



It starts with a story...

Moms are models!

We are often great mirrors for our children. We have the power to affect not only the way in which they think, but also what they do in their lives. Smangele Mathebula, mother and Campaign Driver for Nalibali, shares her experience of the importance of being a reading role model.

“ I am a reader. I have been reading to my nine-year-old daughter, Lesedi, from an early age as well as buying books for her. These habits have had a far greater positive effect on her than I could have imagined.

When Lesedi and I were speaking on the phone the other day, we

happened to discuss the books we were reading. “I am following in your reading footsteps,” she said. I laughed because she had actually read ahead of me in a series of books that we were both reading.

I read children’s books so that I can have conversations about books with my daughter. It feels like our own little book club! Talking about the books we are reading has helped to deepen my relationship with Lesedi – and, of course, there isn’t a better way for me to spark a passion for literature in her life!

When I was a child, like most people, I came across books at my school. But it was a make-shift bookshelf at my grandmother’s house that sparked my curiosity. Discovering the books on that shelf eventually led me to the encyclopaedias in my parents’ home, and those books became an important place for me to do research, long before the days of Google!

It is important that as parents and caregivers we carry on the tradition of introducing our children to the wonder and amazement found in the world of books. It really doesn’t matter how well you read or which language/s you like to use, our homes are ripe with ways to make stories come alive. For example, you can help your children learn the alphabet, if you play a game where you all search for objects that begin with a specific letter.

Or, you can talk about how things you have experienced during the day link with the books you and your children are reading.

Be a reading role model for your children! Keep sharing your passion for books with them! ”



“Children are made readers on the laps of their parents.”
Emilie Buchwald – author, poet and publisher

“Kinders word lesers op hulle ouers se skote.”
Emilie Buchwald – skrywer, digter en uitgewer

Ma's is modelle!

Ons is dikwels wonderlike spieëls vir ons kinders. Ons kan die manier waarop hulle dink beïnvloed, maar ook wat hulle met hul lewens doen. Smangele Mathebula, ma en Veldtogbestuurder vir Nalibali, deel haar ervaring van hoe belangrik dit is om 'n rolmodel te wees.

“ Ek is 'n leser. Ek lees al van 'n jong ouderdom af vir my negejarige dogter, Lesedi, en ek koop ook vir haar boeke. Hierdie gewoontes het 'n baie groter positiewe invloed op haar gehad as wat ek ooit kon droom.

Toe ek en Lesedi nou die dag oor die foon gesels, het ons gepraat oor die boeke wat ons besig is om te lees. “Ek volg in jou leesvoetspore,” het sy gesê.

Ek het gelag, want ons was albei besig om 'n reeks boeke te lees, en sy was my vooruit.

Ek lees kinderboeke sodat ek met my dogter gesprekke oor boeke kan voer. Dit voel soos ons eie klein boekklub! Om te praat oor die boeke wat ons lees, het my gehelp om my verhouding met Lesedi te verdiep – en daar is vir my natuurlik nie 'n beter manier om 'n passie vir letterkunde by haar aan te wakker nie!

Toe ek 'n kind was, het ek, soos die meeste mense, by die skool met boeke kennis gemaak. Maar dit was 'n saamgeflansde boekrak by my ouma se huis wat my nuuskierigheid geprikkel het. Die ontdekking van die boeke op daardie rak het my uiteindelik na die ensiklopedieë in my ouers se huis gelei, en daardie boeke het 'n belangrike plek vir my geword om my navorsing te doen, lank voor die dae van Google!

Dit is belangrik dat ons as ouers en versorgers die tradisie voortsit om ons kinders bekend te stel aan die wonder en verwondering wat die wêreld van boeke ons bied. Dit maak regtig nie saak hoe goed jy lees, of aan watter taal of tale jy voorkeur gee nie, ons huise is propvol maniere om stories lewendig te laat word. Jy kan byvoorbeeld jou kinders help om die alfabet te leer deur 'n speletjie te speel waar julle almal na voorwerpe soek wat met 'n spesifieke letter begin. Of julle kan gesels oor hoe die dinge wat julle gedurende die dag ervaar het, aansluit by die boeke wat jy en jou kinders lees.

Wees 'n leesrolmodel vir jou kinders. Hou aan om jou passie vir boeke met hulle te deel! ”



Drive your imagination

Story Power.
Bring it home.
Bring dit huis toe.



Dear Nal'ibali

I have a 5-year-old son and a 3-year-old daughter. They look forward to your supplements and the short stories you provide. Every evening we read a story. I thoroughly enjoy the helpful hints you give as well. Thank you very, very much.

Kind regards

Reena Vassan, East London

Beste Nal'ibali

Ek het 'n vyfjarige seun en 'n driejarige dogter. Hulle sien uit na julle bylaes en die kort stories wat julle verskaf. Ons lees elke aand 'n storie. Ek geniet ook julle nuttige wenke terdeë. Baie, baie dankie.

Beste wense

Reena Vassan, Oos-Londen

Dear Nal'ibali

I am a postgraduate student in African Studies and a founding member of the South African Young Feminist Activists (SAY-F). I am a firm believer in reading and storytelling. Reading has the capacity to expand your world. I grew up poor, but my mother used to take me to the library once a month to take out books. She would borrow a train ticket from neighbours and travel by train to fetch me at my primary school, and we would take out books and read them together. I developed my love of fiction from a very young age. Storytelling and other people's stories have changed my life. I remember reading Steve Biko's book, *I Write What I Like* and it changed the direction of my life.

Wanelisa Xaba, Langa, Cape Town

Beste Nal'ibali

Ek is 'n nagraadse student in Afrika-studies en 'n stigterslid van die South African Young Feminist Activists (SAY-F). Ek het 'n onwrikbare geloof in lees en die vertel van stories. Lees het die vermoë om jou wêreld te vergroot. Ek het arm grootgeword, maar my ma het ons een keer per maand biblioteek toe gevat om boeke uit te neem. Sy sou 'n treinkaartjie by ons bure leen en die trein haal om my by my laerskool te kom haal. Dan sou ons saam boeke uitneem en dit saam lees. Ek het van 'n baie jong ouderdom af 'n liefde vir fiksie ontwikkel. Die vertel van stories en ander mense se stories het my lewe verander. Ek onthou dat ek Steve Biko se boek, *I Write What I Like*, gelees het, en hoe dit my lewenspad verander het.

Wanelisa Xaba, Langa, Kaapstad

Dear Nal'ibali...
Beste Nal'ibali...

Write to Nal'ibali at
PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Building 17,
Waverley Business Park, Wycroft
Road, Mowbray, 7700, or at
letters@nalibali.org.

Skryf aan Nal'ibali
by PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Gebou 17,
Waverley-besigheidspark, Wycroft-weg,
Mowbray, 7700, of stuur 'n e-pos
aan letters@nalibali.org.

Here is some SMS feedback on our stories.

The boy and the jackal: It is a great story. My reading club children really enjoyed the story. It is so educational. We shared the lesson we learnt from this story. Thank you, Nal'ibali.

Vuyelwa

Lwazi and the go-kart: Oh yes, I loved the story. My son's name is Lwazi. We laughed so hard when I read it to him. Thank you for making it such fun for my son.

Lizelle

Mr Shabalala's garden: I like the story because in the beginning he was selfish, but in the end he learns to share.

Nothando Nkosi, Grade 4

Hier volg ook SMS-terugvoering oor ons stories.

Die seun en die jakkals: Dit is 'n wonderlike storie. Die kinders by my leesklub het die storie regtig geniet. Dit is so opvoedkundig. Ons het die les wat ons uit hierdie storie geleer het, gedeel. Dankie, Nal'ibali.

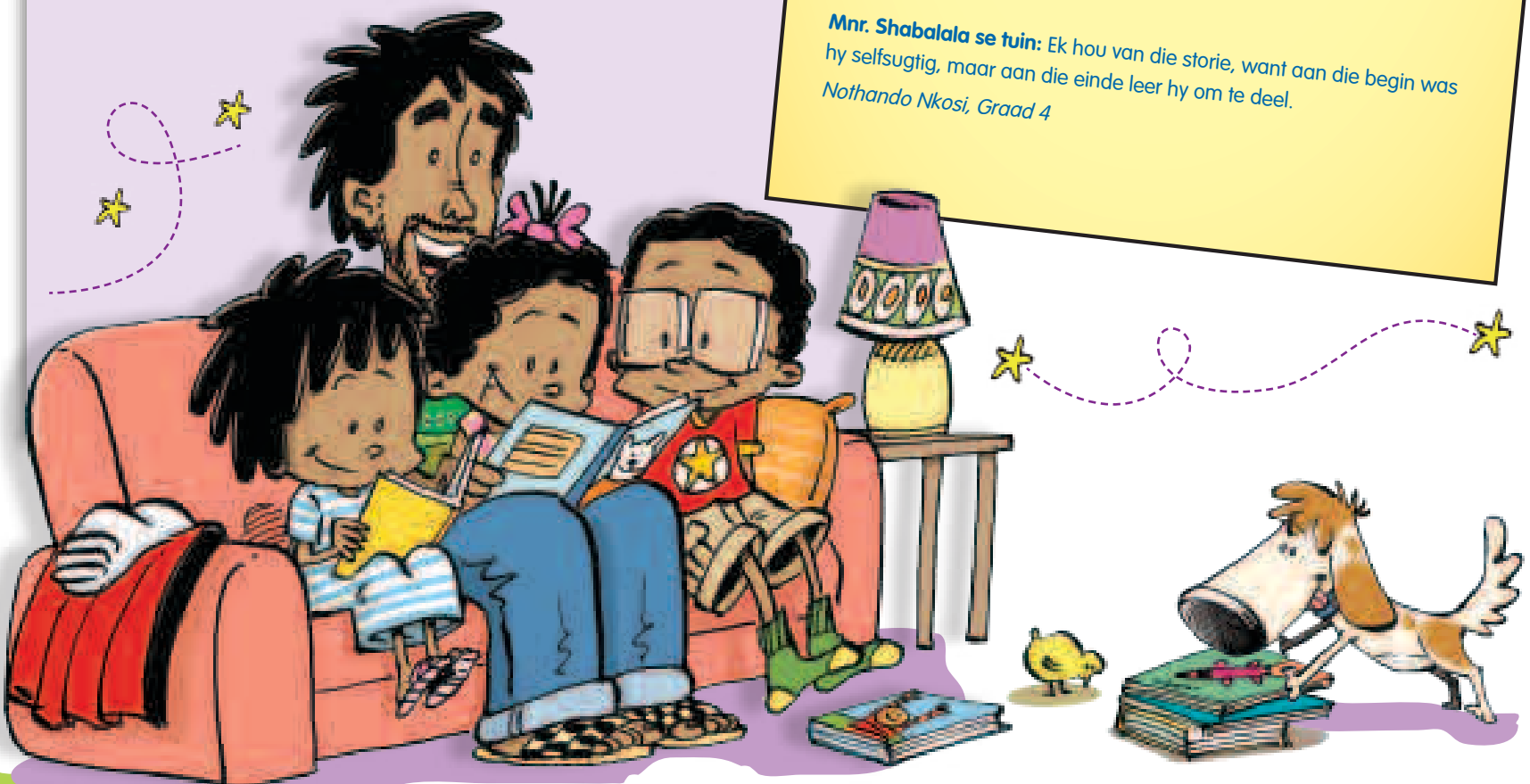
Vuyelwa

Lwazi en die knortjor: O, ja, ek het baie van hierdie storie gehou. My seun se naam is Lwazi. Ons het so lekker gelag toe ek dit vir hom gelees het. Dankie dat julle dit soveel pret vir my seun gemaak het.

Lizelle

Mnr. Shabalala se tuin: Ek hou van die storie, want aan die begin was hy selfsugtig, maar aan die einde leer hy om te deel.

Nothando Nkosi, Graad 4



Drive your
imagination

Celebrating our mothers!

Each year on the second Sunday in May, we celebrate how important mothers are in our lives. Follow the instructions to make a card for your mom or the mother-figure in your life!



Vier ons moeders!

Elke jaar op die tweede Sondag in Mei, vier ons hoe belangrik ons ma's in ons lewens is. Volg die instruksies om 'n kaartjie vir jou ma of die ma-figuur in jou lewe te maak!

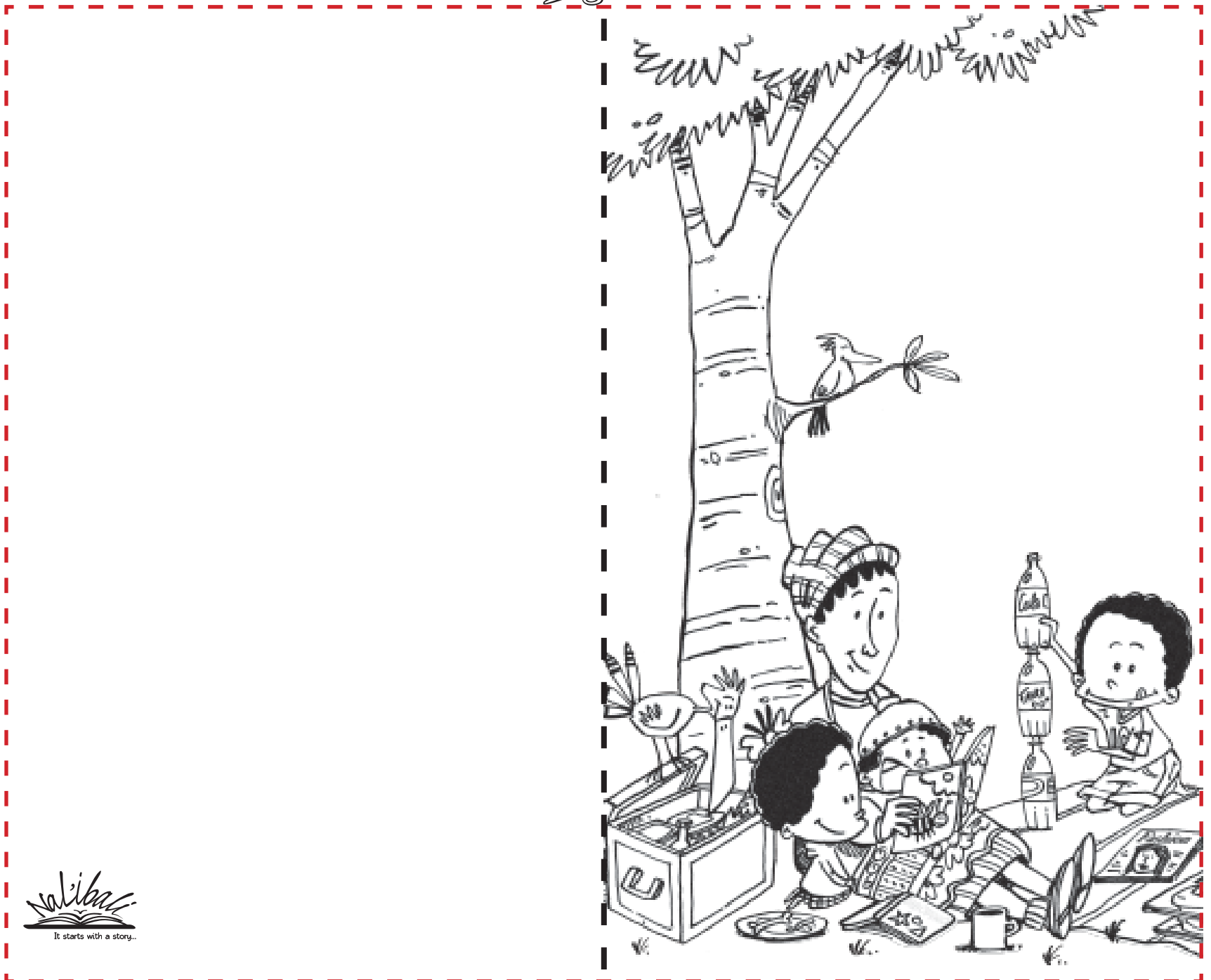


Make a Mother's Day card

1. Cut out the card along the red line.
2. Fold the card along the dotted black line.
3. Glue the two parts together.
4. On the side with the picture, write a message to the person you will give the card to. Colour in the picture.
5. On the other side, draw a picture of you and this person together, or write a poem or longer message.

Maak 'n Moedersdagkaartjie

1. Knip die kaartjie op die rooi lyn uit.
2. Vou die kaartjie langs die swart stippellyn.
3. Plak die twee dele met gom aan mekaar vas.
4. Skryf aan die kant met die prentjie 'n boodskap aan die persoon vir wie jy die kaartjie gaan gee. Kleur die prentjie in.
5. Teken aan die ander kant 'n prentjie van jou saam met hierdie persoon, of skryf 'n gedig of 'n langer boodskap.



NAL'IBALI ON RADIO!

Enjoy listening to stories in Afrikaans and in English on Nal'ibali's radio show:
RSG on Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 7.10 p.m. to 7.20 p.m.
SAfm on Monday to Wednesday from 1.50 p.m. to 2.00 p.m.



NAL'IBALI OP DIE RADIO!

Geniet dit om in Afrikaans en Engels op Nal'ibali se radioprogram na stories te luister:
RSG op Maandag, Woensdag en Vrydag vanaf 7.10 nm. tot 7.20 nm.
SAfm op Maandag tot Woensdag vanaf 1.50 nm. tot 2.00 nm.





Get story active!

Here are some ideas for using the cut-out-and-keep stories on pages 5 to 12 of this supplement. Choose the ones that best suit your children's ages and interests.

The hyena and the seven little kids

The hyena and the seven little kids is a story that children of all ages will enjoy. It is one of those stories that children often ask for again and again!

- ★ As you read, draw your children's attention to some of the interesting details in the pictures. For example, what the kids are doing on pages 2 and 3.
- ★ Encourage your children to join in when you read the hyena's words as he knocks on the door, as well as when you read the kids' answers to him. Use different voices for each of the characters – for example: high voices for the kids, a gentle but firm voice for Gogo and the different voices that the hyena uses in the story.
- ★ This story offers lots to talk about with your children. Try discussing some of these questions.
 - ♡ Gogo didn't want to leave the kids on their own, but she did. What could she have done instead?
 - ♡ Was the miller wrong to sprinkle flour on the hyena's paws? Is there anything he could have done to help save the kids?
 - ♡ What do you think might have happened if the kids hadn't opened the door? Would the hyena have given up or would he have tried some other way of getting to them?
 - ♡ Do you think it was right that Gogo and the kids played a trick on the hyena? Why/why not?
- ★ Ask your children what they think might have happened when the hyena woke up at the end of the story. Encourage them to write this as a new ending for the story and to draw a picture to go with their writing.



Raak doenig met stories!

Hier volg 'n paar idees om die knip-uit-en-bêreboekies op bladsye 5 tot 12 van hierdie bylae te gebruik. Kies dié wat die beste by jou kinders se ouderdomme en belangstellings pas.



Die hiëna en die sewe bokkies

Die hiëna en die sewe bokkies is 'n storie wat kinders van alle ouderdomme sal geniet. Dit is een van daardie stories wat kinders dikwels weer en weer wil hoor!

- ★ Vestig jou kinders se aandag op sommige van die interessante besonderhede in die prente terwyl jy lees. Byvoorbeeld, wat doen die bokkies op bladsye 2 en 3.
- ★ Moedig jou kinders aan om saam te lees wanneer jy die hiëna se woorde lees wanneer hy aan die deur klop, en wanneer jy die bokkies se antwoorde lees. Gebruik verskillende stemme vir elk van die karakters – byvoorbeeld: hoë stemme vir die bokkies, 'n sagte, maar ferm stem vir Gogo en die verskillende stemme wat die hiëna in die storie gebruik.
- ★ Hierdie storie bied baie dinge waaroor jy met jou kinders kan gesels. Probeer van hierdie vrae met hulle bespreek.
 - ♡ Gogo wou nie die kinders alleen los nie, maar sy het. Wat anders kon sy gedoen het?
 - ♡ Was die meulenaar verkeerd om meel oor die hiëna se pote te strooi? Is daar enigiets wat hy kon gedoen het om die bokkies te help red?
 - ♡ Wat dink julle sou gebeur het as die bokkies nie die deur oopgemaak het nie? Sou die hiëna opgegee het of sou hy 'n ander manier gevind het om by hulle uit te kom?
 - ♡ Dink julle dit was reg dat Gogo en die bokkies die hiëna 'n streep getrek het? Waarom/waarom nie?
- ★ Vra jou kinders wat hulle dink dalk sou gebeur het as die hiëna aan die einde van die storie wakker geword het. Moedig hulle aan om dit as 'n nuwe einde vir die storie te skryf en 'n prent by hulle skryfwerk te teken.

The party

If you are using this story with very young children, you may want to read the story on your own first, and then retell it in your own words while showing them the pictures. You may even want to act out the eating of the cake together – smack your lips and enjoy the sweet icing just like Madoda did!

- ★ Before you start reading the story, think about any special family occasions that you have celebrated as a family. Discuss with your children what it was like to have to wait for a present, or the food, or for someone special to arrive.
- ★ Let's talk about the story together by choosing some of these questions to discuss.
 - ♡ What was Madoda tempted to do when one of the icing flowers slipped down the side of the cake?
 - ♡ Why did Gogo give Madoda the first piece of cake?
 - ♡ What do you think Madoda's smile at the end of the story says about waiting for the right time?
 - ♡ Think of something you have had to wait for. How did you feel when you had to wait? How did you feel when you finally got it?
- ★ Ask your children to write a list of some of the things they are still waiting to get and to do.
- ★ Encourage younger children to draw pictures of their dream birthday cake.



Die partytjie

As jy hierdie storie vir baie jong kinders gebruik, sal jy dalk eers self die storie wil lees, en dit dan in jou eie woorde wil oortel terwyl jy vir hulle die prente wys. Julle sal dalk selfs wil maak of julle die koek saam eet – klap julle lippe en geniet die soet versiersuiker, net soos Madoda!

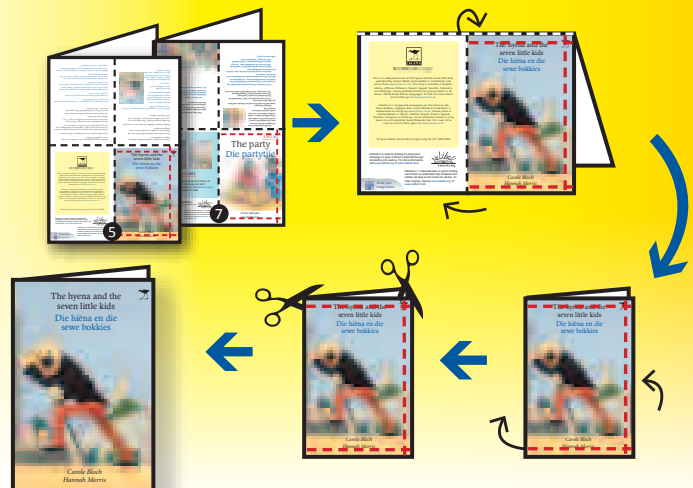
- ★ Voor jy die storie begin lees, dink aan enige spesiale familiebyeenkomste wat julle as 'n familie vier. Bespreek met jou kinders hoe dit was om vir 'n geskenk, of die kos, of vir iemand spesiaal te wag om te kom.
- ★ Kom ons gesels saam oor die storie deur van die volgende vrae te kies.
 - ♡ Wat wou Madoda graag doen toe een van die versiersuikerblommities teen die kant van die koek afgegly het?
 - ♡ Waarom het Gogo vir Madoda die eerste stukkie koek gegee?
 - ♡ Wat dink julle sê Madoda se glimlag aan die einde van die storie vir ons oor wag vir die regte tyd?
 - ♡ Dink aan iets waarvoor julle moes wag. Hoe het dit gevoel toe julle moes wag? Hoe het dit gevoel toe julle dit uiteindelik gekry het?
- ★ Vra jou kinders om 'n lys te maak van sommige van die dinge wat hulle steeds wag om te kry of te doen.
- ★ Moedig jonger kinders aan om prente van hulle droomverjaardagkoek te teken.

Create your own cut-out-and-keep books

1. Take out pages 5 to 12 of this supplement.
2. Separate pages 5, 6, 11 and 12 from pages 7, 8, 9 and 10.
3. Follow the instructions below to make each book.
 - a) Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.
 - b) Fold it in half again.
 - c) Cut along the red dotted lines.

Maak jou eie knip-uit-en-bêreboekies

1. Haal bladsye 5 tot 12 van hierdie bylae uit.
2. Skei bladsye 5, 6, 11 en 12 van bladsye 7, 8, 9 en 10.
3. Volg die aanwysings hieronder om elke boek te maak.
 - a) Vou die vel in die helfte op die swart stippellyn.
 - b) Vou dit weer in die helfte.
 - c) Sny dit uit op die rooi stippellyne.



Drive your imagination

Maar Hiëna grom toe vir hom en se: "As jy dit nie wil doen nie, sal ek jou opvreë. **NOU DADDELIK!**"

Die meulenaar het hewer nie verder gestry nie en Hiëna het gekry wat hy wou hê.

Vir die derde maal het Hiëna na die huis gegaan en aan die deur geklop. Met sy nuwe sagte stem het hy gevra: "Maak oop die deur, liewe kinders, dis ek, julle ouma, wat terug is uit die woud met 'n bietjie kos vir julle."

Ten daartoe tyd was die bokkies al baie honger. "Wys ons eers u hoeve sodat ons kan weet dis regtig u, Ouma," het hulle deur die sleutelgat geroep.

Hiëna het by die voordeur gekniel en 'n meletige wit poe oopgemaak ... en wie het ingekom?

But then Hyena growled at him. "If you will not do it, I will eat you up. **RIGHT NOW!**"

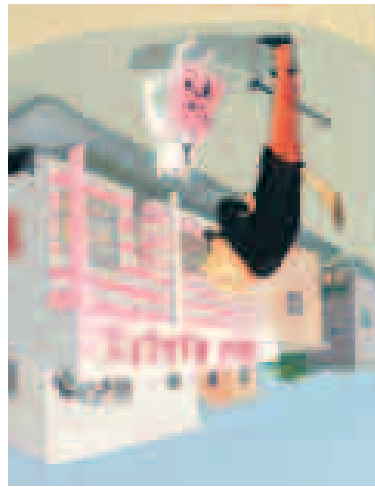
So the miller argued no more and Hyena got what he wanted.

For the third time Hyena went to the house and knocked on the door. In his new soft voice, he said, "Open the door, dear children, it's me your gogo, back from the forest with some food for you."

By now the little kids were very hungry. "First show us your hoofs so that we are sure it's really you, Gogo," they called through the keyhole.

Hyena knelt at the doorstep and held out a floury white paw. "It is Gogo," cried the little kids. They opened the door and ... who came in?

Fold



"I have hurt my paws," said Hyena fiercely. "Rub some dough over them for me."

The poor baker was terrified and did what he was told. Then, Hyena ran quickly to the miller on his smooth, dough-covered paws.

Harshly he barked, "Sprinkle some white flour over my paws." The miller thought to himself, "This old hyena is up to no good. He wants to trick someone." Bravely, he said, "No, Mr Hyena, I will not."

"Elk het my pote seergemaak," het Hiëna kwaai gese. "Vryf vir my van jou deeg oor hulle."

Die arme bakker was totaal verskrik en het gemaak soos hy beveel is. Toe hardloop Hiëna vinnig na die meulenaar op sy gladde, deeggesmeerde pote.

Hy het skel gebel: "Strooi 'n bietjie wit meel oor my pote."

Die meulenaar het by homself gedink: "Hierdie ou hiëna voer iets in die mou. Hy wil iemand flous." Hy se toe ewe dapper: "Nee, mnr. Hiëna, ek sal nie."



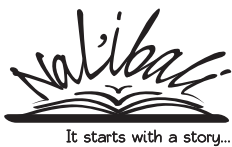
We publish what we like

This is an adapted version of *The hyena and the seven little kids*, published by Jacana Media and available in bookstores and online from www.jacana.co.za. This story is available in English, isiZulu, isiXhosa, Afrikaans, Siswati, Sepedi, Sesotho, Setswana and Xitsonga. 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.

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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 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

The hyena and the seven little kids

Die hiëna en die sewe bokkies



Carole Bloch
Hannah Morris



Fold

Waar het die hiëna presies gewest wat om te doen. Hy het reguit na die bakker toe gedra.

“O nee, jy is nie ons ouma nie en ons gaan nie die deur vir jou oopmaak nie,” het hulle geroep. “Ouma het hoewe, nie viertoon-pote nie. Jy is die geslepe ou hiëna. Gaan weg!”

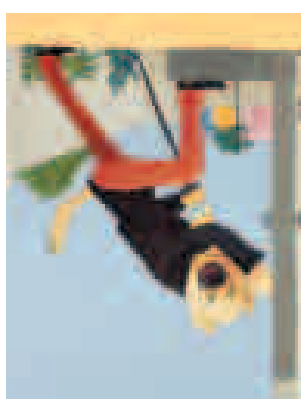
Dit het nes Ouma se sagte stem geklink. Die bokkies wou net die deur oopmaak toe hulle die hiëna se viertoon-pote deur die sleutelgat gewaar. Hulle het mekaar met groot oë aangekyk.

Hy gaan toe terug na die huis en klop weer aan die deur. “Maak oop die deur, liewe kinders. Dis ek, julle ouma, wat terug is uit die woud met ’n bietjie kos vir julle?”

Again Hyena knew just what to do. He ran straight to the baker. “Oh no, you are not our gogo and we will not open the door,” they cried. “Gogo has hoofs, not four-toed paws. You are the crafty old hyena. Go away!”

Hyena returned to the house and knocked on the door again. “Open the door, dear children. It’s me your gogo, back from the forest with some food for you.”

It sounded just like Gogo’s soft voice. The kids were about to open the door when they spotted the hyena’s four-toed paws through the key hole. The little kids looked at each other with wide eyes.



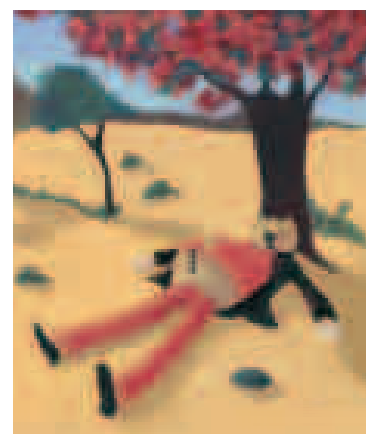
Once upon a time, there was an old granny goat who looked after seven little kids. She loved them with all her heart and they were a very happy family.



The seven kids trotted off and soon came back with seven big stones. One by one they placed the stones into the belly of the sleeping hyena. Then Gogo sewed him up.



“Who’s tricking who now, Mr Hyena?” laughed Gogo. And with that, they left the old rascal lying there, snoring loudly and went home to cook a delicious meal.



Die sewe bokkies het weggedraf en gou met sewe groot klippe teruggekome. Een na die ander het hulle die klippe in die slapende hiëna se pens gesit. Daarna het Ouma hom toegewerk.

“Wie flous nou vir wie, mnr. Hiëna?” het Ouma gelag.

En daarmee het hulle die slinkse skelm nét daar laat lê, nog hard aan die snork, en huis toe gegaan om ’n heerlike ete te gaan kook.



“Hee hee. Now I’ve got you,” laughed the crafty old hyena. The poor little kids tried to hide.

“Hie hie. Nou het ek julle,” het die geslepe ou hiëna gelag. Die arme bokkies het probeer wegkruip.

The first hid under the table.
Die eerste een het onder die tafel ingekruip.

The third hid under a blanket.
Die derde een het onder ’n kombers weggekruip.

The second climbed into a cupboard.
Die tweede een het in ’n kas geklim.



Net toe kom Gogo en van die ander familielede saam met Madoda se pa daar aan. Almal is moeg na die lang reis van Kimberley af. Die kinders hardloop uit om Gogo te groet. Sy het 'n nuwe bril op en lyk baie mooi.

Then Gogo arrived by car with Madoda's father and other relatives from Kimberley. They were all tired after the long journey. The children ran out to Gogo. She looked lovely. She had new glasses.

Fold

Toe kom die koek. Dis die grootste koek wat hulle nog ooit gesien het. Twee mense moet dit binnetoe dra! Die kersies is in drie verskillende kleure – twintig kersies van elke kleur. Die mans bère die koek in die slaapkamer sodat dit niks kan oorkom nie.

Madoda en Lunga bly lank by die koek staan. Madoda kan voel hoe sy maag begin grom.

“Dink jy ek kan een klein stukkie kry?” vra Madoda. “Net een stukkie versiersuiker?” soebat Madoda. “Nee!” se Lunga. “Wag liewer. Dit sal beter wees as jy wag.”

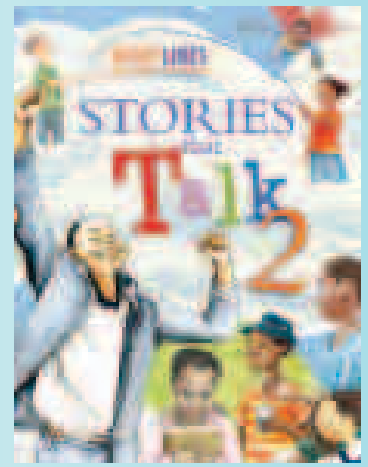
“Can I have just one piece of cake?” asked Madoda. “No! We will get into trouble,” said Lunga. “Then just one piece of icing?” begged Madoda. “No!” said Lunga. “Wait. It will be much better if you wait.”

start in his tummy. Madoda could feel a grumble with the cake for a long time. Madoda and Lunga stayed



Madoda and Lunga stayed put the cake in the bedroom to keep it safe.

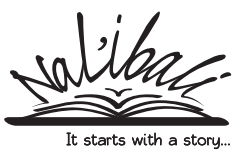
the biggest cake they had ever seen. Two people had to carry it into the house! The candles were of three different colours – twenty candles in each colour. The men put the cake in the bedroom to keep it safe.



HEARTLINES

For copies of *Heartlines' Stories that Talk* (in all 11 languages), and *Stories that Talk 2* (English only) please email orders@heartlines.org.za or phone (011) 771 2540.

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



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Fold

HEARTLINES

The party

Die partytjie



Gcina Mhlophe
Arnold Birungi



Dis Vrydag. Lunga en Madoda pluk groente uit die tuin. Hulle pluk pampoene en soetpats, boonsties en spinasie. Hulle help om alles gaar te maak en pak die lekkers in bakkes uit. Eindelik is die groot dag daar. Die lug is helder blou en die hoenderhaan kraai almal wakker: "Koekeleke . . . koekeleke!" Die kokery begin vroeg daardie oggend. Stadig vul heerlike geure die lug soos die vleis en ander kos in die groot potte gaar word.

On Friday Lunga and Madoda helped to pick the vegetables from the garden. They picked pumpkins and sweet potatoes and beans and spinach. They helped with the baking and they put the sweets into bowls. Finally, the sun rose on the long-awaited day. The sky was a clear blue and the cock crowed to wake them up: "Cock a doodle do-o-o; cock a doodle do-o-o!" The cooking started in the early morning. Slowly, the delicious smells filled the air as the meat and other good foods cooked in big pots.



Lunga and Madoda were cousins and very good friends. They played football together and enjoyed themselves a lot. They raced each other home after school to see who was the fastest. Lunga often laughed at Madoda because he was always complaining of being hungry.

Lunga en Madoda is nie net nefies nie, maar ook beste maats. Hulle speel graag saam voetbal. Nā skool hardloop hulle resies huis toe om te sien wie die vinnigste is. Lunga lag soms vir Madoda omdat hy altyd honger is.

Fold

As soon as they had greeted Gogo, the children went back to the cake. It was hot in the bedroom and one of the icing flowers had slipped down the side. "Should I just take this flower, Lunga? No one will notice," suggested Madoda. "No! Wait. It will taste much better if you wait," said Lunga. "Can I just put the tippy-tip of my finger in the icing at the bottom, Lunga?" pleaded Madoda. "No!" scolded Lunga. "Go outside and play, and stop thinking of the cake!" Madoda was sad. How much longer must he wait?

Nadat hulle vir Gogo gegroet het, gaan die seuns weer na die koek. Dis warm in die slaapkamer en een van die blommetjies wat uit versiersuiker gemaak is, het teen die kant afgegly. "Dink jy ek kan hierdie blommetjie vat, Lunga? Niemand sal weet nie," sê Madoda. "Nee! Wag liewer. Dit sal baie lekkerder smaak as jy wag," sê Lunga.

Eindelik sny Gogo die koek. Sy tel die eerste stuk op, en kyk na die kinders wat om haar saamdrom.

"Die eerste stuk," sê sy, "is vir Madoda – want dit lyk asof hy gaan ontplof as hy nog langer moet wag!"

Die koek smaak heerlijk – nog beter as wat Madoda verwag het! Die versiersuiker kleef aan sy lippe vas terwyl die sagte binneste in sy mond smelt.

Lunga kyk na sy nefie. "Hoe smaak dit, Madoda?"

Madoda se mond is te vol om iets te kan sê. Maar sy glimlag doen die praatwerk. Dit was oor en oor die moeite werd om te wag.

“Kan ek nie net my vinger in die versiersuiker wat hier onder lê, druk nie, Lunga?” soebat Madoda.
 “Nee!” raas Lunga. “Gaan speel buite en hou op om aan die koek te dink!”
 Madoda voel sleg. Hoe lank moet hy nog wag?



At last, Gogo cut the cake. She picked up the first slice and looked at the children around her.

“The first slice,” she said, “is for Madoda – because he looks as though he’ll burst if he has to wait any longer!”

The cake tasted delicious – better than Madoda had ever imagined! The icing stuck to his lips as the soft, sweet inside crumbled in his mouth.

Lunga looked at his cousin. “How is it, Madoda?”

Madoda’s mouth was too full; he couldn’t say a word! But his smile did the talking. Now that was worth waiting for!



Pa gaan dorp toe om die verjaardagkoek te bestel. Almal wonder hoe dit gaan smaak. Daar sal baie kersies op moet wees. Sal daar genoeg plek wees vir so baie kersies? Die kinders sal Gogo moet help om hulle dood te blaas.
 Hulle wonder hoe die koek gaan lyk. Partykeer blaai Madoda deur Ma se ou tydskrifte en probeer om die lekker kos op die bladsye te eet. Hoe water hulle monde nie; hulle kan nie meer wag dat die groot dag moet aanbreek nie!

Father came into town to order the birthday cake. Everyone was waiting to taste it. There would have to be many, many candles. Would they all fit on? The children would have to help Gogo to blow them out. They talked about what the cake would look like. Sometimes Madoda opened Mother’s old magazines and tried to gobble up the good food on the pages. Oh, how their mouths watered; they could hardly wait for the big day to come!



One day, Uncle brought a letter from the post office. It was good news! Grandmother was coming to visit from Kimberley. It was her 60th birthday. They had not seen Gogo for a long time.

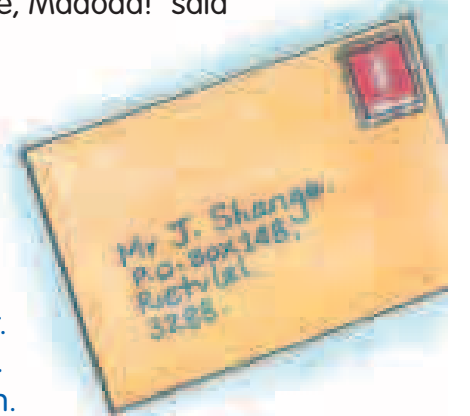
The boys were excited. The whole family would be there, as well as friends and neighbours. And there would be lots of food – delicious food for the special occasion!

“Close your eyes, Madoda. Can you see it all laid out on a big table? Imagine the sweets, the jellies and the cake. Imagine the cake, Madoda!” said Lunga with his face to the sun.

Op ’n dag bring hul oom ’n brief van die poskantoor af. Dis goeie nuus! Gogo, wat in Kimberley woon, wil kom kuier. Dis haar sestigste verjaarsdag. Hulle het Gogo lanklaas gesien.

Die seuns is opgewonde. Die hele familie sal daar wees, asook baie vriende en bure. En daar sal baie kos wees – heerlike kos vir die spesiale geleentheid.

“Maak jou oë toe, Madoda. Kan jy sien wat alles op die tafel is? Lekkers, jellie en koek. Dink hoe die koek gaan lyk, Madoda!” terg Lunga.



Die volgende week moet daar inkopies
gedoen word. Die seuns gaan saam om
die grootmense te help. Hulle het rys, meel,
mielieblom, jellie, ballonne, versierings en baie
lekkers nodig.
"Kan ons 'n paar lekkers kry?" vra Madoda.
"Nee!" sê sy ma. "Jy moet vir die partytjie
wag. Jy sal die partytjie bederf as jy die lekkers
nou eet."
"Net een, as-se-blie?" soebat Madoda.
"Nee!" sê sy tannie. "Jy moet leer om te
wag. Alles is baie lekkerder as jy daarvoor
gewag het."



The next week there was a shopping
trip to town. The boys went along to help
the grown-ups. They needed rice, flour for
baking, custard, jelly, balloons, decorations
and lots of sweets.

"Can we have some sweets now?"
asked Madoda.

"No!" said Mother. "You must wait
for the party. You will spoil the party
if you eat the sweets now."

"Just one, ple-e-ease?"
begged Madoda.

"No!" said Aunt. "You
must learn to wait. Things
are much nicer if you have
waited for them."



Then everyone came inside to change into
their best clothes for the party. The first people
arrived. More and more people arrived. Someone
turned up the music. Everyone was talking and
laughing and eating.
Net toe kom almal in om hul beste kleres aan
te trek vir die partytjie. Die eerste mense daag
op. Nog mense kom. Iemand maak die musiek
harder. Almal praat en lag en eet.

At last Mother and Aunt fetched the cake. The
children ran to the big table outside.

Gogo tried to blow out the candles, but there
were too many. So the children helped her. "Hurry,
Gogo, hurry up!"

They couldn't wait to taste the pink icing, and
the soft cake inside. The flowers around the edge
seemed to be singing, "Eat us, eat us!"

Eindelik gaan haal Ma en Tannie die koek. Die
kinders hardloop na die groot tafel.

Gogo probeer om die kersies uit te blaas,
maar daar is te baie. Die kinders help haar. "Gou
Gogo, maak gou!"

Hulle kan nie wag om die pienk versiersuiker
en die sagte koek binne-in te proe nie. Dis asof die
blommetjies om die rand sing: "Eet ons, eet ons!"

Dit was sowaar die geslepe hiëna en hy het presies gewect wat om te doen. Hy slup toe daar weg na die winkel om 'n stuk bordkryt te gaan koop.

“Dit sal my stem sag laat klink, en dan sal ek daardie smaaklike bokkies lekker kan fous. Hie hie. Ek sal genoeg eet om my 'n hele week te hou!” het Hiëna geginnik terwyl hy die kryt insluk.



It was indeed the crafty hyena and he knew just what to do. He crept off to the shops where he bought a lump of chalk.

“This will make my voice soft. I will trick those tasty, little kids. Hee, hee. Then I will have enough to eat to last me a whole week!” laughed Hyena as he swallowed the chalk.

Eenmaal lank, lank gelede was daar 'n ou bok-ouma wat vir sewe bokkies gesorg het. Sy het hulle met haar hele hart liefgehad en hulle was 'n baie gelukkige gesin.



Fold

... en die sewende een
... and the seventh jumped
het in die oond gespring
into the oven.

The sixth hid in a dustbin ...
Die sesde een het in die
vullisdrom weggekruip ...



Die vierde en die
vyfde een het agter die
gordyne weggekruip.

The fourth and fifth crept behind the curtains.

Before long, they spotted the sleeping hyena. Something was moving and struggling in his great, big belly.



“Run home and fetch some scissors, and a needle and thread,” whispered Gogo. Quick as a flash the youngest kid did what Gogo asked.

Dit was nie lank nie voor hulle die slapende hiëna gewaar het. Iets het in sy groot, dik pens beweeg.

“Hardloop gou huis toe en bring 'n skêr, en 'n naald en gare,” het Ouma gefluister. Die jongste bokkie het so vinnig soos blits gedoen wat Ouma gevra het.

Snip! went the scissors. Out popped one little head, then another. In no time at all, six kids tumbled onto the ground.

“Shh,” whispered Gogo. “Quickly, go and fetch some big stones so that we can fill up his belly!”

Knip! het die skêr gesny. Eers het net een koppie uitgeglip, en toe nog een. In 'n kits het al ses bokkies op die grond uitgerol.

“Sjjj,” het Ouma gefluister. “Gaan tel gou 'n paar groot klippe op sodat ons sy maag kan opstop!”

Fold

Nie lank daarna nie is daar 'n klop aan die deur en 'n growwe stem roep: "Maak oop die deur, liewe kinders. Dis ek, julle ouma, wat terug is uit die woud met 'n bietjie kos vir julle." Die bokkies het mekaar met groot oë aangekyk. "O nee, jy is nie ons ouma nie en ons gaan nie die deur vir jou oopmaak nie," het hulle dapper geroep. "Ouma het 'n sagte stem en joune is grof. Jy is die geslepe ou hiëna. Gaan weg!"



It was not long before there was a knock at the door. A rough voice called, "Open the door, dear children. It's me your gogo, back from the forest with some food for you." The little kids looked at each other with wide eyes. "Oh no, you're not our gogo and we will not open the door," they cried bravely. "Gogo has a soft voice and yours is rough. You are the crafty old hyena. Go away!"

One day there was nothing to eat. The kids looked at their granny and bleated, "We're hungry, Gogo."

So, even though a grandmother never wants to leave her kids alone, Gogo decided to go into the forest to find some food.

"Dear children, don't open the door to anyone. There is a crafty old hyena who will gobble you up if you let him in," warned Gogo. "He might try to trick you and disguise himself, but you will know him by his rough voice and dark, four-toed paws."

The kids said, "Don't worry, Gogo. We will be careful."

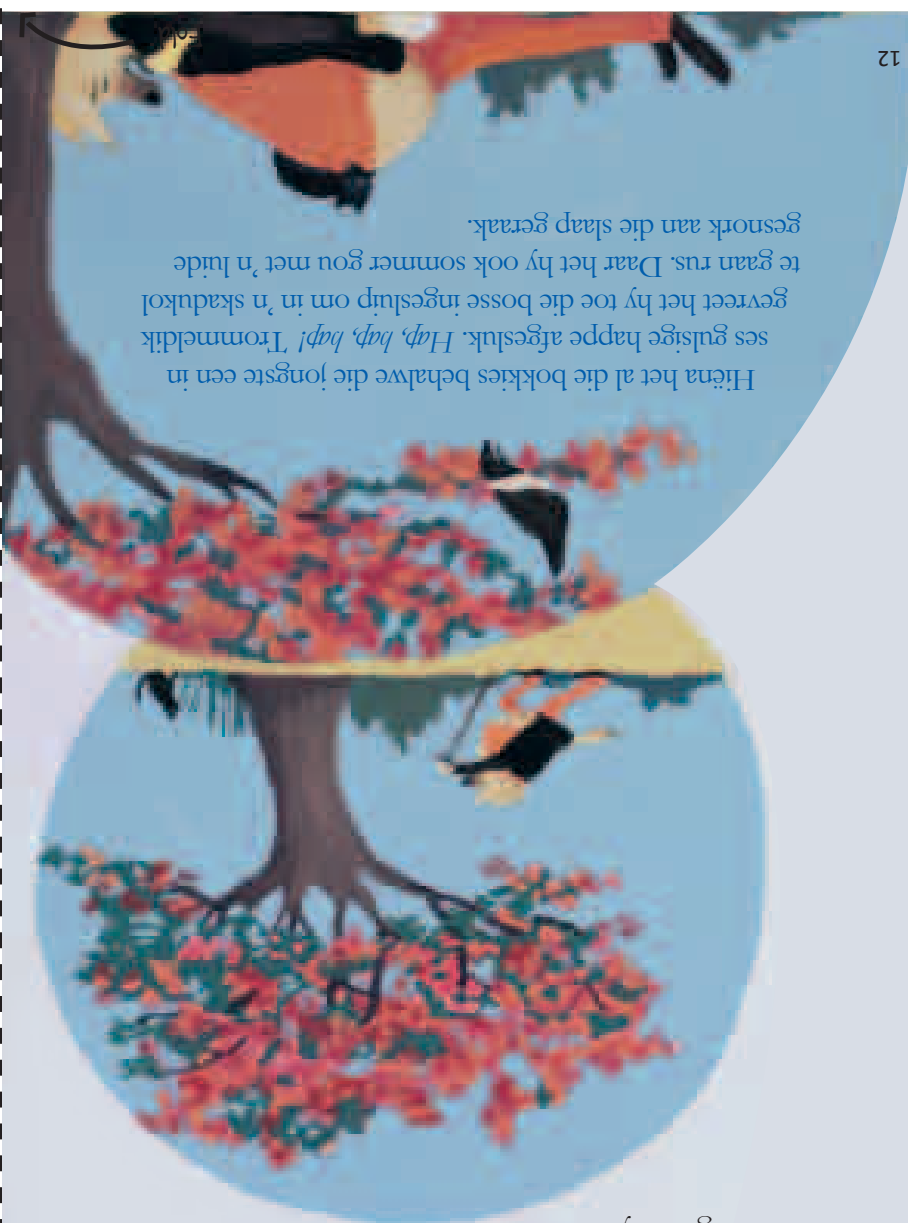
Eendag was daar niks om te eet nie. Die bokkies het na hulle ouma gekyk en geblêr: "Ons is honger, Ouma."

Al wil 'n ouma nooit haar kleinkinders alleen los nie, het Ouma toe maar besluit om woud toe te gaan en te gaan kos soek.

"Liewe kinders, moenie die deur vir enigiemand oopmaak nie. Daar is 'n uitgeslape ou hiëna wat julle sal opvreet as julle hom laat inkom," het Ouma gewaarsku. "Hy sal dalk probeer om julle te flos en hom vermom, maar julle sal hom kan uitken aan sy growwe stem en sy donker viertoon-pote."

Die bokkies het geantwoord: "Moenie bekommer nie, Ouma. Ons sal versigtig wees."

Hyena swallowed all but the youngest in six greedy gulps. GERUMPI! Then, with a full tummy, he slunk off into the bushes and found a shady spot to rest. Soon he was fast asleep and snoring loudly.



Hiëna het al die bokkies behalwe die jongste een in ses gulpsige happe afgesluk. Hap, hap, hap! Trommelklik gevrete het hy toe die bosse ingesluit om in 'n skadukol te gaan rus. Daar het hy ook sommer gou met 'n luide gesnork aan die slaap geraak.

When Gogo Goat came hurrying home from the forest, what did she see? Everything was upside down.

"Where are you my little kids?" she called to her precious children.

Only the youngest answered, in a tiny, quavering voice, "Gogo, here I am – in the oven."

En wat het Bok-ouma gesien toe sy haastig uit die woud terugkeer? Als was onderstebo!

"Waar is julle kinders?" het sy na haar kosbare kleinkinders geroep.

Net die jongste enetjie het geantwoord, in 'n fyn, bewerige stemmetjie: "Hier is ek, Ouma – in die oond."



The youngest kid told Gogo how they had been tricked by the wicked hyena that had gobbled up her brothers and sisters one by one.

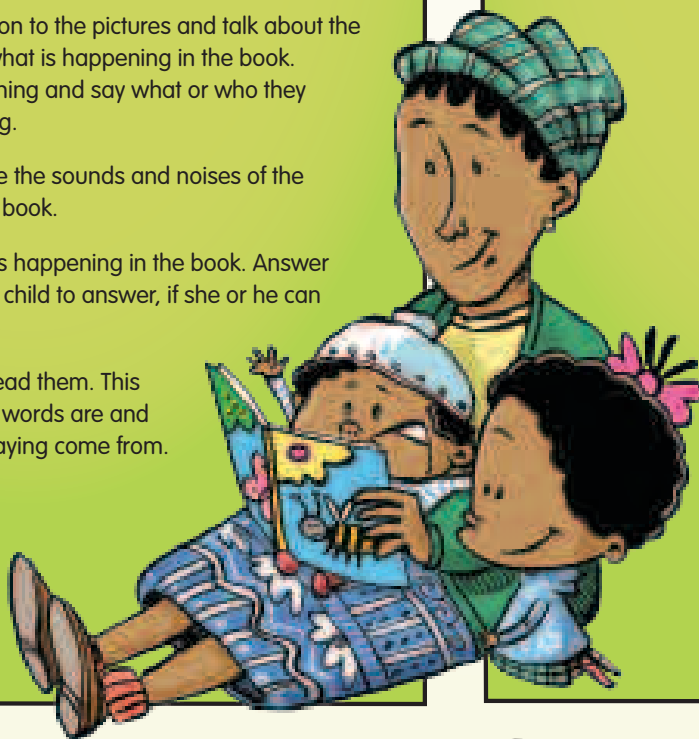
"We will find him," said Gogo. "I know exactly where that rascal is."

Die jongste bokkie het toe vir haar ouma vertel hoe die slinkse hiëna hulle geflos het en al haar boeties en sussies een vir een ingesluk het.

"Ons sal hom kry," het Ouma getroos. "Ek weet presies waar daardie skelm is."

10 tips for sharing books with babies and toddlers

1. There's no right or wrong way to use books with babies and toddlers. Just enjoy the time you spend together.
2. Choose books in your child's home language, wherever possible.
3. Choose a variety of books. Include some stories that have other children in them and some that are about familiar everyday experiences. Rhyme and flap-books are very popular with toddlers.
4. Relax and sit comfortably with your child on your lap or next to you.
5. It doesn't matter for how long you read – and you don't have to finish the book! Just share a book together for as long as you both want to.
6. Draw your children's attention to the pictures and talk about the concepts, characters and what is happening in the book. Point to someone or something and say what or who they are and what they are doing.
7. Be playful with books! Make the sounds and noises of the characters or objects in the book.
8. Ask questions about what is happening in the book. Answer them yourself or allow your child to answer, if she or he can and wants to.
9. Point to the words as you read them. This helps your child learn what words are and where the words you are saying come from.
10. Don't give up if your child seems disinterested! Try again later, or in another way – or try another book.



10 wenke om boeke met babas en kleuters te deel

1. Daar is geen regte of verkeerde manier om boeke met babas en kleuters te deel nie. Geniet net die tyd wat julle saam deurbring.
2. Kies boeke in jou kind se huistaal, waar moontlik.
3. Kies 'n verskeidenheid boeke. Sluit stories met ander kinders en stories oor bekende, alledaagse ervarings in. Boeke met rympies en flappies is baie gewild by kleuters.
4. Ontspan en sit gemaklik met jou kind op jou skoot, of langs jou.
5. Dit maak nie saak hoe lank jy lees nie – en jy hoef nie die boek klaar te lees nie! Deel net 'n boek saam so lank as wat julle albei wil.
6. Vestig jou kinders se aandag op die prente en praat oor die konsepte, karakters en wat in die boek gebeur. Wys na iemand of iets en sê wat of wie hulle is en wat hulle doen.
7. Speel met boeke! Maak die klanke en geluide van die karakters of voorwerpe in die boek.
8. Vra vrae oor wat in die boek gebeur. Beantwoord self die vrae of laat jou kind toe om te antwoord indien hy of sy kan en wil.
9. Wys na die woorde terwyl jy dit lees. Dit help jou kind om te leer wat woorde is en waar die woorde wat jy sê vandaan kom.
10. Moenie opgee as jou kind lyk of hy of sy nie belangstel nie! Probeer later weer, of op 'n ander manier – of probeer 'n ander boek.

The Nal'ibali bookshelf



Die Nal'ibali-boekrak

If you enjoyed reading *The hyena and the seven little kids*, then you might enjoy some of the other stories in Jacana's series called: *Best Loved Tales for Africa*. The stories in this series come from other parts of the world, but have been retold in African settings. The storybooks are available in a variety of South African languages, including isiXhosa, isiZulu, Sesotho, Sepedi, Afrikaans and English. So, if you are looking for traditional tales with a local flavour, why not try one of the titles below?

The hyena and the seven little kids

The magic fish

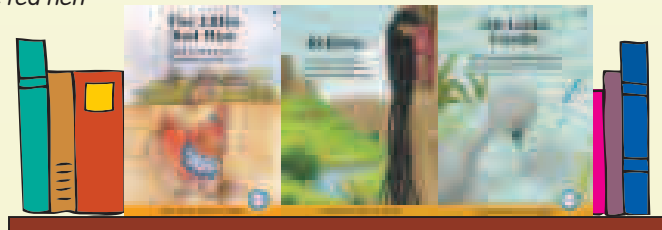
The three Billy Goats Gruff

The little girl who didn't want to grow up

The ugly duckling

The little red hen

Refilwe



As jy dit geniet het om *Die hiëna en die sewe bakkies* te lees, sal jy dalk van die ander stories in Jacana se reeks, *Geliefde stories vir Afrika*, hou. Die stories in hierdie reeks kom uit ander wêrelddele, maar is oortel in 'n Afrika-omgewing. Die storieboeke is in verskeie Suid-Afrikaanse tale beskikbaar, insluitend isiXhosa, isiZulu, Sesotho, Sepedi, Afrikaans en Engels. As jy dus op soek is na tradisionele verhale met 'n plaaslike geur, probeer gerus een van die titels hieronder.

Die hiëna en die sewe bakkies

Die towervis

Die drie bokramme

Die klein dogtertjie wat nie wou grootword nie

Die lelike eendjie

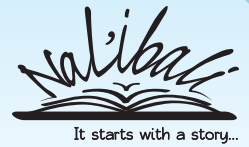
Die klein rooi hennetjie

Refilwe



Mama gets muddled

By Nicky Webb  Illustrations by Jiggs Snaddon-Wood



Mama dumped her shopping bags on the floor and flopped down onto a kitchen chair. "Phew, but I am tired," she said wiping sweat from her forehead. "And I still have so much baking to do for Reverend Dumisani's birthday tea at the church this afternoon."

"Are you making pancakes, Mama?" said Unathi excitedly. "I can help you."

"No," said Mama. "This is a special birthday tea for Reverend Dumisani. All the ministers from our church are coming, as well as Reverend Dumisani's close friend, Reverend Buso. I have heard that Reverend Buso likes cheese scones, so I bought a scone mix for those. Reverend Dumisani likes sugar biscuits, so I bought a biscuit mix for those."

Unathi looked sad, "I think you should make pancakes, Mama. Everyone loves those. And if you make them, I can help you."

"No, thank you, Unathi," said Mama. "I want everyone to see how good my baking is. I am baking scones and biscuits and I am in a hurry. I need to do these on my own." Mama started unpacking the packets of scone mix and biscuit mix and getting out butter and bowls.

Unathi watched Mama as she opened one of the packets and poured it into a bowl. She dropped little squares of butter into the mixture and rubbed them with her fingertips. "Are those the scones or the biscuits, Mama?" asked Unathi.

"The scones," said Mama adding cheese to the mixture and stirring it all together.

Unathi looked at the empty packet on the table. It had a picture of delicious looking biscuits on the front of it.



"Mama, are you sure you have the right packet?" asked Unathi.

Mama looked up from pouring milk into a measuring cup. "Unathi, I am sorry," she said crossly, "but I have told you that I am in a hurry. Please go and play."

"But ..." started Unathi.

"Off you go," said Mama firmly.

Unathi felt like she wanted to cry. She was only trying to help. It seemed like Mama wasn't very nice when she was trying to impress other people.

Unathi went and sat in the big tree in the garden. She watched Mama through the kitchen window.

When Mama had finished rolling and cutting the last of the dough, she wiped her hands on a cloth and looked out the window. She saw Unathi sitting in the tree and waved at her to come down. Unathi was pleased. Maybe Mama was no longer cross with her and would let her lick the bowls.

Mama smiled at Unathi when she came into the kitchen. "My baking is done. I am sorry that I was so cross, but I had a lot to do. I have saved you a small spoonful of biscuit dough to taste," said Mama.

Unathi smiled back at her and popped the blob of biscuit dough into her mouth. She closed her eyes as she waited for the delicious sweetness to reach her taste buds.

"Ughh, yuk!" cried Unathi, spitting the ball of dough back into her hand. "These fancy biscuits are horrible. I don't like them at all."

Mama raised her eyebrows in surprise, "What do you mean, Unathi? You are being very rude."

"Sorry, Mama, but you should taste this," said Unathi. "It's not nice at all."

Mama pinched off a small piece of dough and put it into her mouth. Her nose wrinkled in disgust. "That is terrible," she said. "But what could have gone wrong?" Suddenly she cupped her hands over her eyes. "Oh, no!" she moaned. "I've mixed up the scone mix and the biscuit mix! I've made very sweet scones and cheesy sugar biscuits!"

Mama sat at the table and put her head in her hands. "What am I going to do now? I have no more scone or biscuit mix, and there's not much time left anyway. What am I going to make for Reverend Dumisani's birthday tea?"

Unathi suddenly had a great idea. "There is enough time to make pancakes, Mama! And all we need is flour, eggs, oil and milk. We always have those. AND I can help you!"

Mama hugged Unathi. "You're right. I should have listened to you in the first place. Pancakes will be perfect."

Mama and Unathi got to work straight away. They made a big batch of pancakes. Unathi ate five while she was helping!

The birthday tea that afternoon was a great success and it turned out that both the ministers loved pancakes!



Mamma sit haar inkopiesakke op die vloer neer en flop op 'n kombuisstoel neer. "Goeiste, maar ek is moeg," sê sy en vee die sweet van haar voorkop af. "En ek moet nog so baie bak vir Eerwaarde Dumisani se verjaardagtee by die kerk vanmiddag."

"Gaan Mamma pannekoek bak?" vra Unathi opgewonde. "Ek kan jou help."

"Nee," sê Mamma. "Dit is 'n spesiale verjaardagtee vir Eerwaarde Dumisani. Al die leraars van ons kerk kom, en ook Eerwaarde Dumisani se goeie vriend, Eerwaarde Buso. Ek het gehoor Eerwaarde Buso hou van kaasskons, en ek het 'n skonmengsel daarvoor gekoop. Eerwaarde Dumisani hou van suikerkoekies, en ek het 'n koekiemengsel daarvoor gekoop."

Unathi lyk hartseer. "Ek dink Mamma moet eerder pannekoek bak. Almal hou daarvan. En as jy pannekoek bak, kan ek jou help."

"Nee dankie, Unathi," sê Mamma. "Ek wil hê almal moet sien hoe goed ek kan bak. Ek gaan skons en koekies bak, en ek is haastig. Ek moet dit op my eie doen." Mamma begin die pakkies skonmengsel en koekiemengsel uitpak en haal botter en mengbakke uit.

Unathi kyk hoe Mamma een van die pakkies oopmaak en dit in 'n bak uitgooi. Mamma voeg klein blokkies botter by die mengsel en vryf hulle met haar vingerpunte in. "Is dit die skons of die koekies, Mamma?" vra Unathi.

"Die skons," sê Mamma, terwyl sy kaas byvoeg en alles goed meng.

Unathi kyk na die leë pakkie op die tafel. Daar is 'n prentjie van heerlike koekies op die voorkant.



"Mamma, is jy seker jy het die regte pakkie?" vra Unathi.

Mamma kyk op terwyl sy melk in 'n maatkoppie afmeet. "Ek is jammer, Unathi," sê sy kwaai, "maar ek het vir jou gesê ek is haastig. Gaan speel asseblief."

"Maar ... " begin Unathi.

"Weg is jy," sê Mamma streng.

Unathi voel lus om te huil. Sy wil net help. Dit lyk of Mamma nie baie gaaf is wanneer sy ander mense probeer beïndruk nie.

Unathi gaan sit in die groot boom in die tuin. Sy hou Mamma deur die kombuisvenster dop.

Toe Mamma klaar die laaste van die deeg uitgerol en gesny het, vee sy haar hande aan 'n lappie af, en kyk by die venster uit. Sy sien Unathi in die boom sit en beduie vir haar om af te klim. Unathi is bly. Dalk is Mamma nie meer kwaad vir haar nie, en kan sy die bakke uitlek.

Mamma glimlag vir Unathi toe sy in die kombuis instap. "Ek is klaar gebak. Ek is jammer dat ek so kwaai was, maar ek het baie gehad om te doen. Ek het vir jou 'n klein lepeltjie koekiedeeg gebêre om aan te proe," sê Mamma.

Unathi glimlag terug en druk die bolletjie koekiedeeg in haar mond. Sy maak haar oë toe terwyl sy wag dat die heerlike soetigheid haar smaakknoppies bereik.

"Ughh, jig!" roep Unathi, en spoeg die bolletjie deeg in haar hand uit. "Hierdie spoggerige koekies proe aaklig. Ek hou glad nie daarvan nie."

Mamma lig verbaas haar wenkbroue. "Wat bedoel jy, Unathi? Jy is baie onbeskof."

"Jammer, Mamma, maar proe hieraan," sê Unathi. "Dis glad nie lekker nie."

Mamma knyp 'n klein stukkie deeg af en sit dit in haar mond. Sy trek haar neus op. "Jy's reg. Dit proe aaklig," sê sy. "Maar wat kon verkeerd gegaan het?" Skielik sit sy haar hande oor haar oë. "O, nee!" kerm sy. "Ek het deurmekaar geraak met die pakkies vir die skonmengsel en die koekiemengsel! Ek het baie soet skons gemaak, en suikerkoekies met kaas!"

Mamma gaan sit by die tafel en laat haar kop in haar hande sak. "Wat gaan ek nou doen? Ek het niks meer skon- of koekiemengsel oor nie, en daar is ook nie meer baie tyd nie. Wat gaan ek vir Eerwaarde Dumisani se verjaardagtee maak?"

Unathi kry skielik 'n blink plan. "Daar is genoeg tyd om pannekoek te bak, Mamma! En al wat ons nodig het, is meel, eiers, olie en melk. Ons het dit altyd in die huis. EN ek kan jou help!"

Mamma gee vir Unathi 'n drukkie. "Jy's reg. Ek moes in die eerste plek na jou geluister het. Pannekoek sal perfek wees."

Mamma en Unathi spring dadelik aan die werk. Hulle bak 'n hele stapel pannekoek. Unathi eet vyf pannekoeke terwyl sy help!

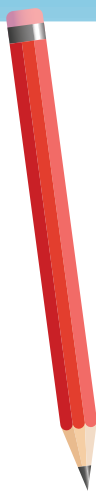
Daardie middag is die verjaardagtee 'n groot sukses en albei die eerwaardes hou toe sommer baie van pannekoek!



Nal'ibali fun

Be a story writer!

1. Cut out the beginning of the story *The giant cabbage* and paste it on a sheet of lined paper.
2. Use your imagination to complete this story.
3. You might also want to draw pictures to go with your story.
4. Read your story to someone else. (You could read it to your mother as a Mother's Day treat!)



Nal'ibali-pret

Wees 'n storieskrywer!

1. Knip die begin van die storie, *Die reusagtige kool*, uit en plak dit op 'n bladsy met reëls.
2. Gebruik jou verbeelding om hierdie storie te voltooi.
3. Jy sal ook dalk prente wil teken wat by die storie pas.
4. Lees jou storie vir iemand anders. (Jy kan dit op Moedersdag vir jou ma lees om haar te bederf!)

The giant cabbage

One day Zinthle's mother sat and watched Zinthle picking tomatoes in their garden.

"Here, Mommy, taste this," said Zinthle handing her mother a round, red tomato. "I grew it myself!"

"Thank you, Zinthle, you really have green fingers," said Mom.

Zinthle laughed. "I don't think so. I just use Granny's growing recipe."

"Oh yes," said Mom. "Your grandmother is very proud of her recipe! Have I ever told you the story of her giant cabbage?"

"No," answered Zinthle. "Can you tell me now?"

"All right," replied Mom. "One Saturday morning Granny bought a packet of cabbage seeds..."



Die reusagtige kool

Eendag sit Zinthle se mamma en kyk hoe Zinthle tamaties in hul tuin pluk.

"Hierso, Mamma, proe hier," sê Zinthle en gee vir haar ma 'n ronde, rooi tamatie aan. "Ek het dit self gekweek!"

"Dankie, Zinthle, jy het regtig groen vingers," sê Mamma.

Zinthle lag. "Ek dink nie so nie. Ek gebruik net Ouma se groeiresep."

"O, ja," sê Mamma. "Jou ouma is baie trots op haar resep! Het ek al ooit vir jou die storie van haar reusagtige kool vertel?"

"Nee," antwoord Zinthle. "Kan jy my nou vertel?"

"Nou goed," antwoord Mamma. "Een Saterdagoggend het Ouma 'n pakkie koolsaad gekoop..."

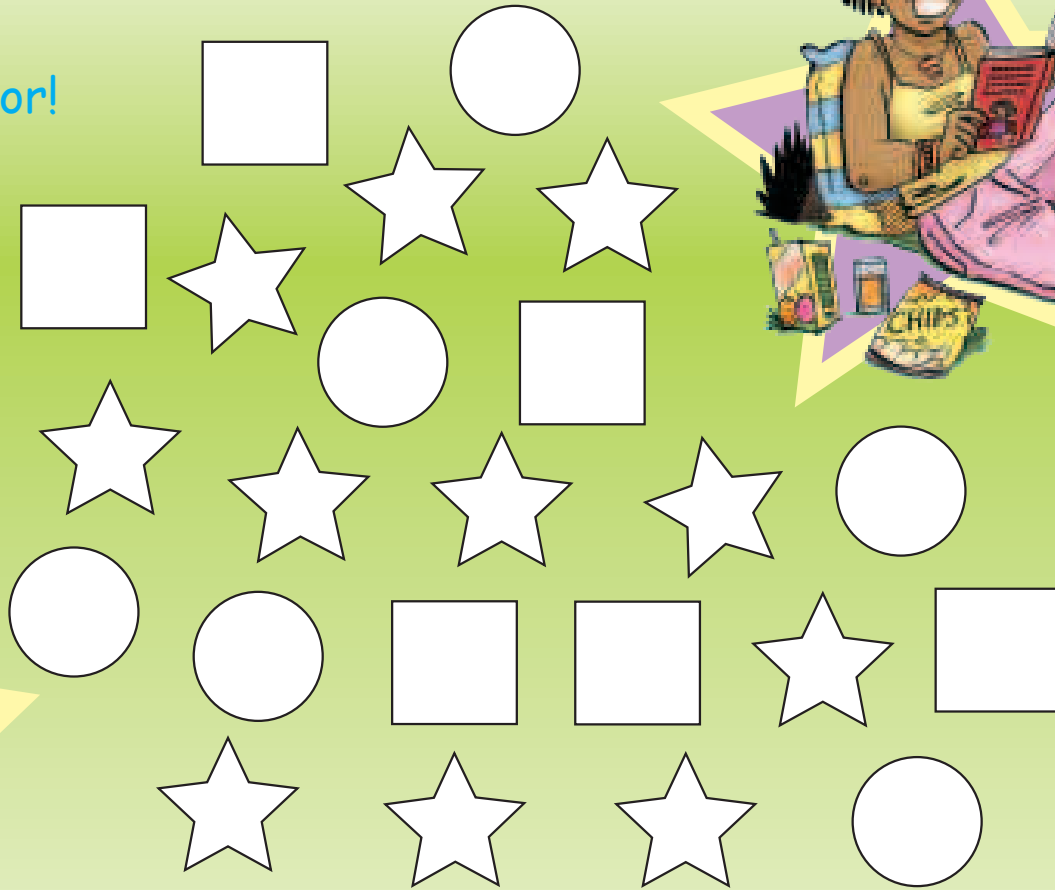


Neo wants a story!

Help Neo get to his mother so that she can read him a story. Colour in the stars to find the correct path.

Neo wil 'n storie hoor!

Help Neo om by sy ma uit te kom sodat sy vir hom 'n storie kan lees. Kleur die sterre in om die regte pad te vind.



Look out for our special International Children's Day and Africa Day edition of the Nal'ibali supplement in the week of 24 May 2015!



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Wees op die uitkyk vir ons spesiale Internasionale Kinderdag en Afrika-dag uitgawe van die Nal'ibali-bylae in die week van 24 Mei 2015!

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Daily Dispatch

The Herald

Sunday Times

SundayWorld

