



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

Okusuka komnye utata kusiya komnye

UJohn McCormick ngomnye wababhali bencwadi esihloko sithi, *Dad, Tell Me a Story*. Abanye ababhali ngoonyana bakhe; oneminyaka eli-11 noneminyaka eli-14. UJohn uthi usafunda malunga nokuba ngumzali njengokuba eqhubeka nobomi – njengathi nje sonke! Kodwa unengecebiso nje enye kubo bonke ootata ngoSuku looTata kulo nyaka: qalisani isithethe sokubalisa amabali kumakhaya enu!

UJohn uthi, "Ndenza oko kwiminyaka eli-14 eyadlulayo, kwaye ixesha endilichitha ngokubalisela oonyana bam amabali, yenye yezinto zexabiso ebomini bam. Kundinika iinkumbulo zanaphakade ndikunye noonyana bam, kwaye ndifunde izinto ngabo endandingenakuze ndizazi. Ukubalisa amabali yindlela elula yootata yokuchitha ixesha besakha ubudlelwane nabantwana babo, kwaye inzuzo efunyanwa ngootata nabantwana babo koko ingaphaya kokuqonda."

Abantwana bafunda lukhulu ngokumamela wena xa ubabalisela okanye ubafundela amabali, kwakunye naxa udlala nabo - kwaye oko bakufundayo kubanceda ukuba baqhube kakuhle esikolweni.

"Ukubaliselwa amabali kwenza abantwana banxibelelane nenkcubeko nolwimi lwabo," kutsho uJohn. "Yonke inkcubeko ehlabathini inesithethe sayo sokubalisa amabali, kwaye ngamabali, sinxibelelanisa abantwana bethu nezizukulwana ngezizukulwana ezidle ubomi phambi kwethu kunye namasiko nezithethe ezithe zawaseka." Oku kunika abantwana bethu ukuzithemba ukuba bangobani na kwaye bavela phi na – oku kubanika iingcambu! Iingcambu zinceda ukumiliselwa isityalo ukuba sibambelele emhlabeni kwaye zinceda ekuhambiseni ukutya namanzi ukuya kwamanye amalungu esityalo ukuze sikwazi ukukhula sisempilweni. Iingcambu esizinika abantwana bethu zenza kanye oko nakubo.

Akunyanzelekanga ukuba ube ngumakhwekhwetha kwezeqonga okanye uqeqeshelwe ukuba ngumbalisi ukuze ubalisele abantwana bakho amabali. Konke okudingayo koku sele unakho, kungenjalo ubungasayi kuzidina ngokufunda eli nqaku: umdla ebantwaneni bakho, ekuphuhliseni kwabo nolonwabo lwabo. Kodwa, uJohn ulumkisa enjenje, "Ukubalisa amabali akukwazi kuba sisithethe sosapho lwakho ukuba ukuzama nje kube kanye okanye kabini ungaze uphinde ubuyele kuko." Kufuneka kwenzeke okokoko kwaye kube yinto yamihla le ekhayeni lakho!

Ngoko ke, uthini umyalezo kaJohn kootata ngoSuku looTata? "Bonke abemi boMzantsi Afrika banesithethe esidala nobutyebi bokubalisa amabali. Sebenzisani uthando lwendalo lokubalisa amabali kwinkcubeko yenu ukuze nivuselele abantwana benu ukuba bafunde, babhale kwaye babalise amabali kunye nani. Ukuba nithe nakwenza oko, iyakuba sesona siphoni eniyakuziphisa sona neentsapho zenu ngoSuku looTata kulo nyaka kwanemihla yonke, unyaka jikelele."

Ungafunda ngaphezulu malunga neengecebiso zikaJohn McCormick zokubaliswa kwamabali elusatsheni kwincwadi yakhe ethi, *Dad, Tell Me a Story* naku-www.dadtellmeastory.com kunye naku-www.huffingtonpost.com/parents/. Fumana iingcinga neengecebiso zokubalisa amabali zakwaNalibali ku-www.nalibali.org okanye ku-www.nalibali.mobi



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

Sizakukhe sithathe ikhefu kude kube yiveki yomhla wama-27 kweyeKhala. Zibandakanye nathi ngoko ukuze ufumane imilingo yokukufunda yakwaNalibali.



Drive your imagination

Read to me. Book by book.
Ndifundele. Incwadi nencwadi.





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 Na'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 Na'ibali after reading about it in *The Times* newspaper.

Why is reading for enjoyment important?

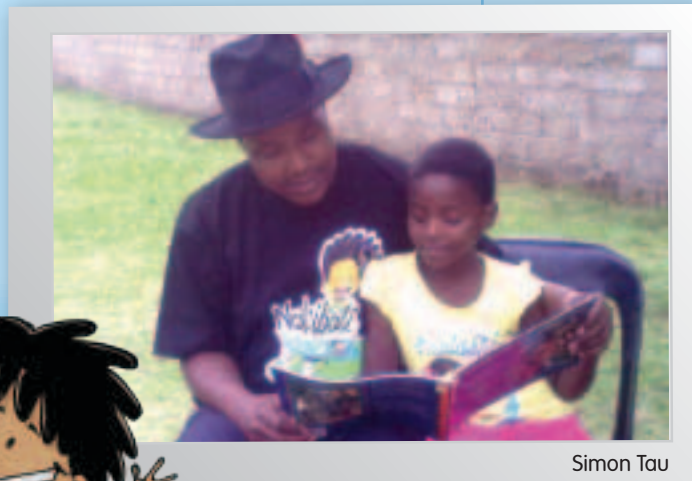
It exposes children to the world of books, develops their reading skills and increases their knowledge. And, while they are enjoying reading, they are also learning. Reading for enjoyment as a child means you are likely to embrace this habit as an adult too!

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

Iimbalasane zamabali

Utata ofundayo!

Dibana noSimon Tau waseLimpopo. USimon ngutata okwangutitshala kwaye uzinikele ekufundeleni abantwana. Akafundeli nje kuphela abakhe abantwana yonke imihla, koko ukwaqhuba neklabhu yokufunda – iGlen Cowie Fun Fun Reading Club – ekhayeni lakhe. Sibuze uSimon malunga nothando lwakhe lokufundela abantwana.

Yeyiphi eyona nto uyithandayo malunga nokufundela abantwana?

Kukubabonisa imifanekiso ebalini! Imifanekiso ibenza babenemincili kwaye yandisa umdla wokufuna ukwazi.

Ubafundela kangakanani abantwana?

Iklabhu yethu yokufunda ihlangana rhoqo ngoMvulo, ukususela nge-15h30 ukuya nge-18h00 xa izikolo zivuliwe. Ndiqinisekisa ukuba ndibafundela ibali elinomdla kwindibano nganye yeklabhu yokufunda abantwana. Kodwa ekhaya, ndifundela abantwana bam imizuzu eli-15 phantse yonke imihla ngokuhlwa, phambi kokuba balale.

Ufunda ngezaphi iilwimi?

NgeSepedi kunye nesingesi

Yintoni eyakuvuselela ukuba uqale iklabhu yokufunda yeNa'ibali?

Ndandifuna ukwenza umahluko ngokweliitheresi kubantwana basekuhlaleni nakuluntu jikelele. Iklabhu yokufunda yasekwa kweyeKhala ngowama-2012. Ndayibhalisa kwi-intanethi iklabhu yokufunda noNa'ibali emva kokufunda ngoku kwiphephandaba i-*The Times*.

Kutheni ukufundela ukuzonwabisa kubalulekile?

Kubonisa kwazise abantwana ilizwe leencwadi, kuphuhlise izakhono zabo zokufunda ze kwandise nolwazi lwabo. Kwaye, lo gama bonwabele ukufunda, bafumana ulwazi kanaanjalo. Xa ufundela ukuzonwabisa njengomntwana, oko kuthetha ukuba lo mkhwa ungawamkela, uqhube nawo xa ungumntu omdala!

Ngawaphi amanye amabali abantwana owathandayo?

Incwadi esihloko sithi, *The Name of the Tree is Bojabi* ebhalwe nguPiet Grobler. Le ncwadi imayela neyantlukwano kwaye ibalisa ibali elimnandi lezenzo zasendle zobudlangazi. Elinye ibali endithanda ukulifunda ndiliphindaphinde nanjengomntu omdala lelisihloko salo sithi, *Lazy Jack* elibhalwe nguSidney Edwin. Yintsoni emnandi kakhulu neyonwabisayo – nabantwana kwiklabhu yokufunda bayithanda kakhulu.

Gqibezela esi sivakalisi: Esona sifundo sibubulumko endakhe ndasifunda kwibali sithi ...

... ungaze ube sisiyatha, uzixelele ukuba into embi eyenzeke ebunyamani nasekhusini ayisoze ivele ekukhanyeni.

Na'ibali on radio!

Enjoy listening to stories in isiXhosa and in English on Na'ibali's radio show:

Umhlobo Wenene FM on Monday to Wednesday from 9.30 a.m. to 9.40 a.m.

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



UNa'ibali kunomathotholo!

Yonwabela ukuphulaphula amabali ngesiXhosa nangesiNgesi kwinkqubo kanomathotholo yeNa'ibali:

Umhlobo Wenene FM ngoMvulo ukuya ngoLwesithathu kusasa, ukususela ngo-9.30 ukuya ngo-9.40.

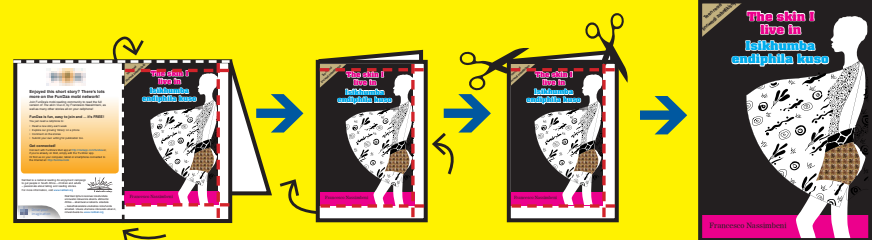
SAfm ngoMvulo, ngoLwesithathu nangoLwesihlanu emini, ukususela ngo-1.50 ukuya ngo-2.00.

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.

Zenzele eyakho incwadana onokuyisika-ze-uyigcine

1. Thatha iphepha lesi-3 ukuya kwelesi-6 kolu hlelo.
2. Wasonge phakathi kumgca wamachaphaza amnyama.
3. Phinda uwasonge phakathi.
4. Sika kwimigca yamachaphaza abomvu.



Umyango wangaphambili uvulile. Ndiyanga. Ndisakunena kwigumbi lokuhlala, ndiziva ngokungathi kukho abantu abangaphaya kwamashumi amahlanu, abandiongileyo.

Umzwana nje ongephi wokoyika, yaba ngathi ngunaphakade, ndiyacinga: Akukho Namnye kubo onxibe iMphala eHambelana noMkholo.

Umntu wokugala ukuthetha yaba nguCharmaine Johnson. Uyinxalenye yezikumkani kazi zesikolo sethu samabanga aphakamileyo. Ungandibuzi ukuba kutheni. Usisityhifili sokweneke. Unxibe isiqwentshu selokhwe engangelatsihana nebugolide. Ndicinga ukuba yifashoni ke ley.

Umi ecaleni kukakim Wafar, okhangeleka ngathi wenzizwe ukuze afane twatse naye. UKim uyandinyonyozela. "Umele ukuba ngubani ke wena? UnguLady Gaga?"

"Andingomtu wumbi," ndiphendule ndatsho ngeliphohlileyo. "Ndimele ukuba ndim. Nina ninxibe ngathi ningobani?"

"Asinxibanga ngathi singabantu abathile!" uphendule ngokugrarama esitsho. Unyuse ethoba isandla sakhe, ekhomba umzimba wakhe. "Le yifashoni!"

"Eyephepha lokusongela ishokolethi? Ndiphantse ndabhideka," nditshilo, ndisiya ngakwintafle eneziselo ukuze ndifumane ikomityi yesiselo.

Ndiva abantu behleka. Ndiyavuya ndingabubonanga ubuso bukakim. Ndiyafunga kungoku nje amehlo akhe agibisela iimela zonke emgolo kum.

Itheko liphela likhaphukhaphu kunokuba bendicinga. Igela labantwana, ekuko abanye babo abaseklasini yam, bacela ukufota nam. Kangangeyure andiziva ndisoyika. Ingathi le mphala yam ihambelana nomxholo indinika ukhuseleko, indenza ndibe ngomnye umntu.

Kodwa ke, iyandisinda. Ngecala emva kweyesixhenxe sele ndonele. Ndiphuma phandle ndiye eyadini. Esityeni kuzele izibane zephepha ezinye zixhonywe naseemthini. Ingathi ngumlingo. Ingathi ihlathi lasentsomini!

Ndiphahle isithunzi simi ngakwintyholo leentyatyambo, siphethe ikhamera esityilise esibhakabhakeni. Unxibe ibhathi enomqwazi ezuba-manyama. Nditatha inyathelo elinye, ndisiya phambili. Izithende zam ziqwaktraza amaseetyana – gwakral!

Uhisa ikhamera yakhe aze aguquke andijonge. "Ayikho ntle kusini na?" utshilo.

Ndibhikile akuthetha nam ngaphanyazo nangokukhululeke kangaka, kangangokuba andiyazi ukuba nditshini na. Uphinde aqwanye, ajonga esibhakabhakeni. Nditandele utolo olungamehlo akhe ndaze ndabona ukuba ubona ntoni na. Ewe. Inyanga.

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 Wafar, 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 – *sndus!*

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 *Ten Vogue*, to be perfectly honest.

Fold



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:

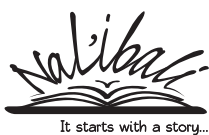
- Read a new story each week
- Explore our growing 'library' on a phone
- Comment on the stories
- Submit your own writing for publication too.

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



INal'ibali liphulo likazwelonke lokufundela ukozonwabisa nokuvuselela umdla ebantwaneni ngokubalisa amabali nokufunda. Ngeenkukacha ezithe vetshe, ndwendwela ku-www.nalibali.org okanye ku-www.nalibali.mobi



Fold

The skin I live in Isikhumba endiphila kuso



Francesco Nassimbeni

Teen read
Iincwadi zabafikisayo

wangaphambili. Kwaye abanxibanga mpha zihambelana namxholo. Ndiqaphela kwangoko ukuba kukho undonakele xa ndingena kwisango laseyadini. Kukho abantwana ababini abahleli kumanqwanqwa angaphambili kumnyango ndikhwele ibhasi ukuya kulo.

Itheko liqala ngentsimbi yesi-5 emva kwemini ngoMgqibelo kwaye kutuneka

Mina noMama wam sisahleli, sibukele inkqubo elandelayo. Kumandi – sithi sobabini nje qha. Sibukele lo gama umsebenzi wethu usezandleni kuthi, simane sikhiza sibeka yonke into eyenzekayo ku*Bold* lo gama sisebenza.

Emva kwemizuzu engamasumi mabini sesiphinde sahlala esofeni, uMama sele ezibekela apha phezu kwetali ephambi kwethu zonke izinto zakhe zokuthunga.

“Sinokukwenza isinxibo esihle onokusonwabela. Mhlawumbi sikwenze ukhangeleke ngathi uliqhwirhakazi elithandekayo!”

Ulama wam ngumthungakazi, ngoko ke uzazi nyhani izinto ezinxitywayo.

“Intoni? Hayi bo, Aggy. Kutuneka uyile. Mamela ndikuxelele. Ndiza kukunceda sikhangele into oza kuyinxiba.”

UMama uyandijamela. Emva koko uqhatha itimowuthi aze athobe isandi sikamabonwakude.

“Mhlawumbi ndakusuka ndingayi apho mna. Le nto yempahla entle ayindonwabisinga kwaphela.”

Ekuhambeni kwexesha, xa besisabukele u*The Bold and The Beautiful*, ndiyazithethela.

anokuhlala khona, kodwa uMama uthi iya isiba ngcono ngoku. neethawutha ezikhwaza eziteksini zenza ingxolokazi. Asiyondawo imandi apho umntu Ndilala ndifake izinto zokunqanda ingxolo ezindlebeni zam, kuba ekuseni iigayi eWoodstock. Ikufutshane kakhulu eMain Road, ngoko ke kukho ingxolo emnzi apha.

Mina nomama wam sihlala elithini enamagumbi amabini okulala e-Arlyle Road, yokunxiba isimanjemanje.

Ngaphezulu, kukho nalo mba wokunxiba impahla ehambelana nomxholo. Andifaneleki sele ndinxibe le mpahla yemihla ngemihla, ingaphaya ke ngoku le sisusu ukususela kusasa ukuya ebusuku. Ndinxunguphele.

Masiye phambili ngeentsuku ezine. Lusuku oluphambi kwethoko. Ndiuxuzuzelwa

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.

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.”

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.

“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.

“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.

Ndiya esikolweni njengesiqhelo ngoMvulo kusasa.

Xa ndijikela ekoneni yepaseji ndibona uCarmen Hofmeyr kunye nabahlobo bakhe abakuluhlu lweengcungcu. Bonke bajonge ngomdla omkhulu kwi-*iPad* kaCarmen.

UCarmen undijonga ngokundiqwalasela. “Bendingayazi ukuba uyimodeli.” Uvakala esifa ngumona. Uyayiphakamisa i-*iPad* ukuze ndibone ukuba ujonge ntoni na.

“Zininzi izinto ongazaziyo ngam,” nditsho, ndize ndiguquke ndihambe ndibashiye apho.

Emva kwemini ndisekhaya kwaye uJonah undithumela umyalezo ngeselula.

Awufun’uy’ezimuvini ngempelaveki? Akuzubakho zibane ziphandlayo! Ndazis’ub’unal’ithuba!

Uyikhumbule eyokuba andidibani nokukhanya okuqaqambileyo. Le ngcinga indifudumeza njengedangatye esiswini sam.

Ndeva ukuba imbi into yokuba amantombazana athumele impendulo ngokukhawuleza, kodwa andikhathali. Andingawo amanye amantombazana. Ndiyintombazana esefotweni – ndilikroti, ndimhle ndinomtsalane kwaye andiceli xolo ngaloo nto.

Ndiphendula kwangoko kwaye iminwe yam inemihlali, njengokuba icofa amaqhosha.

Kungamnand’oko! Ndingavuya! Ndifonele ngoLwesihlanu sicwangcise!

Ndiya esipilini. Kwenzeka ntoni? Ingaba ndiyatshintsha? Ndjonga ubuso bam, njengoko ndiqhele ukwenza njalo isigidi samaxesha. Ndjonga umlomo wam. Uncumile. Undenza ndikhangeleke ndohlukile. Andoyiki. Akukho ngathi ndiyazimela.

Ndicofa iqhosha elithi “thumela” ze ndincume. Ndiziva ngathi ndingaxhuma-xhuma ndiye emafini. Ndiziva ndifuna ukucula. Ndiziva ngathi ndongamele ihlabathi.

Ndibone imilebe yakhe ekhangeleka thambileyo ijika isiba luncumo olucothayo. Kufana nokubukeka ilanga liphuma.

“Ndiza kuyenza.”

Ngale ndlela ndiyayo.

Ndiyazi ukuba ndiyakufuna ukufota. Ndifuna ukuba andibone. Ndifuna andibone ungfani, kodwa – “Undinika indlela yokuba ndale; kodwa andifuni kwala. Uyabona ukuba ndinentioni kakhulu. “Ewe, ndiya kuyamkela eyokuba ungfani, kodwa –”

Ndizama ukugonda ukuba uwathethe njani amagama athi, “ukhangeleka” kunye nathi, “umhle kakhulu” kwisivakalisi esinye. Ingqondo yam izama ukuphicotha oku kodwa iyoyisakala.

“Ndibanisa le khalenda, ndiyenzela iNyanga yokuDizayina yaseKapa. Umxholo wayo uthi, ‘Abemi boMizantsi Afrika ababodwa’. Ndingathanda ukufota nawe. Ukhangeleka mhle kakhulu.”

Ndilindle, ndibambe umphefumlo.

“Kukho into endicela ukukubuza yona.” utshilo

Ngokulula nokuzithemba.

“Umzuzu nje!” uphendule uJonah, ilizwi lakhe linyebelezela kuloo ngea ngentloko emnyango akhaze athi, “Mfowethu! Simkile!”

Xa kanye ndiza kunyibilika nditshone emhlabeni ngenxa yokujongeka kulo mehlo akhe abrawuni ngathi uyaphupha, kuthi gqi umfana onenwele eziphothiweyo evelo kwisibhedlele saseGroote Schuur.

Ndifumanisa ukuba igama lakhe nguJonah Farrier, ngumxube womJuda, ngomama wakhe obhala iincwadi ngokuhamba usiya kwindawo ngeendawo unemalana nje engephi, kwakunye nangata wakhe ongomnye wabantu bebala bokugala ukuzalelwa sePhapha. Ndikwazile ukunyanzela ukuba kuphume oku kwegama lam: “Agnes.”

Ndithinte isikhohlela. Ngephanyazo ndize ngathi ndifuna ukukhohlela. Kuhle kakhulu ke, Aggy, qhuba ukhohlelele kuyo yonke indawo oku komntu otywa sifo

“Mina ndingunah,” utsho ngoncumo, kwaye kungona ndiqondayo ukuba bendilahlekile ndingasaziva nokuba ndimjongile.

Nditho naphantsi kokukhanya kwenyanga nokwecelanteni eziluzizi, nyabonakala ukuba yinzana. Ukhangeleka njengomnye okwimagazini iTeen Vogue, xa ndithetha inyaniso emsulwa.

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: 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.

the best neighbourhood, but Mom says it is improving.

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

I gama lam ndingu-Agnes Molope. Ndineminyaka elishumi elinesixhenxe. Izinto endizithandayo zezi: ukufunda, izilwanyana, iintsuku ezinethayo, ukubukela u*Generations*, kwakunye nesandweji eqhotsiweyo yetshizi.

Enye into, ndiyi-*albino*.

Eli bali alikho malunga nokuba yi-*albino*, kodwa ukuba yi-*albino* yinxalenye yalo. Libali lesikhumba sam, isikhumba endiphila kuso. Libali elingam. Libali elingendlela endikhangeleka ngayo, kwanendlela oko kuchaphazela ngayo ubomi bam.

Kodwa isikhumba sam ayindim lowo. *Mna* ndindim. Isikhumba sam ... sisikhumba nje kuphela.

Phambi kokuba ndiqale ngebali lam, ndicinga ukuba mandithi gqaba-gqaba ndikufundise malunga ne-*albinism*.

Ii-*albino* ngabantu abanolusu olungenantsobi yabala. Oku kubangelwa kukuba ulusu lwabo alukwazi ukuvelisa *imelanin*, eyiyinto ekwenza ube ntsundu, mhlophe, mnyama, njalo-njalo. Ngoko ke, thina simhlophe ngokugqithisileyo kangankokuba kufuneka singahlangani nelanga. Awunakuze uthande ukubona i-*albino* etshiswe lilanga. Ndikholelwe xa ndisitsho. Ayikho ntle tu kwaphela.

Amehlo ethu abuthathaka kakhulu xa edibene nelanga. Ndizinxiba kakhulu iindondo ezindikhusela elangeni, ngamanye amaxesha ndide ndizinxibe naphakathi endlwini, ukuba amehlo am ayaqaqamba. Oku kundenza ndikhangeleke ngathi ndiyivempire esikolweni, kodwa loo nto andinakuyinceda.

Esikolweni ndinengqokelela yamagama amaninzi endibizwa ngawo: uSnowy, uSnowball, uBleach, uGlow-worm, uSpooky, uGhost kwakunye noWhitey. Phambi kokuba ndihambe isikolweni ndandizihlalela ekhaya kunye noMama wam, owayengazange andiphathe ngathi ndingumntu owahlukile kwabanye. Wayesithi ndilihlwantsi lekhephu eliwiswe nguThixo.

Ndive iinkolelo ezininzi zobutyhifili ngee-*albino*. Ezokuba sinamandla abanye abantu abangenawo, singambulala umntu ngokumjonga nje, siqalekisiwe, okanye ukwabelana ngesondo ne-*albino* kungazinyanga izifo. Ndikholelwe xa ndisithi – akukho nanye eyinyaniso kwezo zinto.

Njengoko benditshilo, eli bali asilobali le-*albino*. Eli bali lingam. *Kukhulu ukusemntwini kunembonakalo yakhe*. Akwaba wonke ubani ehlabathini ebenokuyiqonda loo nto. Mhlawumbi emva kokufunda ibali lam, kukho umntu omnye nababini abaza kukuqonda oko. Oko kungayinto entle kakhulu.



Ndagqibela ndisengumntwana ofunda kwisikolo samabanga aphantsi ukumenywa ethekweni.

Kunxitywa impahla ehambelana nomxholo. Umxholo uthi 'intsoni nemimangaliso yamaphupha'. Mna ndiza kuba nguCinderella BTW. Idilesi yam ingasemva kwikhadi."

Kuthi cwaka umzuzu omd, aze ongeze, ngokungathi yinto asandul' ukuyicinga:

Andiyikhoiwa indlela akwada ngayo. Ndisuke ndamjonganga nje.

"Hey!" usho, ethetha ngathi udikwive, kwaye ebeka ikhadi phezu kwedesika yam. "Utitshala wam wezoluleko ngokwamakakhondo uthi kufuneka ndikumeme kwitheko lam. Ungandibuzi ukuba kutheni. Kodwa ke, naso isimemo."

Wonke umntu ucinga ukuba uCarmen mhle, kodwa mna andibuboni obu buhle. Unebala elingathi ihiswile lianga, neenwele ezoluleke kakhulu ezibonisa kakhulu into yokugaba emloyeni. Ngaphelula, uthatha malunga nekulu lee-selfies ngomzuzu. Kwaye wonke umntu "uyazithanda" kwaye bathumela imiyalezo efana nalo, "Uutha bhe!" Akumangalisi ukuba kutheni le nto ecinga ukuba nguTyra Banks. Owu behu.

ndingaboni nto agqwele ngayo, ayikho tu.

abandibuzi namantombazana ngasizathu sithile "agqwele" nangona lamantombazana acinga ukuba aza kumodelisha, acinga ukuba azakuba zimvumi, yeyona ntombazana ikhohlakelayo kuMzantsi Afrika uwonke. Uyinxalenye yegela yeyona ntombazana ikhohlakelayo, nezidlayo eklasini yethu. Kungenzeka ukuba Ndiphela uCarmen esiza kum, ehamba ejija amadywantsi. UCarmen Hofmeyr

ukuziphatha ngalo xa utitshala engekho. Ingathi liqela leentswelaobayo.

Utitshala wezeMhali, uMnu. Oelofse akakafiki. Ikasi ziphethe ngohlubo eqhela

Makhe senze owenkawu ke ngoku. Sibaleka siye phambili kowama-2014.

bagaza kakhulu.

ndiqiniseke, ukuba malunga namashumi alithoba cepesenti kubo nabo. Kukho malunga nama-540 abafundi esikolweni sethu kwaye ndingatsiho, phantsi Ayisisikolo ngokwaso endinengxaki naso. Ngabantu abahamba isikolo endinengxaki umzuzwana xa uvula itepu ukuze amanzi acwenge, kodwa ke ngaphandle koko, imibhobo ehamba amanzi noko ibubola kwaye ngamanye amaxesha kufuneka ulinde. Asitho esinye isikolo endinokusithelakisa naso kuba okokoko ndafunda kwezi kuphela apho kuhlala abantu ababufuma noko. Ndinga ukuba sisikolo esiMNGCA noko.

Ndifunda kwisikolo saseRosemont High, esikwisitatato iHope esisemanla edolophu

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, and yells, "Dim the lights!"

"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.

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!"

First time I met him. He flings out his arms in a gesture of appreciation.

I see Jonah walking toward me. I feel shy in my outfit, but not as shy as the pads look a bit like wings.

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

artists, lighting operators, and camera assistants. Everyone is very sweet and polite to me – immediately I feel a bit like a celebrity!

There are about fifteen people involved in the shoot – hairstylists, make-up

Umsebenzi wokufota umiselwa uMgqibelo ozayo. Ndigcwele nje iingcinga zawo iveki yonke.

Ngolo suku, ndikhwela uloliwe oya edolophini. Isitudiyo asisebenzisayo ngolo suku soyamene nekholeji apho afunda khona kwaye ligumbi elikhulu elizaliswe kukukhanya kwendalo.

Kukho malunga neshumi elinesihlanu labantu ababandakanyekayo kulo msebenzi wokufota – kukho abenzi beenwele, abahombisa ubuso, abajongene nezibane, kunye nabancedisi boosokhamera. Wonke umntu unobubele ngakum – ngoko nangoko ndiziva ngathi ndingusaziwayo!

Emva kwemizuzu elishumi, ndinxibe ilokhwe yasemkhosini. Kum, ikhangeleka ngathi yinto ephuma kwincwadi okanye kumfanekiso-bhanyabhanya wenzululwazi. Ikhola yayo inkulu kakhulu, kwaye izikhuselisi zamagxa zikhangeleka ngathi ngamaphiko.

Ndibona uJonah esiza kum. Ndiziva ndineentloni kwesi sinxibo sam, kodwa andinazintloni njengoluya suku lokuqala sihlalanga. Uvula iingalo zakhe ebonisa ukoneliseka.

"Akukholeleki oku! Ukhangeleka ngathi wenziwe ligcisa!"

Undikhokelela kwindawo ekusetyenzelwa kuyo. Ikhanya ngokugqithisileyo kwaye izibane zinezambrelli ezizigqumileyo ukuze ukukhanya kuye kumacala ohlukileyo. Amehlo am aqalisa ukwehla iinyembezi nje ukuba ndihlale phantsi.

Ubuso bukaJonah bubonakala budanile. "Ingaba konke kuhamba KAKUHLE? Owu hayi, uya...lila?"

"Akukho nto," nditshilo ndiqhwanyaqhwanyaza ukuze zingaphumi iinyembezi. "Ngamehlo am nje, abuthathaka kakhulu. Ngenxa ye..." Phambi kokuba ndithi "albinism", uJonah uyanqwala, aze akhwaze, "Cuthani ukukhanya kwezibane!"

Ngokuqinisekileyo ngumphathi apha. Ngoko nangoko kucuthwa ukukhanya kwezibane, kwaye ndiyakwazi ngoku ukubona kwakhona.

Ukufota kudlula njengephupha, iphupha endinganqweneli ukuba liphele.

UJonah undixelela ukuba ndiyimodeli ngendalo, ubuso bam bubonakalisa uvakalelo, kwaye uyakuthanda ukunyaniseka endikubonisaayo xa ndijonge kwikhamera.

Bendingazi ukuba ukunyaniseka sisakhono. Kodwa ke, ndisachulumancile.

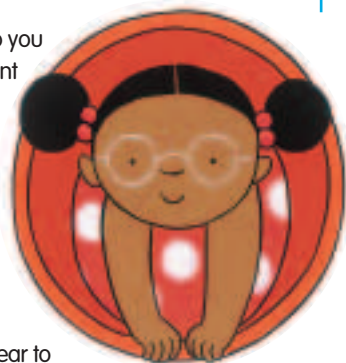
Ngalo lonke ixesha ibhalbhu ilenyenza, ndiba nomfanekiso-ntelekelelo wokuba nguye endiphuza.



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?"



Yenza ibali linike umdla!

UStella uxingile wenzelwe ngokukodwa abafundi abancinane. (Abantwana abadlanyana bangalonwabela ibali eli xa belifunde ngolwimi lwabo lwenkobe kuqala ze baphinde balifunde ngolunye ulwimi olu lohlelo.) Nazi ezinye zeengcebiso zezinto onokuzenza nonokuzithetha xa nisabelana ngale ncwadi ninonke.

- **Iphepha lesi-2:** "Khawujonge zonke eziyaa zinto zingqukuva. Masikhe sizibale sibone ukuba zingaphi anazo uStella." (Bala izinto ezingqukuva ezisemfanekisweni.)
- **Iphepha lesi-3:** "Zintoni ezi? Ucinga ukuba ngubani ozizobileyo?" (Yolatha kwizangqa ezizotywe eludongeni.) "UStella ukhangeleka ngathi uyakuthanda ukudlala ngeebhola. Ingaba uyakuthanda wena? Yeyiphi imidlalo yebhola oyonwabelayo?"
- **Iphepha lesi-4:** "Jonga uStella utya ipizza engqukuva! Mhhhm!"
- **Iphepha lesi-5:** "UStella usepakini ngoku! Zeziphi izinto ocinga ukuba uthanda ukudlala kuzo? Zeziphi ozithandayo wena?" (Yolatha umbhobho.) "Ucinga ukuba uza kwenza ntoni ngalaa mbhobho?"
- **Iphepha lesi-6:** (Yolatha kuStella.) "Owu hayini! Jonga, akakwazi kushukuma." (Yolatha elangeni.) "Ilanga likhangeleka lothukile!"
- **Iphepha lesi-7:** (Yolatha kumbhobho ngamnye.) "Oko kukhangeleka ngathi kukuziqengqa-qengqa wehle endulini!" (Yolatha elangeni.) "Jonga ilanga livale amehlo alo! Ngathi loyika ukubona into elandelayo eza kwenzeka."
- **Iphepha lesi-8:** "Ibe lithamsanqa! UStella ukhangeleka ngathi akenzakalanga. Ucinga ukuba angathanda ukwenza laa nto kwakhona?"

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)



Ikona yeklabhu yokufunda

EyeSilimela isinika intlaninge yamathuba okubhiyozela amabali kunye namagama, kwaye nanjengokuba eyeKhala izele ziiholide zesikolo, oku kusinika ixesha elininzi lokufunda! Kunganjani:

- ◆ ukhethe usuku olunye okanye ezimbini kwezi ntsuku zikhethekileyo uze ucebe imisetyenzana yeklabhu yokufunda esekelwe kuzo.
- ◆ ucebise abantwana ukuba bakhethe iincwadi zokufunda zeeholide ezibhalwe ngomnye okanye ngababini bababhali beencwadi zabantwana ababhiyozela iintsuku zabo zokuzalwa kweyeSilimela okanye kweyeKhala.
- ◆ ukhethe iincwadi zaba babhali ukuze uzifundele abantwana kwiindibano zeklabhu yokufunda. (Mhlawumbi kungafuneka ukuba ezinye zezo ncwadi uziguqulele kulwimi lwakho phambi kokuba zisebenze.)

Iintsuku ezinokubhiyozelwa kweyeSilimela nakweyeKhala

Iintsuku ezikhethekileyo

5 kweyeSilimela	uSuku lokusiNgqongileyo lweHlabathi
15 kweyeSilimela	uSuku looTata
16 kweyeSilimela	uSuku loLutsha
20 kweyeSilimela	uSuku lweeMbacu lweHlabathi
30 kweyeSilimela	uSuku lwamaJelo oLuntu okuNxibelelana
18 kweyeKhala	uSuku lukaMandela

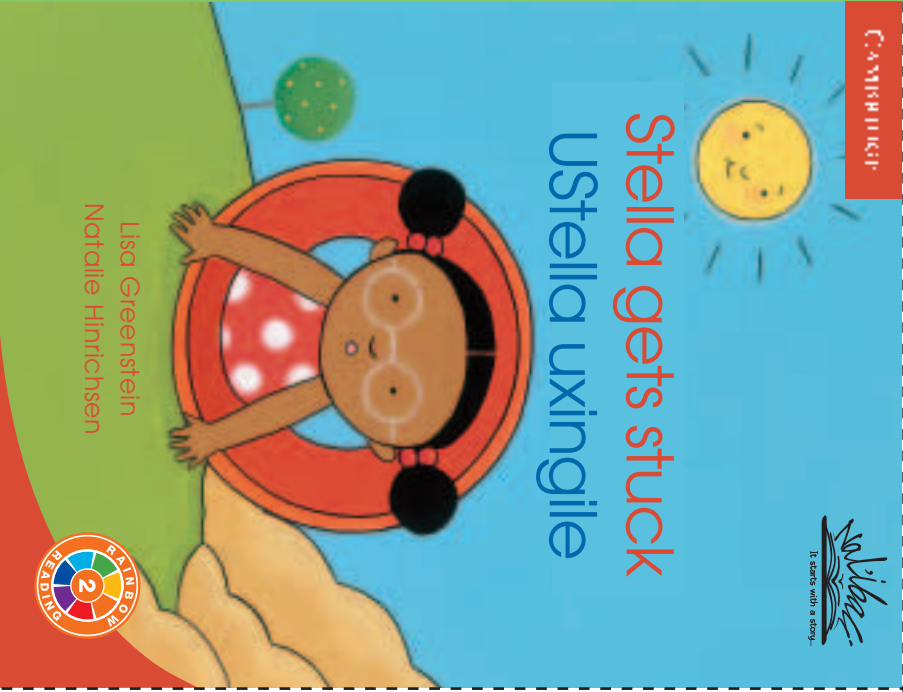
Iintsuku zokuzalwa ezikhethekileyo

2 kweyeSilimela	uHelen Oxenbury (Iincwadi zabeminyaka 0-3)
4 kweyeSilimela	uAesop (Iincwadi zabeminyaka 3-93!)
10 kweyeSilimela	uMaurice Sendak (Iincwadi zabeminyaka 3-10)
13 kweyeSilimela	uNiki Daly (Iincwadi zabeminyaka 3-10)
25 kweyeSilimela	uEric Carle (Iincwadi zabeminyaka 2-6)
11 kweyeKhala	uE.B. White (Iincwadi zabeminyaka 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



Ungalibali ukuba siza kuthatha ikhefu kude kube yiveki yomhla wama-**27 kweyeKhala**. Uzonwabele iiholide zokuvalwa kwezikolo, uze usijoyine kwakhona ekupheleni kweyeKhala ukuze ufumane umlingo wokufunda wakwaNal'ibali ongaphezulu! Okwangoku, khangelama ababali nezinto ezimnandi onokuzenza ku-www.nalibali.org okanye ku-www.nalibali.mobi



8

Then out she popped!



Ekugqibeleni, bhongqo waphuma apho!

2

Stella loved round things.

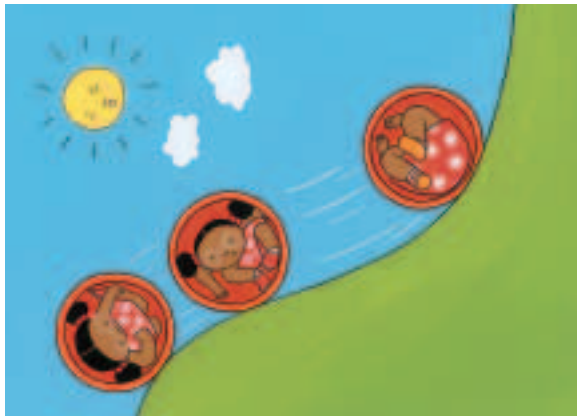


UStella wayezithanda izinto ezingqukuva.

FOLD

7

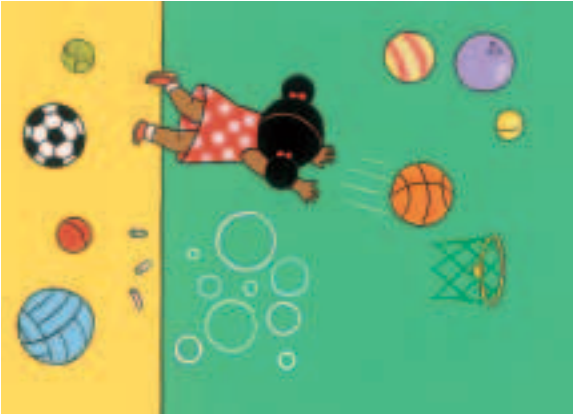
Round and round she rolled.



Hayi ke, yangubhulukuq-nbhulukuqu, phelekeithu ukuqengqeleka.

3

She only played with round toys.

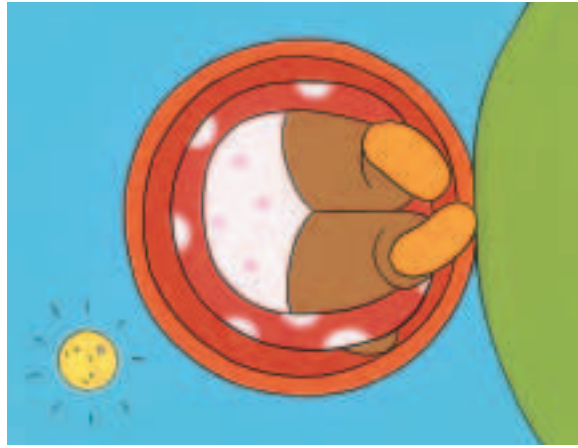


Wayedlala ngezinto zokudlala ezingqukuva kuphela.

FOLD

9

She crawled in. Then Stella got stuck!



Wakhasa wangena kuwo. Waze uStella waxinga!

4

She only ate round food.



Wayesitya ukutya okungqukuva kuphela.

5

One day she found a round pipe.



Ngenye imini wafumana umbhobho onguqukuva.