu

Matsatsi a kgethehileng

5 Phupjane	Letsatsi la Tikoloho la Lefatshe
15 Phupjane	Letsatsi la Bontate
16 Phupjane	Letsatsi la Batjha
20 Phupjane	Letsatsi la Baphaphathehi la Lefatshe
30 Phupjane	Letsatsi la Mediya wa Phedisano
18 Phupu	Letsatsi la Mandela

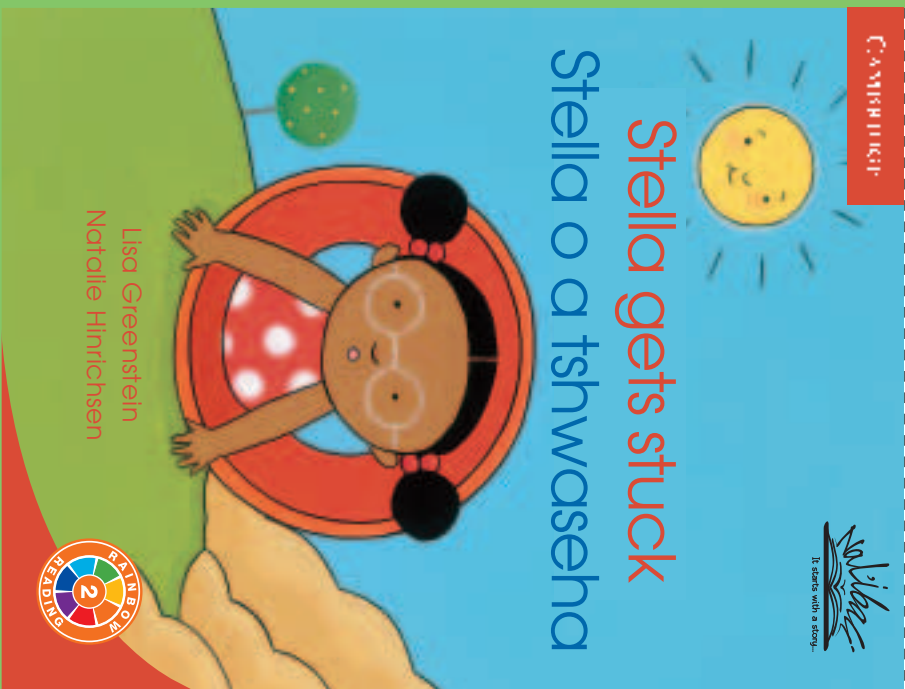
Matsatsi a Tlhaho a kgethehileng

2 Phupjane	Helen Oxenbury (dibuka tsa ba dilemo tse 0–3)
4 Phupjane	Aesop (dibuka tsa ba dilemo tse 3–93!)
10 Phupjane	Maurice Sendak (dibuka tsa ba dilemo tse 3–10)
13 Phupjane	Niki Daly (dibuka tsa ba dilemo tse 3–10)
25 Phupjane	Eric Carle (dibuka tsa ba dilemo tse 2–6)
11 Phupu	E.B. White (dibuka tsa ba dilemo tse 8–11)

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



O se ke wa lebala hore re tla be re kgefuditse ho fihlela bekeng ya la **27 Phupu**. Natefelwa ke matsatsi a phomolo ya dikolo, mme o be le rona hape mafelong a Phupu bakeng sa dimaka tse ding tsa ho bala tsa Nal'ibali! Nakong ena, fumana dipale le dintho tse natefelang tseo o ka di etsang ho www.nalibali.org kapa www.nalibali.mobi



8

Then out she popped!



Mme yaba o qhomela ka ntle!

7

Round and round she rolled.



A pitika a pitika ho pota.

FOLD

2

Stella loved round things.



Stella o ne a rata dintho tse tshija.

9

She crawled in. Then Stella got stuck!



A kgasetsa ka hara yona. Mme Stella a tshwaseha!

FOLD

3

She only played with round toys.



O ne a bapala ka dihoeye tse tshija feela.

5

One day she found a round pipe.



Ka tsatsi le leng a fumana phaepe e tshija.

4

She only ate round food.



O ne a eja dijo tse tshija feela.