



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 Nal'ibali, 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

“Bana ba dirwa babadi diropeng tša batswadi ba bona.”
Emilie Buchwald – mongwadi, sereti seo gape e lego mophatlalatši

Bomma ke mehlala!

Gantši re diipone tše di botse go bana ba rena. Re na le maatla a go ama e sego fela tsela yeo ba naganago ka yona, efela le tšeo ba di dirago maphelong a bona. Smangele Mathebula, yoo e lego mma ebile e le Mootledi wa Lesolo la Nal'ibali, o abelana ka maitemogelo a gagwe a bohlokwa bja go ba mohlala wa botse go tša go bala.

“Ke mmadi. Ke be ke balela morwedi wa ka Lesedi, yoo a nago le mengwaga ye senyane, go thoma e sa le yo monnyane, ebile ke mo rekela le dipuku. Ditlwaelo tše di mo amile ka tsela ye botse ye kgolo go feta ka fao ke bego ke gopola ka gona.

Letšatši le lengwe ge nna le Lesedi re be re bolela mogaleng, re ile ra ikhwetša re bolela ka dipuku tšeo re di badilego. “Ke ekiša wena ka go bala,” a realo. Ke ile ka sega ka gobane o badile go feta nna ka ditlhatlamano tša dipuku tšeo re bego re di bala mmogo.

Ke bala dipuku tša bana gore ke kgone go ba le dipoledišano le morwedi wa ka ka ga dipuku. Go kwagala o ka re ke sehlopha sa rena sa dipuku se sennyane! Go bolela ka dipuku tšeo re di balago go thušitše go tliša kamano ya ka le Lesedi – le bjale, ga go tsela ye nngwe ye kaone yeo nka tanyago lerato la dingwalo bophelong bja gagwe!

Ge ke be ke sa le ngwana, bjalo ka batho ba bantši, ke bone dipuku sekolong. Efela tumo ya ka ya go tseba e hlohleletšwe ke šelefo ya dipuku ya maitirelo ya kua ntlong ya koko. Go hwetša dipuku šelefong yela go nkišitše go disaeklophedia tša ka

lapeng la batswadi ba ka, gomme dipuku tšeo e bile lefelo la bohlokwa go nna la go dira dinyakišišo, kgale pele Google e eba gona!

Go bohlokwa gore bjalo ka batswadi le baabatlhokomelo re tšwetše pele setšo sa go tsebiša bana ba rena ka bobotse le dimakatšo tša go hwetšwa lefaseng la dipuku. Gore o tseba go bala gakaakang goba o diriša dipolelo dife, ga go tshwenye, magae a rena a tletše ka ditsela tša go fa dikanegelo bophelo. Mohlala, o ka thuša bana ba gago gore ba ithute ditlhaka tša alfabete, ge o bapala moraloko woo go ona bohle ba nyakago dilo tša go thoma ka tlhaka ye itšego. Goba le ka bolela ka ga tswalano ya dilo tšeo le itemogetšego tšona mo letšatšing, le dipuku tšeo wena le bana ba gago le di balago.

E ba mohlala wa go bala baneng ba gago! Tšwela pele go abelana lerato la gago la dipuku le bona! ”



Drive your imagination

Story Power.
Bring it home.
Tliša maatla a kanegelo ka gae.



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

Dumela Nal'ibali

Ke na le morwa wa mengwaga ye 5 le morwedi wa mengwaga ye 3. Ba rata ditlalaletšo le dikanegelo tše o abelanago ka tšona. Mathapama a mangwe le a mangwe re bala kanegelo. Ke ipshina kudu ka dikeletšo tša thušo tšeo le tšona o fanago ka tšona. Ke leboga kudu kudu kudu.

Gabotse

Reena Vassan, East London

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

Dumela Nal'ibali

Ke moithuti wa dithuto tša ka godimo ga tikrii tša Dithuto tša SeAfrika, gape ke mohwetši wa South African Young Feminist Activists (SAY-F). Ke dumela ke tšitšitše go baleng le go anegeng ga dikanegelo. Go bala go na le bokgoni bja go godiša lefase la gago. Ke gotše ke se na selo, efela mma o be a fela a nkiša bokgobapuku gatee ka kgwedi go tšea dipuku. O be a kgopela tekete ya terene go baagišane a tle go ntšea sekolong sa phoraemari ka terene, gomme re tlo tšea dipuku ra bala mmogo. Ke thomile go ba le lerato la dinonwane ke sa le yo monnyane. Dikanegelo tša batho ba bangwe le go anega dikanegelo go fetotše bophelo bja ka. Ke gopola ke bala puku ya Steve Biko, *I Write What I Like*, gomme e fetotše tsela ya bophelo bja ka.

Wanelisa Xaba, Langa, Cape Town

Dear Nal'ibali...
Dumela 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.

Ngwalela Nal'ibali go
PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Building 17,
Waverley Business Park, Wycroft
Road, Mowbray, 7700, goba
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

Fa ke diSMS ka ga dikanegelo tša rena.

Mošemane le phukubje: Ke kanegelo ye botse. Bana ba sehlopha sa go bala sa ka ba ipshinne kudu ka kanegelo ye. E na le thuto. Re abelane ka thuto ye re ithutilego yona kanegelong ye. Re a leboga Nal'ibali.

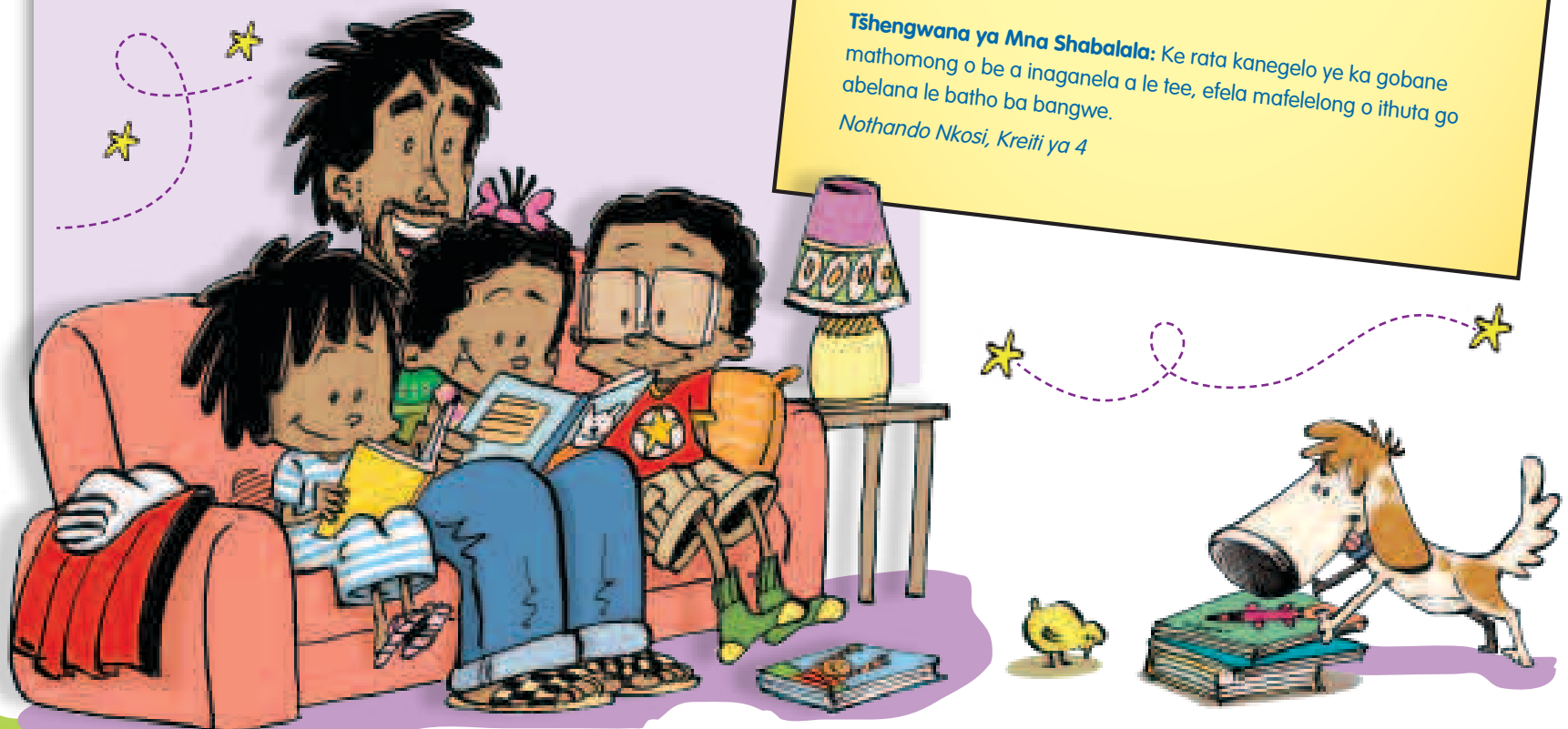
Vuyelwa

Lwazi le kariki: Ee, ke ratile kanegelo ye. Leina la morwa wa ka ke Lwazi. Re segile kudu ge ke be ke mmalela yona. Ke leboga ka fao le filego morwa wa ka boipshino bjo bokaaka ka gona.

Lizelle

Tšhengwana ya Mna Shabalala: Ke rata kanegelo ye ka gobane mathomong o be a inaganela a le tee, efela mafelelong o ithuta go abelana le batho ba bangwe.

Nothando Nkosi, Kreiti ya 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!



Go keteka bomma ba rena!

Ngwaga wo mongwe le wo mongwe ka Sontaga sa bobedi sa Mei, re keteka bohlokwa bja bomma maphelong a rena. Latela ditaelo go direla mmago goba motho wa go raloka karolo ya mma bophelong bja gago karata!

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.

Dira karata ya Letsatši la Bomma

1. Ripa karata go bapela le mothaladi o mohubedu.
2. Mena letlakala go bapela le mothaladi wa marontho o moso.
3. Kgomaganya dikarolo tše pedi.
4. Ka thoko ka seswantšho, ngwalela motho yo o tlo mo fago karata molaešša. Khalara seswantšho.
5. Ka thoko ye nngwe, thala seswantšho sa gago le motho yoo le le mmogo, goba o ngwale sereto goba molaešša o moteletšana.



NAL'IBALI ON RADIO!

Enjoy listening to stories in Sepedi and in English on Nal'ibali's radio show:
Thobela FM on Saturday from 9.20 a.m. to 9.30 a.m.
and on Sunday from 7.50 a.m. to 8.00 a.m.
SAfm on Monday to Wednesday
from 1.50 p.m. to 2.00 p.m.



NAL'IBALI DIYALEMOYENG!

Ipshine ka go theeletša dikanegelo ka Sepedi le Seisemane lenaneong la seyalemoya la Nal'ibali:
Thobela FM ka Mokibelo go thoma ka 9.20 a.m. go fihla ka 9.30 a.m.
le ka Sontaga go thoma ka 7.50 a.m. go fihla ka 8.00 a.m.
SAfm ka Mošupologo go fihla ka Laboraro go thoma
ka 1.50 p.m. go fihla ka 2.00 p.m.





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.



Dira gore kanegelo e be le bophelo!



Fa ke maele a go diriša dikanegeto tša ripa-o-boloke matlakaleng a 5 go fihla ka 12 a tlaletšo ye. Kgetha tša go swanela mengwaga ya bana ba gago le dikgahlego tša bona kudu.

Phiri le diputšane tše dinnyane tše šupa

Phiri le diputšane tše dinnyane tše šupa ke kanegelo yeo e lego gore bana ba mengwaga yohle ba ka ipshina ka yona. Ke ye nngwe ya dikanegeto tše bana ba di kgopelago gape le gape!

- ★ Ge o bala, šedi e be go tše dingwe tša dintlha tša go kgahliša diswantšhong. Mohlala, tše bana ba di dirago matlakaleng a 2 le 3.
- ★ Hlohleletša bana ba gago go bala le wena ge o bala mantšu a phiri ge e kokota lebateng le ge o e balela dikarabo tša bana. Go moanegwa yo mongwe le yo mongwe diriša mantšu a go fapana – mohlala: mantšu a bana a be godimo, lentšu la Koko le be bonolo e fela le tie, le mantšu a go fapana ao a dirišwago ke diphiri ka kanegelong.
- ★ Kanegelo ye e fana ka dilo tše dintši tše o ka bolelago ka tšona le bana ba gago. Lekang go boledišana ka tše dingwe tša dipotšišo tše.
 - ♡ Koko o be a sa rate go tlogela diputšane di le tee, efela o di tlogetše. Naa o be a swanetše go ba a dirile eng sebakeng sa seo?
 - ♡ Naa ratšhilo o bile le phošo ge a šašeditše folouru marofeng a phiri? Naa go na le seo a bego a ka se dira go thuša go phološa diputšane?
 - ♡ O gopola gore go ka be go diregile eng ge nkabe diputšane di se tša bula lebatl? Naa phiri e be e tlo lahlela toulo goba nkabe e lekile tselo ye nngwe ya go fihla go tšona?
 - ♡ Naa o bona go lokile ge Koko le diputšane di radiile phiri? Ka lebaka la eng/ka lebaka la eng go sa loka?
- ★ Botšiša bana ba gago gore go ka be go diregile eng ge phiri e tsoga mafelelong a kanegelo. Ba hlohleletše go ngwala se bjalo ka mafelelo a maswa a kanegelo ba thale seswantšho sa go sepelelana le seo ba se ngwadilego.

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.



Moletswana

Ge o diriša kanegelo ye le bana ba bannyane kudu, o ka rata go bala kanegelo o le tee pele, gomme ka morago wa e anega ka mantšu a gago e bile o ba bontšha diswantšho. O ka nyaka le go diragatša goja khekhe mmogo – bethantšha dipounama tša gago o ipshine ka aeing bjalo ka Madoda!

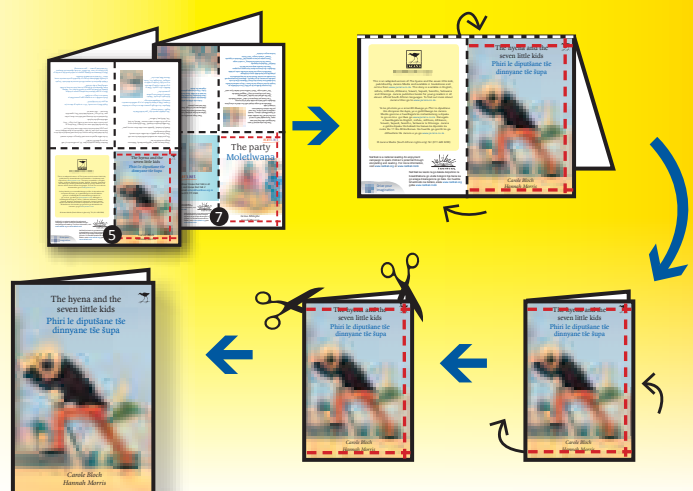
- ★ Pele o thoma go bala kanegelo, nagana ka ga meletlo efe goba efe ya lapa ya go kgethega yeo le e ketekilego bjalo ka lapa. Ahlaahla le bana ba gago gore go be go le bjang go letela mpho, goba dijo, goba go goroga ga motho yo mongwe wa go kgethega.
- ★ A re bolele mmogo ka kanegelo ka go kgetha tše dingwe tša dipotšišo tše gore di ahlaahlwe.
 - ♡ Madoda o ile a lekega go dira eng ge le tee la matšoba a aeing le wela ka thoko ga khekhe?
 - ♡ Ke ka lebaka la eng Koko a file Madoda seripa sa mathomo sa khekhe?
 - ♡ O gopola gore myemyelo ya Madoda mafelelong a kanegelo e reng ka ga go letela nako ya maleba?
 - ♡ Nagana ka ga selo seo o ilego wa swanela go se letela. Go bile bjang go leta? O ikwele bjang ge mafelelong o se hwetša?
- ★ Kgopela bana ba gago go ngwala lenaneo la dilo tše ba sa letetšego go di hwetša le go di dira.
- ★ Hlohleletša bana ba bannyane go thala diswantšho tša khekhe ya matswalo yeo ba dumago go ba le yona.

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.

Itlhameleng dipuku tša ripa-o-boloke

1. Nišha matlakala a 5 go fihla ka 12 a tlaletšo ye.
2. Aroganya matlakala a 5, 6, 11 le 12 go a 7, 8, 9 le 10.
3. Latela ditaelo tše di lego ka tlase go dira puku ye nngwe le ye nngwe.
 - a) Mena letlakala ka bogare go bapela le mathaladi wa marontho o moso.
 - b) Le mene ka bogare gape.
 - c) Ripa go bapela le mathaladi ya marontho a mahubedu.



Drive your imagination

Phiri ya khunama mo lebating gomme ya emiša borofa bja yona bja go ba le folouru ye šweu. "Ke Koko?" tša realo dipušanane tše dinyane. Tša bula lebat gomme ... gwa tsena mang?

Phiri ya khunama mo lebating gomme ya emiša borofa bja yona bja go ba le folouru ye šweu. "Ke Koko?" tša realo dipušanane tše dinyane. Tša bula lebat gomme ... gwa tsena mang?

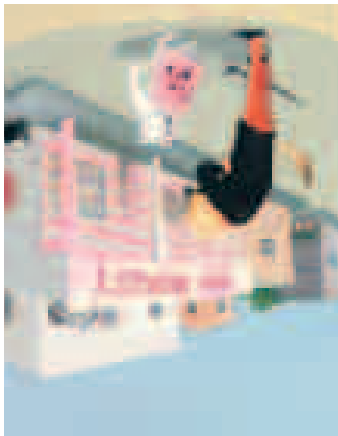
ke wena, Koko." Tša bitša ka lešobana la senofelo. pele re bontšhe dithakwana tša gago go kgonthiša gore ka ncte Gabjale dipušanane tše manyane di be di swerwe ke dala kudu. "Sa lena."

di rategago, ke ma, koko wa lena, ke boile sethokgweneng le dijo tša lentšha la gagwe le leswa le bolela, a re, "Bulang lebat, dipušanane tše Phiri ya gape laboraro kua ntlong gomme ya kokora lebating. Ka bego e se nyaka.

Ka fao ratšhilo a se sa nnganga gape gomme Phiri ya hwetša seo e Eupša Phiri ya mo torola, "Ge o sa nyake go dira seo, ke tla goja. GONA BJA!E!"

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? the keyhole. so that we are sure it's really you, Gogo." They called through. By now the little kids were very hungry. "First show us your hoofs it's me your gogo, back from the forest with some food for you." door. In his new soft voice, he said, "Open the door, dear children, For the third time Hyena went to the house and knocked on the So the miller argued no more and Hyena got what he wanted. But then Hyena growled at him. "If you will not do it, I will eat you up. RIGHT NOW!"

Fold



Ka bogale ya bogola, "Šašetša folouru ye tšhweu mo godimo ga marofa a ka." Ratšhilo o ile a gopola, "Phiri ye ya go tšofala e nyaka go dira selo sa go se loke. E nyaka go radia yo mongwe?" Ka bogale, a re, "Aowa, Morena Phiri, nka se ke?"

Kalopaka o be a tšhogile gomme a dira seo a bego a se botšwa. Gomme, Phiri ya kitima ka lebelo ya ya go ratšhilo ka marofa a ntešwego, a khupeditšwe ka tege. "Ke gobadiše marofa a ka," gwa bolela Phiri ka bogale. "A lotše ka tege."

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




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.

Ye ke phetolo ye e amantšhitšwego ya *Phiri le dipušanane tše dinyane tše šupa*, ye e gatišitšwego ke Jacana Media gomme e hwetšagala ka mabenkeleng a dipuku le go online go tšwa go www.jacana.co.za. Kanegelo e hwetšagala ka English, isiZulu, isiXhosa, Afrikaans, Siswati, Sepedi, Sesotho, Setswana le Xitsonga. Jacana e gatiša dipuku tša babadi ba baswa ka dipolelo ka moka tše 11 tša Afrika Borwa. Go hwetša go gontši ka ga dithaetlele tša Jacana e ya go 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 ke lesolo la go-balela-boipshino la bosetšhaba la go utulla bokgoni bja bana ka go anega dikanegelo le go bala. Go hwetša tshedimošo ka botlalo, etela www.nalibali.org goba www.nalibali.mobi



Fold

The hyena and the seven little kids

Phiri le dipušanane tše dinyane tše šupa



Carole Bloch
Hannah Morris

Gape Phiri e ile ya tseba seo e swanetswego go se dira. E kitimetswe thwi go ralapaka.

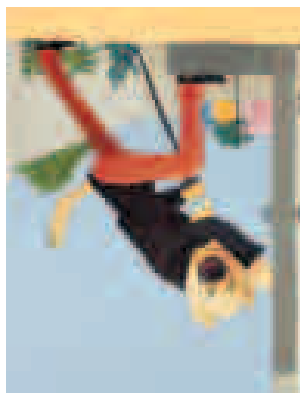
“Aowa, ga se wena koko gomme re ka se bule lebatj,” tša lla. “Koko o na le ditlhakwana, e sego marofa a menwana e mene. Ke wena phiri ya go tšofala ya mathathai. Tloga Mo!”

Le kwagala bjalo ka lenšu le boleta la Koko. Diputšane di be di šetše di nyaka go bula monyako ge di bona marofa a phiri a menwana ye mene ka lešoba la senofelo. Diputšane di ile tša lebelelana ka mahlo a go bulelaga kudu.

Ya boela ntlong gomme ya kokota lebatjng gape. “Bulang lebatj, diputšane tše di rategago, Ke ma, koko wa lena, ke boile sethokkgweng le dijo tša lena.”

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.

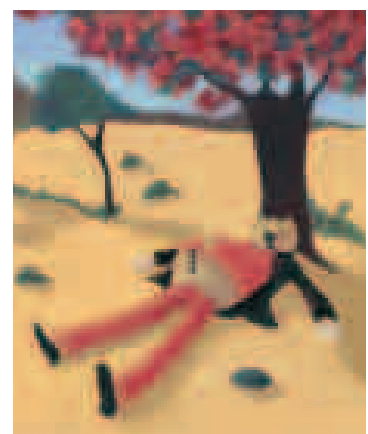


The seven kids trotted off and soon came back with seven big stones. One by one they placed the stones into the belly of the sleeping hyena. Then Gogo sewed him up.



“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.



Diputšane tše šupa tša tloga ka lebelo gomme ka pejana ke ge di etla le maswika a magolo a šupa. Ka le tee ka le tee tša nokela maswika ka mpeng ya phiri ye e robetšego. Gomme Koko a e roka.

“Ke mang yo a radiago yo mongwe bjale, Morena Phiri?” gwa sega Koko.

Ka seo, tša tlogela senokwane sa go tšofala se robetše moo, se gonela godimo, gomme tša ya gae go apea dijo tše di bose.



The second climbed into a cupboard. Ya bobedi ya tšena ka gare ga raka.

The third hid under a blanket. Ya boraro ya khuta ka fase ga koba.

The first slid under the table. Ya mathomo ya tšena ka fase ga tafola.

“Hee hee. Now I’ve got you,” laughed the crafty old hyena. The poor little kids tried to hide. “Hee hee. Bjale ke le hweditšegwa sega phiri ya go tšofala ya mathathai. Diputšane tše dimnyane tša batho tša leka go khuta.”



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.

Koko o ile a fihla ka setfanaga le ttago Madoda le maloko a mangwe a lapa a go tšwa Kimberley. Ka moka ba ba lapšišwe ke leeto le le telele. Bana ba ile ba kitimela Koko. O be a bogega gabotse. O be a opere digalase tše diswa.

8

Fold

Ka morago khekhe e ile ya fihla. E be e le khekhe ya bogolo bjo ba sa kago ba bo bona. E ile ya rwalwa ke batho ba babedi ba e tšenya ka nlongi! Dikereso di be di na le mebla ye meraro ya go tapanana – dikereso tše masomapedi ka mmala wo motele. Bana ba ile ba beya khekhe ka phaposing ya borobalelo gore e bolokege.

Madoda le Lunga ba dutše le khekhe nako ye telele. Madoda o ile a kwa modumo ka mpeng ya gagwe. "Na nka hwetša seripa se tee fe! sa khekhe?" Madoda a kgopela.

"Aowa! Re fha tšena bohatheng," a realo Lunga. "Gona seripa se tee sa aesing hie?" Madoda a kgopela. "Aowa!" a realo Lunga. "Le!a. Go ka ba kaone ge o ka le!a."

"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!"

Then the cake arrived. It was 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.

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

"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!"



9

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

Nal'ibali ke lesolo la go balela-boipshino la bosetšhaba la go utulla bokgoni bja bana ka go anega dikanegelo le go bala. Go hwetša tshedimošo ka botlalo, etela www.nalibali.org goba www.nalibali.mobi

Drive your imagination

Fold

7

HEARTLINES

The party

Moletlwana

Gcina Mhlophe
Arnold Birungi



Ka Labohano Lunga le Madoda ba ile ba thusa ka go kga merogo ka tšhemong. Ba ile ba topa maphotse le dipotata le dinawa le sepenetšhe. Ba ile ba thusa ka go paka ba lokela le malekere ka dikohlelong. Mafelelong, letšatši la hlabla la letšatši leo e lego kgale le letšwe. Leratadima e be e le letalalerata gomme kgogo ya lla go ba tsoša: "Ko nkokokoro nko-o-o; ko nkokokoro nko-o-o!" Ba thomile go apea e sa le mesong. Ka go nanya, menkgo ye mebose ya tlala moyeng ge go apeiwa nama le dijo tše dingwe tše di bose ka dipitša tše dikgolo.

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 le Madoda e be e le batswala gape e le bagwera ba bagolo. Ba be ba raloka kgwele ya maoto mmogo gomme ba ipshina kudu. Ba be ba šiana ka morago ga sekolo ge ba eya gae go bona gore ke mang yo a nago le lebelo. Lunga o be a fela a sega Madoda ka gobane ka mehla o be a phela a balabala ka la gore o swerwe ke tlala.

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?

Mafelelong, Koko a sega khekhe. O ile a tšea selai sa mathomo, a lebelela bana bao ba mo dikologilego.

"Selai sa mathomo," a realo, "ke sa Madoda – ka gobane o lebelelega e ka o tla palega ge a ka leta sebaka sa go feta se!"

Khekhe e be e le bose – go feta ka moo Madoda a bego a gopola ka gona! Aesing e ile ya kgomarela dipounama tša gagwe ge boteng bja boleta, bja bose bo felela ka leganong la gagwe.

Lunga o ile a lebelela motswala wa gagwe. "E bjang, Madoda?"

Molomo wa Madoda o be o tletše kudu; o be a sa kgone go bolela! Efela myemyelo ya gagwe e be e bolela. Bjale seo *se be se* swanetše go ka letelwa!

Fold

“Nka bea ntlha ya monwana wa ka botlaseng bja aesing, Lunga?” gwa kgopela Madoda.
 “Aowa!” Lunga a mo kgala. “Eya kua ntle o raloke o tlogele go nagana ka khekhe!”
 Madoda o be a nyamile. O swanetše go leta sebaka se se kaakang?



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!



Tate o ile a tla toropong go otera khekhe ya letšatši la matswalo. Bohle ba be ba letše go kwa tatsa ya yona. Go tla swanela go ba le dikeresese tše dintšintši. Di tla lekana ka moka? Bana ba tla swanela go thusa Koko go di tima.
 Ba boletše gore khekhe e tla ba bjang. Ka nako ye nngwe Madoda o ile a bula dimakasine tša Mma matlakaleng. Ijoo, ba šetše ba rothiša ditete; ba palelwa ke go letela letšatši le legolo!

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.

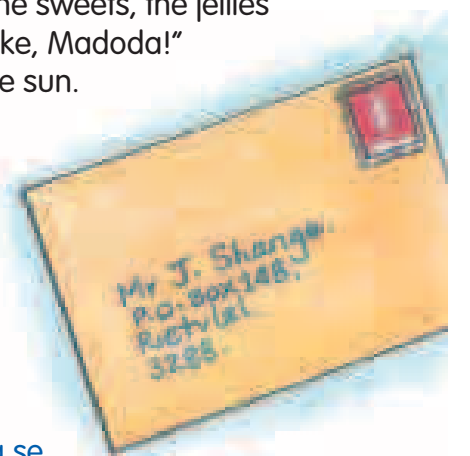
The boys were excited. The whole family would be there, as well as friends and neighbours. And there would be lots of food – delicious food for the special occasion!

“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.

Ka letšatši le lengwe,
 Malome o ile a tla le
 lengwalo la go tšwa posong.
 E be e le ditaba tše di bose!
 Koko o be a etla go etela go
 tšwa Kimberley. O be a fetša
 mengwaga ye 60. Ke sebaka se
 setelele ba sa bone Koko.

Bašemane ba be ba thabile.
 Ba lapa ka moka ba tlo ba fao, le bagwera le
 baagišane. Gomme go tlo ba le dijo tše dintši –
 dijo tša bose tša moletlo wa go kgethega!

“Tswalela mahlo a gago, Madoda. Naa o
 kgona go bona tšohle di tekilwe mo tafoleng
 ye kgolo? Gopola ka malekere, dijeli le khekhe.
 Gopola ka khekhe, Madoda!” a realo Lunga a
 lebeletše letšatši.



Beke ya go latela go be go na le leeto la go ya toropong go yo reka. Basemane ba ile le batho ba bagolo go ba thusa. Ba be ba nyaka raese, folouru ya go paka, khasetele, jeli, dipalune, dikgabizi le malekere a mantši. gwa botšiša Madoda. "Aowa!" a realo Mma. "Le swanetše go emela molelwana. Le tla senya molelwana ge le ka ja malekere gona bjale." "Le tee fela, ka kgopelo hlee?" Madoda a kgopela. "Aowa!" a realo Mmane. "Le swanetše go ithuta go leta. Dilo di botse ge o di leletše."



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. Ka morago bohle ba ile ba tsena ka gare go tšhentšha ba apara dipaparo tše di kaone. Batho ba mathomo ba ile ba fihla. Batho ba bangwe ba bantši ba fihla. Yo mongwe a bulela mmino. Bohle ba be ba bolela ba sega ba eja.

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!"

Mafelelong Mma le Mmane ba ile ba ya go tšea khekhe. Bana ba ile ba kitimela tafoleng ye kgolo ka ntle.

Koko o ile a leka go tima dikerese, efela e be e le tše dintši. Bana ba ile ba mo thusa. "Phakiša Koko, phakiša!"

Ba be ba fela pelo ya go kwa tatso ya aeing, le khekhe ya boleta ka gare. Matšoba a go dikologa morumo e be e ka re a opela, "Re je ... re je!"



... and the seventh jumped into the oven.
 ... gomme ya bošupa ya fofofa ka gare ga obene.

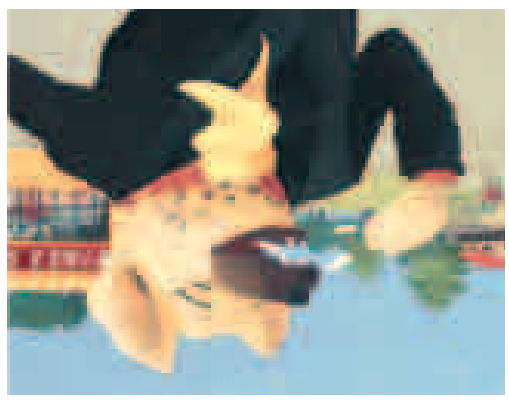
The sixth hid in a dustbin ...
 Ya bošela ya khuta ka gare ga motomo wa ditakala ...

Ya bone le ya bohano tša khuta ka morago ga digareting.

The fourth and fifth crept behind the curtains.

Fold

“Le tla dira gore lentšu la ka le be bolela, gomme ke da radia diputšane tšela tše dinyane, tša taso ye bose. Hee hee. Ke tla ba le dijo tše dintši tše ke tla di jago sebakaka sa beke ka mokai?” gwa sega Phiri ge e metša tšhoko.
 E be e le phiri ya mathathathai ka nnete, gomme e tšebile seo e swanetšego go se dira. Ya sepela ka go nyama ya ya mabenkeleeng moo e ilego ya reka lekwate la tšhoko.



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.

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.

E se kgale, ba bona phiri yeo e robetšego. Go be go na le se sengwe seo se bego se šišinyega ebile se ragaraga ka mo mpenng ya yona ye kgolokgolo.

“Kitimela gae gomme o ye go tšea sekero, nnalete le gare,” gwa hebaheba Koko. Ka lebelo la legadima putšane ye nnyanennyane ya dira seo Koko a se kgopetšego.

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!”

“*Kgaodi!*” sekero sa dira bjalo. Gwa nyarela hlogwana ye nnyane, gomme ye nngwe. Go se go fetše nako, diputšana tše tshela tša wela mo fase.

“Shh,” gwa hebaheba Koko. “Ka pelapela, e yang le yo tšea maswika a magolo gore re tlatše mpa ya yona!”

Fold



Kgalekgale, go kile gwa ba le mokgekolo yo a tšofetšego wa pudi yo a bego a hlokomela diputšane tše dinyane tše šupa. O be a di rata ka pelo ya gagwe ka moka ebile ke lapa leo le bego le thabile kudu.

Et be e se kgale go ba le mokokoto mo monyako gomme lentšu la makgwakgwa le bitša, "Bulang lebatl, diputšane tše di rategago. Ke na koko wa lena, ke boile lešokeng le dijo tša lena." Diputšane tše nyanane tša lebelana ka mahlo a go bulega kudu, "Aowa, ga se wena koko gomme re ka se bule monyako," tša lla ka bogale, "Koko o na le lentšu le bolela, la gago le makgwakgwa. Ke wena phiri ya go tšofala ya mathaitlhai. Tloga mo!"



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."

Ka letšatši le lengwe go be go se na selo sa goja. Diputšane tša lebelela koko wa bona gomme tša lla, "Re swerwe ke tlala, Koko."

Ka fao, le ge koko a sa ke a nyaka go tlogela diputšane tša gagwe di nnoši, Koko o ile a phetha ka gore a ye lešokeng go yo nyaka dijo.

"Diputšane tša ka tše di rategago, le se ke la bulela motho monyako. Go na le phiri ya go tšofala ya mathaitlhai yeo e tlogo go le metša ge le ka e bulela," gwa sebotša Koko. "E tšile go leka go le foraforetša gomme ya ikgakantšha, eupša le tla e tseba ka lentšu la yona la makgwakgwa le lesa, le marofa a yona a menwana ye mene."

Diputšane tša re, "Se tshwenyega Koko. Re tla hlokomela."

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.



Phiri ya di metša ka moka kantle le ye nyanannyanane ka memetšo ye tshela ya bojato. *GERUMPI!* Gomme, e khoše bjalo ka nta, ya tloga ya sobelela ka sethokgweng gomme ya hwetša lefelo la moriti go ikhuitša. Ka pelapela ke ge e šetše e ile ka boro ko gomme e gonela godimo.

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

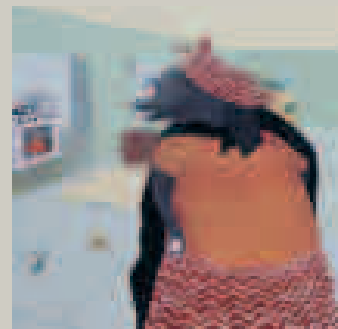
"Where are you my little kids?" she called to her precious children.

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

Ge Koko Pudi a boya ka go phakiša go tšwa lešokeng, o ile a bona eng? Dilo ka moka di be di hlakahlakane.

"Le mokae diputšane tša ka tše dinnyane?" a goeletša diputšane tša gagwe tše botse.

Go ile gwa fetola fela ye nnyanennyane, ka lentšwana le le nnyanennyane, la go thothomela, "Koko, ke mo – ka gare ga obene."



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.

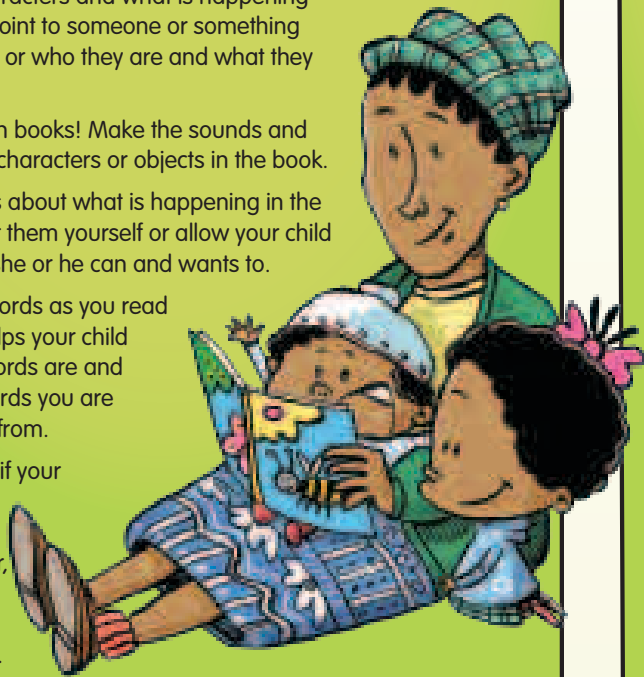
"We will find him," said Gogo. "I know exactly where that rascal is."

Putšane ye nnyanennyane ya mmotša ka moo ba radiilwe go ke phiri ye kgopo yeo e kwameditšego bobuti le boresi ba gagwe ka o tee ka o tee.

"Re tla mo hwetša," a realo Koko. "Ke tseba gabotse moo nka hwetšago senokwane seo."

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.



Dikeletšo tše 10 ka ga go abelana dipuku le digotlane le bana ba bannyane

1. Ga go tsela ya maleba goba ya go phošagala ya go diriša dipuku le digotlane le bana ba bannyane. Ipshineng ka nako yeo le e fetšago mmogo.
2. Kgetha dipuku tša go ngwalwa ka polelo ya ka gae ya ngwana wa gago, ge go kgonega.
3. Kgetha mehutahuta ya dipuku. Kgetha dikanegelo tša go ba le bana ba bangwe ka gare ga tšona le tša go ba le maitemogelo a ka mehla a go tlwaelega. Dipuku tša morumokwano le tša folepo di tumile kudu baneng ba bannyane.
4. Iketle goba o dule ka go iketla le ngwana wa gago o mmeile diropeng goba kgauswi le wena.
5. Ga go na taba gore o bala sebaka se se kaakang – ga o gapeletšege go fetša puku! Abelanang dipuku nako ye telele ka moo le nyakang.
6. Iša šedi ya bana ba gago diswantšhong le bolele ka dikgopolo, baanegwa le tše di diregago ka pukung. Šupa yo mongwe goba selo se sengwe o bolele gore ke bomang goba eng le gore ba dira eng.
7. Bapala ka dipuku! Dira medumo le mašata a baanegwa goba dilo tša ka pukung.
8. Botšiša dipotšišo ka ga tšeo di diregago ka dipukung. Di arabe goba o dumelele ngwana wa gago go di araba, ge a kgona goba a nyaka.
9. Šupa mantšu ge o le gare o a bala. Se se thuša mma go ruta ngwana gore ke mantšu afe le gore a tšwa kae.
10. Ge ngwana a laetša go se be le kgahlego, o se ke wa tlogela! Leka gape ka moragonyana goba ka tsela ye nngwe – goba o leke puku ye nngwe.

The Nal'ibali bookshelf



Šelefo ya dipuku ya Nal'ibali

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

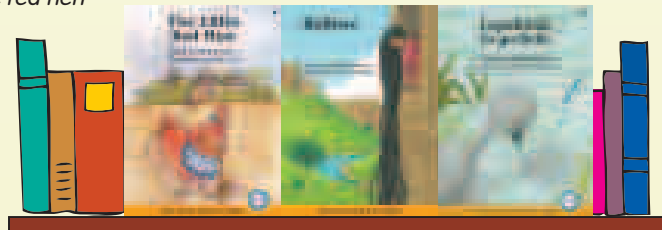
The three Billy Goats Gruff

The little girl who didn't want to grow up

The ugly duckling

The little red hen

Refilwe



Ge o ipshinne ka go bala *Phiri le diputšane tše dinnyane tše šupa*, gona o ka no ipshina ka go bala tše dingwe tša dikanegelo kgatišong ya Jacana ya go bitšwa: *Dinonwane tše kaone tšeo di ratwago tša Afrika*. Dikanegelo tša ka tlhatlamanong ye di tšwa dikarolong tše dingwe tša lefase, efela di anegilwe leswa lefelong la Afrika. Dipukukanegelo di gona ka mehutahuta ya dipolelo tša Afrika Borwa, go akaretšwa seXhosa, seZulu, Sesotho, Sepedi, seAfrikane le Seisemane. Ka fao, ge o nyaka dinonwane tša setšo tša selegae, ke ka lebaka la eng o sa leke ye nngwe ya dithaetlele tša ka mo tlase?

Phiri le diputšane tše dinnyane tše šupa

Diphooko tše tharo tša go Tshwenya

Mosetsana yo monnyane wa go se nyake go gola

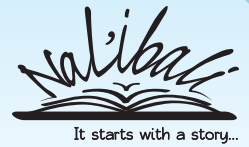
Lepidibidi la go Befu

Kgogo ye Nnyane ya Sethole ye Khubedu



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!



Mma o lahletše mekotla ya gagwe ya direkwa lebatong a ya a dula setulong sa ka moraleng. "Ijoo, efela ke lapile," a realo a phumula sethitho phatleng. "Ka mo ke swanetše go pakela teye ya letšatši la matswalo la Moruti Dumisani kua kerekeng mathapameng a lehono."

"O dira dipanekuku, Mma?" a realo Unathi ka lethabo. "Nka go thuša."

"Aowa," a realo Mma. "Ye ke teye ya letšatši la matswalo la go kgethega la Moruti Dumisani. Baruti ka moka ba kereke ya rena ba etla, le mogwera yo mogolo wa Moruti Dumisani, e lego Moruti Buso. Ke kwele gore Moruti Buso o rata disekontshe tša tšhese, ka fao ke rekile motswako wa disekontshe go di dira. Moruti Dumisani o rata dipisikiti tša swikiri, ka fao ke rekile motswako wa dipisikiti go di dira."

Unathi o be a lebelelega a nyamile, "Ke nagana gore o dire dipanekuku, Mma. Bohle ba a di rata. Ka fao ge o ka dira tšona ke tla go thuša."

"Aowa, ke a leboga, Unathi," a realo Mma. "Ke rata gore bohle ba bone gore ke paka botse. Ke paka disekontshe le dipisikiti gomme ke itlhaganetše. Ke swanetše go dira tšeo nna mong." Mma a thoma go pakolla motswako wa disekontshe le motswako wa dipisikiti a ntšha poto le dikotlelo.

Unathi o ile a bogela Mmagwe a ntšha ye nngwe ya diphakethe a e tšhela ka sekotlelong. O lahletše dikwere tše dinnyane tša poto ka motswakong a di hlakanya ka dintlha tša menwana ya gagwe. "Ke disekontshe goba dipisikiti tšeo Mma?" Unathi a botšiša.

"Disekontshe," Mma a realo a tsenya tšhese motswakong a e huduga.

Unathi o ile a lebelela phakethe ya go hloka selo yeo e lego tafoleng. Ka pele ga yona e na le seswantšho sa dipisikiti tša go kgahliša.



"Mma, o na le nnete ya gore o swere phakethe ya maleba?" Unathi a botšiša.

Mma a lebelela a le gare a tšhela maswi ka komiking ya go ela. "Unathi, o tla ntshwarela," a realo ka pefelo, "efela ke go boditše gore ke itlhaganetše. Ke kgopela gore o sepele o ye go bapala."

"Efela ..." Unathi a thoma.

"Sepela," a realo Mma a tiišitše.

Unathi o kwele e ke o nyaka go lla. O be a leka go thuša. O kare Mma ga se a dira gabotse ge a be a leka go kgahliša batho ba bangwe.

Unathi o ile a ya go dula mohlareng o mogolo ka tšhemong. O ile a bogela Mma ka lefesetere la morale.

Mma o rile go fetša go phatlalatša le go ripa tege ya mafelelo, a phumula diatla lešelang a lebelela ka lefesetere. O bone Unathi a dutše mohlareng gomme a mo oba ka seatla gore a boye. Unathi o be a thabile. Mo gongwe Mma o be a sa hlwe a befetšwe gomme o tla mo dumelela gore a latswe dikotlelo.

Mma o ile a myemyela ge Unathi a tsena ka moraleng. "Ke feditše go paka. O ntshwarele ge ke be ke befetšwe, efela ke be ke na le mošomo o montši. Ke go šietše tege ya dipisikiti ya go lekana lehwana gore o kwe tatso," a realo Mma.

Unathi a myemyela a lokela tege ya dipisikiti ka molomong wa gagwe. O ile a tswarela mahlo ge a emetše gore bobose bo fihle go dikwi tša tatso.

"Akgg, phoo!" a realo Unathi, a tshwela bolo ya tege ka diatleng. "Dipisikiti tše tša botse ga di bose. Ga ke di rate le gateete."

Mma a makala, "O ra bjang, Unathi? O a kgowa."

"O ntshwarele Mma, efela o swanetše go di kwa," a realo Unathi. "Ga di bose le gatee."

Mma o ile a ngwatha seripa sa tege a se lokela ka molomong. Nko ya gagwe ya šošobana ka go tenega. "Ga di bose," a realo. "E ka ba go senyegile kae?" Ka pejana, a bea diatla sefahlegong. "Aowa, hle!" a belaela. "Ke hlakantše motswako wa disekontshe le motswako wa dipisikiti! Ke dirile disekontshe tša swikiri ye ntši kudu le dipisikiti tša swikiri tša go ba le tšhese!"

Mma o ile a dula tafoleng a tsenya hlogo ka diatleng. "Ke ile go dira bjang bjalo? Ga ke sa na motswako o mongwe wa disekontshe goba wa dipisikiti, gape ga go sa na nako. Ke ile go dira eng ka teye ya letšatši la matswalo la Moruti Dumisani?"

Unathi a tlelwa ke kgopolo ya botse ka pejana. "Go na le nako ye e lekanego ya go dira dipanekuku, Mma! Re hloka fela folouru, mae, oli le maswi. Tšeo re dula re na le tšona. GOMME, nka go thuša!"

Mma o ile a gokara Unathi. "O bolela nnete. Nkabe ke go theeditše go tloga mathomong. Dipanekuku di tla loka."

Mma le Unathi ba ile ba thoma go šoma. Ba dirile mokgobo wa dipanekuku o mogolo. Unathi o jele tše hlano ge a le gare a thuša!

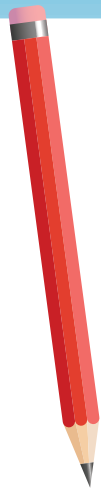
Mosegare woo teye ya letšatši la matswalo e bile katlego ye kgolo ebile le baruti ba babedi ba ratile dipanekuku!



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!)



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..."



Boipshino bja Nal'ibali

E ba mongwadi wa kanegelo!

1. Ripa mathomo a kanegelo ya *Khabetšhe* ye kgolo o e kgomaretše letlakaleng la pampiri ya go ba le laening.
2. Diriša kgopolo ya gago go feleletša kanegelo ye.
3. O ka rata gape go thala diswantšho tša go sepela le kanegelo ya gago.
4. Balela motho yo mongwe kanegelo ya gago. (O ka e balela mmago bjalo ka tlotlo ya Letšatši la Bomma!)

Khabetšhe ye kgolo

Ka letšatši le lengwe mmago Zinthle o be a dutše a lebeletše Zinthle ge a e kga ditamati ka tšhengwaneng ya bona.

"Mma, tšea ye o ekwe," a realo Zinthle a e fa mmagwe tamati ye hubedu ya nthokolo. "E bjetšwe ke nna!"

"Ke a leboga, Zinthle, o tloga o na le menwana ye metala," a realo Mma. Zinthle a sega. "Ga ke gopole bjalo. Ke no ba ke diriša resipi ya Koko ya go bjala."

"Oo, ee," a realo Mma. "Koko wa gago o ikgantšha ka diresipi tša gagwe! Nkile ka go botša kanegelo ya gagwe ya khabetšhe ye kgolo?"

"Aowa," gwa fetola Zinthle. "O ka mpotša yona gona bjale?"

"Go lokile," gwa fetola Mma. "Mesong ya Mokibelo o mongwe Koko o ile a reka phakhethe ya dipeu tša khabetšhe ..."



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 o nyaka kanegelo!

Thuša Neo go hwetša mmagwe gore a mmalele kanegelo. Khalara dinaledi go hwetša tsela ya go nepagala.



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Lebelela kgatišo ya rena ya go kgethega ya Letšatši la Bana la Boditšhabatšhaba le Letšatši la Afrika ya tlaletšo ya Nal'ibali ya beke ya 24 Mei 2015!

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