



Edition 77  
IsiZulu, 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.

## Nans' indaba...

nguGcina Mhlophe

**Selokho baba khona abantu emhlabeni, besilokhu sinazo izindaba. Kudala ngaphambi kokuba sazi ngesayensi enkulu, ehlonishwayo, ilanga nenyanga kwakuvele kubaluleke ngendlela ekhetheke kakhulu kunalokho esikucabanga namuhla.**

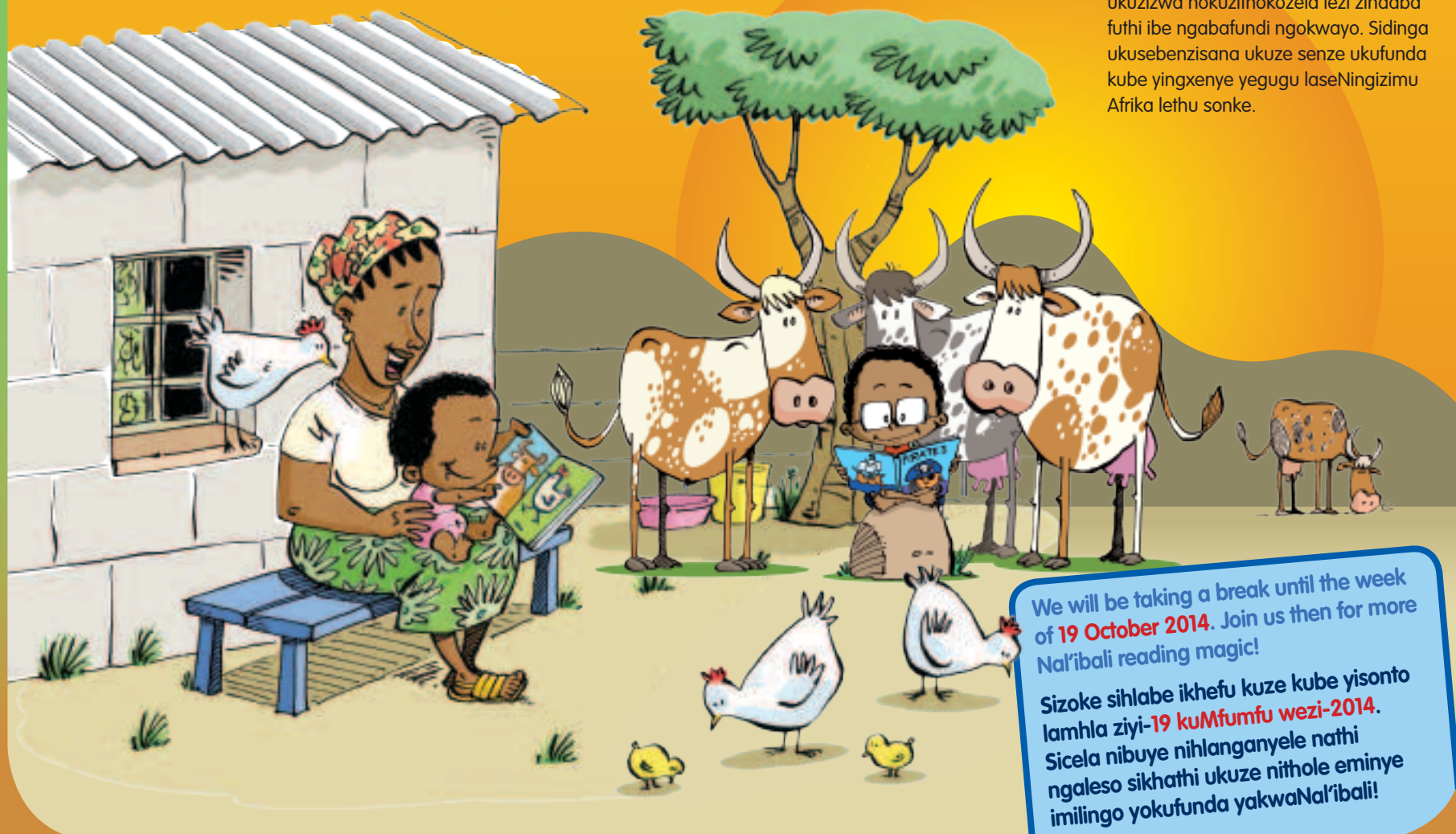
Izindaba zazifana namatshe okuphemba umlilo, zazihlale zilungele ukuphemba imililo ezingqondweni kanye nasezinhliziyweni zabantu. Lapho umuntu oyedwa exoxa indaba, yayivuselela inkumbulo yendaba eyehlukile kolalele. Abantu bazi izindaba eziningi, futhi izindaba zazingumongo wezimpilo zabantu. Abantu bafundisana izifundo ezibalulekile ngezindaba. Izindaba zazithokozisa futhi zifundisa – zisenza kanjalo namanje.

Lapha e-Afrika, ubuciko bokuxoxa indaba sebukwaze ukuhlala isikhathi eside kangaka, noma kunobunzima abantu abebhekene nabo eminyakeni engamakhulu ambalwa edlule. Amasiko ahlukeni athuthukile futhi aphepha ngenxa yosizo olukhulu lwazo zonke izinhlobo zokuxoxa indaba. Kukhona

ubuhlakani obuningi obufihleke ezindabeni obukwazile ukuphepha kwaze kwaba namhlanje, kanti siyaqhubeka ukufunda kuzona. Leli yigugu esiziqhenya ngalo kakhulu.

Namhlanje basekhona abaxoxi bezindaba ezweni lethu, kodwa abanele ukuthi bangafinyelela ezigidini zezethameli ezisencane ezingathanda ukuzwa indaba enhle. Yafika-ke incwadi. Eminyakeni eyikhulu eyedlule, ziningi izincwadi ezibhaliwe futhi kufanele siziqhenya ngalokhu. Kodwa siyaqinisekisa futhi ukuthi izincwadi nezindaba ezifanele ziba sezindaweni imindeneni yethu engakwazi ukuzithola kuzo. Ngabe siqaphela nje ukuthi izindaba zimayelana nani nokuthi zixoxwa kanjani ngendlela efanayo yini nokuthi izincwadi zibukeka kanjani? Empeleni, lezi zincwadi kumele zithathwe njengabaxoxi bezindaba esibazisa kakhulu, futhi zitholakala ngezilimi eziningi.

Sinezincwadi ezincane, izincwadi eziphakathi nendawo kanye nezincwadi ezinkulu! Zikhona ukuze zithokozelwe yibo bonke abathandi bezincwadi, kodwa kumele siqinisekise ukuthi intsha ibekelwe izimo nezinsiza, idinga ukuzizwa nokuzithokozela lezi zindaba futhi ibe ngabafundi ngokwayo. Sidinga ukusebenzisana ukuze senze ukufunda kube yingxenye yegugu laseNingizimu Afrika lethu sonke.



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

Sizoke sihlabe ikhefu kuze kube yisonto lamhla zi-**19 kuMfumfu wezi-2014**. Sicela nibuye nihlanganyele nathi ngaleso sikhathi ukuze nithole eminye imilingo yokufunda yakwaNal'ibali!



Drive your imagination

Read to me. Every day.  
Ngifundele. Nsuku zonke.







# 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 Nal'ibali 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



# Abavelele ezindabeni

## Ukwabelana izindaba ngomdlandla!

UBonnie Henna ungumlingisi, owayengenele umqhudelwano i-*Survivor* kanti ungumbhali wencwadi ekhuluma ngempilo yakhe ethi, *Eyebags and Dimples*. Wabelana ngemfihlo yakhe yokuxoxa izindaba noNal'ibali futhi uyachaza ukuthi kungani ecabanga ukuthi ukufunda kakhulu kuyindlela enhle yokuba nesikhathi esinithile nezingane zakhe ezimbili.

### Yiziphi izindaba ezithokozelwa yizingane zakho?

Zithanda izindaba ezinabalingiswa ezingakwazi ukuxhumana nabo abehlelwa izinto ezike zazelele nazo noma ezizehlelayo. Ziyathanda futhi uma ngizoxela izindaba ngomdlandla ngikhombisa imizwa, futhi ngilingisa! Ngiyayithanda indlela ubuso bazo obubukeka ngayo uma ngizifundela ngamaphimbo ehlukene, ngizame konke ukwenza lokhu kuvuse kuzo isasasa elikhulu.

### Ake usinike icebo lokufundela kakhulu izingane.

Uma ngifundela izingane zami, angigxili kimi kanye nalokho engikucabanga ngendaba ngoba lokho kungenza kube lula ukuthi ngingayithokozeli indaba noma ngiphazamiseke.

### Iyiphi incwadi okumele wonke umuntu ayifundele izingane zakhe?

Yincwadi ezikucela ukuthi uyifunde! Ingane ngayinye inencwadi yayo eyithandayo. Kubalulekile ukuthi sazise futhi sihloniphe lokho ezikuthokozelayo. Kumele sigweme ukugxeka lokho ezikukhethayo.

### Yini oyithokozela ngokuba umzali?

Ukubuka izingane zami zifunda ukukhuluma kungihlaba umxhwele kakhulu. Angazi ukuthi ziwuthathaphi uhhafu wezinto ezizishoyo. Ukuzibuka zizakhela imiqondo kanye nemisho ngesikhathi zikhuluma kungihlaba umxhwele kakhulu. Ziyahlekisa futhi!

### Ngabe wakuthokozela ukubhala incwadi yakho?

Ukubhala indaba yami kwangizwisa inkululeko engangingakaze ngibe nayo phambilini.

### Iyiphi incwadi eyashintsha impilo yakho?

Angisho neze ukuthi yincwadi eyodwa kuphela eyashintsha impilo yami. Ngingathi nje inhlanguyela yemiqondo engiyifunde eminyakeni eminingi ezincwadini ezahlukene. Akuhlale kumayelana nokuthatha yonke into oyifunda encwadini, kodwa kumayelana nokuthatha lokho okusho okuthile kuwe bese uyeka okusele!

### Qedela lo musho: Ngaphandle kwezindaba impilo ingaba ...

... nesizungu.

## 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.

## Zakhele eyakho incwadi ozoyisika uyikhiphe bese uyigcina

1. Khipha ikhasi lesi-3 ukuya kwele-6 kulesi sithasiselo.
2. Asonge abe nguhhafu lapho kunomugqa (ulayini) wamachashaza amnyama khona.
3. Asonge abe nguhhafu futhi.
4. Sika lapho kunomugqa wamachashaza abomvu khona.







Ngosuku olulandelayo izinja ezimbili eziganjile zaya emzini kaMama uNkukhu ziyombonga ngosizo lwakhe. Khona manjalo, kwagqamuka umyeni kaMama uNkukhu, uMnumzane uQhude, ebuva emsebenzini. Wayebukeka esabeka, futhi wakwenza kwacaca nje ukuthi akanaso nhlobo isikhathi sokusineka nalezi zinja ezimbili.

Kwathi lapho sezihambile izinja, wathi kuMama uNkukhu, "Kungani uvumele lezinja ezingcolile zingene endlini yethu? Uyazi ukuthi bezingadla amatshwele ethu kokunye zintshontshe namaganda ethu!"

"Ngnye ngazidabukela baba," kuphendula uMama Nkukhu. "Izolo bezihambe uhambo olude zisuka eMachobeni, ngase ngithi angizikhombise la zingathola khona indawo yokuhlala."

"Zikushelile nje ukuthi zaxosha yini eMachobeni?" uMnumzane uQhude wakikiliga ngokukhonomonda nentukuthelo. "Yini nje efunwa yilezi zingebengu eNtumeni zibe zingazi muntu la?"

"Kodwa wena uhlale unenhliziyi elukhuni nje ngokuphathelene nabantu ongabazi," kuthetha uMama uNkukhu.

"Uma lezinja zingebengu ziphinde zinyathela ngezidaladlana ezingcolile kule ndlu," kusho uMnumzane uQhude, "ngiyovale ngikhumule iyembe lami, ngivule kakhulu amaphiko ami ngixumele kuzo ngayinye ngayinye, ngiziqhfoze ngizihlikize ngomlomo wami. Ngiyoze ngiziqhfoze amehlo azo ngwakhiphel' Nembala uMnumzane uQhude wawavula ngokugcwele amaphiko akhe, wagala ukugxuma ede eshona phenzulu abuye ashone phansi, enza umsinde owethusayo: "Kwe-e-e-k, kwe-e-e-eki Kwe-e-e-e, kwe-e-e-ek-u-u-ii!"

Fold

The following day the two naughty dogs went to Mother Hens house to thank her for her help. Just then, Mother Hens 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 Forcpine 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. "Squaaaaaaw, squawkeeeeee! Squaaaaaaw, squaaaaawkoooo!"



# Shorty & Billy Boy

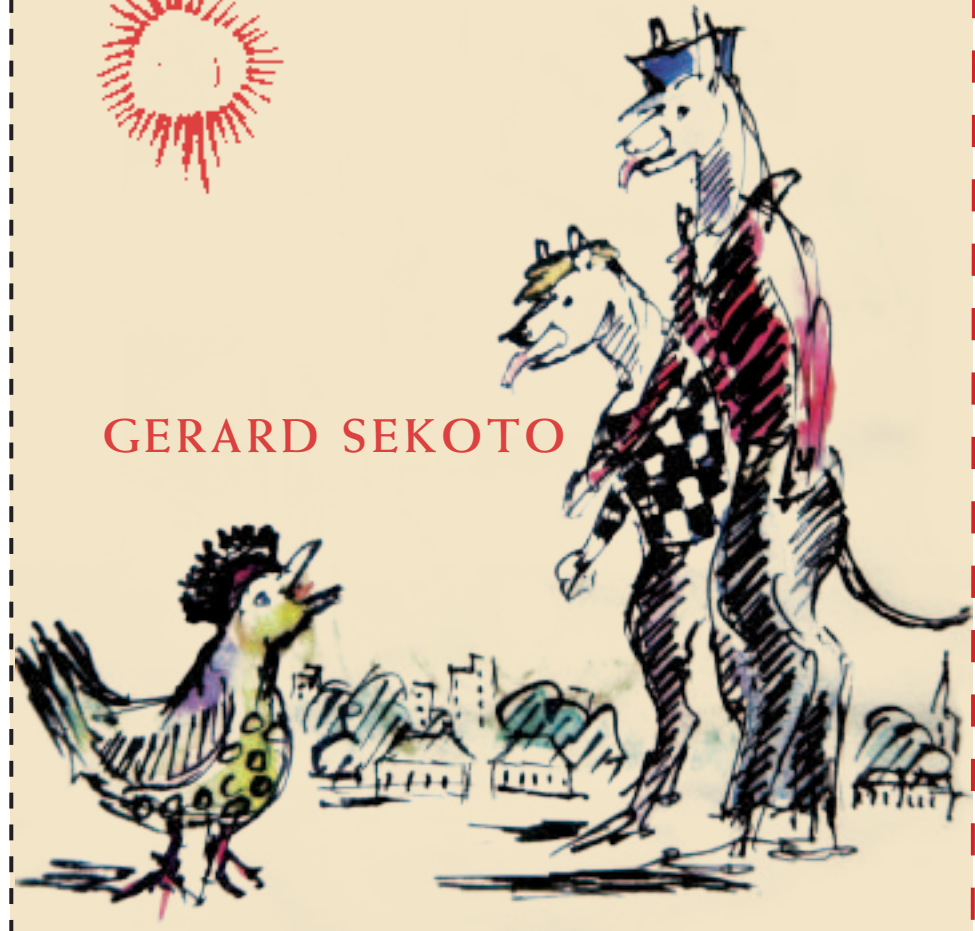
A tale of two naughty dogs

## USidumo noVikela

Indaba yezinja ezimbili ezigangile



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](http://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](http://www.jacana.co.za).

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



Fold



“Hmmm, ” kucabanga isikhukhukazi. Sase sishaya amaphiko aso, sibakhombisa indawo yokuhlala enezindlu zaseGolobeni eyayiseduze nalapho babemi khona. Ngaphambi kokuba behlukane, laba bangani ababili babuza uNkosikazi Nkuku lakhe, wabanika ngaphandle kokunazama. Lezi zinja ezimbili zaphuthuma ziya ngalapho ezaziyalelwe khona, zafica indlu yezinja eyayingenamuntu, zakhosela kuyo ngalobo busuku.

Zamangala kakhulu-ke lezi zinja ezimbili uma zithola ukuthi izwe lalapha lalomile futhi kungamile lutho kulo, kungafani nohaza eziluyayele ekhaya le eMachobeni. Kwakuwugwadule nje, nasemigwagweni kukubi, nasemasimini kwakugcwele izintuli kome nkwe. Awu, sengathi sekuphela iminyaka eminingi lingani kule ndawo. USidumo noVikela bagala ukukhathezeka ukuthi engabe yayizoba khona yini into abadenokuyintshonsha eNtumeni – kwakungabonakali ngisho nesikhwebu esisodwa nje sommbala! Kodwa lezi zinja ezizogcina ziwuhoshile.

Kwathi uma uSidumo noVikela beka eNtumeni, baya ngasemaphethelweni edolobha. Babazi ukuthi kumele bathole indawo ekude nephoyisa elingumnumzane uNkomo.



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.

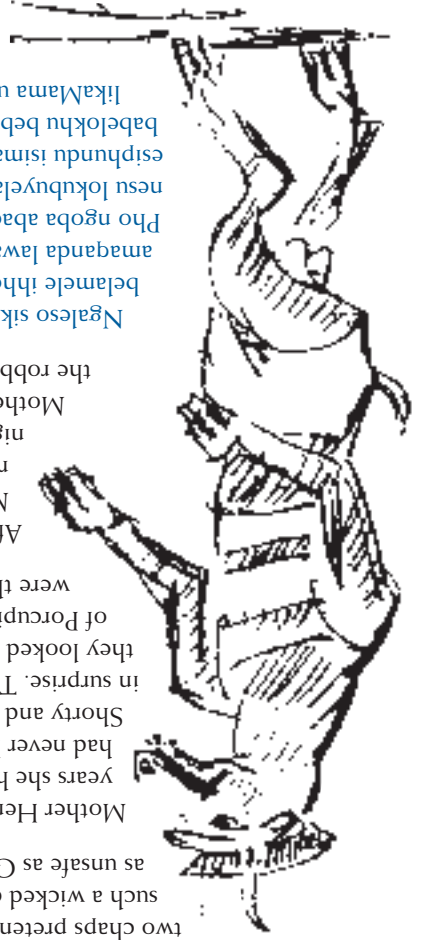
In the meantime, Shorty and Billy Boy had spotted Mother Hen’s fowl run, where they saw some very large, very delicious-looking eggs. They plotted to return that night to steal them. The eggs were so tasty that the dogs went back again the next night, and the next, to steal more of Mother Hen’s freshly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

Ngaleso sikhathi-ke, uSidumo noVikela base belamele ihoko likaMama uNkuku, linanjani amaganda lawa, ayecosisa amathe uwabuka nje! Pho ngoba abacushwa-ke onkabi, base beqhamuka nesu lokubuyela la maganda kusihlwa. Ayehla esiphundu isimanga, behluleka ukuzibamba, babelokhu bebuya bephindela ehokweni likaMama uNkuku, bezitika ngamaganda akhe amasha asanda kuzalwa.



Khona manjalo, uVikela waphashanyiswa izwi likajele. Watshela uVikela ukuba ashintshe izingubo zakhe alungele ukuphuma ejele.

Yagqoka-keinja encane bakithi, ilokhu icabanga umusa ewukhonjiswe uNkosikazi Nkomo ephusheni. Yakhumbula izinsuku lapho yona noSidumo babegabavula bejomba izindawo ngezindawo, beba amaganda, amawolintshi, amanantshi, ummbila kanye nemali yize babexoshwa umninipulazi, uMnumzane Ngulube, uMama uMbuzikazi kanye nezinye izakhamuzi. Wacabanga ngawo wonke umonakalo ababewenzile, nendlela abahlupha ngayo wonke umuntu eMachobeni naseNtumeni.

Ngenkathi uVikela ephuma emasangweni asetilongweni ephumela emgwaqweni wanquma ukuthi ngeke aphinde antshontshele abantu empilweni yakhe yonke. Wanquma ukuthi mhla ephinda ehlangu noSidumo, kodingeka bayoxolisa kubo bonke abahlobo babo baseMachobeni naseNtumeni. Uvikela wahogela kakhulu umoya ohlanzekile wasekuseni, wamamatheka ngesikhathi etshakadula endaweni evulelekile.

Lapho uMnumzane Qhude ezwa ngesethembiso sezinja sokuyeka ukweba, wakhumula ihembe lakhe ekhombisa injabulo. Washaya amaphiko akhe kakhulu wamemeza ethi, “Kikilikigiiii, kikilikigiiii! Kikilikigiiii, kikilikigoooo!”





Ngemva kwesikhashana bazithela phezu kukaMama uNkukhu emgawqweni. Ekukuza ekhombisa ukungaphatheki kahle, wabe esebaxoxela ngokulahlakela kwakhe amaganda. Lezi mamabana zombili ezimbi kangakal "Kuyacaca ukuthi le ndawo yangakini ayinakuphepha, iyazifanela nje neyakithi eMachobeni!" kusho uSidumo ngobuqili. UMama uNkukhu walandula waqinisa ukuthi selokhu arika eNtumeni akuzange kwenzeka lokhu, kuyaqala ngqa. USidumo noVikela babukana ngokumangala. Babehlele beneme, kodwa manje babekekhombisa izimpawu zokukhathazeka nokwethuka. Babethemba ukuthi izakhamuzi zaseNtumeni zazingeke ziqagale ukuthi yibo izinswelaboya ezifika nomkhuba omubi wokwaba. Lapho eseshayisile emsebenzini ngalolo suku, uMnumzane Qhude waya emaphoyiseni eyobika ngamaganda akhe alahlakile. Kusukela ngalobo busuku, amaphoyisa amabili acasha ngemva kwehoko likaMama uNkukhu, elungele ukubamba izigebengu uma kungenzeka zibuye.



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, squawkeeee! 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.

**K**wesukasukela, kwakukhona izinja ezimbili ezabe zidume ngokuganga, amagama azo kwakungoSidumo noVikela. Zabe zihlala endaweni yaseMachobeni, lapho okwabe kwaziwa khona nje ukuthi ziyizigilamkhuba ezithatha ngozwane. Zazintshontsha kwasani ezihlangana nayo, kodwa ezazikuthanda kakhulu kwabe kungukuntshontsha amaqanda, bese zizitika ngawo ngobukhulu ubugovu lobu.

Ubusuku nemini uSidumo noVikela babefuna emzini nomuzi, behambe becinga ukuthi yini abangase bayintshontshe. Kwakuhlale kukhona nje okuntshontshekayo ezindlini zabahlala kulo muzi, nasemasimini azungeze idolobha akhephuzela ukolo imbala. Bezike zichushe zintshontshe ngisho amawolintshi namanantshi ezingadini zomakhelwane. Lezi zigilamkhuba ezimbili zazenza isiqiniseko sokuthi akekho ozibonayo uma sezenza lo mkhuba wazo, kodwa ngesinye isikhathi uMnumzane Ngulube kanye noMama Mbuzikazi babeye bazibone bese bezixosha zidabule umuzi.

Bekuke kwenzekela ukuba lezi zigilamkhuba zezinja zixoshwe ngumninipulazi uqobo! Khepha uSidumo noVikela babesebasha, beqinile, bephunyuka kalula njalo nje, ngakho-ke babeqhubeka nokude bethatha izinto okungezona ezabo.

Laba bangani ababili babecekela phansi kangokuthi zonke izakhamuzi zavumelana ngazwi linye ukuthi abajeziswe kakhulu. Lapho laba bangani ababili abagangile sebona ukuthi izakhamuzi zithukuthele zigane unwabu kangakanani, banquma ukuthi abalishiye elaseMachobeni. Bagibela isitimela esilandelayo baya kude le eNtumeni, bakhokhela uhambo lwabo ngemali ababeyintshontshe kubangani babo!





Esitimleni bahla eduze kuNkosazana Ngulube noNkosikazi Nkomo. Akekho kulaba ababili owayebazi oSidumo noVikela. "Nizokwehla kusiphi isteshi?" kubuza uSidumo kuNkosazana Ngulube. "Ngehla kwaMamba mina, esitshini esandulela esaseNtumeni," kusho uNgulube ephfumulela phezu, eba bomvu izihlathi ngenxa yokuba namahloni. "Habe!" kubabaza uSidumo. "Sizocishe sibe omakhelwane, njengoba thina sizokwehla eNtumeni nje. Siyofuna khona indawo yokuhlala." UVikela wabuza uNkosikazi Nkomo ukuthi yena wabe ezokwehla kuphi. UVikela wabuza uNkosikazi Nkomo ukuthi yena wabe ezokwehla kuphi. "Nizokwehla esitshini saseNtumeni," kububula uNkosikazi Nkomo ebakokozela. "Nguya kovakashela umyeni wami. Phela uyiphoyisa eNtumeni." USidumo wahlahla amehlo. "Awu ngeke!" ezicabangelela. "Uma iphoyisa eliwuMnumzane Nkomo lisebenza eNtumeni, kusho ukuthi kukhona isteshi samaphoyisa lapho. Kuzomele umuntu aqikelele ukuze angabanjwa." Wayhukuluza uVikela ngendololwane wase emhlabeni. "Ungabe usabuza imibuzo eminingi manje. Asifuni amaphoyisa ezwe ngathi." Ngaleso sikhathi, kwabe sekungena isitimela kwaMamba. UNkosazana Ngulube waqoqa izimpahla zakhe wasukuma. Wathi uma esefisele izinja inhlanhla, wahamba, ehamba ejikozisa ubhasikidi wakhe eshaya nomlozi ngokwenama.

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."

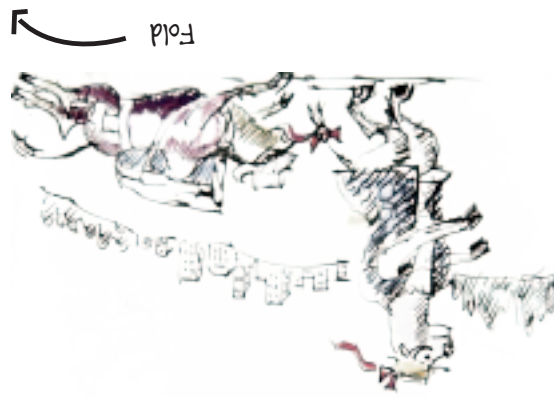


Billy Boy asked Mrs Cow how far she was travelling.

"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 Hens 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.



USidumo noVikela banquma ukuziba okwesikhashana. Okwathi lapho sebenelisekile ukuthi izakhamuzi sezikhohliwe ileli sigemegeme, bagasela futhi. Kwathi sekusebusuku kakhulu, uVikela wacaca udonga lwehhoko likaMama uNkukhu eseyokweba amaqanda, kanti uSidumo yena wayemi eqaphe ukuthi bangaphazanyiswa lutho.

Ngokuphazima kweso agxuma amaphoyisa ayecashe ngemuva kwehhoko lenkukhu. Azijaha izinja, ememeza, "YIMA SELA NDINI!"

USidumo wathi galo uyephuka, kepha uVikela owayengaphakathi ehlokweni wabanjwa oqotsheni. Amqhuba-ke esemyisa ejele sekuphele nya ukuhlakanipha.

UVikela wahlala ejele izinyanga eziningi ngenxa yamacala akhe. Wayazi ukuthi mhla ededelwa wayengenakuphindela eNtumeni kumbe eMachobeni, ngenxa yokuthi izakhamuzi zazingeke ziphinde zimxolele ngesenzo sakhe sokuzintshontshela.

Ngobunye ubusuku, wafikelwa iphupho elalicacile. Wayehamba emgwaqweni, ngesikhathi, emangazwa ukubona uNkosikazi Nkomo. Wambingelela ngomusa, wamxoxela ukuthi ezinyangeni ezimbalwa ezedlule umyeni wakhe wabopha isela elabe liliqhamukisa kwelaseMachobeni.

"Sekusondele ukuthi leli sela lidedelwe ejele," kusho inkomazi. "Manje-ke ngoba selisifundile isifundo salo, izakhamuzi zaseMachobeni zilindele ukulemukela endaweni le futhi ngezinhliziyoz ezimhlophe." Ubumnene obungaka bamshiya emangele ngempela uVikela, eswele namazwi.

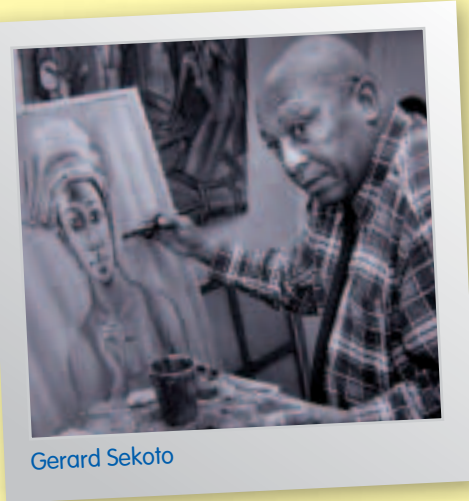






## The Nal'ibali bookshelf

The cut-out-and-keep book in this issue of the Nal'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.

## Ishalofu lezincwadi lakwaNal'ibali

Incwadi ozoyisika uyikhiphe bese uyigcina ekulolu shicilelo lwesithasiselo sakwaNal'ibali yabhalwa yenzelwa nemidwebo uGerard Sekoto. Wazalwa ngowe-1913 kanti wayeneminyaka engama-80 ngesikhathi eshona. UGerard wayeyiciko lokuxoxa izindaba – wayexoxa indaba yaseNingizimu Afrika kanye neyabantu baseNingizimu Afrika abangadumile ngemifanekiso yakhe endiwe emihle kakhulu. Namuhla imifanekiso yakhe endiwe yaziwa umhlaba wonke kanti yena ubizwa “ngobaba wobuciko besikhathi samanje baseNingizimu Afrika”. Sinenhlanhla yokuthi abe yingxenywe yamagugu ethu!

### Ngabe bewazi?

- Noma uGerard Sekoto engazange afundele ubuciko ngesikhathi engumfana, wazifundisa ukudweba nokupenda imifanekiso kahle kangangokuba waze wawina umklomelo wokuphuma isibili emncintiswaneni wezobuciko ngesikhathi eneminyaka engama-25.
- Waqeqeshelwa ukuba uthisha futhi wafundisa esikoleni samabanga aphakeme eLimpopo isikhashana ngaphambi kokuba abe ngumdwebi osebenza ngokugcwele ngesikhathi eneminyaka engama-26.
- Uhlelo lobandlululo lwamphoqa ukuthi ahambe eNingizimu Afrika ngowe-1947.
- Ngesikhathi ehamba eNingizimu Afrika, wayohlala eFrance, nokuyilapho azinza khona cishe iminyaka engama-45.
- Waphinde wahlala futhi wasebenza ezweni lase-Afrika iSenegal cishe isikhathi esingangonyaka.
- Ngaphandle kokuba umdwebi onekhono kakhulu, uGerard Sekoto wayengumculi onekhono futhi. Empeleni, wayethola imali ngokudlala upiyo ezindaweni zokuzithokozisa ebusuku (*nightclubs*) zaseParis. Wayeke adlale nomculo kanye nezingoma ayezibhalile futhi waziqopha.
- Imibukiso yemifanekiso endiwe kaGerard Sekoto seyike yenziwa emhlabeni wonke.

### 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.



### Omunye ungcweti wezobuciko odumile

UFrida yincwadi yezithombe ehle emayelana nomunye ungcweti kwezobuciko obizwa ngoFrida Kahlo. Yindaba evusa usinga emayelana nokuthi yakufunda kanjani ukudweba nokupenda intombazanyana eyazalelwa eMexico, nokuthi ukupenda imifanekiso kwayisindisa kanjani impilo yayo! UFrida wayephila impilo ekhungehwe ukugula nezinhlungu emzimbeni, kodwa wayesebenza ubuciko ukuze angakuzwa lokhu nokuthi akuveze kanyekanye nokumjabulisayo nakuthandayo. Ngeshwa, le ncwadi yashicilelwa ngesiPenishi nesiNgisi kuphela. Yifundele izingane ngesiNgisi bese uzihumshela okubhaliwe ngesikhathi ukufunda, uma isiNgisi singelona ulimi lwazo lwasekhaya.

## Collect the Nal'ibali characters

Cut out and keep all your favourite Nal'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

## Ziqoqele abalingiswa bakwaNal'ibali

Sika bese ugcina bonke abalingiswa bakwaNal'ibali obathandayo bese ubasebenzisela ukwenza ezakho izithombe, izindaba noma nanoma yini oyicabangayo! Ungasika futhi nalesi sithombe sikaDintle bese ufaka ibhamuza lenkulumo ukuze ukhombise ukuthi “uthini” ngesikhathi “efunda” incwadi yakhe!

### Mayelana noDintle

**Iminyaka:** izinyanga eziyi-9

**Uhlala:** nomama wakhe nomfowabo, u-Afrika

**Ukhuluma:** akakakwazi ukukhuluma kodwa uyasiqonda iSesotho futhi uyakhahlela ngezinyawo zakhe enze nemisindo ngesikhathi umama wakhe emfundela!

**Izincwadi azithandayo:** izincwadi ezimayelana nezilwane nabantwana abancane

**Okunye futhi akuthandayo:** ukulalela imilolozelo yeSesotho u-Afrika amhayela yona

## 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  
Umdwebo wenziwe uMagriet Brink

## Ikhona lezindaba

Nansi ingxenye yesibili yendaba emayelana nomfana nenqola yakhe ekhethekile ozothokozela ukuyifunda kakhulu noma ozophinde uyixoxe.

### ULwazi nenqola (Ingxenye yesi-2) NguHelen Brain

"Yini le oyakhayo?" kubuza umzala wakhe, uLulu, ephumela phandle.  
"Ngakha inqola," kuchaza uLwazi.  
"Ngabe uzongigibela uma isiphelile?" kubuza uLulu.  
"Uma nje ungangisiza ukuthi ngenze ipulangwe libe bushelelezi," kuphendula uLwazi.  
Ngakho uLulu wathatha isendiphepha wase eqala ukwenza amacala abe busheshelezi kahle.  
Abangani bakaLwazi ababili u-Ismail noMcKenzie bedlula bephikelele esitolo. "Yini le eniyakhayo?" kubuza bona.  
"Sakha inqola," kusho uLwazi noLulu.  
"Singagibela nathi uma seyiphelile?"  
"Uma ningasisiza," kuphendula bona.  
Ngakho abafana bathatha enye isendiphepha base benza ingaphakathi, ingaphambili kanye nengemuva laba bushelelezi kahle. Ekugcineni yaphela inqola.  
"Kuzogibela imina kuqala," kusho uLwazi, edonsa inqola eya esicongweni segquma.  
"Akusibo ubulungiswa lokho," kusho uLulu. "Ubuthu ngizogibela."  
"Nathi futhi," kusho u-Ismail noMcKenzie. "Ubuthu singayigibela sonke."  
"Sifuna ukugibela sonke!" kumemeza uLulu no-Ismail noMcKenzie.  
Ngakho bathi uma befika esicongweni segquma bagibela bonke – uLulu no-Ismail noMcKenzie bonke begibele enqoleni bebambebele ngqi. "Nazoke!" kumemeza uLwazi, ngesikhathi edudula inqola bese egibela ngenemuva.  
Bagijima ngesivini ngesikhathi behamba, inqola ikhehlezele ibanga nomsindo futhi bememeza, behleka kwaze kwaba isikhathi lapho uLulu amemeza ethi, "Hhayi bo, naliya ixhaphozi! Siyimisa kanjani?"  
"Mamo," kusho uLwazi, "Ngikhohliwe ukwenza AMABHULEK!!!"  
**Phahla, gxambu, bhalakaxa, phaxa!**  
Inqola yashayisa ucingo lokubiya, izingane zandiza zeqa ucingo zaphonseka exhaphozini.  
"Ashu, ashu, ashu," kukhala uMcKenzie, ephuma ukuze athole umoya, "ikhala lami libuhlungu."  
"Awe!" kukhala u-Ismail, edonsa esusa ukhula lwasekhaphozini ebusweni bakhe. "Libuhlungu ikhanda lami."  
"O, o, o, umhlane wami ubuhlungu!" kuklabalasa uLulu ezama ukuphuma exhaphozini.  
"Uphi uLwazi?" kukhala uLulu. "Ngabe ungaphansi kwamanzi?"  
"Ngabe ugwilizile?" kukhala u-Ismail noMcKenzie.  
"Ngila!" kusho uLwazi ebabuka ngale kocingo. "Ake nibheka inqola bantu!" Eceleni komgwaqo kwakulele amasondo amane, amapulangwe amathathu kanye nentambo engamamitha amabili kanye nenqwaba yamanathi namabhawodi.  
"Awu bantu," kusho uLwazi. "Kumele siqale phansi futhi."  
"Kulokhu" kusho uLulu ehlikihla umhlane wakhe, "ngicela ukhumbule ukufaka namabhuleki."  
Bahleka bonke.  
**Sitshele ukuthi ngabe uyithandile yini indaba ethi, ULwazi nenqola – thumela nge-SMS u-"Bookmark" negama lakho kanye nalokho ofisa ukuphefumula ngakho ku-32545. I-SMS ibiza u-R1,00.**

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



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