



# 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](http://www.dadtellmeastory.com) and [www.huffingtonpost.com/parents/](http://www.huffingtonpost.com/parents/). Get your Nalibali storytelling tips and ideas at [www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org) or [www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)**

## Kusuka komunye ubaba kuya komunye

**UJohn McCormick ungomunye wababhali bencwadi ethi, *Dad, Tell Me a Story*. Abanye ababhali abhala nabo amadodana akhe aneminyaka eyi-11 neyi-14. UJohn uthi ufunda ngokuba umzali ngesikhathi eqhubeka nempilo – njengathi sonke! Kodwa unesiphakamiso esisodwa kubo bonke obaba ngalolu Suku Lobaba: injwayezi yokuxoxa izindaba ekhaya!**

UJohn uthi, "Ngaqala lokho eminyakeni eyi-14 eyedlule, futhi isikhathi engisichithe ngixoxela amadodana ami izindaba, singenye yezinto eziyigugu kakhulu empilweni yami. Kunginikeza izinkumbulo ezingapheli nginabafana bami, futhi ngifunde izinto ngabo engabe ngigcine ngingazazanga. Ukuxoxa izindaba kuyindlela elula yokuthi obaba bachithe isikhathi esimnandi nezingane zabo, kanti nenzuzo yalokho kubo bobabili obaba nezingane ingebalwe nakubalwa."

Izingane zifunda okuningi ngokukulalela uxoxa noma ufunda izindaba, kanye nokudlala nawe kanti nalokho ezikufundayo kuzisiza ukuthi zenze kangcono esikoleni.

"Ukuxoxa izindaba kuxhumanisa izingane namasiko nolimi lwazo," kusho uJohn. "Wonke amasiko emhlabeni jikelele anenqubo yomdabu yokuxoxa izindaba, futhi ngezindaba, sixhumanisa abantwana bethu nezizukulwane ezibendulelayo nokuphathelene namasiko nezinkolelo ezazisungula." Lokhu kunikeza izingane zethu ukuzethemba ukuthi zingobani nokuthi ziqhamukaphi – kuzinikeza izimpande zazo! Izimpande zisiza izitshalo ukuthi zime ziqine emhlabathini futhi izimpande zisiza ukuhambisa ukudla namanzi kwezinye izingxenye zesitshalo ukuze sikhule futhi sibe nempilo. Izimpande esizinika izingane zenza okufanayo kuzo.

Akudingeki ukuthi uze ube umlingisi noma umuntu odlala imidlalo ukuze uxoxele izingane zakho izindaba. Into oyidingayo nje ilokho osuvele unakho, ukuba bekungenjalo ubungeke ukufunde lokhu okufunda manje: uyazikhathaza ngokwenzeka ezinganeni zakho, nasekuzithuthukiseni, nenjabulo yazo. Kodwa, kwexwayisa uJohn, "Ukuxoxa izindaba angeke kube isiko lomndeni uma ukuzama kanye noma kabili bese ungaphinde ubuyele kukho futhi." Kumele uqhubeke nokukwenza futhi kube yinto eyenzeka njalo empilweni yasekhaya lakho!

Ngabe-ke, uthini umlayezo kaJohn woSuku Lobaba kobaba abalapha ngaphandle? "Bonke abantu baseNingizimu Afrika banenqubo yomdabu enothile futhi esuka kude yokuxoxa izindaba. Sebenzisa uthando lwemvelo lwesiko lokuxoxa izindaba ukuze unike ugqozi izingane zakho ukuthi zifunde, zibhale nokuthi zixoxe izindaba nawe. Uma wenza kanjalo, kuzoba isipho esihle kakhulu ongazinika sona kanye nomndeni wakho ngalolu Suku Lobaba kanye nangalolu nalolu suku lonyaka."

**Ungafunda kabanzi ngamacebo okuxoxela umndeni indaba kaJohn McCormick encwadini ethi, *Dad, Tell Me a Story*, kanye naku- [www.dadtellmeastory.com](http://www.dadtellmeastory.com) naku- [www.huffingtonpost.com/parents/](http://www.huffingtonpost.com/parents/). Thola amacebo nemiqondo yokuxoxa izindaba akwaNalibali ku-[www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org) noma ku-[www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)**



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

Sizoke sithathe ikhefu kuze kube isonto lamhla zingama-27 kuNtulikazi. Sicela nihlanganyele nathi ngaleso sikhathi ukuze nithole eminye imilingo yokufunda yakwaNalibali!



Drive your imagination

Read to me. Book by book.  
Ngifundele. 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

# Abavelele ezindabeni

## Ubaba ofundayo!

Sikwethulela uSimon Tau waseLimpopo. USimon ubaba kanye nothisha ozimisele ukufundela izingane. Akafundeli njalo izingane zakhe nje kuphela, kodwa useqale ithimba lokufunda – i-Glen Cowie Fun-Fun Reading Club – ekhaya lakhe. Sixoxe noSimon ngothando lwakhe nokufundela izingane.

### Iyiphi ingxenye yokufundela izingane oyithanda kakhulu?

Ukuzikhombisa izithombe endabeni! Izithombe zizihlaba umxhwele zandise nokulangazelela kwazo ngokuzokwenzeka.

### Uzifundela kangaki izingane?

Ithimba lethu lokufunda lihlangana njalo ngoMsombuluko kusukela ngo-15h30 ukuya ku-18h00 ngesikhathi kusavulwe izikole. Ngenza isiqiniseko sokuthi ngifundela izingane indaba ehlaba umxhwele kuyo yonke imihlangano yethimba lokufunda. Kodwa ekhaya, ngifundela izingane zami okungenani njalo ebusuku imizuzu eyi-15 ngaphambi kokulala.

### Ufunda ngaziphi izilimi?

IsiPedi nesiNgisi.

### Yini eyakunika intshisekelo yokuqala ithimba Lokufunda lakwaNa'ibali?

Bengifuna ukwenza umehluko mayelana nokwazi ukufunda nokubhala ezinganeni ezisendaweni engihlala kuyo nasempakathini wami. Ithimba lokufunda lasungulwa ngoJulayi wezi-2012. Ngabhalisa ithimba lokufunda kwaNa'ibali ngokusebenzisa ikhompyutha ngemuva kokufunda ngalokho ephaphandabeni i-*The Times*.

### Kubaluleke ngani ukufundela ukuzithokozisa?

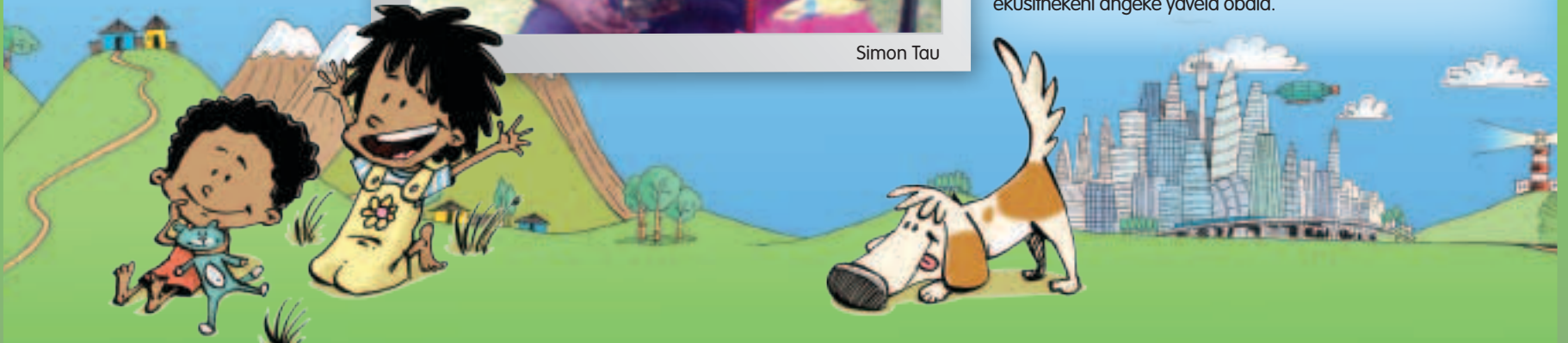
Kuvulela izingane emhlabeni wezincwadi, kuthuthukisa amakhono azo okufunda futhi kwandisa nolwazi lwazo. Kanti ngesikhathi zithokozela ukufunda okubhaliwe, zisuke zifunda futhi. Ukufundela ukuzithokozisa useyingane kuchaza ukuthi unamathuba amaningi okuthanda lo mkhuba noma usumdala futhi!

### Yiziphi ezinye zezindaba zezingane ozithanda kakhulu?

Yi-*The Name of the Tree is Bojabi* kaPiet Grobler. Incwadi idingida ukwehlukahluka kwezinto futhi ixoxa indaba emnandi yezigaba zezilwane zasendle. Enye indaba engithanda ukuyifunda ngiphinde ngiyifunde futhi noma sengimdala ngethi, *Lazy Jack* kaSidney Edwin. Inganekwane enokuningi okuthokozisayo – nezingane ezisethimbeni lokufunda ziyayithanda!

### Qedela lo musho: Isifundo esikhulu engake ngasifunda endabeni sithi ...

... ungalinge uzikhohlise ngokuthi into embi eyenzeke ekusithakeni angeke yavela obala.



## Na'ibali on radio!

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

Ukhozi FM on Monday to Wednesday from 9.20 a.m. to 9.30 a.m.

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



## UNa'ibali usemsakazweni!

Thokozelani ukulalela izindaba ngesiZulu nesiNgisi ohlelweni lomsakazo lukaNa'ibali:

Ku-Ukhozi FM ngoMsombuluko ukuya kuLwesithathu kusukela ngo-9.20 ekuseni ukuya ku-9.30 ekuseni.

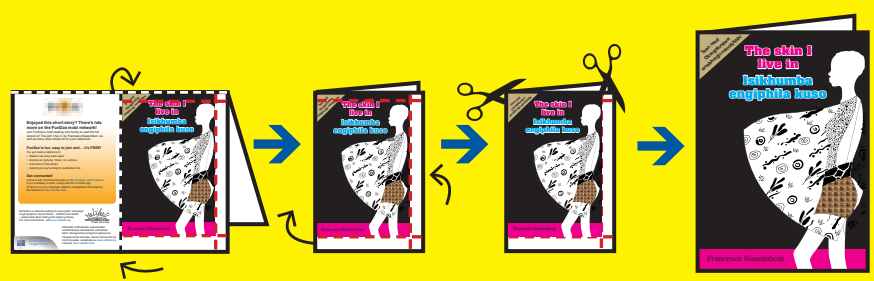
Ku-SAfm ngoMsombuluko, ngoLwesithathu nangolwesihlanu kusukela ngo-1.50 emini ukuya ku-2.00 emini.

### 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.

### Zakheleni eyenu incwadi enizoyisika nyikhiphe bese niyigcina

1. Khipha amakhasi 3 ukuya ku-6 kulesi sithasiselo.
2. Lisonge libe nguhhafu lapho kunomugqa (ulayini) wamachashaza amnyama khona.
3. Lisonge libe nguhhafu futhi.
4. Sika lapho kunomugqa wamachashaza abomvu khona.



Umntu wokugala okhulimayo uCharmaine Johnson. Uyingxenye yosaziwayo basekoleni sami samabanga apha kame. Ungangibuzi ukuthi kungani. Uvisidom, Uqoke ingubo encane eyisigqebhezana. Ngiyabona-ke ukuthi yimfashini leyo. Umi eduze kukakim Wafar, obukeka efana naye ncimishi. UKim udlala ngobuso. "Uqoke njengobani? ULady Gaga?" njengobani?" "Namuntu," ngamphendula ngomoya ophanisi. "Kumele ngibe yimi. Wena uqoke naphansi. "Imfashini-ke le." "Namuntu!" uphendula ngesankahlu. Ube eshambisa isandla esisa phezu kanjalo, ngesikhathi ngihamba ngiya ngasetafuleni ngiyozithela inkomishi yesiphuzo iphantsi. Ngizwa abantu behleka. Ngiyajabula ukuthi angibononi ubuso bukakim. Ngiyacabanga ukuthi amehlo akhe angihlaba emhlane. Kugcina sekumandi ephathini kunalokho ebengikucabanga. Izingane eziningi, ezinye zazo ngifunda mazo eklasini, zicela ukuthatha izithombe nami. Isikhathi esingangehora, ngizwa ngingenavalo. Sekungathi ngivikelewa nayingubo yami, ingenza ngibe omunye nje umuntu. Kuyakhathaza, kodwa. Ngesikhathi kushaya u-7:30 hhayi, sekwanele. Ngiphumele engadli. Ingadi igwele amakhandelela asezingeni zephhepha alenga ezihlaheni. Kubukeka kusamlingo. Kubukeka njengehlathi lasezinsumansumane. Ngibona umuntu omi ngesezihlahleni zamarazi, obhekise ikhamera esihakabhakeni. Uqoke i-anorak eluhlaza okwesihakabhaka okuzothile. Ngiya phambili. Izithende zamini zihlofoza amagatsa phansi – qhu!

Wethisa ikhamera yakhe aphendukele kimi. "Uyabona ukuthi kuhle kanjani?" Kusho yena. Kuyangimangaza ukuthi avele akhulume nami ngokukhulu ukushesha, futhi avuleke kimi, ngigcina ngimngasazi ukuthi ngithini. Ubheka esihakabhakeni futhi. Ngilandela amehlo akhe bese ngibuka lokho akubonayo. Impela. Inyanga.

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 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 – *snd!* 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!

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

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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](http://www.nalibali.org) or [www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)



UNal'ibali umkhankaso wokufundela ukuzithokozisa kazwelonke wokokhela lokho okungenziwa yizingane ngokuxoxa nangokufunda izindaba. Ukuze uthole eminye imininingwane, vakashela ku-[www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org) noma ku-[www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)



Fold

Teen read Okungafundwa amabhungu namaqishishi

# The skin I live in

## Isikhumba engiphila kuso

Francesco Nassimbeni

Kusenzalo, kuyathuleka isikhathi eside, ngithola ukuthi: Akelwa noyedwa kubona  
 ogqoke ingubo ewubukhazikazi.  
 Lokuphuma, ngizwe sengathi kunametho angamashumi amahlanu angibhekile.  
 Umyango ongaphambili uvulekile. Ngiyanga. Ngesikhathi ngingena ekamleni  
*azigokile izingubo ezibukhazikazi.*  
 elingasengadini. Kukhona izingane ezimbili ezisizitebhisi ezingaphambili. *Futhi*  
 Ngiphela ukuthi ikhona into engahambi kahle ngesikhathi ngingena ngesango  
 eliya khona.  
 Ipathi iqala ngehora lesi-5 ntambama ngoMgqibelo futhi kumele ngibele ibhasi  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 UMaama nami sihlale sibuke nohlelo olulandelayo futhi. Kumanandi – ithina sobabili  
 nje. Sibuka siphethe umsebenzi ezandleni njalo, side simangala futhi sihlale izigababa  
 ezenzeka ezimpilweni zabanye abantu.  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 Emva kwemizuzu engamashumi amabili sesibuyele kusofa, uMaama uhleli  
 nokokuthunga sekusetafuleni phambi kwethu. UJwayele ukuthunga nokunitha  
 ngesikhathi ebuka umabonakude, ngakho sikwazi ukubona okwenzeka ku-*Bold*  
 ngesikhathi sisebenza.  
 UMaama nami sihlale sibuke nohlelo olulandelayo futhi. Kumanandi – ithina sobabili  
 nje. Sibuka siphethe umsebenzi ezandleni njalo, side simangala futhi sihlale izigababa  
 ezenzeka ezimpilweni zabanye abantu.  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 UMaama ungunthungi, uThunga kahle ngenzela.  
 “Ingi? Hhayi bo, Aggy. Kumele uye. Uyazi ukuthini, ngizokusiza ngokokuthile.”  
 UMaama ungunthi klabe ngeho. Ube usethatha imothi ecisha umshindo.  
 “Mhlawumbe angeke ngiyi. Indaba yezingubo ezibukhazikazi  
 ingenzela ingcindezi.”  
 ngicabange ngiphimisele.  
 Makhatheleni, ngesikhathi ngibuka i-*The Bold and The Beautiful*,  
 izivalandele ezindlebeni, ngoba ekuseni abamemeza ematekisini benza umshindo  
 omkhulu. Akuyona indawo yokuhlala ekahle, kodwa uMaama uhiya iba ngcono.  
 Mina nomama sihlala eRhethini elinamakamele amabili ku-Arlyle Road, eWoodstock.  
 Liseleleni komgwawo omkhulu, ngakho kunomshindo omkhulu. Ngilala ngishushuke  
 ngokomkhulu. Akuyona indawo yokuhlala ekahle, kodwa uMaama uhiya iba ngcono.

**M**y 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.

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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

He 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 treadlocked 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.

Bengingazi ukuthi ukuba qotho kuyikhono elithile. Noma kunjalo, ngijabule kakhulu.

Njalo uma ngibona ukuthi bani kwelambu, ngikucabanga kuwukungiqabula kwezindebe zakhe.

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Ngiya esikoleni ngoMsombuluko ekuseni njengenhlayenza.

Ngesikhathi ngijika ekhoneni ngibona uCarmen Hofmeyr nabaphambili kuye. Bagqolozele isikrini se-*iPad* kaCarmen.

UCarmen ungunthatha njengomuntu obalulekile manje. “Bengingazi ukuthi ungunobuhle.” Izwi lakhe lizwakala sengathi akumphathi kahle lokhu. Uphakamisa i-*iPad* bese ngibona ukuthi ubukani.

“Kuningi ongakwazi ngami,” ngisho lokhu, bese ngiphenduka ngihambe.

Makhatheleni ngaleyo ntambama ngisekhaya ngithola umqhafazo ovela kuJonah.

**Ngabe uyafuna ukuya emamuvini ngale mpelasonto? Angeke kube khona amalambu akhanya kakhulu! Ngicela ungazise uma ungenzi lutho!**

Ukhumbula nokuthi amalambu akhanya kakhulu awangiphathi kahle. Lo mcabango ungifudumeza sengathi kukhona ilangabana esiswini sami.

Ngike ngezwa kuthiwa akukuhle ukuthi intombazane iphendule umqhafazo ngaleso sikhathi, kodwa anginandaba. Angiwona amanye amantombazane. Ngiyintombazane esesithombeni – enesibindi, ekhangayo, futhi engazenyazi.

Ngimphendula ngomqhafazo kanti iminwe yami ichofoza izinkinobho ezincane ngesasasa.

**Kuzwakala kuzoba mnandi! Ngingakuthokozela lokho! Angithi uzongithinta ngoLwesihlanu ukuze sihlele!**

Ngima phambi kwesibuko. Kwenzekalani? Ngabe ngiyashintsha? Ngibuka ubuso bami njengoba sengike ngabubuka izikhathi eziyizigidi. Ngibheka umlomo wami. Uyamamatheka. Ugenza ngibukeke ngendlela ehlukile. Angesabi. Akubukeki sengathi ngiyacasha.

Ngichifoza u-“*send*” bese ngizisinekela. Kuthi mangixumele emafini. Kuthi mangicule. Kuthi mangengamele umhlaba wonke.

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Uqala ukumamatheka ngezindebe zakhe ezibonakala zithambile. Lokhu kubukeka njengokubuka ukuphuma kwelanga.

“Ngizokwenza.”

ngendlela engiyiyo.

Ngiyazi ukuthi ngiyafuna ukukwenza lokhu. Ngiyafuna angibone. Ngifuna angibone umgati, kodwa – ” Ungenzela izinto zibe lula yena, kodwa angikufuni lokho. Useyakubona ukuba namahloni kwami. ”Empeleni, ngeke ngibe nanjinga uma omda. Umqondo wami uzama ukucubungula lokhu, kodwa uyehluleka.

Ngisazama ukugonda ukuthi uchaza ukuthini uma ethi ”Awuve umhle!” ngomshu Awuve umhle!”

“Ngihlanganisa leli khalenda, le-Cape Town Design Month. Indikimba yayo ithi ‘Abantu baseNingizimu Afrika Abehlukile’. Ngingathanda ukukuthatha isithombe. Ngilinde sengibambe umoya.

“Kukhona into engizokucela yona,” kusho yena.

“Ngityeza manje!” kuphendula uJonah, ngephimbo eliphohle.

ethi, “We mfowehni! Sesiyahamba!”

Ngisikhathi sengicshela phansi ngenxa yokubuka amehlo akhe ansundu, kukhona umfana onemiyeko oveza ikhanda emnyango oshelilezayo bese ememeza saseGroote Schuur.

Ngithola ukuthi igama lakhe nguJonah Farter, futhi ungumjuda oxubile, umama wakhe ubhala izincwadi ezimayelana nokuthatha uhambo ngamanani aphantsi, nokuthi ubaba wakhe ungomunye wamakhaladi okugala azalelwa esibhedlela

lokugala kuphela, “Agnes.”

Ngithinta isikhwehlela. Kusenjalo ngizwa kuthi angikhwehlele. Kuhle, Aggy, khwehlela yonke indawo sengathi uneSifo Sofuba. Ngikwazi ukusho igama lami

kudala ngimqolozele.

“NginguJonah,” kusho yena, emamatheka, ngibe sengibona ukuthi uma sengikhuluma iqiniso.

uwuswaha lwensizwa. Ubukeka sengathi uphuma ephaphabhukwini i-Teen Vogue, ngimbuka ngokukhanya kwenyanga nokwamalamvu, ngiyambona ukuthi

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.

\*\*\*\*\*

Fold

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,

*fancy dresses.*

There are two kids sitting on the front door steps. *And they are not in*

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*

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.

something together.”

“What? Come on, Aggy. You should go. Tell you what. I’ll help you put

audio to silent.

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

“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

Igama lami ngingu-Agnes Molope. Ngineminyaka eyishumi nesikhombisa. Ngithanda ukufunda izincwadi, izilwane, izinsuku ezinemvula, ukubuka u-*Generations*, kanye namasemishi kashizi athosiwe.

Kanti njalo ngiyisishaywa.

Indaba ayikho ekubeni yisishaywa kwami, kodwa nakho kuyavela. Yindaba emayelana nesikhumba sami, isikhumba engiphila kuso. Yindaba emayelana nami. Yindaba emayelana nendlela engibukeka ngayo, nokuthi lokho kube nomthelela kanjani empilweni yami.

Kodwa isikhumba sami asiyimina. *Mina ngiyimi*. Isikhumba sami . . . siyisikhumba nje.

Ngaphambi kokuba ngiqale indaba yami ake ngikufundise kancane ngokuba yisishaywa.

Izishaywa zingabantu abanezikhumba ezingenambala. Lokhu kubangelwa ukuthi izikhumba zabo aziyikhiqizi i-*melanin*, nokuyinto eyenza isikhumba sakho sibe nsundu, sibe phinki, sibe phuzi futhi sibe sashokoledi. Ngakho thina simhlophe kakhulu futhi sidinga ukuthi singabi bikho elangeni. Ngeke uthande ukubona isishaywa esishiswe ilanga. Yazazi ukuthi ngiqinisele uma ngithi asibukeki neze kahle.

Namehlo ethu awakwazi ukumelana nokukhanya. Isikhathi esiningi ngigqoka izibuko zelanga, ngesinye isikhathi noma ngingaphakathi endlini, uma amehlo ami ebuhlungu. Lokhu kungenza ngibukeke njenge-*vampire*, kodwa ayikho into engingayenza.

Esikoleni nginenqwaba yamagama engigconwa ngawo: uSnowy, uSnowball, uBleach, uGlow-worm, uSpooky, uGhost kanye noWhitey, imbala. Ngaphambi kokuba ngiye esikoleni, ngangizihlalela noMama ekhaya, wayengakaze angiphathe sengathi ngihlukile kwabanye. Wayethi ngiwucwecwana lweqhwa elehliswa uNkulunkulu.

Sengizwe izinkolelo eziningi ezimangazayo ngezishaywa. Ukuthi sinamandla amakhulu, singabulala okuthile ngokuqhamuka nje, siqalekisiwe, noma ukuthi ukuya ocansini nesishaywa kungelapha izifo. Kholwa uma ngikutshela ukuthi – akukho nokukodwa kwalokhu okuyiqiniso.

Kodwa vele, le ndaba ayiphathelene nokuba yisishaywa nje. Indaba imayelana nami. *Kuningi ongakuthola ngomuntu kunalokho okubonayo*. Ngifisa sengathi wonke umuntu emhlabeni angakuqonda lokhu. Mhlawumbe ngemuva kokufunda indaba, kukhona umuntu oyedwa noma ababili abazokuqonda lokhu. Kungakuhle lokho!

Ngifunda eRosemont High, eku-Hope Street endaweni yasesilungwini yabadla izambane likapondo engekude nasekhaya. Ngiyacabanga ukuthi lesi yisikole esikahle. Asikho engingasiqhathanisa naso ngoba ngilokhu ngaqala ukufunda, ngifunda kuso. Amapayipi amanzi asethanda ukubola futhi ngesinye isikhathi kuye kudingeke ukuthi ulinde amanzi acwengeke uma uvula umpompi, kodwa ngaphandle kwalokho, ngicabanga ukuthi into engatheni leyo.

Futhi, kukhona nendaba yengubo yokugqoka. Ngizobukeka ngingekho ezininga uma ngiphamuka ngezengubo zami ezijwayelekile, angisayiphathi-ke eyokugqoka ingubo ewubukhazikhazi.

Qhubekisela isikhathi phambili ngokusheha ngezinsuku ezine. Sekuwusuku lwephathi. Isisu sami sisongene nje kusukela ekuseni kuze kube sebusuku. Ngishaywa uvalo.

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Angikaze ngimnwenywe ephathini kusukela ngangisafunda esikoleni samabanga aphanisi. Angikaze ngimnwenywe ephathini kusukela ngangisafunda esikoleni samabanga aphanisi.

“Kugqoka izingubo ezizwobukhazikhazi bomfeka ethiso. Indikimba thithi ‘zinsumansumane’. Ngizoba uCinderella BTW. Ikhehli lami lingemva.”

Kuthuleke kuthi du isikhathi eside, bese ethi, engathi ukhumbule into abeseyikhohliwe, Kwangimangaza ukwedelela kwakhe okungaka, ngavele ngambuka nje.

“Uthisha wami wesifundo sokwileleka ngezifundo nemiwebenzi uthe kumele ngikumemele ephathini yami. Ungangibuzi ukuthi kungani. Hhayi-ke, naso isimemo.”

“Hey!” esho ngezwi elizwakala linokunengwa, bese ebeka ikhadi edeskini lami. “Uthisha wami wesifundo sokwileleka ngezifundo nemiwebenzi uthe kumele ngikumemele ephathini yami. Ungangibuzi ukuthi kungani. Hhayi-ke, naso isimemo.”

“Uthisha wami wesifundo sokwileleka ngezifundo nemiwebenzi uthe kumele ngikumemele ephathini yami. Ungangibuzi ukuthi kungani. Hhayi-ke, naso isimemo.”

Wonke umuntu ucabanga ukuthi mule uCarmen, kodwa mina angiboni buhle kuye. Uthisha wami wesifundo sokwileleka ngezifundo nemiwebenzi uthe kumele ngikumemele ephathini yami. Ungangibuzi ukuthi kungani. Hhayi-ke, naso isimemo.”

Uthisha wami wesifundo sokwileleka ngezifundo nemiwebenzi uthe kumele ngikumemele ephathini yami. Ungangibuzi ukuthi kungani. Hhayi-ke, naso isimemo.”

Uthisha wami wesifundo sokwileleka ngezifundo nemiwebenzi uthe kumele ngikumemele ephathini yami. Ungangibuzi ukuthi kungani. Hhayi-ke, naso isimemo.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Akusona isikole uqobo enginenkinga ngaso. Abantu abafunda khona. Cishe kunabafundi abayi-540 esikoleni sethu futhi ngingathi nje eqimisweni amaphesenti angamashumi ayisishiyagalolunye abo awamamusa.

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. 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!”

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!

Ukuthathwa kwezithombe kuhlelelwe lo Mqibelo ozayo. Ngilokhu ngiphupha ngakho ngingalele isonto lonke.

Ngalolo suku, ngithatha isitimela esiya edolobheni. Igumbi lokuthwebulela izithombe alisebenzisa ngalolo suku lisekolishi afunda kulo futhi igumbi elikhulu eligcwele ukukhanya kwemvelo.

Kukhona abantu ababalelwa eshumini nesihlanu kulokhu kuthwetshulwa kwezithombe – ocwala izinwele, ocwala ubuso, ohlela amalambu, kanye nosiza ekhamereni. Wonke umuntu ungiphethe kahle nangenhlonipho – ngizizwa sengathi ngingusaziwayo ngaleso sikhathi!

Emva kwemizuzu eyishumi, ngigqokiswa isembatho esiyi-avant-garde frock. Kimina, kubukeka sengathi ngingumlingiswa endabeni yesayensi engelona iqiniso. Isiphika siyamangalisa ngobukhulu, bese okuphakamisa amahlombe kubukeke sengathi amaphiko.

Ngibona uJonah eza ngakimi. Ngizizwa nginamahloni engubeni yami, kodwa akufani nosuku lokuqala mhla ngiqala ukumbona. Ukhipha izingalo ukukhombisa ukuthi uyakuthanda akubonayo.

“Umuhle! Ubukeka njengomsebenzi wezobuciko!”

Ube esengiholela endaweni okuzosetshenzelwa kuyo. Iyakhanya kakhulu futhi inamalambu akhanya ngaphansi kwezambulela ezimhlophe ukuze ukukhanya kushayise kuwo kubheke shone yonke indawo. Amehlo ami aqala ukukhala ngesikhathi ngihlala phansi.

Ubuso bukaJonah buyaswaca. “Ngabe konke kuhamba kahle? Hawu, uyakhala ... yini?”

“Akulutho,” ngisho, ngicwayiza ngezinyembezi. “Ukuthi nje amehlo ami azwela kakhulu. Ngoba...” Ngaphambi kokuba ngithi “ngiyisishaywa”, uJonah uvuma ngekhandu, uyaqonda ukuthi ngithini, bese ememeza, “Khanyisani amalambu ngokufiphele!”

Kucacile ukuthi kukhala isicathulo sakhe la. Amalambu ayeka ukuhlaba ngaleso sikhathi, ngase ngikwazi ukubona futhi.

Ukuthatha izithombe kudlula njengephupho, ngiphupha sengathi kungephele.

UJonah ungitshela ukuthi ngingunobuhle wemvelo nje, nokuthi ubuso bami bukhombisa imizwa, nokuthi uyabuthanda ubuqotho engibukhombisayo uma ngibuka ikhamera.



## 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 indaba ihlabe umxhwele!

*Ukubambeka kukaStella* yindaba eyenzelwe ngokukhethekile abafundi abasebancane. (Izingane ezindadlana zingayithokozela ngolimi lwasekhaya kuqala bese ziyifunda ngolunye ulimi lwesithasiselo.) Nanka amacebo ezinhlobo zezinto ongazenza nongazisho ngesikhathi nabelana ngencwadi ndawonye.

- **Ikhasi lesi-2:** "Bheka zonke lezi zinto eziyindilinga. Ake sizibale ukuze sibone ukuthi uStella unezingaki." (Bala izinto eziyindilinga esithombeni.)
- **Ikhasi lesi-3:** "Yizini lezi? Ucabanga ukuthi zidwetshwe ubani?" (Khomba izikokela ezidwetshwe odongeni.) "Kubonakala sengathi uStella uyathanda ukudlala ngamabhola. Wena? Yimiphi imidlalo yamabhola oyithokozelayo?"
- **Ikhasi lesi-4:** "Bheka, uStella udla i-pizza eyindilinga! Iconsisa amathe!"
- **Ikhasi lesi-5:** "UStella usesepaki manje! Ngabe ucabanga ukuthi yiziphi izinto athanda ukudlala kuzo? Wena uthanda yiphi?" (Khomba ipayipi.) "Ngabe ucabanga ukuthi uzokwenzani ngepayipi?"
- **Ikhasi lesi-6:** (Khomba uStella.) "Kahle bo! Bheka, akakwazi ukunyakaza." (Khomba ilanga.) "Ilanga libukeka limangele!"
- **Ikhasi lesi-7:** (Khomba ipayipi ngalinye.) "Lokhu kufana nokugingqika wehla egqumeni!" (Khomba ilanga.) "Bheka ilanga licimezile! Angisakwazi ukubheka ukuthi yini elandelayo ezokwenzeka."
- **Ikhasi lesi-8:** "Ube nenhlanhla! UStella akabonakali elimele. Ngabe ucabanga ukuthi uzophinde akwenze lokhu futhi?"

## 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

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

### Special birthdays

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



## Ikhona leThimba Lokufunda

UNhlangulana usinikeza amathuba amaningi okugubha izindaba kanye namagama, futhi ngenxa yokuthi uNtulikazi ugcwele amaholide okuvalwa kwezikole, usinikeza amathuba amaningi esikhathi esingenzi lutho ngaso sokuhlala sifunde! Kunganjani wenze lokhu:

- ♦ ukhethe usuku olukhethekile olulodwa noma ezimbili bese uhlela imisebenzi yethimba lokufunda ngazo.
- ♦ uphakamise ukuthi izingane zikhethe izincwadi ezizozifunda ngamaholide okuvalwa kwezikole zombhali wezincwadi zezingane oyedwa noma ababili abagubha izinsuku zabo zokuzalwa ngoNhlanguvana noma ngoNtulikazi.
- ♦ khetha izincwadi zalaba babhali ozozifundela izingane ekuhlanganeni kwethimba lokufunda. (Kungadingeka ukuthi uhumushele ezinye zalezi zincwadi olimini olukhulumayo ngaphambi kwalesi sikhathi.)

## Izinsuku ezizogujwa ngoNhlanguvana nangoNtulikazi

### Izinsuku ezikhethekile

<b>Mhla zi-5 kuNhlanguvana</b>	Usuku Lomhlaba Lwendawo
<b>Mhla ziyi-15 kuNhlanguvana</b>	Usuku Lobaba
<b>Mhla ziyi-16 kuNhlanguvana</b>	Usuku Lwentsha
<b>Mhla zingama-20 kuNhlanguvana</b>	Usuku Lomhlaba Lwababalekela Kwamanye Amazwe
<b>Mhla zingama-30 kuNhlanguvana</b>	Usuku Lwemithombo Yezingosi Zokuxhumana Zokwakha Ubuhlobo
<b>Mhla ziyi-18 kuNtulikazi</b>	Usuku LukaMandela

### Izinsuku zokuzalwa ezikhethekile

<b>Mahla zi-2 kuNhlanguvana</b>	Helen Oxenbury (izincwadi zabeminyaka yobudala 0–3)
<b>Mahla zi-4 kuNhlanguvana</b>	Aesop (izincwadi zabeminyaka yobudala 3–93!)
<b>Mahla ziyi-10 kuNhlanguvana</b>	Maurice Sendak (izincwadi zabeminyaka yobudala 3–10)
<b>Mahla ziyi-13 kuNhlanguvana</b>	Niki Daly (izincwadi zabeminyaka yobudala 3–10)
<b>Mahla zingama-25 kuNhlanguvana</b>	Eric Carle (izincwadi zabeminyaka yobudala 2–6)
<b>Mhla ziyi-11 kuNtulikazi</b>	E.B. White (izincwadi zabeminyaka yobudala 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](http://www.nalibali.org) or [www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)



Sizoke sithathe ikhefu kuze kube isonto lamhla zingama-**27 kuNtulikazi**. Thokozelani amaholide okuvalwa kwezikole, bese niphinda nihlanguvana kanye nathi ekupheleni kukaNtulikazi ukuze nithole omunye umlingo wokufunda wakwa-Nal'ibali! Okwamanje, tholani izindaba kanye nezinto ezithokozisayo eningazenza ku-[www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org) noma ku-[www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)



8

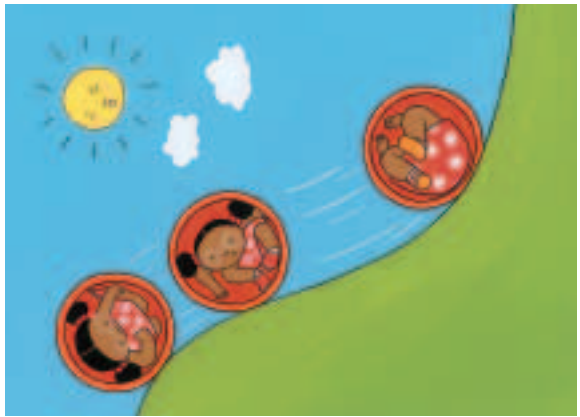
Then out she popped!



Wase ephuma!

7

Round and round she rolled.



Wazungeza, wazungeza, egingajika nepayipi.

FOLD

2

Stella loved round things.



UStella wayezithanda izinto eziyindilinga.

9

She crawled in. Then Stella got stuck!



Wakhasa wangena kulo. UStella wabe esebambeka!

FOLD

3

She only played with round toys.



Wayedlala ngamathoyizi ayindilinga kuphela.

5

One day she found a round pipe.



Ngelinye ilanga wathola ipayipi eliyindilinga.

4

She only ate round food.



Wayedia ukudla okuyindilinga kuphela.