



Edition 77
Afrikaans, English

It starts with a story...

Here's the story...

by Gcina Mhlophe

For as long as there have been people in the world, we've had stories. Long before we knew about all the great, respectable sciences, the sun and the moon were already important in a way more special than we can imagine today.

Stories were like firestones, always at hand to start up fires in the minds and hearts of people. When one person would tell a story, it would revive a memory of a different story in the listener. People got to know many stories, and stories were at the centre of people's lives. People taught one another important lessons through stories. Stories entertained and educated – they still do.

Here in Africa, the art of storytelling has managed to survive for so long, in spite of all the other difficulties people have had to face over the past few hundred years. The different cultures developed and survived with the great help of storytelling in all its forms. There are many wisdoms hidden inside the

stories that have managed to survive up to this day, and we continue to learn from them. This is our proud heritage.

Today there are still some storytellers in our country, but not enough to reach the millions of young audiences who would love to hear a good story. Enter the book. In the past one hundred years, many books have been written and we have reason to be proud. But are we also making sure that the right books and stories are in places where families can access them? Do we pay the same amount of attention to what the stories are about and how they are told as we do to what the books look like? After all, these books should be seen as our revered storytellers and they come in so many languages.

We have little books, medium-sized and big books! They are there for all book lovers to enjoy, but we need to ensure that our young people are set up with the conditions and resources they need to hear and enjoy these stories and become readers themselves. We need to work together to make reading part of a common South African heritage.

Hier's die storie...

deur Gcina Mhlophe

So lank as wat daar mense in die wêreld is, was daar stories. Lank voordat ons van al die wonderlike, gerespekteerde wetenskappe geleer het, was die son en die maan reeds belangrik op 'n manier wat meer spesiaal is as wat ons ons vandag kan indink.

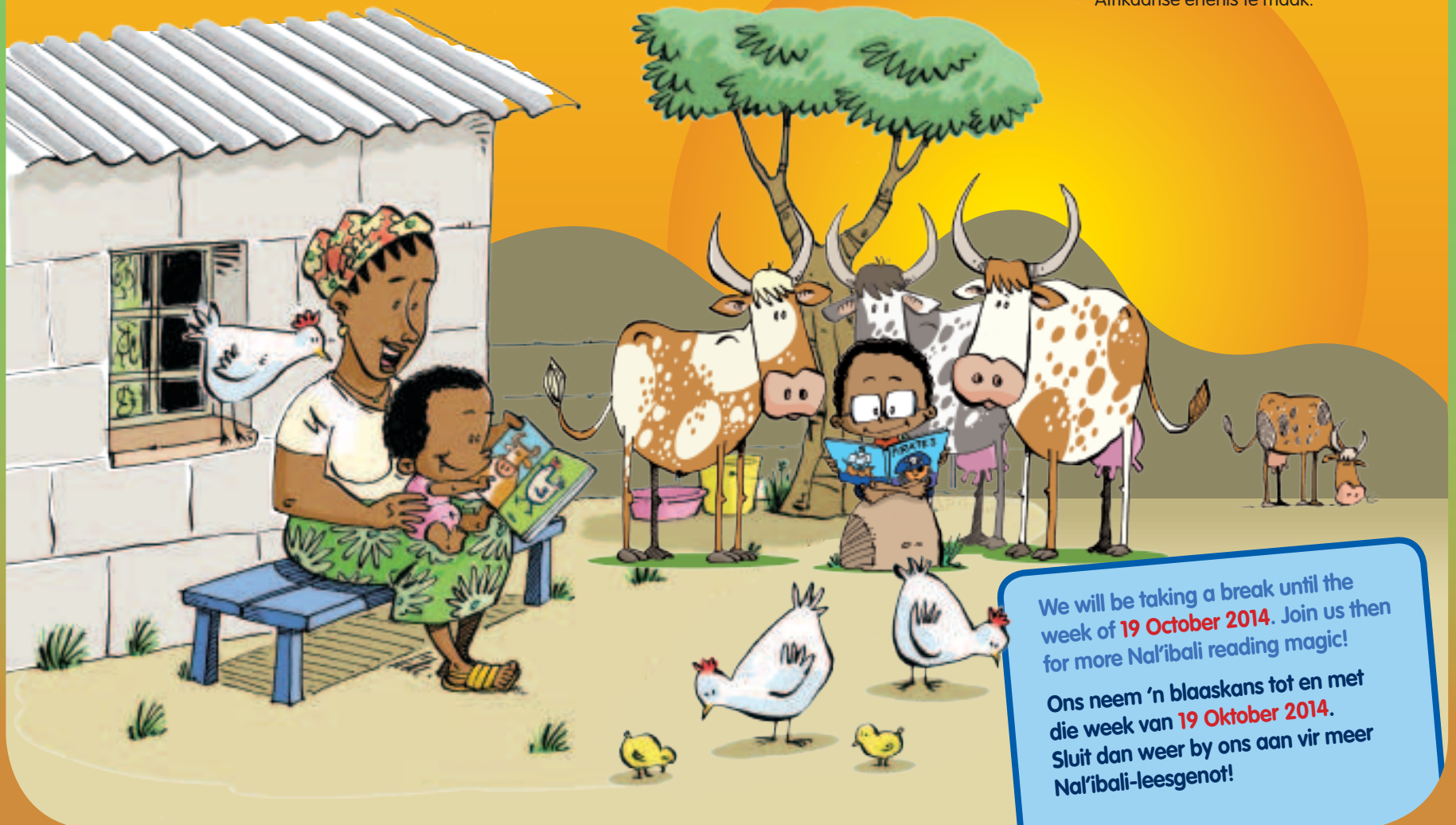
Stories was soos vuurklippe, altyd byderhand om die vuur in mense se gedagtes en harte aan te steek. Wanneer een persoon 'n storie sou vertel, sou dit die herinnering aan 'n ander storie in die luisteraar wakker maak. Mense het baie stories leer ken, en stories was die middelpunt van mense se lewens. Mense het mekaar belangrike lesse deur stories geleer. Stories het mense vermaak en opgevoed – en hulle doen dit steeds.

Hier in Afrika het die kuns om stories te vertel dit reggekry om te oorleef, ten spyte van al die ander probleme waarvoor mense die afgelope paar honderd jaar te staan gekom het. Die verskillende kulture het ontwikkel en oorleef met die wonderlike hulp van

storievertelling in al sy vorme. Daar is baie wysheid in die stories weggesteek wat tot vandag toe behoue gebly het, en ons leer steeds daaruit. Dit is ons trotse erfenis.

Vandag is daar steeds storievertellers in ons land, maar nie genoeg om die miljoene jong gehore te bereik wat graag 'n goeie storie wil hoor nie. En toe kom die boek. Die afgelope honderd jaar is baie boeke geskryf, en ons het rede om trots te wees daarop. Maar maak ons ook seker dat die regte boeke en stories op plekke is waar families toegang daartoe kan kry? Skenk ons dieselfde hoeveelheid aandag aan dit waaroor die stories gaan en hoe dit vertel word as aan hoe die boeke lyk? Hierdie boeke behoort immers gesien te word as ons geëerde storievertellers, en hulle kom in so baie tale.

Ons het klein boekies, middelgrootte boeke en groot boeke! Hulle is daar vir alle boekliefhebbers om te geniet, maar ons moet seker maak ons jong mense beskik oor die omstandighede en hulpbronne wat hulle nodig het om hierdie stories te hoor en te geniet en self lesers te word. Ons moet saamwerk om lees deel van 'n gedeelde Suid-Afrikaanse erfenis te maak.



We will be taking a break until the week of **19 October 2014**. Join us then for more Nalibali reading magic!

Ons neem 'n blaaskans tot en met die week van **19 Oktober 2014**. Sluit dan weer by ons aan vir meer Nalibali-leesgenot!



Drive your imagination

Read to me. Every day.
Lees vir my. Elke dag.





Story stars



Actively sharing stories!

Bonnie Henna is an actress, *Survivor* contestant and author of an autobiography, *Eyebags and Dimples*. She shared her storytelling secrets with Nalibali and explained why she thinks reading aloud is the best way of spending quality time with her two children.

What stories do your children enjoy?

They like stories with characters they can relate to and who are going through things they have gone through or are going through. They also love it when I tell them stories in a lively way using lots of expression and actions! I love the look on their little faces when I read to them in different voices, and so I make it as exciting as possible for them.

Give us a tip for reading aloud to children.

When I read to my children, I don't focus on myself and my opinions of the story because then it's easy for me to get bored or distracted.

What book should everyone read to their children?

The book that they ask you to read! Every child has their favourite book. It's important that we acknowledge and respect what they enjoy. We should avoid judging their choices.

What do you enjoy about being a parent?

Watching my children learn to speak is so exciting. I don't know where they learn half the things they say. Watching them form ideas and sentences as they speak is so fascinating to me. They are also so funny!

Did you enjoy writing your book?

Writing my own story has allowed me to experience a freedom I have never had before.

Which book changed your life?

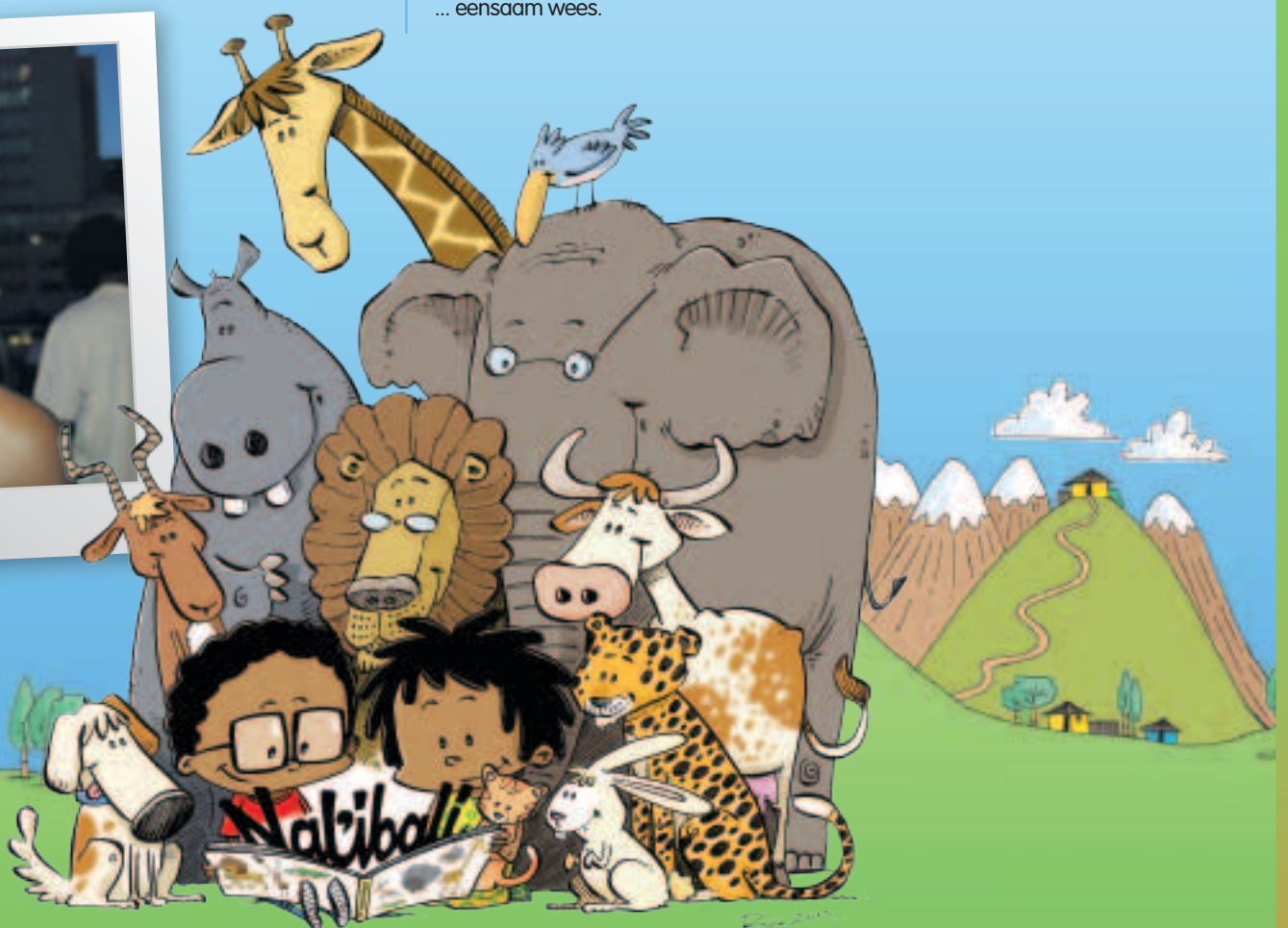
I don't think there is only one book that changed my life. It's more like a combination of ideas I've read over the years from many different books. It's not always about taking in everything you read in a book, rather take what is meaningful to you and leave the rest!

Finish the sentence: A life without stories would be ...

... lonely.



Bonnie Henna



Storiesterre

Deel aktief stories!

Bonnie Henna is 'n aktrise, *Survivor*-deelnemer en skrywer van 'n outobiografie, *Eyebags and Dimples*. Sy het haar storievertelgeheime met Nalibali gedeel en verduidelik waarom sy dink hardop lees is die beste manier om gehaltetyd met haar twee kinders deur te bring.

Watter stories geniet jou kinders?

Hulle hou van stories met karakters waarmee hulle kan identifiseer en wat deur dieselfde dinge gaan as waardeur hulle gegaan het of waardeur hulle gaan. Hulle is ook mal daarvoor as ek op 'n lewendige manier vir hulle stories vertel en baie gebare gebruik! Ek is dol oor die uitdrukking op hulle gesiggies wanneer ek in verskillende stemme vir hulle lees, en daarom maak ek dit vir hulle so opwindend moontlik.

Gee vir ons 'n wenk oor hardop lees vir kinders.

Wanneer ek vir my kinders lees, fokus ek nie op myself en my opinie van die storie nie, want as ek sou, dan sou dit vir my maklik wees om verveeld te raak of my aandag te laat dwaal.

Watter boek behoort almal vir hulle kinders te lees?

Die boek wat hulle vir jou vra om te lees! Elke kind het sy of haar gunstelingboek. Dit is belangrik dat ons erken en respekteer wat hulle geniet. Ons moet probeer vermy om hulle keuses te oordeel.

Wat geniet jy van ouerwees?

Om te kyk hoe my kinders leer praat, is so opwindend. Ek weet nie waar hulle die helfte van die goed wat hulle sê, leer nie. Om te kyk hoe hulle idees en sinne vorm wanneer hulle praat, is vir my fassinerend. Hulle is ook baie snaaks!

Het jy dit geniet om jou boek te skryf?

Om my eie storie te skryf het my in staat gestel om 'n vryheid te ervaar wat ek nog nooit voorheen ervaar het nie.

Watter boek het jou lewe verander?

Ek dink nie daar is net een boek wat my lewe verander het nie. Dit is meer soos 'n kombinasie van idees wat ek deur die jare uit soveel verskillende boeke gekry het. Dit gaan nie altyd daarvoor om alles wat jy in 'n boek lees in te neem nie, maar eerder om dit wat vir jou sinvol is te neem en die res te los!

Voltooi die sin: 'n Lewe sonder stories sou ...

... eensaam wees.

Create your own cut-out-and-keep book

1. Take out pages 3 to 6 of this supplement.
2. Fold it in half along the black dotted line.
3. Fold it in half again.
4. Cut along the red dotted lines.

Maak jou eie knip-uit-en-bêreboekie

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





"As daardie twee skelms oit weer hulle pote in my huis sit, sal ek my hemp uitrek, my vlerke oopsprei en hulle klapi! Ek sal selfs hulle oë uitpiki!"
 "Meneer Haan spreit sy vlerke oop, spring op en af en skree kliphard. "Kwaaaaaak, skweeccccceei! Kwaaaaaak, skwoooooo!"

Die volgende dag loop die twee maats na Moeder Hen se huis om haar te bedank vir haar hulp. Net toe kom Moeder Hen se man, Meneer Haan, tuis na werk. Hy was 'n kwaai ketel en het dit duidelik gemaak dat hy nie die twee honde daar wil hê nie. Toe hulle weg is, vra hy vir Moeder Hen: "Hoe kom laat jy daardie twee lummels in ons huis toe? Hulle kon ons kuikentjies opgeëet of ons eiers gesteel het!"
 "Ag, ek was jammer vir hulle," antwoord sy. "Hulle het gister al die pad vanaf Groenhewels gekom, toe dag ek vir hulle kon wys waar om slaapplek te kry."
 "Het hulle vir jou vertel waarom hulle uit Groenhewels weg is?" Meneer Haan gee 'n harde kraai van woede. "Hoe kom het daardie twee skelms na Ysterfontein gekom as hulle niemand hier ken nie?"
 "Jy oordeel te gou, my man," raas Moeder Hen.

The following day the two naughty dogs went to Mother Hen's house to thank her for her help. Just then, Mother Hen's husband, Mr Cock, arrived home from work. He was a fierce-looking fellow who made it clear that he did not enjoy the company of the two dog-chaps at all. When they had gone he said to Mother Hen, "Why did you allow those two dirty dogs into the house? They might have eaten our little chickens or stolen our eggs!"
 "I felt sorry for them," Mother Hen replied. "Yesterday they came all the way from Grasslands, so I thought I should show them where they could stay."
 "Did they tell you what pushed them out of Grasslands?" Mr Cock squawked crossly. "Why did those suspicious-looking swines come to Forcupine Hills when they don't know anybody here?"
 "You are always too hard on strangers, my dear," Mother Hen scolded. "If those rascals ever put their dirty paws in this house again," said Mr Cock, "I will take my shirt off, open up my wings very wide, and jump on them one at a time, pecking them with my beak very fiercely. I will even peck their eyes out!" Mr Cock spread out his wings as far as they could go and started to jump up and down, making an almighty racket. "Squaaaaaawk, squawkeeeeee! Squaaaaaawk, squaaaaaawkooo!"



Shorty & Billy Boy

A tale of two naughty dogs



Fielies en Pote

'n Verhaal oor twee stoute honde



GERARD SEKOTO



We publish what we like

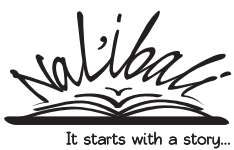
This is an adapted version of *Shorty & Billy Boy*, published by Jacana Media and available in bookstores and on-line from www.jacana.co.za. This story is available in isiZulu, isiXhosa, Afrikaans, English, Sesotho, Sepedi and French. Jacana publishes books for young readers in all eleven official South African languages. To find out more about Jacana titles go to www.jacana.co.za.

Hierdie is 'n aangepaste weergawe van *Fielies en Pote*, uitgegee deur Jacana Media en beskikbaar in boekwinkels en aanlyn by www.jacana.co.za. Hierdie storie is ook beskikbaar in isiZulu, isiXhosa, Afrikaans, Engels, Sesotho, Sepedi en Franse. Jacana publiseer boeke vir jong lesers in al elf amptelike Suid-Afrikaanse tale. Om meer uit te vind oor Jacana-titels, gaan na www.jacana.co.za.

© Jacana Media (South African rights only) Tel: (011 628 3200)



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



Nal'ibali is 'n nasionale lees-vir-genot veldtog wat kinders se potensiaal help ontwikkel deur middel van lees en die vertel van stories. Vir meer inligting, besoek www.nalibali.org, of www.nalibali.mobi





"Hmmm, 'kloek sy, klap haar vlerke en gee hulle aanwysings na 'n voorstad daar naby. Voordat hulle haar groet, vra Fielies en Pote Moeder Hen se adres, wat sy graag vir hulle gee. Die honde draf weg en kry gou 'n verlate hondehok waarin hulle daardie nag slaap.

Hulle noem aan haar waar hulle vandaan kom en vra of sy weet. Op pad, kom die twee kwaaddoeners vir Moeder Hen teë. Die twee was slu, hulle het geweet dat hulle iets kon uitsnuffel. Fielies en Pote wonder of daar enigiets in Ystervarkfontein te steele was – daar was dan nie eens 'n enkele mielie in sig nie! Maar op die landerye slegs droë koringstoppels. Dit lyk of daar nie 'n valleie van Groenheuwels. Langs die pad was diep dongas en Moeder Hen assured them that during all the years she had lived in Porcupine Hills, Shorty and Billy Boy looked at each other in surprise. They were usually merry, but now they looked worried. They hoped the villagers of Porcupine Hills wouldn't guess that they were the thieves.

Die twee honde was verbaas dat die veld hier so droog en dor was – in skrilte kontras met die groen heuwels en vrugbare valleie van Groenheuwels. Langs die pad was diep dongas en op die landerye slegs droë koringstoppels. Dit lyk of daar nie 'n druppel reën in jare geval het nie.



Toe Fielies en Pote uiteindelik in Ystervarkfontein aankom, draf hulle vinnig na die rand van die dorp. Hulle het besef dat hulle lig sal moet loop vir Meneer Bul, die polisie-man.



Once upon a time there were two notorious dog-chaps called Shorty and Billy Boy. They lived in a small village called Grasslands, where they were known to be the worst thieves in town. They would steal anything they could get their paws on, but most of all they enjoyed stealing eggs, which they would gobble up greedily.

Night and day Shorty and Billy Boy would scamper from one house to another, sniffing around for something to steal. There were always things to pinch from the villagers' houses or from the lush green wheat fields surrounding the town. Often they sneakily stole oranges and naartjies from the trees growing in their neighbours' gardens. The troublesome pair made sure that no-one was ever around to witness their crimes, but sometimes Mr Pig or Mama Goat would see them and chase them across the village.

Occasionally the two devious dogs were chased by the farmer himself. But Shorty and Billy Boy were young and strong, and they always managed to get away. So they carried on pouncing on things that did not belong to them.

The pair was doing so much damage that everyone in the village demanded they be punished. When the two naughty friends realised how angry the villagers were, they decided to leave Grasslands. They boarded the next train to the far-away town of Porcupine Hills, paying for their train tickets with money they had stolen from their friends.

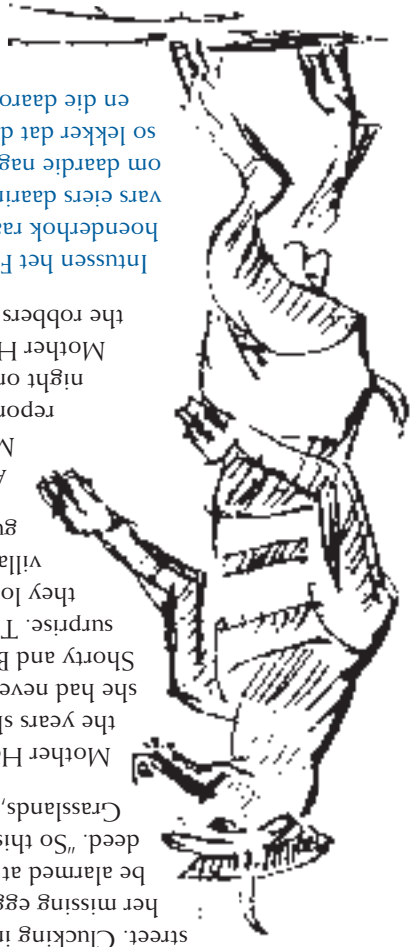
In the meantime, Shorty and Billy Boy had spotted Mother Hens fowl run, where they saw some very large, very delicious-looking eggs. They plotted to return that night to steal them. The eggs were so tasty that the dogs went back again the next night, and the next, to steal more of Mother Hens freshly laid eggs.

A little while later they ran into Mother Hen in the street. Clucking in distress, she told them about her missing eggs. The two chaps pretended to be alarmed at the thought of such a wicked deed. "So this place of yours is just as unsafe as Grasslands, then!" Shorty said slyly.

Mother Hen assured them that during all the years she had lived in Porcupine Hills, she had never heard of anything of the sort. Shorty and Billy Boy looked at each other in surprise. They were usually merry, but now they looked worried. They hoped the villagers of Porcupine Hills wouldn't guess that they were the thieves.

After work that same day, Mr Cock went to the police to report the missing eggs. From that night on, two policemen hid behind Mother Hens fowl run, ready to catch the robbers if they returned.

Intussen het Fielies en Pote Moeder Hen se hoenderhok raakgesien en ook die yslike groot vars eiers daarin. Die twee het dadelik beplan om daardie nag die eiers te steel. Die eiers was so lekker dat die twee honde die volgende nag, en die daaropvolgende, teruggegaan het om al die vars eiers wat Moeder Hen geleë het, te steel.



Die volgende oomblik skrik Pote wakker toe die bewaarder hom beveel om aan te trek en hom voorberei vir sy vrylating uit die tronk.

Terwyl hy aantrek dink Pote weer aan hoe gaaf Mevrouw Koei in sy droom was. Hy onthou hoe hy en Fielies van plek tot plek gedwaal het om eiers, lemoene, nartjies, mielies en geld te steel en hoe hulle deur die boer, Meneer Vark, Mamma Bok en ander inwoners van Groenheuwels verjaag is. Hy dink na oor al die skade wat hulle veroorsaak het en hoe ontsteld almal in Groenheuwels en Ystervarkfontein was.

Toe die tronkdeure agter Pote toeklap, besluit hy om nooit weer enigiets te steel nie. Hy neem hom ook voor om saam met Fielies vir al die inwoners van Groenheuwels en Ystervarkfontein om verskoning te vra. Met 'n breë glimlag trek hy sy asem diep in en draf weg – 'n nuwe toekoms tegemoet.

Toe Meneer Haan hoor dat die honde belowe het om nooit weer iemand anders se goed te steel nie, het hy sy hemp uitgetrek, sy vlerke geklap en so hard as hy kan, gekraai: "Kwaaaaaak, skweeeeeee! Kwaaaaaak, skwoooooo! Koekelekoooo!"



Kort daarna loop hulle Moeder Hen in die straat raak. Kloekend van onstelens, vertel sy vir hulle van haar eiers wat verdwyn het. Die twee honde gee voor om ook ontstel te wees by die gedagte dat iemand so gemeen kan wees. "Dus is Ystervarkfontein net so onveilig soos Groenheuwels," merk Fielies op.

Moeder Hen versaker hulle dat so iets nog nooit in al die jare wat sy in Ystervarkfontein woon, gebeur het nie. Fielies en Pote kyk mekaar verbaas aan. Die twee is skielik baie bekommerd. Hulle hoop dat die inwoners van Ystervarkfontein nie sal raai dat hulle die diewe is nie.

Na werk rapporteer Meneer Haan die diefstal aan die polisie. Van toe af kruip twee polisiemans elke nag weg agter Moeder Hen se hoenderhok om die diewe te vang as hulle weer sou toeslaan.



Suddenly, Billy Boy was awakened by the prison warden's voice. He ordered Billy Boy to change his clothes and prepare for his release from jail.

As the young dog got dressed, he thought about the kindness Mrs Cow had shown him in his dream. He remembered the days when he and Shorty had scampered from one place to the next, stealing eggs, oranges, naartjies, mealies and money despite being chased by the farmer, Mr Pig, Mama Goat and the other villagers. He thought about all the damage they had done, and how they had upset everyone in Grasslands and Porcupine Hills.

As Billy Boy walked out of the prison gates and into the street, he decided never again to steal from anyone. He decided that when he met up with Shorty, they would say sorry to all their friends in Grasslands and Porcupine Hills. Billy Boy took a deep breath of fresh morning air, and with a smile he scampered into the wide open space of the world.

When Mr Cock heard of the dogs' promise to stop thieving, he pulled off his shirt in celebration. Flapping his wings, he open his beak wide and cried, "Squaaaaaawk, squawkeeeee! Squaaaaaawk, squaaawkoooo! Cock a doodle doooooo!"



When Shorty and Billy Boy arrived at Porcupine Hills, they set off for the outskirts of town. They knew they had to find a place far away from Mr Cow, the policeman.

The two dogs were surprised to see that the country was dry and barren, unlike their green, fertile hometown of Grasslands. There were dried-up dongas in the road, and the fields were dusty and bare. It seemed like not a drop of rain had fallen in years.

Shorty and Billy Boy wondered if there would be anything in Porcupine Hills to steal – there wasn't even a measly mealie in sight! But the young dogs were cunning. They knew they'd be able to sniff out something.

On their way out of town, the mischievous pair passed Mother Hen. They explained where they'd come from and asked her if she knew of a place where they could live.

"Hmmm," clucked the hen thoughtfully. Then, waving her wings, she gave them directions to a suburb not far from where they stood. Before the little group parted company, Shorty and Billy Boy asked Mother Hen for her address, which she readily gave them. The dogs hurried off in the right direction and soon came across an abandoned kennel, where they settled in for the night.

Lang gelede was daar twee berugte honde met die name Fielies en Pote. Hulle het in Groenheuwels, 'n klein dorpie, gewoon en was bekend as die grootste twee skelms in die dorpie. Hulle het alles gesteel waarop hulle hul gierige pote kon lê. Maar eiers kon hulle glad nie weerstaan nie, en het elkeen eers gekraak en toe gulsig uitgesuig.

Elke dag en elke nag het Fielies en Pote rondgesnuffel van die een huis na die ander, op soek na iets om te steel. Daar was altyd iets om uit iemand se huis te gaps, of om van die landerye buite die dorpie te steel. Soms het hulle ook lemoene en naartjies uit hulle bure se vrugtetuine gesteel. Die twee kwaaddoeners het altyd gesorg dat niemand hulle sien nie, maar soms het ou Meneer Vark of Mamma Bok hulle vinnig weggejaag.

Elke nou en dan het die plaasboer ook die twee stouterds verjaag, maar Fielies en Pote was jonk en gesond en hulle kon vinnig weghardloop. Dus het hulle aangehou om ander mense te besteel.

Die twee hondemaats het soveel skade aangerig dat al die inwoners in die dorpie daarop aangedring het dat hulle gestraf moet word. Toe die twee besef hoe kwaad die inwoners vir hulle was, het hulle besluit om Groenheuwels te verlaat. Hulle klim toe op die volgende trein na Ystervarkfontein en betaal die treinkaartjies met gesteelde geld.





In die trein sit hulle langs Juffrou Vark en Mevrou Koei. Nóg die aantreklike jong dame nóg die stajige ou koei het Fielies en Pote herken.

"By water stasie klim julle af?" vra Fielies vir Juffrou Vark.

"Ek gaan tot by Mambahooigte, die stasie voor Ystervarkfontein," antwoord sy bloesend.

"O!" roep Fielies uit. "Ons gaan dus bure wees, want ons gaan na Ystervarkfontein. Ons gaan daar blyplek soek."

Pote vra toe vir Mevrou Koei waarheen sy gaan.

"Ek gaan by Ystervarkfontein stasie afklim," bulk sy en kyk neerhalend na die twee honde. "Ek gaan my man, Meneer Bul, besoek. Hy is 'n polisieersant in Ystervarkfontein."

Fielies se oë rek groot. "Ai toggie," dink hy. "As Meneer Bul 'n polisieerman in Ystervarkfontein is, sal ons in ons spore moet trap, anders beland ons in die moedlikheid." Hy pomp Pote in die ribbes en fluister: "Hou op om vrae te vra, ons wil nie dat die polisie van ons te hore moet kom nie."

Op daardie oomblik stop die trein by Mambahooigte se stasie. Juffrou Vark maak haar goedjies bymekaar en staan op. Sy wens die twee maats 'n voorspoedige reis toe, tel haar mandjie op en neurte 'n vrolike deuntjie.

On the train they sat next to Miss Piggy and Mrs Cow. Neither the pretty piglet nor the grand old cow recognised Shorty and Billy Boy.

"Which station are you stopping at?" Shorty asked Miss Piggy.

"I'm getting off at Mamba Ridge, just one stop before Porcupine Hills," snorted the piglet, blushing.

"Oh!" exclaimed Shorty. "We'll be almost neighbours then, as we're getting off at Porcupine Hills. We're going to look for a place to live there."



Billy Boy asked Mrs Cow how far she was travelling.

"I am disembarking at Porcupine Hills station," moo-ed Mrs Cow, peering down her nose at them. "I'm on my way to visit my husband. He is a policeman in Porcupine Hills, you know."

Shorty's eyes widened. "Oh no!" he thought. "If Mr Cow, the policeman, works in Porcupine Hills, there must be a police station there. We'll have to be extra careful not to get caught." He jabbed Billy Boy in the side and whispered into his friend's ear: "Don't ask any more questions. We don't want the police to hear about us."

Just then, the train pulled into Mamba Ridge station. Miss Piggy gathered her belongings and stood up. After wishing the dogs luck, she went on her way, swinging her basket and whistling a cheerful tune.



Shorty and Billy Boy decided to wait for the storm to die down before going back to the fowl run. After a while, when they thought the coast was clear, they decided to strike again. Late that night, Billy Boy climbed into Mother Hen's chicken coop to grab the eggs while Shorty stood guard, watching for anyone who might spoil the scene.

Suddenly, the two policemen jumped out from behind the fowl run. They charged at the dogs, shouting, "STOP THIEF!"

Shorty ran away as fast as his legs could carry him, but Billy Boy was trapped inside the coop. The policemen caught him red-handed. He was carted off to jail with his tail between his legs.

Billy Boy spent many months in jail as punishment for his crimes. He knew that when he was released he could not go back to Grasslands or Porcupine Hills, as the villagers would never forgive him for stealing their belongings. One night, he had a vivid dream. In his dream he was walking along the street, when, to his great surprise, he saw Mrs Cow. She greeted him kindly, telling him that some months earlier her husband, the policeman, had arrested a thief who came from Grasslands.

"The thief is about to be released from jail," the cow said. "Now that he's learnt his lesson, the villagers of Grasslands can't wait to welcome him back to town." Such kindness left Billy Boy totally stunned and wordless.



Fielies en Pote het intussen besluit om te wag tot die storm bedaar voordat hulle weer eiers steel. Toe hulle dink dat die gevaar verby is, slaan hulle weer toe. Laatnag klim Pote in Moeder Hen se hoenderhok om eiers te steel terwyl Fielies wagstaan.

Skielik spring twee polisiemans agter die hoenderhok uit waar hulle weggekruip het. Hulle storm op die honde af en skree: "VANG DIE DIEWE!"

Fielies hardloop so vinnig weg as wat hy kan, maar Pote word binne-in die hok vasgekeer. Die polisie het hom op heterdaad betrap. Sy stert hang tussen sy pote toe hy tronk toe geneem word.

Pote het verskeie maande in die tronk gesit as straf vir sy misdade. Hy het besef dat hy na sy vrylating nie na Groenheuwels of Ystervarkfontein kon teruggaan nie, want die inwoners sou hom nooit vergewe dat hy hulle so besteel het nie.

Een nag het hy 'n droom gehad. In sy droom loop hy Mevrou Koei in die straat raak. Tot sy verbasing groet sy hom vriendelik en sê dat haar man, die polisieersant, die dief gevang het wat van Groenheuwels gekom en die eiers gesteel het.

"Die dief gaan enige dag vrygelaat word," sê sy. "Noudat hy egter sy les geleer het, kan die inwoners nie wag dat hy na Groenheuwels terugkeer nie, hulle het hom vergewe." Pote kan sy ore nie glo nie, kan dit waar wees?



The Na'ibali bookshelf

The cut-out-and-keep book in this issue of the Na'ibali supplement was written and illustrated by Gerard Sekoto. He was born in 1913 and was 80 years old when he died. Gerard was a great storyteller – he told the story of South Africa and ordinary South Africans through his magnificent paintings. Today his paintings are known all over the world and he is called “the father of contemporary South African art”. We are lucky that he is part of our heritage!



Gerard Sekoto

Did you know?

- Although Gerard Sekoto didn't have art lessons as a young boy, he taught himself to draw and paint well enough to win second prize in an art competition when he was 25 years old.
- He trained as a teacher and taught at a high school in Limpopo for a while before becoming a full-time artist when he was 26 years old.
- The system of apartheid forced him to leave South Africa in 1947.
- When he left South Africa, he moved to France, where he stayed for nearly 45 years.
- He also lived and worked in the African country Senegal for about a year.
- Apart from being such a gifted artist, Gerard Sekoto was also a talented musician. In fact, he earned money by playing the piano in nightclubs in Paris. Sometimes he even played music and songs that he had written and made recordings of them.
- Exhibitions of Gerard Sekoto's paintings have been held all over the world.

Die Na'ibali-boekrak

Die knip-uit-en-bêreboekie in hierdie uitgawe van die Na'ibali-bylae is deur Gerard Sekoto geskryf en geïllustreer. Hy is in 1913 gebore en was 80 jaar oud toe hy dood is. Gerard was 'n wonderlike storieverteller – hy het die storie van Suid-Afrika en gewone Suid-Afrikane deur sy manjifieke skilderye vertel. Vandag is sy skilderye oor die hele wêreld bekend en hy word “die vader van kontemporêre Suid-Afrikaanse kuns” genoem. Ons is gelukkig dat hy deel is van ons erfenis!

Het jy geweet?

- Al het Gerard Sekoto nie as 'n jong seun kunslesse geneem nie, het hy homself geleer om goed genoeg te teken en te skilder om 'n tweede prys in 'n kunskompetisie te wen toe hy 25 jaar oud was.
- Hy is as onderwyser opgelei en het by 'n hoërskool in Limpopo skoolgehou voordat hy op 26-jarige ouderdom 'n voltydse kunstenaar geword het.
- Die apartheidstelsel het hom in 1947 gedwing om Suid-Afrika te verlaat.
- Toe hy weg is uit Suid-Afrika, is hy Frankryk toe waar hy vir byna 45 jaar gewoon het.
- Hy het ook vir ongeveer 'n jaar in die Afrika-land, Senegal, gewoon en gewerk.
- Behalwe dat hy so 'n talentvolle kunstenaar was, was Gerard Sekoto ook 'n talentvolle musikant. Hy het trouens geld verdien deur in nagklubs in Parys klavier te speel. Soms het hy selfs musiek en liedjies geskryf en opnames daarvan gemaak.
- Uitstallings van Gerard Sekoto se skilderye is al oor die hele wêreld gehou.

Another famous artist

Frida is a beautiful picture book about another famous artist called Frida Kahlo. It is the inspiring story of how a young girl born in Mexico learned to draw and paint, and how painting saved her life! Frida led a life filled with illness and physical pain, but she used art to escape this and to express it together with her joys and her loves. Unfortunately, this book was only published in Spanish and English. Read it to your children in English and translate the text for them as you read, if their home language is not English.



Nog 'n beroemde kunstenaar

Frida is 'n pragtige prenteboek oor nog 'n beroemde kunstenaar, Frida Kahlo. Dit is die inspirerende storie van hoe 'n jong meisie wat in Mexiko gebore is, geleer het om te teken en te skilder, en hoe skilder haar lewe gered het! Frida het baie siektes en fisiese pyn in haar lewe verduur, maar sy het kuns gebruik om hieraan te ontsnap en om dit uit te druk saam met haar vreugdes en liefdes. Ongelukkig is hierdie boek slegs in Spaans en Engels gepubliseer. Lees dit vir jou kinders in Engels en vertaal die teks vir hulle soos jy lees as hulle huistaal nie Engels is nie.

Collect the Na'ibali characters

Cut out and keep all your favourite Na'ibali characters and then use them to create your own pictures, posters, stories or anything else you can think of! You could also cut out this picture of Dintle and add a speech bubble to show what she is “saying” as she “reads” her book!

About Dintle

Age: 9 months old

Lives with: her mother and brother, Afrika

Speaks: doesn't speak yet but understands Sesotho and she kicks her feet and gurgles when her mom reads to her!

Books she likes: books about animals and babies

Also likes to: listening to Sesotho rhymes that Afrika says to her



Dintle

Versamel die Na'ibali-karakters

Knip al jou gunsteling- Na'ibali-karakters uit en gebruik hulle om jou eie prente, plakkate, stories of enigiets anders waaraan jy kan dink, te maak! Jy kan ook hierdie prent van Dintle uitknip en 'n praatborrel byvoeg om te wys wat sy “sê” terwyl sy haar boek “lees”!

Oor Dintle

Ouderdom: 9 maande oud

Woon saam met: haar ma en broer, Afrika

Praat: sy praat nog nie, maar sy verstaan Sesotho en sy skop met haar voete en maak geluide wanneer haar ma vir haar lees!

Boeke waarvan sy hou: boeke oor diere en babas

Hou ook van: luister na Sesotho-rympies wat Afrika vir haar opsê

Story corner

Here is the final part of a story about a boy and his precious go-kart to enjoy reading aloud or retelling.

Lwazi and the go-kart (Part 2) By Helen Brain

"What are you making?" asked his cousin, Lulu, coming outside.

"I'm making a go-kart," explained Lwazi.

"Can I have a ride on it when it's finished?" asked Lulu.

"If you help me sand it," Lwazi answered.

So Lulu took the sandpaper and began to make the sides nice and smooth.

Lwazi's two friends Ismail and McKenzie came by on their way to the shop. "What are you making?" they asked.

"We're making a go-kart," said Lwazi and Lulu.

"Can we have a turn when it's finished?"

"If you help us," they answered.

So the boys took more sandpaper and made the inside, the front and the back nice and smooth. At last the go-kart was finished.

"I'm having the first ride," said Lwazi, dragging the go-kart to the top of the hill.

"That's not fair," said Lulu. "You said I could have a turn."

"And us," said Ismail and McKenzie. "You said we could all ride in it."

"We all want our turns!" shouted Lulu and Ismail and McKenzie.

So when they reached the top of the hill they all piled on – Lulu and Ismail and McKenzie all sitting on top of the go-kart and holding on tight. "Here we go!" shouted Lwazi, giving the go-kart a shove and jumping on the back.

Faster and faster they went, rattling and rumbling and screaming and laughing until suddenly Lulu shouted, "Hey, there's the vlei! How do we make it stop?"

"Oooops," said Lwazi, "I forgot to make BRAKES!!!"

Crash, thump, thwack, splash!

The go-kart hit the wire fence, and the children flew over the fence and into the vlei.

"Ow, ow, ow," cried McKenzie, coming up for air, "my nose hurts."

"Eina!" yelled Ismail, pulling pond-weed off his face. "My head hurts."

"Oh, oh, oh, my backside hurts!" screeched Lulu staggering out of the vlei.

"Where's Lwazi?" cried Lulu. "Is he under the water?"

"Has he drowned?" cried Ismail and McKenzie.

"Here I am!" said Lwazi looking over the fence. "Just look at the poor go-kart!" On the side of the road lay four wheels, three planks, two metres of rope and a pile of nuts and bolts.

"Oh dear," said Lwazi. "We'll have to start all over again."

"And this time" said Lulu rubbing her behind, "please remember to add some brakes."

They all laughed.

Tell us if you liked the story, Lwazi and the go-kart – SMS "Bookmark" with your name and your comments to 32545. R1,00 per SMS.



Illustration by Magriet Brink
Illustrasie deur Magriet Brink

Storiehoekie

Hier volg die laaste deel van 'n storie oor 'n seun en sy kosbare knortjor wat jy hardop kan lees of kan oortel.

Lwazi en die knortjor (Deel 2) deur Helen Brain

"Wat maak jy?" vra sy niggie, Lulu, toe sy buitentoe kom.

"Ek bou 'n knortjor," verduidelik Lwazi.

"Kan ek saam met jou daarop ry wanneer dit klaar is?" vra Lulu.

"As jy my help om dit af te skuur," antwoord Lwazi.

Lulu vat die skuurpapier en begin die kante mooi glad skuur.

Lwazi se twee maats, Ismail en McKenzie, stap verby op pad winkel toe. "Wat maak julle?" vra hulle.

"Ons bou 'n knortjor," sê Lwazi en Lulu.

"Kan ons 'n beurt kry om daarop te ry wanneer dit klaar is?"

"As julle ons help," antwoord hulle.

Die seuns vat toe nog skuurpapier en skuur die binnekant, voorkant en agterkant mooi glad. Uiteindelik is die knortjor klaar.

"Ek gaan eerste ry," sê Lwazi, en sleep die knortjor tot bo-op die bult.

"Dis nie regverdig nie," sê Lulu. "Jy het gesê ek kan 'n beurt kry."

"En ons," sê Ismail en McKenzie. "Jy het gesê ons kan almal daarin ry."

"Ons wil almal ons beurt hê!" skree Lulu en Ismail en McKenzie.

Toe hulle bo-op die bult kom, spring hulle almal in – Lulu en Ismail en McKenzie sit almal bo-op die knortjor en hou styf vas. "Hier gaan ons!" skree Lwazi, gee die knortjor 'n stoot en spring agter op.

Hulle ry vinniger en vinniger, en dit ratel en raas en hulle skree en lag tot Lulu skielik skree: "Haai, daar's die vlei! Hoe stop ons hierdie ding?"

"Ooeeps," sê Lwazi, "ek het vergeet om REMME aan te sit!!!"

Boem, bam, kedoef, plof!

Die knortjor tref die draadheining en die kinders vlieg oor die heining en beland in die vlei.

"Au, au, eina," skree McKenzie, toe hy opkom vir lug, "my neus!"

"Eina!" gil Ismail, en trek die vleigras van sy gesig af. "My kop pyn."

"Oe, oe, oe, my sitvlak is seer!" kerm Lulu en waggel uit die vlei uit.

"Waar's Lwazi?" roep Lulu. "Is hy onder die water?"

"Het hy verdrink?" skree Ismail en McKenzie.

"Hier is ek!" roep Lwazi en loer oor die heining. "Kyk net na die arme knortjor!" Aan die kant van die pad lê vier wiele, drie planke, twee meter tou en 'n handvol boute en moere.

"Ag, nee," sê Lwazi. "Ons sal van voor af moet begin."

"En," sê Lulu terwyl sy haar sitvlak vryf, "onthou asseblief hierdie keer om remme aan te sit."

Almal lag lekker.

Vertel vir ons of jy van die storie, Lwazi en die knortjor gehou het – SMS "Bookmark" met jou naam en kommentaar aan 32545. R1,00 per SMS.

Don't forget that we will be taking a break until the week of 19 October. Enjoy the school holidays, and join us again in October for more Nal'ibali reading magic! In the meantime, find stories and fun things to do at www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi.



**Find us on Facebook:
Vind ons op Facebook:
www.facebook.com/nalibalisa**

Moenie vergeet dat ons tot en met die week van 19 Oktober 'n blaaskans neem nie. Geniet die skoolvakansie en sluit weer in Oktober by ons aan vir nog Nal'ibali-leesgenot! Vind intussen stories en prettige dinge om te doen by www.nalibali.org of www.nalibali.mobi.

Supplement produced by The Project for the Study of Alternative Education in South Africa (PRAESA) and Times Media Education. Translated by Anita van Zyl. Nal'ibali character illustrations by Rico.



Drive your
imagination

Daily Dispatch

The Herald

Sunday Times

SundayWorld