



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 fetoha babadi ba sa ntse ba dula hodima batswadi ba bona.”
Emilie Buchwald mongodi, sethotokisi le mophatlalatsi

Bomme ke mehlala!

Hangata re diipone bakeng sa bana ba rona. Re na le matla a ho ama eseng feela tsela eo ba nahanang ka yona, empa le seo ba se etsang maphelong a bona. Smangele Mathebula, eo e leng mme ebile e le Moetapele wa Letsholo la Nal'ibali, o abelana le rona seo a se tsebang ka bohlokwa ba ho ba mehlala bakeng sa ho bala.

“Ke mmadi. Haesale ke qala ho balla moradi wa ka ya dilemo di robong, Lesedi, ho fihla a sa le monyenane haholo esitana le ho mo rekela dibuka. Ditlwaelo tsena di bile le kameho e ntle haholo ho yena ho feta kamoo ke neng ke nahanne ka teng.

Ha nna le Lesedi re ne re bua mohlaleng maobanyana mona, re ile ra buisana ka dibuka tseo re di balang. “Ke latela mehlala wa hao,” a rialo. Ke ile ka tseha hobane hantlentle o ne a se a le pele ho mpheta letotong la dibuka tseo re neng re di bala re le babedi.

Ke bala dibuka tsa bana e le hore ke tle ke kgone ho ba le seo nka qoqang ka sona mabapi le dibuka le moradi wa ka. Ekare re na le tlelapo ya rona ya dibuka! Ho bua ka dibuka tseo re di balang ho re thusitse ho matlafatsa kamano ya ka le Lesedi – mme, ehlile, ena ke yona feela tsela eo ka yona nka susumetsang lerato la dibuka bophelong ba hae!

Ha ke ne ke le ngwana, jwaloka batho ba bangata, ke ile ka kopana le dibuka sekolong sa heso. Empa ke shelofa ya maiketsetso ya dibuka tlung ya nkgono wa ka e ileng ya kgwephetsa tjheseho ka hare ho nna. Ho sibolla dibuka shelofong eo qetellong ho ile

ha mphihlisa ho pokello ya tsebo lapeng la batswadi ba ka, mme dibuka tseo di bile sebaka sa bohlokwa ho nna moo ke neng ke etsa dipatlisiso teng, kgale kwana pele ho fihla matsatsi ana a bo-*Google*!

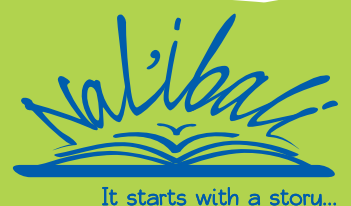
Ho bohlokwa hore jwaloka batswadi le bahlokomedi re ntshetse pele moetlo wa ho tsebisa bana ba rona dimakatso le botle bo fumanwang lefatsheng la dibuka. Hantlentle ha ho kgathallehe hore o bala hantle hakae kapa o rata ho sebedisa puo/dipuo dife, malapa a rona a tletse mekgwa e mengata ya ho etsa hore dipale di phele. Ho etsa mehlala, o ka thusa bana ba hao ho ithuta alefabeto, ha le papala papadi eo ho yona le batlanang le dintho tse qalang ka tlhaku e itseng. Kapa le ka bua kamoo dintho tseo le kopaneng le tsona motsheare di tsamaelanang le dibuka tseo wena le bana ba hao le di balang.

Eba mehlala wa ho bala baneng ba hao! Dula o abelana lerato la hao la dibuka mmoho le bona! ”



Drive your imagination

Story Power.
Bring it home.
Tlisa matla a pale ka lapeng.



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

Nal'ibali ya ratehang

Ke na le mora ya dilemo di 5 le moradi ya dilemo di 3. Ba dula ba lebelletse tlatsetso ya lona le dipalekgutshwe tseo le fanang ka tsona. Bosiung bo bong le bo bong re bala pale. Ke natefelwa haholo ke dikeletso tse thusang tseo le fanang ka tsona. Ke leboha ho menahane.

Ka boikokobetso

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

Nal'ibali ya ratehang

Ke moithuti ya seng a ena le lengolo la dikeri ho tsa Dithuto tsa Seafrika mme ke setho se thehileng mokgatlo wa South African Young Feminist Activists (SAY-F). Ke motho ya dumelang ho baleng le ho pheteng dipale haholo. Ho bala ho na le bokgoni ba ho atolosa lefatsho la motho. Ke holetse bofutsaneng, empa mme wa ka o ne a rata ho nkisa laeaboraring ha nngwe ka kgwedi ho ya adima dibuka. O ne a ka adima tekete ya terene ho baahisani ba rona mme a palame terene ho ya ntata sekolong sa ka sa poraemari, mme ebe re adima dibuka re di bale mmoho. Ke ile ka qala ho ba lerato la dipale tse qapilweng ho tloha ke sa le monyenyanane. Ho pheta dipale le dipale tsa batho ba bang di fetotse bophelo ba ka. Ke hopola ke bala buka ya Steve Biko e bitswang *I Write What I Like* (Ke ngola seo ke se ratang) mme e ile ya fetola tsela ya bophelo ba ka.

Wanelisa Xaba, Langa, Cape Town

Dear Nal'ibali...
Nal'ibali ya ratehang...

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

Ngolla Nal'ibali ho
PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Building 17,
Waverley Business Park, Wycroft
Road, Mowbray, 7700, kapa
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

Ena ke tlaheho tsa diSMS tse mabapi le dipale tsa rona.

Moshanyana le phokojwe: Ke pale e monate haholo. Bana ba tlelapo ya ka ya ho bala ba ile ba natefelwa ke pale ena e le ka nnete. E tletse thuto haholo. Re ile ra buisana ka thuto eo re ithutleng yona paleng ena. Ke a leboha, Nal'ibali.

Vuyelwa

Lwazi le kolotsana: Ehlile, ke ratile pale ena haholo. Lebitso la mora wa ka ke Lwazi. Re ile ra tsheha haholo ha ke mmalla yona. Ke a leboha ka ho etsa hore pale ena e be monate tjena bakeng sa mora wa ka.

Lizelle

Tshimo ya Mong Shabalala: Ke rata pale ena hobane qalong o ne a inahanela boyena feela, empa qetellong o ne a se a ithutle ho abelana le ba bang.

Nothando Nkosi, Kereiti 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!



Re keteka bomme ba rona!

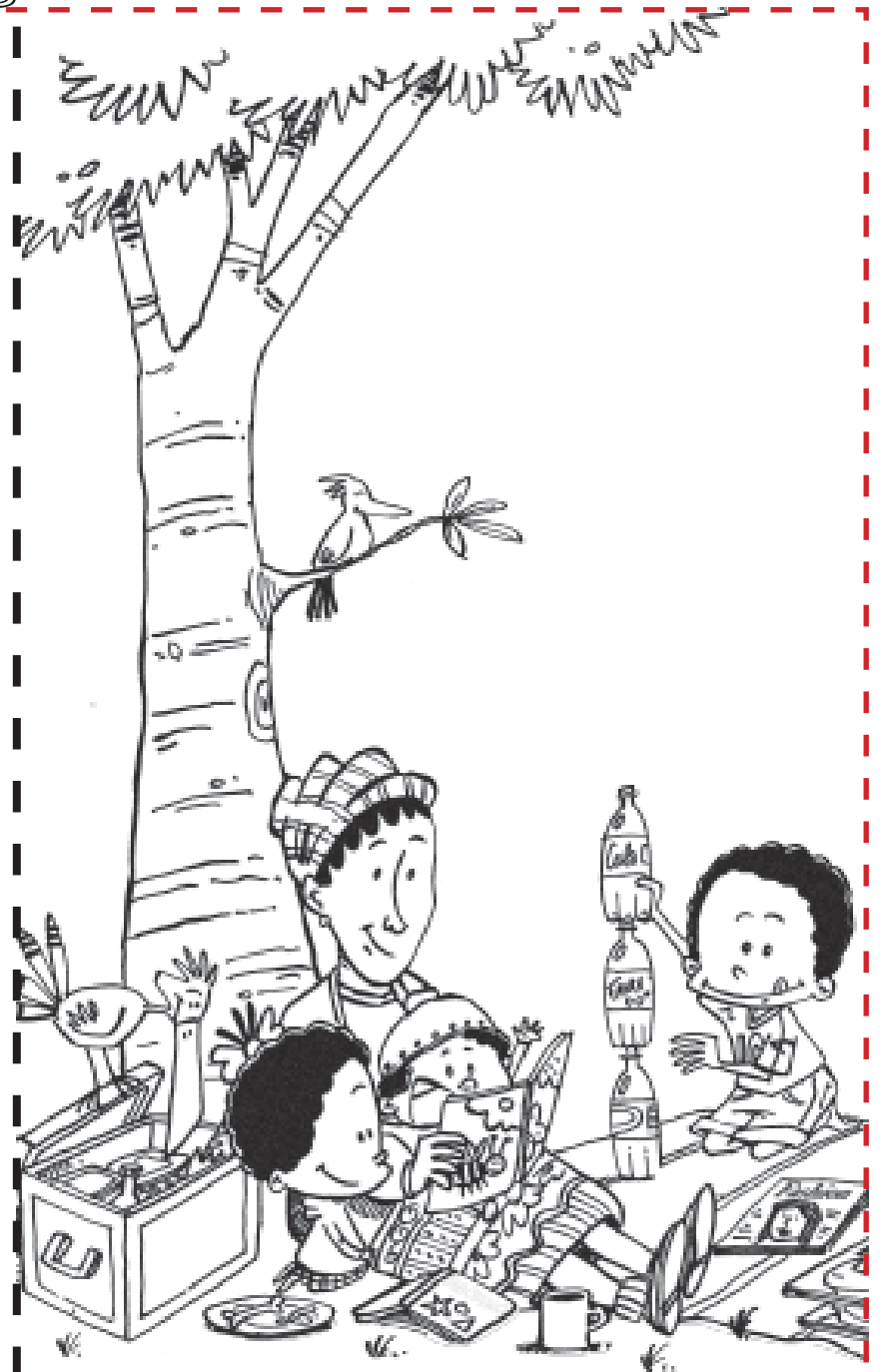
Selemo ka seng ka Sontaha sa bobedi kgweding ya Motsheanong, re keteka kamoo bomme ba leng bohlokwa ka teng maphelong a rona. Latela ditaelo tse na bakeng sa ho etsetsa mme wa hao karete kapa motho eo o mo nkang jwalo ka mme bophelong ba hao!

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.

Etsa karete ya Letsatsi la Bomme

1. Seha o ntshe karete hodima mola o mofubedu.
2. Mena karete hodima mola wa matheba a matsho.
3. Kgomaretsa dikarolo tse pedi mmoho.
4. Ka lehlakoreng le nang le setshwantsho, ngola molaetsa bakeng sa motho eo o tlang ho mo fa karete eo. Kenya setshwantsho seo mebala.
5. Ka lehlakoreng le leng, taka setshwantsho sa hao le motho eo le le mmoho, kapa ngola thotokiso kapa molaetsa o moleletsana.



NAL'IBALI ON RADIO!

Enjoy listening to stories in Sesotho and in English on Nal'ibali's radio show:
Lesedi FM on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday from 9.45 a.m. to 10.00 a.m.
SAfm on Monday to Wednesday from 1.50 p.m. to 2.00 p.m.



NAL'IBALI RADIYONG!

Natefelwa ke ho mamela dipale ka Sesotho le English lenaneong la radiyo la Nal'ibali:
Lesedi FM ka Mantaha, Labobedi le Labone ho tloha ka 9.45 a.m. ho fihlela ka 10.00 a.m.
SAfm ka Mantaha ho isa ka Laboraro ho tloha ka 1.50 p.m. ho fihlela 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.



Eba mahlahlaha ka pale!

Ena ke mehopollo e itseng bakeng sa dipale tse sehwanng-le-ho-ipolokelwa tse leqepheng la 5 ho isa ho leqephe la 12 la tlatseso ena. Kgetha tse tshwanetseng bana ba hao le ditabatabelo tsa bona.



Lefiritshwana le dipotsanyane tse supileng

Lefiritshwana le dipotsanyane tse supileng ke pale eo bana ba dilemo tsohle ba ka natefelwang ke yona. Ke e nngwe ya dipale tseo bana ba ratang ho kopa hore ba di phetelwe hangata!

- ★ Ha o ntse o bala, etsa hore bana ba eellwe dintlha tse kgahlisang di tshwantshong. Ho etsa mohlala, seo bana ba se etsang leqepheng la 2 le la 3.
- ★ Kgothaletsa bana ba hao ho kenella ha o bala mantswe a lefiritshwana ha le kokota monyako, esitana le ha o bala dikarabo tsa dipotsanyane. Sebedisa mantswe a fapaneng ka modumo bakeng sa mophetwa ka mong – ho etsa mohlala: mantswe a masesane bakeng sa dipotsanyane, lentse le bonolo empa le tiileng bakeng sa Nkgono le mantswe a fapaneng ao lefiritshwana le a sebedisang paleng moo.
- ★ Pale ena e fana ka dintho tse ngata tseo le ka buang ka tsona wena le bana ba hao. Lekang ho buisana ka tse ding tsa dipotso tse.
 - ♡ Nkgono o ne a sa batle ho siya dipotsanyane di le ding, empa o ile a tsamaya. A ka be a entse eng ho ena le ho etsa jwalo?
 - ♡ Na motho ya dubang phofo o ne a fositse ka ho tshela phofo maotong a lefiritshwana? Na ho na le seo a ka beng a se entse ho thusa ho pholosa dipotsanyane?
 - ♡ O nahana hore ho ka be ho ile ha etsahalang hoja dipotsanyane di ne di sa ka tsa bula monyako? Na lefiritshwana le ka be le ile la tela kapa le ka be le ile la leka maqheka a mang a ho di fumana?
 - ♡ Na o nahana hore ho ne ho nepahetse hore Nkgono le dipotsanyane ba qhekanyetse lefiritshwana? Hobaneng o re E kapa Tjhe?
- ★ Botsa bana ba hao hore ba nahana hore ho ka be ho etsahetseng ha lefiritshwana le ne le ka tsoha qetellong ya pale. Ba kgothaletse ho ngola sena jwaloka qetelo e ntjha ya pale ena mme ba take setshwantsho se tsamaisanang le seo ba se ngotseng.

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.



Moketjana

Haeba o sebedisa pale ena baneng ba banyenyane haholo, o ka nna wa batla ho bala pale eo pele ka bowena, ebe o e pheta hape ka mantswe a hao ha o ntse o ba bontsha di tshwantsho. Hape le ka batla ho etsisa ho jewa ha kuku mmoho – nyekang melomo mme le natefelwe ke aesengshuka e monate jwaloka ha Madoda a ile a etsa feela!

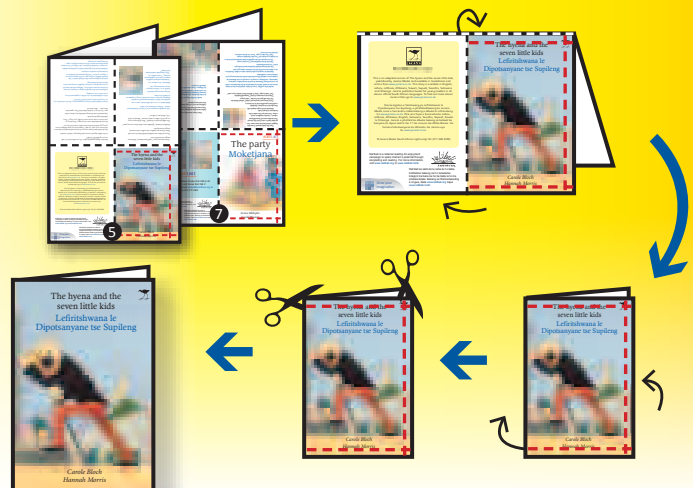
- ★ Pele o qala ho bala pale, nahana ka diketsahalo dife kapa dife tse kgethehileng tsa lelapa tseo le ileng la di keteka jwaloka lelapa. Buisana le bana ba hao hore na ho ne ho le jwang ho emela dimpho, kapa dijo, kapa motho e mong ya ikgethileng hore a fihle.
- ★ Ha re buisaneng ka pale mmoho ka ho kgetha tse ding tsa dipotso tse hore re buisane ka tsona.
 - ♡ Madoda o ne a lakatsa ho etsa eng ha e nngwe ya dipalesa tse kgabisitseng e thella ka lehlakoreng la kuku?
 - ♡ Hobaneng ha Nkgono a ile a fa Madoda leqhetswana la pele la kuku?
 - ♡ O nahana hore pososelo ya Madoda qetellong ya pale ee e reng mabapi le ho emela nako e nepahetseng?
 - ♡ Nahana ka ntho e itseng eo o kileng wa tlameha ho e emela. O ile wa ikutlwa jwang ha o ne o lokela ho ema? O ile wa ikutlwa jwang qetellong ha o se o e fumana?
- ★ Kopa bana ba hao hore ba ngole lenane la tse ding tsa dintho tseo ba sa ntseng ba emetse ho di fumana le ho di etsa.
- ★ Kgothaletsa bana ba banyenyane ho taka di tshwantsho tsa kuku ya letsatsi la tswalo eo ba e lakatsang.

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.

Iketsitse dibuka tse sehwanng-le-ho-ipolokelwa

1. Ntsha ho tlaha ho leqephe la 5 ho isa ho leqephe la 12 tlatsetsong ena.
2. Arola leqephe la 5, 6, 11 le la 12 ho maqephe ana, la 7, 8, 9 le la 10.
3. Latela ditaelo tse ka tlase mona ho etsa bukana ka nngwe.
 - a) Mena leqephe ka halofo hodima mola wa matheba a matsho.
 - b) Le mene ka halofo hape.
 - c) Seha hodima mela ya matheba a mafubedu.



Drive your imagination

Fold



Ya kgaruma monga lewala ka bohale ya re, "Fafatsa folouru e tshwenu menwaneng ya ka." Ralelwala o ile a nahana a re, "Lefiritshwana lena le qadile ka masene a lona, le ho qhekanyetsa ba bang." A itea sefuba a re, "The, Monghadi Lefiritshwana, ha ke batile."

Ralobenkele eo o ne a tshohile haholo, mme a etsa iwalo ka ha lona a boreledi, a neng a kuperditswe ke hlama ya ho baka.

"Ke thonkgile menwana ya ka," ha bua Lefiritshwana ka bohale. "E tshase ka hlama ya ho baka."

"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." "Ke thonkgile menwana ya ka," ha bua Lefiritshwana ka bohale. "E tshase ka hlama ya ho baka."



The hyena and the seven little kids

Lefiritshwana le Dipotsanyane tse Supileng



Carole Bloch
Hannah Morris

Fold

Lefiritshwana le ile la kgumama fatishe, la phahamisa tlhako e le nngwe e boreledi ke folouru. "Ke Nkgono!" ha hwelatsa dipotsanyane ka thabo. Di ile tsa bula monyako, empa ... ke mang jwale tjena dipotsanyane di ne di lapile haholo. "Re bonsthe ditlhako tsa hao pele, re be le bonnete ba hore o Nkgono wa rona." Ke dipotsanyane di hweleditse le lesobaneng la senotlolo, monyako.

Lefiritshwana le ile la kgutlela ndlong eo lekgetlo la boraro, la kokota monyako, mme la re, "Bulang monyako bana ba ka, ke nma nkgono wa lona, ke kgutlile morung mme ke le ditse le dijo tse hladosang."

Ka hoo Ralelwala ha a ka a hlola a ngangisana le lona, a etsa feela seo le se badang.

Empa Lefiritshwana le ile la mo kgaruma la re, "Ke ta o harola ke o je, ha o sa phethe taolo ya ka HONA TJENAI?"

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?

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.

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."

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!"



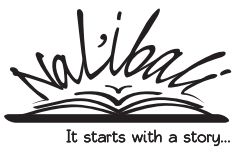
We publish what we like

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



It starts with a story...

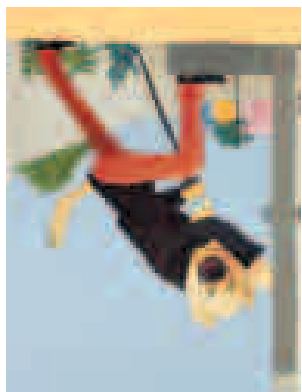
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Le firitshwana le ne le tseba hantle hore le lokela ho etsa eng. Le ile la mathela lebdenkeleng la tse bakwang.
 menwana e mense. O lefiritshwana le masene! 'Tsamaya!'
 tsona tseo, di hweleditse. 'Nkgono o na le dilhako eseng maro a
 "Tjhe, ha o nkgono wa romai! Re ke ke ra o bulela monyako," ke
 tonne mahlo.
 nyarela lesobeng le kenyang senololo, monyako. 'Tsa shebana, di
 ha di bona tlhako ya lefiritshwana e menwana e mense, ka ho
 Nkgono wa tsona. Dipotsanyane tseo di ne di di bula monyako
 Leentswe leo le ne le utwahala le le molodi feela jwalo ka la
 tswa morung mme ke le detse dijo tse hlabosang?"
 "Bulang monyako hle bana ba ka. Ke nna nkgono wa lona, ke
 Le firitshwana le ile la kgutlela ndlong eo, la kokota hape monyako.
 Again Hyena knew just what to do. He ran straight to the baker.

crafty old hyena. Go away!"
 they cried. "Gogo has hoofs, not four-toed paws. You are the
 "Oh no, you are not our gogo and we will not open the door,"

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.



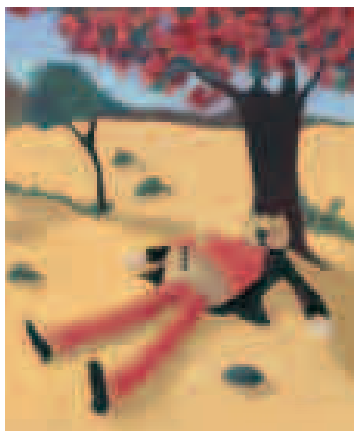
Once upon a time, there was an old granny goat who
 looked after seven little kids. She loved them with all
 her heart and they were a very happy family.



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.



Dipotsanyane tseo tse supileng
 di ile tsa mathela thoteng, tsa
 kgutla le majwe a supileng a
 maholo. Di ile tsa beha majwe
 ao ka bonngwe ka mpeng ya
 lefiritshwana le robetseng.
 Nkgono a qetella ka ho a
 rokella ka moo ka mpeng.

"Ke mang ya maqheka ho
 feta e mong jwale Monghadi
 Lefiritshwana?" ha botsa
 Nkgono a keketeha.

Ba tlohela lefiritshwana
 ka mantswe ao, le ntse le
 kgona moo, ba leba hae
 moo ba fihlileng ba pheha
 dijo tse hlabosang.



The first hid under the table.
 Ya pele e ile ya ipata ka tlasa tafole.
 The third hid under a blanket.
 Ya boraro ya ipata
 ka kobo.

The second climbed
 into a cupboard.
 Ya bobedi ya kena
 ka khaboteng.

"Hee hee. Now I've got you," laughed the crafty old
 hyena. The poor little kids tried to hide.
 "Hi! hihi! Ke le fumane jwale," ha
 tsheha lefiritshwana le masene, le
 tsofetseng. Dipotsanyane tsa batho tsa
 leka ho ipata.

Fold



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.

Jwale ha fihla Nkgono ka koloi a ena le nta Madoda, le ba bang ba leloko ba tswang Kimberley. Bohle ba ne ba kgathetse ka mora leeto le lelele. Bana ba mathela ho Nkgono. O ne a le motle. O ne a rwetse diborele tse ntlha.

8

Fold

Jwale kuku ya fihla. E ne e le kuku e kgolo boo ba so kang ba bo bona esale. Batho ba babedi ba ile ba tlameha ho e nka ho e isa ka tlungi! Dikereso di ne di le ka mebdala e meraro e fapaneng - mmaleng o mong le o mong ho na le dikereso tse mashome a mabedi. Banna ba beha kuku ka kamoreng ya ho robala hore e sireletsehe. Madoda le Lunga ba dula le kuku nako e telele. Madoda o ne a utlwa ho end le ho lla ha mala ka mping ya hae. "Na nka tumana feela leqhetswana le le leng la kuku?" ha botsa Madoda.

"Tlhei! Re tla ba kgathatsong," ha rialo Lunga. "Ha ho le lwalo na nka ngwatha feela hanyenyane karolo e ka hodimo ya kuku ee?" ha rialo Madoda a kopa. "Tlhei!" ha rialo Lunga. "Ema. Ho tla ba molemo haholo ha o ka ema."

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!"



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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HEARTLINES

The party Mocketjana

Gcina Mhlophe
Arnold Birungi

Fold 7



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.

Ka Labohlano Lunga le Madoda ba thusa ho kga meroho serapeng. Ba ile ba kga mekopu le dipatata le dinawa le sepineithi. Ba thusa ka ho etsa dikuku mme ba ba ba tshela dipompong ka hara dikotlolo tsa teng. Qetellong, letsatsi la tshaba leo e saleng le emetswe nako e telele. Lehodimo le ne le hlakile mme le mokoko wa lla ho ba tsosa; "Kokolo-kolo-o-o-ko-o-o!" Ha hla ha qalilwa e sa le hoseng ho pheha. Hanyane hanyane, monko wa dillo tse monate wa tlala moyeng ha nama le dillo tse ding tse monate di ntse di butswa ka hara dipitisa tse kgolo.

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, Madoda was sad. How much longer must he wait?"

Ha ba geta ho dumedisana Nkgono, bana ba kgutlela hape kukung. Ho ne ho tlhesa ka kamoreng ya ho robala mme e nngwe ya dipalesa tsa ho kgabisisa e kukung e ne e se e qhibidihela fatshhe. "Na nka nka leha e le feela palesa ee, Lunga? Ha ho motho ya tla eellilwa," ha rialo Madoda.



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 ne e le bomotswala mme ebile e le metswalle e meholo. Ba ne ba bapala bolo ya maoto mmoho mme ba ithabisa haholo. Ba ne ba hlodisana ka bobona ka mora sekolo ho bona hore ke mang ya lebelo ho feta. Ka nako e nngwe Lunga o ne a tshaha Madoda hobane ka mehla o ne a tletleba ka hore o lapile.

Qetellong, Nkgono a seha kuku. A nka leqhetswana la pele mme a sheba bana ba mo potileng.

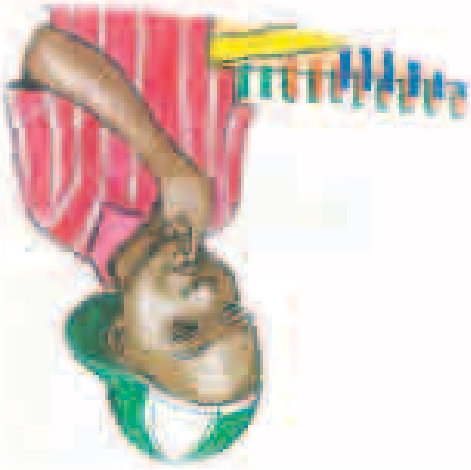
"Leqhetswana la pele," a rialo, "ke le tshwaela Madoda- hobane o shebahala eka o tla phatloha ha a ka lokela ho ema ho feta mona!"

Kuku e ne e latsweha ha monate- ho feta kamoo Madoda a neng a nahana ka teng! Sekgabisisa sa itshwareletsa molomong wa hae, ha bohare bo bonolo, bo tswekere bo robellana ka lehanong la hae.

Lunga a sheba ka ho motswalae. "E jwang, Madoda?"

Molomo wa Madoda o ne o tletse haholo; ha a ka a kgona ho bua letho! Empa ho bososela ha hae ha bua ditaba. Sena e ne e le seo motho a ka se emelang!

“T!hei Ema. E t!a lat!sweha hamonate ho feta ha o ka ema,” ha rialo Lunga.
 “Na nke se behe leha e le feela goba la monwana wa ka karolong e ka t!ase, Lunga?”
 Madoda a bua ka ho kopa.
 “T!hei!” ha bua Lunga ka ho kgaruma, “Eya ka n!e o yo bapala, mme o t!ohele ho nahana ka kukui!”
 Madoda o ne a swabile. O lokela ho ema nako e kae?



Ntate o ne a se a ile toropong ho ya behetsa kuku ya mokitlana wa letsatsi la tswalo. E mong le e mong o ne a emetse ho t!a e lat!swa. Ho t!a lokela hore ho be le dikeresese tse ngatlangata. Na tsohle di t!a ba le sebaka? Bana ba ne ba t!a lokela ho thusa Nkgono ho di butswela kaofela.
 Ba na ba bua ka moo kuku e lokelang ho shebahala ka teng. Ka nako e nngwe Madoda a bua makasine wa kgale wa Mme mme a leka ho kometsa di!o tsohle tse monate tse hlakang maqepheng. Ao, emela letsatsi le lehlo!

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.

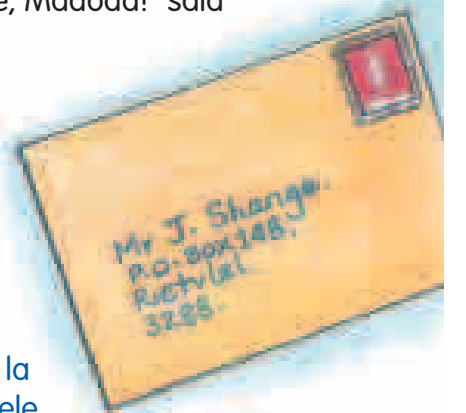
The boys were excited. The whole family would be there, as well as friends and neighbours. And there would be lots of food – delicious food for the special occasion!

“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 tsatsi le leng, Malome a t!a le lengolo ho tswa posong. E ne e le ditaba tse monate! Nkgono ya dulang Kimberley o ne a t!o ba etela. E ne e le letsatsi la hae la tswalo la bo-60. E ne e se e le nako e telele ba sa bone Nkgono.

Bashanyana ba ne ba thabile, Lelapa kaofela le ne le t!o ba mmoho, hammoho le metswalle le baahisani. Mme ho ne ho t!o ba le dijo tse ngata- dijo tse monate tsa ketsahalo e ikgethang!

“Kwala mahlo a hao, Madoda. Na o bona tsohle di adilwe hodima tafole e kgolo? Nahana ka dipompong, dijeli le dikuku. Nahana ka kuku, Madoda!” ha rialo Lunga ka sefahleho se shebisitsweng letsatsing.



Beke e hlahlamang ho ile ha ba le leeto la ho ya reka toropong. Bashanyana ba ya le bona ho ya thusa batho ba baholo. Ba ne ba hloka reisi, folouru bakenng sa ho etsa dikuku, khastete, jeli, dibalunu, mekgabiso le dipompong tse ngata.

"Na re ka fumana dipompong ha !wale?" ha botsa Madoda.

"Tjhe!" ha rialo Mme. "Le lokela ho emela mokitjana. Le tla senya mokitjana ha le eja dipompong hona !wale."

"E le nngwe feela, hlee?" ha kopa Madoda.

"Tjhe!" ha rialo Rakgadi. "O lokela ho ithuta ho ema. Dintso di monate haholo ha o ile wa di emela."



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.

Jwale bohle ba kena ka hare ho tla hlobola diparo ba apara tse ntle ho itokisetse mokitjana. Mokgahlelo wa pele wa baeti wa filia. Batho ba bangatangata ba na ba filia. Motho e mong a letsa mmino. Batho ba ne ba qoqa, ba tsheha ba ja.



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!"

Qetellong Mme le Rakgadi ba ya lata kuku. Bana ba mathela tafoleng e kgolo e ka ntle.

Nkgono a leka ho butswela dikerese, empa di ne di le ngata haholo. Jwale he bana ba mo thusa. "Potlaka, Nkgono, potlaka!"

Ba ne ba se ba sa kgone ho ema pele ba ka latswa sekgabisi se sepinki, le kuku e bonojana e ka hare. Dipalesa tse maphakong e ne e ka di ntse di bina di re "Re je, re je!"



The fourth and fifth crept behind the curtains.

Ya bone le ya bohano
tsa ipata kamora
dikgarenc.

The sixth hid in a dustbin ...
Ya boishela ya
ipata ka mogomong
wa matakala ...

... and the seventh jumped
into the oven.
... mme ya bosupa ya
qhomela ka ontong.

Fold

Eg, ba ne ba ncpile. E ne e hille e le lefritshwana le masene. Mme le ne le tseba hantle hore le lokela ho etsang. Le ile la leba mabenkcleng moo le ileng la rekha tshoko e ngata.

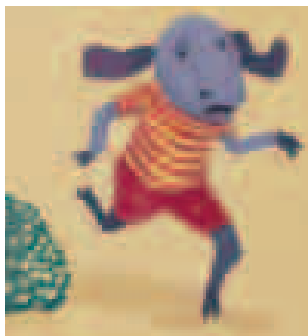
“Tshoko ena e da leotsa lentse ha ka mme ke da kgona ho qhekanyetsa dipotsanyane tsane tse habosang. Hii hii hii! Ke da jella beke kaofela!” Ha tshelha Lefritshwana le ntse le metsa tshoko.



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.

Ha ho a nka le nako e kae ba be ba se ba bona lefritshwana le robetseng. Ho ne ho ena le ntho e ntseng e kunyakunya mpeng ya lona e kgolohadi.

“Mathela lapeng o tle le sekere, nalete le kgareng,” ke Nkgono eo a sebela potsanyane ya hae. Potsanyane eo e ile ya nka ka sekaja, ya phetha thomo ya Nkgono wa yona.

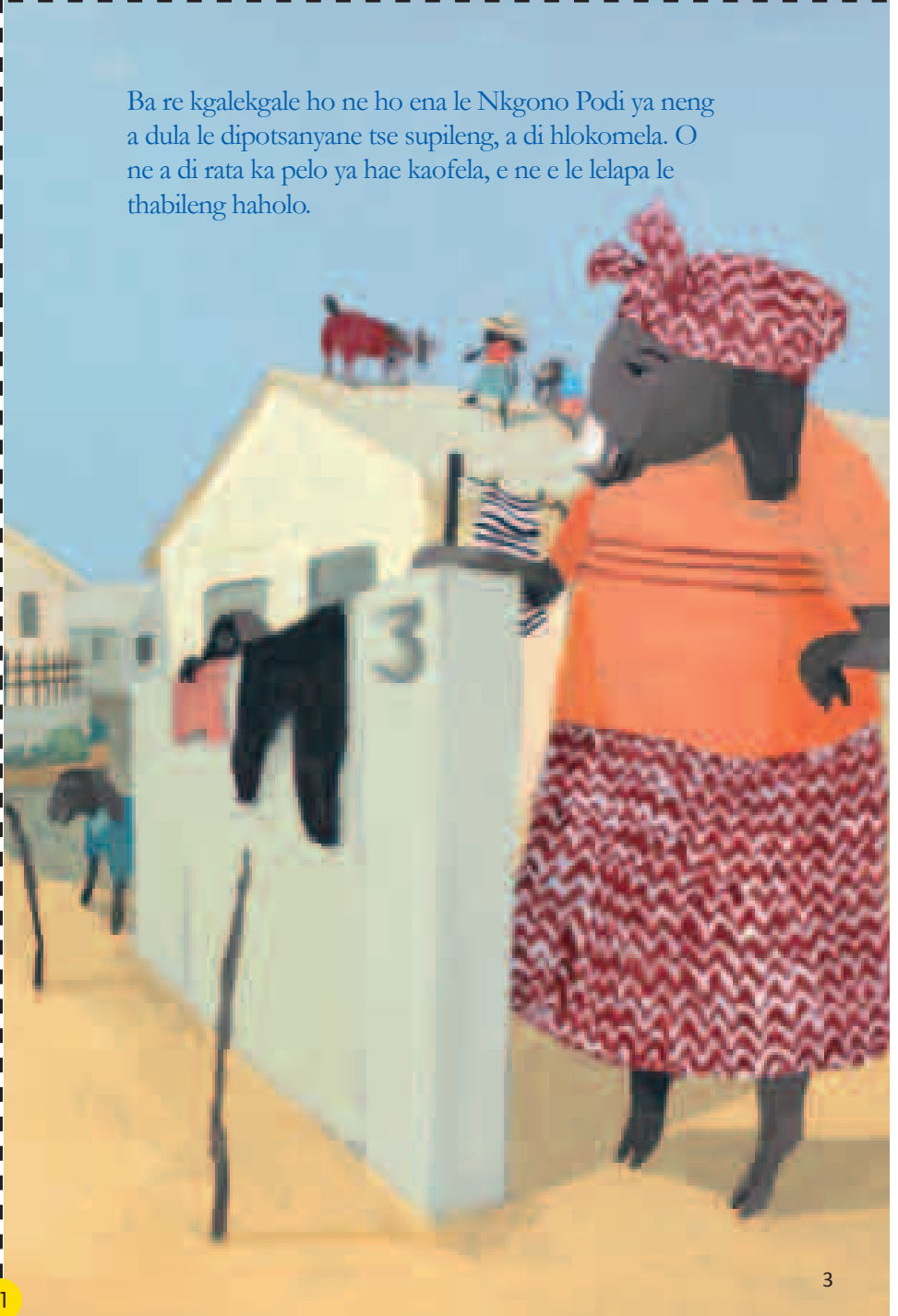
Snip! went the scissors. Out popped one little head, then another. In no time at all, six kids tumbled onto the ground.

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

Sebi! ke sekere seo. Mpa ya buleha, ha tswa hloohonyana ya pele, ya latelwa ke e nngwe. Mme kapele feela ke ha dipotsanyane tse tsheletseng di tswile kaofela ka mpeng, di wetse fatshe.

“Shhh,” ha hweshetsa Nkgono. “Potlakang le late majwe a maholo hore re a kenye ka mpeng ya lefritshwana!”

Ba re kgalekgale ho ne ho ena le Nkgono Podi ya neng a dula le dipotsanyane tse supileng, a di hlokomela. O ne a di rata ka pelo ya hae kaofela, e ne e le lelapa le thabileng haholo.



Fold

Nako e seng kae kamora hore nkgono a tsamay, dipotsanyane di ile tsa udwa motho a kokota monyako a bile a bua ka lentse le makgrehla a re: "Bulang monyako hle bana ba ka. Ke na Nkgono wa lona, ke se ke kgutlle ho tswa sela morung, mme ke le tsetse dijo tse hlabosang."

Dipotsanyane tseo di ile tsa shebana di tonne mahlo. "The ha o nkgono wa rona mme re ke ke ra o buela monyako," ke tsona tseo di itlile dituba. "Nkgono wa rona o bua ka lentse le molodi, wena la hao le makgrehla. O lefritshwana la senokwane. Tsamaya!"



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 letsatsi le leng ho ne ho se dijo ka tlung. Dipotsanyane di ile tsa sheba nkgono wa tsona ka mahlo a saretsweng tsa re, "Nkgono, re lapile!"

Nkgono o ile a tlameha ho siya dipotsanyane tseo di le ding leha a ne a sa rate, kaha o ne a lokela ho leba morung, ho ya di batlela dijo.

"Bana ba ka, le se ke la bulela mang kapa mang monyako. Ho na le lefritshwana le tsofetseng, le masene. Le ka le kometsa kaofela, ha le ka le bulela monyako hore le kene," ke Nkgono eo, a ba lemosa. "Le ka nna la leka ho le qhekanyesta, ka ho iphetola seo e seng sona, empa le tla le elellwa ka lentse le makgrehla le menwana e mene marong."

Dipotsanyane tsa re, "O se ke wa kgathatseha Nkgono, re tla itlhokomela."

Lefritshwana le ile la kwanya dipotsanyane tseo kaofela ka morhamo o le mong, ntle le e le nngwe feela. KWIDIT! Le ne le kgotshe sa mpanaphatoha, mme la hulana, la fihla la itahlela tsa moriti wa sefate. Le ile la kgaleha hang feela, le kgoneha hodimo.



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.

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."

Nkgono Podi o kgahlanyetswa ke eng ha a fihla hae, a etswa morung? Dintho di ne di phethohile, ho kopakopane.

"Le kae bananyana ba ka?" ke nkgono a bitsa dipotsanyane tsa hae tseo a di ratang.

E nyenyane ho di feta kaofela ke yona feela e ileng ya araba, ka lentse le lenyenyane, le thothomelang ke letswalo, "Nkgono, ke nna enwa – ka ontong."



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.

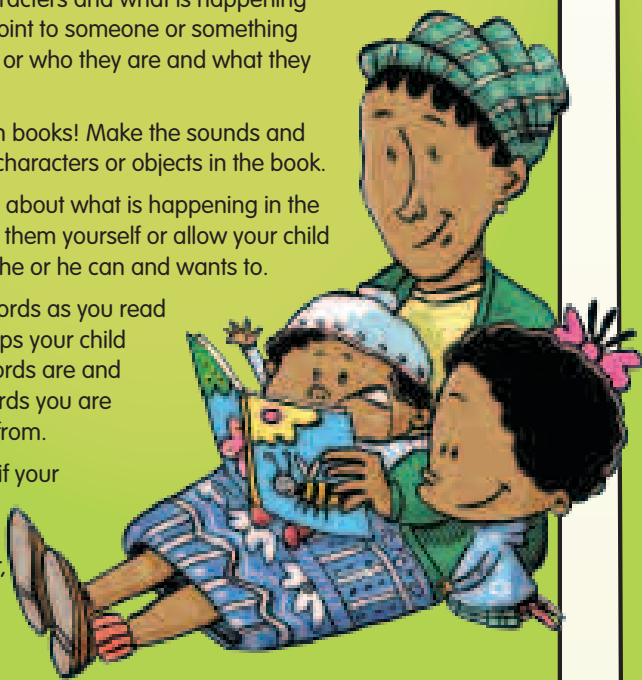
"We will find him," said Gogo. "I know exactly where that rascal is."

Potsanyane eo e nyenyane e ile ya phetela nkgono wa yona ka moo lefritshwana le sehloho le kwentseng bana ba habo kaofela ntle le yona.

"Re tla le batla re be re le fumane," ke nkgono. "Ke tseba hantle hore senokwane seo se ile kae!"

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.



Dikeletso tse 10 bakeng sa ho abelana dibuka le masea le bana ba banyenyane

1. Ha ho tsela e nepahetseng kapa e fosahetseng ya ho sebedisa dibuka mmoho le masea le bana. O lokela feela ho natefelwa ke nako eo le bang mmoho ka yona.
2. Kgetha dibuka tse ngotsweng ka puo ya lapeng ya ngwana hao, ha ho kgoneha.
3. Kgetha dibuka tse fapaneng. Kenyeletsa dipale tse nang le bana ba bang ho tsona le tse nang le dintho tse tlwaelehileng tsa kamehla. Dibuka tsa diraeme le tsa folepe di ratwa haholo ke bana ba banyenyane.
4. Dula o lokolohile o iketfile le ngwana hao o mmeile hodima hao kapa pela hao.
5. Ha ho kgathallehe hore o bala nako e kae – mme ha se hore o tlamehile ho qeta buka! Balang buka mmoho nako e telele kamoo bobedi ba lona le ratang ka teng.
6. Etsa hore bana ba hao ba shebe ditshwantsho mme le bue ka mantswe, baphetwa le se etsahalang ka hara buka. Supa motho e mong kapa ntho e itseng mme o bue hore ke mang kapa ke eng le hore o etsang.
7. Bapalang ka dibuka! Etsang medumo le marata a baphetwa kapa dintho tse bukeng eo.
8. Botsa dipotso ka se etsahalang ka bukeng. Di arabe ka bowena kapa o dumelle ngwana hao ho di araba, haeba a kgona kapa a batla ho araba.
9. Supa mantswe ha o ntse o a bala. Sena se thusa ngwana ho ithuta hore mantswe ke eng le hore mantswe ao o a bitsang a tswa kae.
10. O se ke wa nyahama ha ngwana hao a bonahala a se na kgahleho! Leka hape ha morao, kapa ka tsela e nngwe – kapa leka buka e nngwe hape.

The Nal'ibali bookshelf



Shelofu ya dibuka 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

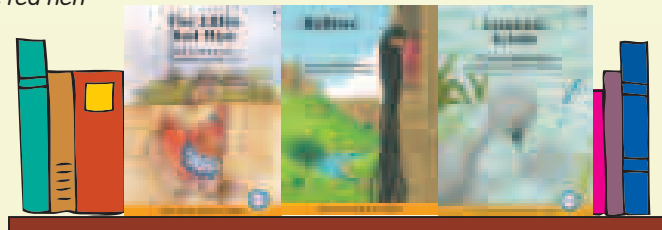
The three Billy Goats Gruff

The little girl who didn't want to grow up

The ugly duckling

The little red hen

Refilwe



Haeba o ile wa natefelwa ke ho bala *Lefiritshwana le dipotsanyane tse supileng*, mohlomong o ka natefelwa ke tse ding tsa dipale tse letotong la Jacana le bitswang: *Best Loved Tales for Africa*. Dipale tse letotong lena di tswa dikarolong tse ding tsa lefatshe, empa di phetwa hape jwaloka haeka di etsahala Afrika. Dibuka tsa dipale di fumaneha ka dipuo tse fapaneng tsa Afrika Borwa, tse kenyeletsang isiXhosa, isiZulu, Sesotho, Sepedi, Afrikaans le English. Kahoo, haeba o ntse o batlana le ditshomo tsa kgale tse tswakilweng ka setaele sa lapeng mona, hobaneng o sa leke se seng sa dihlooho tse ka tlase moo?

Lefiritshwana le dipotsanyane tse supileng

Tlhapi ya mehlolo

Diphooko tse Tharo tsa Gruff

Ngwananyana ya neng a sa batle ho hola

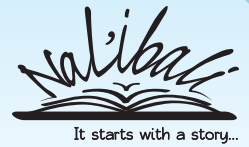
Letatana le lebe

Kgohonyana e kgubedu



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!"

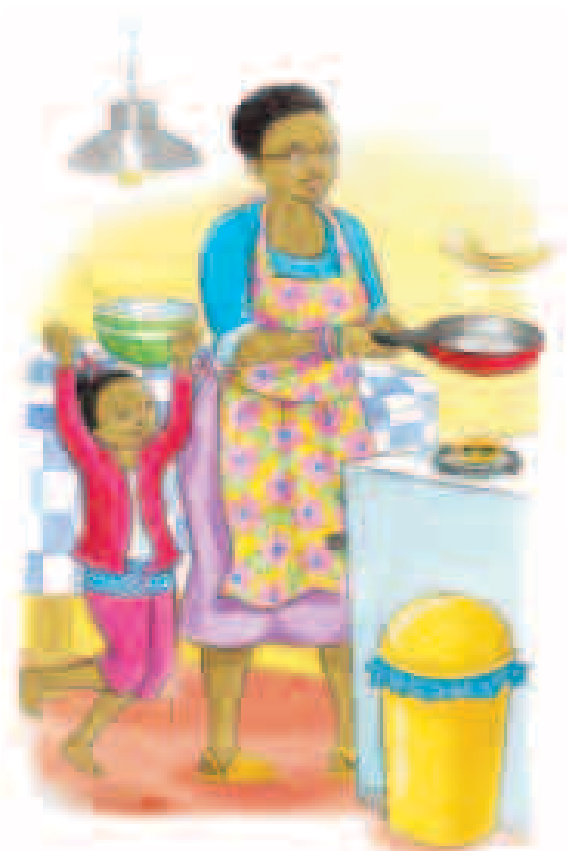
Mama sat at the table and put her head in her hands. "What am I going to do now? I have no more scone or biscuit mix, and there's not much time left anyway. What am I going to make for Reverend Dumisani's birthday tea?"

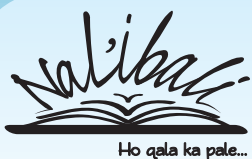
Unathi suddenly had a great idea. "There is enough time to make pancakes, Mama! And all we need is flour, eggs, oil and milk. We always have those. AND I can help you!"

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

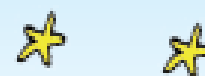
Mama and Unathi got to work straight away. They made a big batch of pancakes. Unathi ate five while she was helping!

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





Mme o kopakopanya dintso



Hukung
ya dipale

Ka Nicky Webb  Ditshwantsho ka Jiggs Snaddon-Wood

Mme a fihla a lahlela mekotlana fatshe ha a tswa mabenkeleng mme a itahlela setulong sa kitjhene. "Kgele, ka tla ka kgathala," a rialo a itlhakola mofufutso phatleng. "Mme ke sa ntse ke ena le mosebetsi o mongata wa ho baka dikuku bakeng sa teye ya letsatsi la tswalo la Moruti Dumisani kerekeng motsheareng ona wa mantsiboya."

"Na o tlo etsa dipanekuku, Mme?" ha botsa Unathi a nyakaletse. "Nka nna ka o thusa."

"Tjhe," Mme a araba. "Ena ke teye e ikgethang ya letsatsi la tswalo la Moruti Dumisani. Baruti bohle ba kereke ya rona ba tla be ba le teng, esitana le motswalle wa hlooho ya kgomo wa Moruti Dumisani, e leng Moruti Buso. Ke utlwile ho thwe Moruti Buso o rata diskonse tsa kase, kahoo ke rekile motswako wa diskonse ho tla di etsa. Moruti Dumisani yena o rata dibisikiti tsa tswakere, mme ke rekile motswako wa tsona."

Unathi a shebahala a utlwile bohloko, "Ke nahana hore o tshwanetse o etse dipanekuku, Mme. Mme haeba o ka di etsa, nka o thusa."

"Tjhe, ke a leboha, Unathi," ha rialo Mme. "Ke batla hore bohle ba bone kamoo ke tsebang ho baka ka teng. Ke tliilo baka diskonse le dibisikiti, mme ke tatile. Ke lokela ho di etsa ka bonna." Mme a qalella ho pakolla dipakana tsa motswako wa diskonse le motswako wa dibisikiti mme a ntsha botoro le dikotlolo.

Unathi a shebella Mme ha a ntsha e nngwe ya dipakana mme a e tshela ka hara sejana. A lahlela dikotlana tsa botoro ka hara motswako oo mme a pikitla ka menwana ya hae. "Na tseo ke diskonse kapa dibisikiti, Mme?" ha botsa Unathi.

"Ke diskonse," ha rialo Mme a tshela kase ka hara motswako oo mme a di fuduwella mmoho.

Unathi a sheba pakana e sa tshelang e hodima tafole. E ne e ena le setshwantsho sa dibisikiti tse shebehang di le monate ka lehlakoreng la yona le ka pele.



"Mme, na o na le bonnete ba hore o tshetse pakana e nepahetseng?" ha botsa Unathi.

Mme a mo sheba a ntse a tshela lebese ka hara kopi e methang. "Unathi, o tla ntshwarela," a rialo a tenehile, "empa ke o boleletse hore ke tatile. Ako tsamaye o ilo bapalla kwana."

"Empa ... " Unathi a leka ho bua.

"Tsamaya hle," Mme a rialo a tiile.

Unathi a ikutlwa eka a ka lla. O ne a mpa a leka ho thusa feela. E ne eka Mme o ne a hlile a se na mosa ha a leka ho kgahlisa batho ba bang.

Unathi a ya dula sefateng se sehlo jareteng mane. A shebella mme ka fensetere ha a ntse a sebetsa.

Ha Mme a qetile ho sidila le ho seha hlama, a hlakola matsoho a hae ka lesela mme a sheba ka ntle ho fensetere. A bona Unathi a dutse sefateng mme a mo hwehla ka letsoho hore a theohe. Unathi o ne a thabile. Mohlomong mme o ne a se a sa mo halefela mme o ne a tlo mo dumella hore a nyeke dijana tsa hlama.

Mme a bososela ha Unathi a kena ka kitjhineng. "Ke qetile ho baka jwale. Ke maswabi ha ke ile ka o omanya, empa ke ne ke ena le mosebetsi o mongata. Ke o boloketse karolwana e nyane ya hlama ya dibisikiti hore o tlo e latswa," Mme a rialo.

Unathi a bososela le yena mme a lahlela sekotwana sa hlama ya bisikiti ka hanong. A tutubala ha a ntse a emetse hore monate wa tswakere o kenelle lelemeng.

"Jowee, e mpe!" Unathi a hoeletsa, a tshwela bolonyana ya hlama letsohong la hae. "Dibisikiti tse na tse ntle di latswela hampe. Hohang ha ke di rate."

Mme a ema le ho makala, "O bolelang, Unathi? Tlohela ho ba tala mona."

"Ntshwarele, Mme, empa o lokela ho e latswa," ha rialo Unathi. "Hohang ha e monate."

Mme a tsipa leqhetsonyana la hlama mme a le lahlela ka hanong. Nko ya hae ya swenya ke ho nyonya. "E mpe," a rialo. "Empa ho ka be ho etsahetseng?" Hanghang a kwahela mahlo a hae ka matsoho. "Jonna wee!" a tletleba. "Ke fapantse motswako wa diskonse le wa dibisikiti! Ke entse disekonse tse tswakere le dibisikiti tsa kase!"

Mme a dula tafoleng mme a itshwara hloohong. "Jwale ebe ke tla etsang? Ha ke sa na motswako wa diskonse kapa wa dibisikiti, mme ha ho na le nako e lekaneng. Ke tliilo etsang jwale bakeng sa teye ya letsatsi la tswalo la Moruti Dumisani?"

Unathi a nahana leqheka le bohlale. "Ho na le nako e lekaneng hore re ka baka dipanekuku, Mme! Re hloka feela folouru, mahe, oli le lebese. Re dula re ena le tsona hae mona. MME he nka o thusa!"

Mme a haka Unathi. "O nepile. Nka be ntse ke o mametse ho tloha pele. Dipanekuku di tla loka."

Mme le Unathi ba qalella ho sebetsa hona hoo. Ba etsa dipanekuku tse ngata. Unathi a ja tse hlano kaofela ha a ntse a thusa!

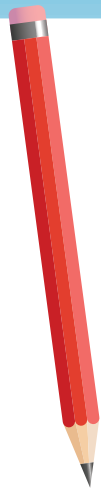
Teye ya letsatsi la tswalo mantsiboyeng ao e bile kattleho e kgolo mme ho bonahala eka baruti bao ka bobedi ba bona ba ile ba rata dipanekuku!



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..."



Monate wa Nal'ibali

Eba mongodi wa dipale!

1. Seha o ntshe qalo ya pale ena *Khabetjhe e kgolo* mme o e manamise leqepheng le leholo le sehilweng mela.
2. Sebedisa monahano wa hao ho qetella pale ena.
3. Mohlomong o ka rata le ho taka ditshwantsho tse tla tsamaelana le pale ya hao.
4. Balla motho e mong pale ya hao. (O ka nna wa e balla mme wa hao jwaloka mpho ya Letsatsi la Bomme!)

Khabetjhe e kgolo

Ka tsatsi le leng mme wa Zinthle o ne a dutse a shebelletse Zinthle ha a ntse a ekga ditamati tshimong ya habo.

"Nka, Mme, latswa mona," ha rialo Zinthle a fa mme wa hae tamati e tjihitjha, e kgubedu. "Ke e lemme ka bonna!"

"Ke a leboha, Zinthle, o fela o ratwa ke dijalo," ha rialo Mme.

Zinthle a tsheha. "Ha ho jwalo hle. Ke mpa ke sebedisa resepe ya Nkgono ya ho jala."

"E, ho jwalo," ha rialo Mme. "Nkgono wa hao o motlotlo haholo ka diresepe tsa hae! Na nkile ka o phetela pale ya khabetjhe ya hae e kgolohadi?"

"Tjhe," ha araba Zinthle. "Na o ka mphetela yona hona jwale?"

"Ho lokile," ha araba Mme. "Hoseng ho hong ha letsatsi la Moqebelo Nkgono a reka pakana ya peo ya khabetjhe..."

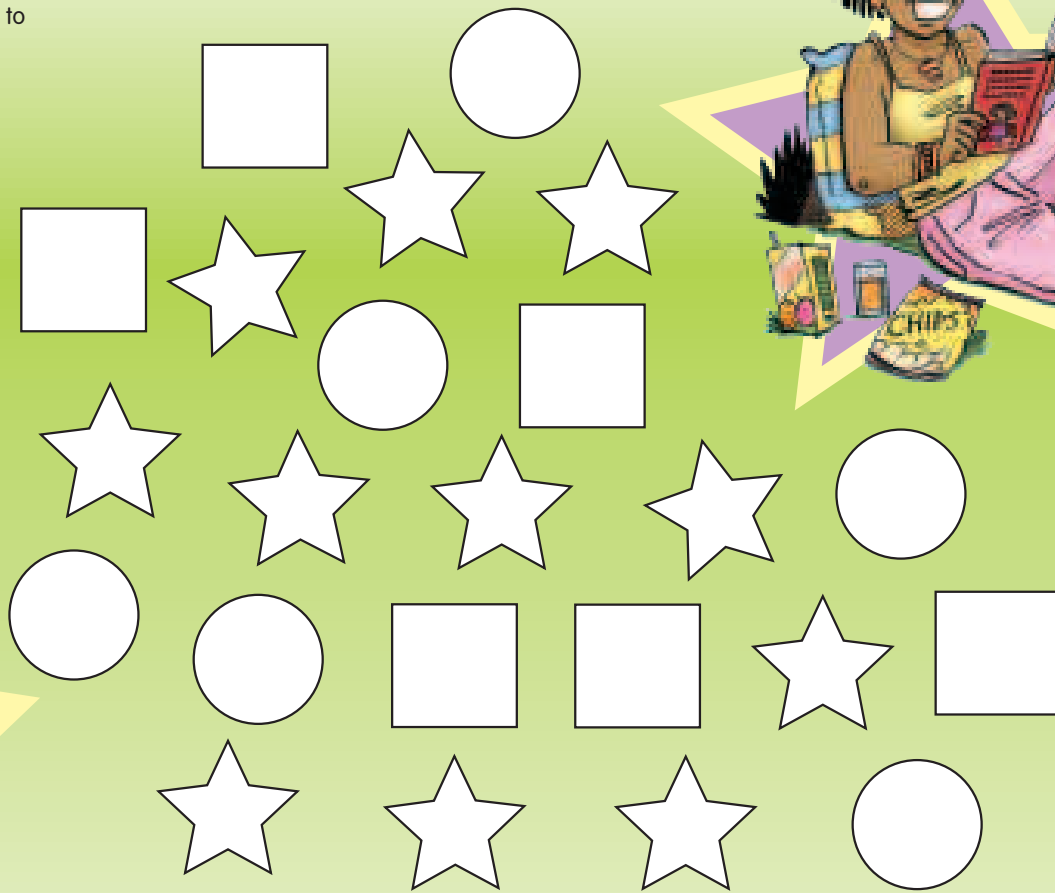


Neo wants a story!

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 batla pale!

Thusa Neo ho ya ho mmae e le hore a tle a mmalle pale. Kenya mebala dinaleding hore a tle a fumane tsela e nepahetseng.



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!



Dula o lebelletse kgatiso ya rona e ikgethileng ya Letsatsi la Bana la Matjhaba le Letsatsi la Afrika ya Nal'ibali bekeng ya la 24 Motsheanong 2015!

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Drive your imagination