



Nal'ibali

It starts with a story...

Create a print-rich environment!

How much print is there in your children's environment? Do they see signs, notices, advertisements, magazines, posters, books, letters, emails, newspapers and magazines around them as they go about their daily lives? And how many languages are these things written in?

Children learn to read more easily when they are surrounded by print because print-rich environments show them what reading and writing can be used for. Here are six ideas to help you make your reading club venue a print-rich environment.

- 1. Create posters.** Think about what interests the children who attend your club and make your own posters on these topics. Draw your own pictures or use ones from newspapers and magazines. Then write information, slogans or messages in one or more languages to complete the posters. Display them where it is easy for the children to read them and replace posters regularly to keep the children interested in them!
- 2. Collect rhymes.** Write rhymes and songs you know onto large sheets of paper – and suggest that the children do the same! Spend time saying the rhymes and singing the songs together.
- 3. Make an alphabet washing line.** Together with the children, write the letters of the alphabet on separate sheets of paper and draw a picture for each letter. Put a piece of string across the room and use pegs to hang up the letters in alphabetical order.
- 4. Overflow with print.** Collect different types of writing that you think would interest the children. Try to find take-away menus, old greeting cards, train or bus timetables, information pamphlets, advertisement flyers, newspapers and magazines. The children may enjoy reading some of these, but they can also use them as props when they act out stories, or cut them up when they make their own cards, posters, pictures or books.

- 5. Take a trip to the library.** Borrow books from your library – it's an endless supply of free reading material! Remind the children about how to look after books so that they can be enjoyed by lots of other children too!
- 6. Be a role model.** Read to and with children. Talk about your own reading habits – what you are reading, where you like to read, who your favourite authors are and why. You can also write for and with the children.

Reading club tip #7

Register your reading club with Nal'ibali to be part of our network and to receive even more ideas and stories for your club. Visit www.nalibali.org and click on "Register now" – it's quick and easy.

Icebo lethimba lokufunda le-7
Bhalisa ithimba lakho lokufunda kwaNal'ibali bese uba yingxenywe yohlelo lokuxhumana ukuze uthole neminye imiqondo kanye nezindaba zethimba lakho. Vakashela ku-www.nalibali.org bese uchofoza ku-"Register now" – kuyashesha futhi kulula.



Yakha indawo enothe ngokubhaliwe!

Ngabe kuningi kangakanani okubhaliwe endaweni yezingane zakho? Ngabe zibona izimpawu, izaziso, izikhangiso, amaphephabhuku, amaphosta, izincwadi ezifundwayo, izincwadi ezibhalelwanayo, ama-imeyli, amaphephandaba eduze nazo ngesikhathi ziqhubeka nempilo yazo yansuku zonke? Ngabe zibhalwe ngezilimi ezingaki lezi zinto?

Izingane zifunda ukufunda okubhaliwe kalula kakhulu uma zizungezwe yindawo enothe ngokubhaliwe ukuze zibone ukuthi kungasetshenziselwani ukufunda nokubhala. Nanka amacebo ayisithupha okukusiza ukuthi wenze indawo okuhlanganyela kuyona ithimba lokufunda ibe indawo enothe ngokubhaliwe.

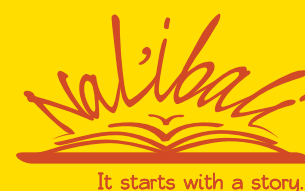
- 1. Yakhani amaphosta.** Cabanga ngalokho okuhlaba umxhwele izingane ethimbeni lakho lokufunda bese uzakhela amaphosta akho ngalezo zihloko. Dweba izithombe zakho noma usebenzise lezo eziphuma emaphephandabeni nasemaphephabhukwini. Bese ubhala imininingwane, iziqubulo noma imiyalezo ngolimi olulodwa noma ngaphezulu ukuze uqedele amaphosta. Wabeke lapho kulula khona ukuthi izingane ziwafunde bese ubeka amanye amaphosta endaweni yalawa njalo ngemuva kwesikhathi esithile ukuze izingane zihlale ziwathanda!
- 2. Qoqa imilolozelo.** Bhala imilolozelo namaculo owaziyo ephepheni elikhulu – bese wenza isiphakamiso sokuthi nezingane zenze okufanayo! Yibani nesikhathi esiningi nisho imilolozelo futhi nicula namaculo ndawonye.

- 3. Yenzani intambo noma ucingo lokweneka losonhlamvukazi.** Wena nezingane, bhalani osonhlamvukazi kwelinye iphepha bese nidweba isithombe sikasonhlamvukazi ngamunye. Bekani intambo enqamula egumbini bese neneka osonhlamvukazi ngokulandelana nisebenzisa amaphekisi.
- 4. Ukuchichima kokubhaliwe.** Qoqa izinhlobo ezahlukene zokubhaliwe ocabanga ukuthi zingahlaba izingane umxhwele. Zama ukuthola amamenyu okudla okuhanjiwa nakho (take aways), amakhadi amadala ezilokotho ezinhle, amaphepha anezikhathi zokuhamba kwezitimela noma amabhasi, amapheshana anikeza ngolwazi, amapheshana ezikhangiso, amaphephandaba namaphephabhuku. Izingane zingathokozela ukufunda okunye kwalokhu kodwa zingakusebenzisa futhi njengezinsiza uma zilingisa izindaba, noma zikusike zenze awazo amakhadi, amaphosta, izithombe noma amabhuku.
- 5. Thathani uhambo oluya kumtapo wezincwadi.** Bolekani izincwadi kumtapo wezincwadi – umthombo ongapheli wezinto ezingafundwa! Khumbuza izingane ukuthi zizinakekele kanjani izincwadi ukuze zithokozelwe ngezinye izingane eziningi futhi!
- 6. Yiba isibonelo esihle.** Fundela izingane ubuye ufunde nazo. Xoxa ngeyakho imikhuba yokufunda - ukuthi yini oyifundayo, uthanda ukufundela kuphi, ibaphi ababhali obathandayo, ngaziphi izizathu. Buye ubhalele izingane, uphinde ubhale nazo.



Drive your
imagination

Read to me. Again! Again!
Ngifundele.
Phinda! Ubuye uphinde!





Get story active!

Although the mini-book (pages 3 to 6), *You can dance*, is written for children about eight years and older, younger children might also enjoy the writing and drawing activity below. After you and your children have read the story, try out some of these ideas.



If you have 10 minutes...

- In the story, Jacob doesn't think that he is very good at dancing. Encourage your children to suggest why he thinks this. Are there things they do not think they would be good at – even though they have never tried them? Talk about this together and encourage them to always try things first before making up their mind about them!
- Have you or your children ever been to an audition? Or tried out for a sports' team? Tell each other about your experiences and how you felt.

If you have 30 minutes...

- Imagine the next part of the story. What happens during the rehearsals for the musical? How does Jacob feel on opening night? Create a story circle and let everyone have a turn continuing the story.

If you have one hour...

- Take an A4 sheet of paper and divide it into four blocks. At the top of the page, ask your children to write: "I can...". Ask them to draw pictures of themselves doing something different in each block. Encourage them to write a sentence about each picture. Help younger children by writing down the words they tell you. Display your children's pictures so that everyone is able to see what achievements your children are proud of.

Yenza indaba ihlabe umxhwele!

Noma ibhukwana (ikhasi lesi-3 ukuya kwelesi-6), *Uyakwazi ukudansa*, libhalelwe izingane ezingaba neminyaka eyisishiyagalombili nangaphezulu, izingane ezincane kungenzeka zithokozele umsebenzi wokubhala nokudweba ongezansi. Ngemuva kokuba wena kanye nezingane zakho senifunde indaba, zamani eminye yale miqondo.

Uma ninemizuzu eyi-10...

- UJacob, endabeni akacabangi ukuthi udansa kahle. Gqugquzela izingane zakho ukuthi zisho ukuthi kungani ecabanga lokho. Ngabe zikhona izinto nazo ezicabanga ukuthi ngeke zikwazi ukuzenza kahle – noma zingakaze zizizame? Khulumani ngalokhu ndawonye bese uzigqugquzela izingane ukuthi ziqale ngokuzama okuthile kuqala ngaphambi kokuba zinqume ngakho!
- Ngabe wena noma izingane zakho nake naya kohlololwa ikhono elinjengelokulingisa? Noma nake nayohlololwa ukuthi nikulungele yini ukuba yingxenywe yethimba lezemidlalo? Tshelanani ngalokho okwenzeka ezimpilweni zenu nokuthi nazizwa kanjani.

Uma ninemizuzu engama-30...

- Cabanga ngengxenywe elandelayo yendaba. Kwenzekani ngesikhathi kulungiselelwa umdlalo weshashalazi ohambisana nomculo? Ngabe uzizwa kanjani uJacob ngobusuku bokuvulwa komdlalo? Yakhani isiyingi sokuxoxa indaba bese nizeka wonke umuntu ithuba lokuqhubeka nendaba.

Uma ninehora elilodwa...

- Thatha iphepha elingu-A4 bese ulihlukanisa izikwele ezine. Phezulu ekhasini, cela izingane ukuthi zibhale ukuthi "Ngiyakwazi...". Zicela zidwebwe izithombe zazo zenza into ehlukile esikweleni ngasinye. Zigqugquzele ukuthi zibhale umusho ngesithombe ngasinye. Usuyafana nje nezingane zakho ngokubhala lokho ezikushoyo. Beka izithombe zezingane zakho ukuze wonke umuntu abone ukuthi yikuphi izingane zakho ezikuzuzile eziziqhenyayo ngakho.

Meet the Nal'ibali characters

Mme wa Afrika

Mme wa Afrika is a real reading fan! She is mother to Afrika (7 years old) and Dintle (9 months old) and they keep her very busy. (She is also Neo and Mbali's aunt.) Mme wa Afrika speaks mainly Sesotho, Setswana and English, but she also uses Afrikaans from time to time. She remembers many of the stories that her

grandmother told her when she was growing up, and now she tells them to her own children. Mme wa Afrika believes in the power that stories have to connect us all, so she makes sure that she reads to her children regularly. And, whenever she can find the time, she relaxes with a book herself!

Sinethulela abalingiswa bakwaNal'ibali

UMme wa Afrika

UMme wa Afrika ungumlandeli wangempela wokufundwayo! Ungumama ka-Afrika (oneminyaka eyisi-7) noDintle (onezinyanga eziyi-9), futhi bahlale bemenza abe matasatasa kakhulu. (Ungu-anti kaNeo noMbali.) UMme wa Afrika ukhuluma kakhulu isiSotho, isiTswana nesiNgesi, kodwa uphinde asebenzise nesiBhunu ngesinye isikhathi. Ukhumbula izindaba eziningi uqobo wakhe owayemxoxela zona ngesikhathi esakhula, manje usezixoxela izingane zakhe. UMme wa Afrika ukholelwa emandleni okusihlanganisa sonke avela ezindabeni, ngakho wenza isiqiniseko sokuthi izingane zakhe uzifundela njalo. Futhi, noma yinini uma ethola isikhathi, uhlala aziphumuze ngencwadi naye uqobo!

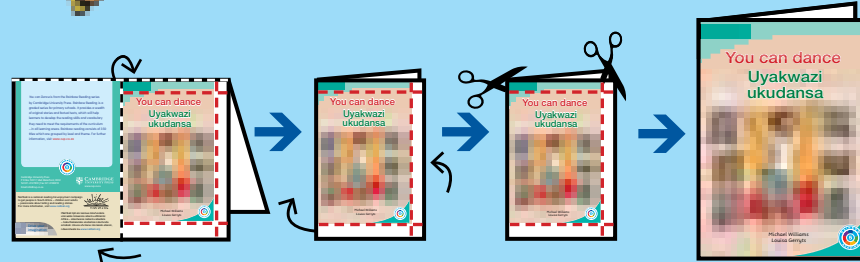


Create your own mini-book

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

Zakhele ibhukwana lakho

1. Khipha ikhasi 3 ukuya ku-6 kulesi sithasiselo.
2. Lisonge libe nguhhafu lapho kunomugqa (ulayini) wamachashaza amnyama khona.
3. Lisonge libe nguhhafu futhi.
4. Sika lapho kunomugqa wamachashaza abomvu khona.



Abanye babengakwazi ukugxuma baye phezu kakhulu. Abanye babengakwazi ukwenza isikwele se-jazz. Ngokuphazima kweso, kwase kuyithuba lakhe.

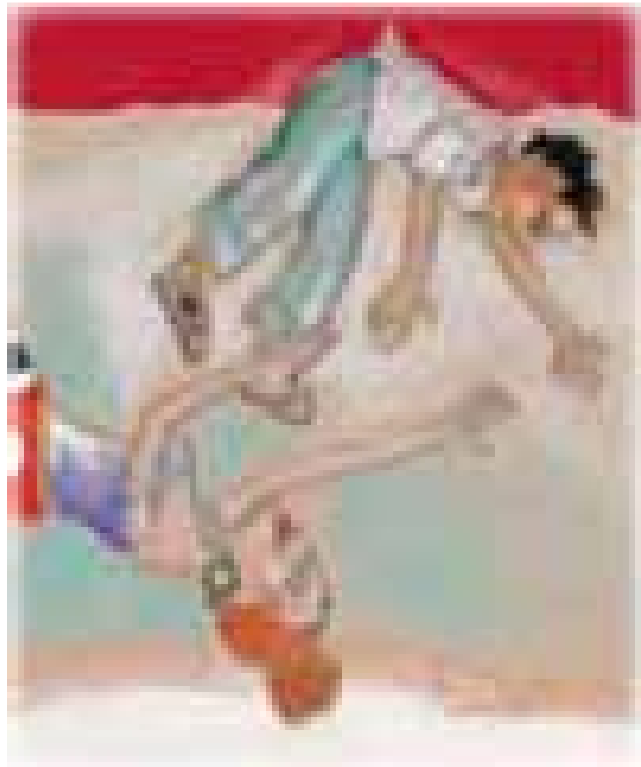
“Kuhlana, kuyisithupha, kusiyisikhombisa, kuyisishiyagalombili ... Suka-ke!” kumemeza owestifazane, emkhomba.

Wagala ukushaya izithupha zakhe. Wayelokhu ebheke ekhoni legumbi. Wageda amanyathelo e-jazz. Wadlulela esikweleni se-jazz, egcine umzimba wakhe uphansi futhi uqinile. Wabe esesuka ngejubane, ezilungiselela ukugxuma aye phezu ...

Waphakamisa isifuba sakhe sabheka kusilingi, wagethula ikhanda lakhe. Waphonsa izingalo zakhe phambili wase ezivula kakhulu. Kwabukeka sengathi ume emoyeni isikhashana ngaphambi kokuthi ehle ngamandla kunalokho ayeftuna ukukwenza. Wazama ukugwema ukuwa. Kodwa indlela ayegxume ngayo yamenza ukuthi awele phansi ngezinge.

Kwakuthi akafe uJacob. Wazithintitha kancane, wasukuma. Akavumanga ukubuka abanye emehlweni.

“Wena! Ungubani igama lakho?”



He started clicking his fingers. He kept his eyes on the corner of the room. He completed the jazz steps. He moved into the jazz square, keeping his body low and tight. Then he sprang away, preparing for the leap ...

He lifted his chest to the ceiling and tilted his head back. He threw his arms forward and then opened them wide. He seemed to hang in the air for a moment before he landed ... harder than he wanted to. He tried to stop his body from falling. But the momentum pushed him onto his backside.

Jacob wanted to die. Slowly he gathered himself and got up. He refused to look at anyone.

“You! What’s your name?”

“Jacob,” he mumbled, not looking at her.

“Not the most graceful landing,” she said.

Jacob felt the blood rush to his face. “I thought this was a singing audition.”

Fold

GRADED

You can dance

Uyakwazi ukudansa



Michael Williams
Louisa Gerrys



You can Dance is from the Rainbow Reading series by Cambridge University Press. Rainbow Reading is a graded series for primary schools. It provides a wealth of original stories and factual texts, which will help learners to develop the reading skills and vocabulary they need to meet the requirements of the curriculum – in all learning areas. Rainbow Reading consists of 350 titles which are grouped by level and theme. For further information, visit www.cup.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



UNal'ibali umkhankaso wokufundela ukuzithokozisa kazwelonke wokokhela lokho okungenziwa yizingane ngokuxoxa nangokufunda izindaba. Ukuze uthole eminye imininingwane, vakashela ku-www.nalibali.org noma ku-www.nalibali.mobi



Drive your imagination

Fold

Abatana bama umugqa ngamunye ngamunye. UJacob wababuka ngesikhathi bengamula phansi. Abanye babo bakhubeka.

“Manje sengifuna nikuhlenganise lokhu,” kusho owestifazane. “Amanyathelo e-jazz ayisikhombisa nokugxuma. Sukani-ke!”

Yayingekho into angayenza uJacob. Owestifazane wayebheke yena. UJacob wadonsa umoya kakhulu. Wagijima, wagxuma emoyeni, wehla wase ephenduka ngesikhathi ethinta phansi ngezinyawo zakhe.

“Ngilandeleni. Sukani-ke!”

Owestifazane wagijima, wagxuma wase ehlela phansi ngobunono, ephenduka ngesikhathi ehla.

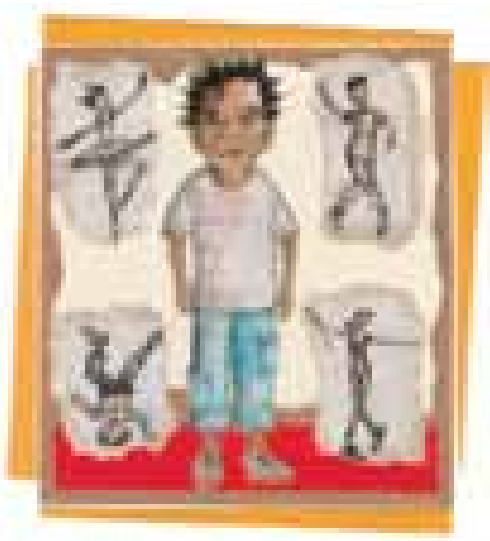
“Nazo-ke!” kusho owestifazane. “Manje-ke zamani ukugxuma.”

UJacob wagala ukushaya izithupha. Ikhanda lakhe laqala ukungekuza. Umzimba wakhe wagala ukushwibeka. Izinyawo zakhe zaqala ukunyakaza.

“Manje shayani izithupha zenu nihambisane nesigqi sesikhathi. Kunye, kubili, kuthathu ... Sukani-ke!”



Jacob could not move. His feet felt glued to the floor. All around him people were jiving, jumping, dancing. In front of him a girl and a boy were twirling in dizzy circles. To his left a girl was tap dancing. To his right a boy was spinning on his head! Jacob was the still centre of a storm of dance.



Jacob knew he was supposed to be moving too. But how could he with his feet rooted to the floor, tree trunks for legs, thick branches for arms and bunches of bananas for hands?

Jacob started to sweat. What was he thinking? He would never get into this musical. He had come here to sing. No one told him he had to dance!

The music stopped. The movement all around him came to an end. He felt his heart thumping in his chest. He had failed. He did not belong here.

“Okay, thank you. That’s the end of the freestyle part of the audition,” said the woman. “I see not all of you came prepared.”

Her gaze settled on Jacob. Someone giggled. Jacob felt stupid. This was it. He was out.



Jacob went back to where he had started. He knew he could sing, but how does one sing with one’s body? The jazz moves had stirred something in him. It was not music. It was not a melody. It was a rhythm. His body had reacted to that. The rhythm had led him and he had followed. Maybe that is what she meant about singing with his body.

“I’ll try,” said Jacob.

“Try singing with your body,” she said. “Do it again. From the top. But when you land, do this.” She took seven steps backwards, her face raised and her fingers clicking in time. When she got to the back of the room, she slid to the floor and rolled over. Then she jumped up, ran forward and slid along the floor on her knees. “You think you can do that?”

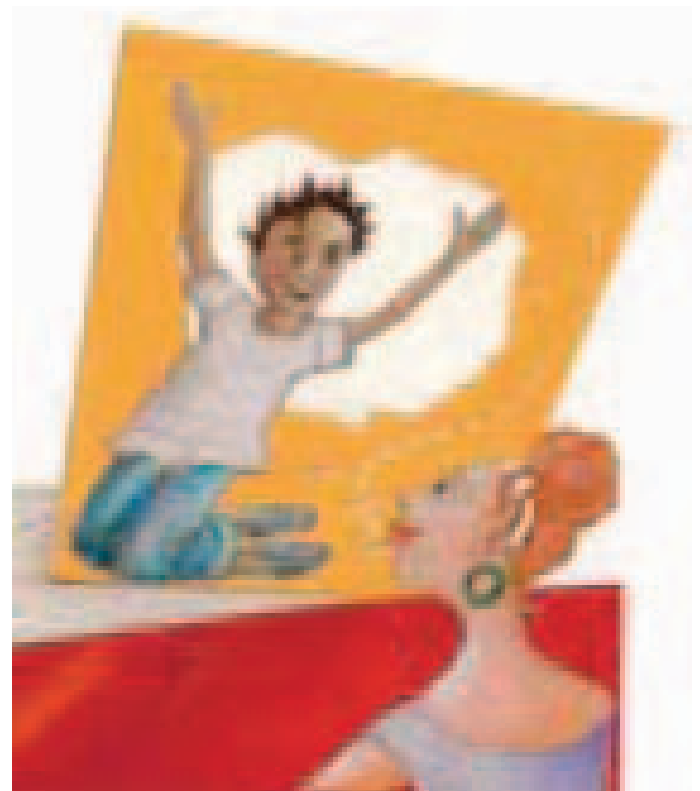
“Ngizobiza amagama alabo abathathiwe kumdlalo weshashalazi ohambisana nomculo,” kusho yena.

UJacob wezwa inhleziyo yakhe ibhakuza esifubeni sakhe. Wayazi ukuthi angeke alizwe libizwa igama lakhe. Wayengenzanga kahle ngokwanele.

“... noJacob.”

Ngabe ubize igama lakhe?

“Yebo, wena Jacob. Uyakwazi ukudansa.”



“Kuhlannu, kuyisithupha, kusiyisikhombisa, kuyisishiyagalombili ... Suka-ke!” kumemeza owesifazane.

UJacob wabuyela emuva lapho ayeqale khona. Wayazi ukuthi uyakwazi ukucula, kodwa umuntu ucula kanjani ngomzimba wakhe? Iminyakazo ye-*jazz* yayivuse okuthile ngaphakathi kuyena. Kwakungeyona umculo. Kwakungeyona indlela yeculo emandi. Kwakuyisigqi. Umzimba wakhe wawhambisana nalokho. Isigqi sasimhola kanti yena wayelandela. Mhlawumbe yilokho owesifazane ayekuchaza ngokucula ngomzimba wakhe.

Wakugaphela ukuthi abanye abafana babemgqolozele. Wayeselinde isikhathi eside kakhulu. Kungenzeka ukuthi bacabanga ukuthi uyesaba ukuzama futhi.

“Ngizozama,” kusho uJacob.

UJacob wabuyela emuva lapho ayeqale khona. Wayazi ukuthi uyakwazi ukucula, kodwa umuntu ucula kanjani ngomzimba wakhe? Iminyakazo ye-*jazz* yayivuse okuthile ngaphakathi kuyena. Kwakungeyona umculo. Kwakungeyona indlela yeculo emandi. Kwakuyisigqi. Umzimba wakhe wawhambisana nalokho. Isigqi sasimhola kanti yena wayelandela. Mhlawumbe yilokho owesifazane ayekuchaza ngokucula ngomzimba wakhe.

“Zama ukucula ngomzimba wakho,” kusho yena. “Yenza futhi. Uqale ekugaleni. Kodwa uma sewehla wenze kanje?” Wathatha amanyathelo ayisikhombisa aya emuva, ubuso bakhe bubheke phezu eshaya izithupha zakhe ngokuhambisana nesigqi sesikhathi. Lapho esefike emuva negumbi, wehlela phansi wayesegingqika. Wase egxuma ebheka phezu, wagijima waya phambili, wase eshushuluzisa phansi ngamadolo. “Ucabanga ukuthi ungakwazi ukwenza lokhu?”

“Bengcabanga ukuthi sizohlolilelwa ikhono lokucula.”

UJacob wezwa igazi lakhe ligwala ebusweni.

“Awehlanga kahle neze,” kusho yena.

“UJacob,” washolo phansi, engabhekile kowesifazane.

“I will call out the names of those who got into the musical,” she said.

Jacob felt his heart thumping in his chest. He knew he wouldn't hear his name. He was not good enough.

“... and Jacob.”

Had she called his name?

“Yes, you Jacob. You can dance.”



“Five, six, seven, eight ... Go!” the woman shouted, pointing at him.

One by one the boys lined up. Jacob watched as they moved across the floor. Some of them stumbled. Some could not jump very high. Others could not do the jazz square. Suddenly, he was next in line.

“Go!”

“Seven jazz steps, a jazz square, seven more jazz steps and a jump. Now I want you to put them all together,” the woman said.

turned as he felt the ground beneath his feet.

Jacob had no choice. She was looking at him. He took a deep breath. Then he ran across the floor, jumped in the air, landed and

“Follow me. Go!”

The woman ran across the floor, leaped into the air and landed lightly, turning as she came down.

“You’ve got it!” the woman said. “Now try a jump.”

Jacob started to click his fingers. His head started to nod. His body started to sway. His feet started to move.

“Now click your fingers in time. One and a two and a three ... Go!”

The woman swung one leg in front of the other, moved backwards two steps, moved sideways two steps and finished where she had begun. That looked a bit tricky, thought Jacob.

UJacob wayengakwazi ukunyakaza. Izinyawo zakhe kwase kungathi zinamatheliswe phansi. Bonke abantu ababeseduze naye babejuxuza, begxuma, bedansa. Phambi kwakhe kwakunomfana nentombazane ababezungeza ngendlela eyayibanga isiyenzi. Kwesokunxele sakhe kwakukhona intombazane eyayenza i-*tap dancing*. Kwesokudla sakhe kwakukhona umfana owayephenduka phansi ngekhandla! UJacob wayenganyakazi, noma ephakathi nesishingishane somdanso.

UJacob wayazi ukuthi kwakufanele ngabe naye uyanyakaza. Kodwa wayengakwenza kanjani lokho njengoba izinyawo zakhe zase zimile izimpande phansi, imilenze yakhe isiyisiqu sesihlahla, izingalo zakhe zingamagatsha esihlahla awugqinsi futhi nezandla zakhe seziphenduke izixheke zikabhanana nje?

UJacob waqala ukujuluka. Wayecabangani? Ngeke aze athathwe kulo mdlalo weshashalazi ohambisana nomculo. Yena wayezocula lapha. Akekho owayemtshele ukuthi kuzodingeka nokuthi adanse!

Kwacinywa umculo. Bama bonke ababenyakaza eduze kwakhe. Wezwa inhliziyo yakhe ibhakuza esifubeni sakhe. Wayehlulekile. Kwakungeyona eyakhe le ndawo.

“Kulungile, siyabonga. Iphela lapho ingxenye yokuhlolilelwa ikhono lokudansa ku-*freestyle*,” kusho owesifazane. “Ngiyabona ukuthi akunina nonke enize nizilungiselele.”

Wathi klabe ngeso uJacob. Kukhona owahleka. UJacob wazizwa enjengesilima. Akukho okunye. Wayengathathwanga.

“Manje, bonke abafana abame umugqa ngemuva.” Owesifazane washaya izindla zakhe.

Lokhu kubukeka kulukhunyana, kucabanga uJacob.
 eceleni amanyathelo amabili, wase egeda elapho ebeqale khona.
 Owesifazane washwibela umlenze wakhe owodwa phambi
 komunye, wahlehla nyova amanyathelo amabili, washona

Manje-ke fundani isikwele se-jazz. Ngibhekani!
 "Kulungile. Nigeda ukwenza umdanso wokugijima we-jazz."

UJacob wazama ukugijima, ehudula izinyawo zakhe njengoba
 ayebakhombisile.

"Gijimani yonke indawo. Sukani!" kuyalela owesifazane.

Iapha.
 Iwesokudla futhi. Ngokushesha wayesede eshweza nje phansi
 futhi. Owesifazane wase enza okufanayo nangonyawo lwakhe
 lwesokudla. NoJacob wayengakwazi ukukwenza nalokhu
 wahudula unyawo lwakhe lwesokunxele lwadula unyawo
 uJacob wayengakwenza lokhu, ezicabangela. Owesifazane
 Owesifazane wabeka olunye unyawo phambi kwakhe. Naye

ngilandeleni."

"Thulani!" owesifazane wabhaka ngakuJacob. "Manje,

"Ngizocula la mina," kusho uJacob.

"Ubethukile," kuhlaba omunye umfana.

"Ufunani la?" ehlelshelwa omunye wabafana. "Bekudingeka
 ukuthi udanse, bhayi ukuthi ume laphaya njengesihima."

UJacob wangena ediyazela emgeni kanye nabanye abafana.

"Now, all you boys, line up at the back." The woman clapped her hands.

In a daze, Jacob moved into line with the other boys.

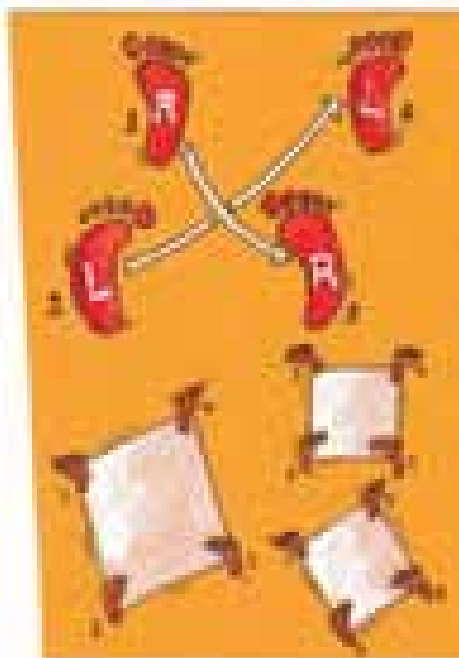
"What are you doing here?" one of the boys hissed at him. "You're meant to dance, not stand there like a fool."

"He's got stage-fright," whispered another boy.

"I've come here to sing," Jacob said.

"No talking!" the woman glared in Jacob's direction. "Now, follow me."

She put one foot in front of her. He could do that, Jacob thought. She dragged her left foot forward, past her right foot. He could do that, too. Then she did the same with her right foot. Soon she was gliding across the floor.



"Now run across the floor. Go!" the woman commanded.

Jacob tried to run, dragging his feet as she had shown.

"Okay. You've just completed a jazz run. Now learn the jazz square. Watch me."

And then all movement came to an end. They all gathered in the middle of the floor, no one daring to speak. The woman walked to her desk and made some notes. She turned and stood before them. In her hand was a list of names. For the first time that day, the room was completely still.

The afternoon went on for another hour. Jacob learned how to move, how to find the sweet spot in the music to time his jumps, to click his fingers and count "five, six, seven, eight ... Go!". He learned how to get his body to sing.

"Not bad!" the woman said, looking down at him. She reached out her hand and pulled him up. "Okay, one more time, everybody, from the top."

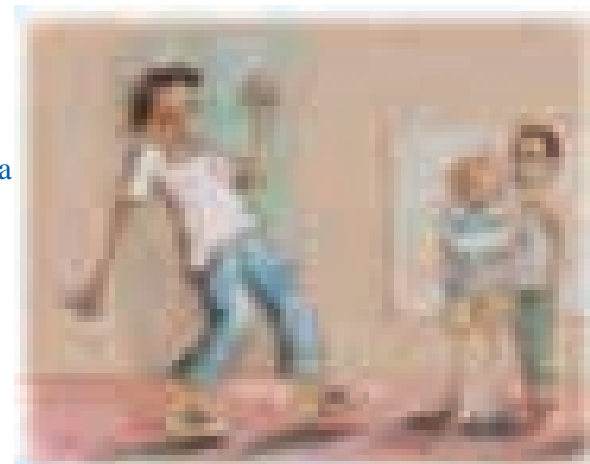
Jacob swept across the floor, his body responding to the rhythm. His jump was higher than before, like reaching a high note in a song. His landing was perfect, an end to a verse. He moved backwards, clicking his fingers, his body in harmony with the music. He slid to the ground, rolled over and then ran forward. He threw himself onto his knees and came to a stop before the woman.

"Five, six, seven, eight ... Go!" the woman shouted.

He noticed the other boys staring at him. He had waited too long. They probably think he is scared to try again.



UJacob washushuluza phansi, umzimba wakhe uhambisana nesigqi. Wagxuma waya phezulu kunakuqala, okufana nokushaya inothi eliphezulu eculweni. Wehla kahle ngokwedlulele, lapho kuphela ivesi lomculo. Wahlehla nyova, eshaya izithupha zakhe, umzimba wakhe uhambisana nomculo. Washushuluza phansi, wagingqika phansi wase egijima eya phambili. Wawa ngamadolo wayoma eduze nowesifazane.



"Akufani!" kusho owesifazane, embhekile. Welula isandla sakhe wamsiza ukuthi asukume. "Kulungile, ake siphinde futhi, wonke umuntu akaqale ekuqaleni."

Intambama yaqhubeka elinye ihora. UJacob wayesefunde ukunyakaza, nokuthi uyithola kanjani indawo emnandi emculweni ezohambisana nokugxuma kwakhe, ukushaya izithupha zakhe abale ukuthi "Kuhlana, kuyisithupha, kuyisikhombisa, kuyisishiyagalombili ... Suka-ke!" Wafunda ukuthi angawenza kanjani umzimba wakhe ukuthi ucule.

Kwase kuphela konke ukunyakaza. Bahlangana bonke phakathi nendawo, akekho noyedwa owayefuna ukuthi vu. Owesifazane waya edeskini lakhe wabhala amanothi athile. Waphenduka wama phambi kwabo. Wayephethe uhlu lwamagama. Okokuqala ngqa ngalolo suku, kwakuthule kuthe cwaka egunjini.



Celebrating our mothers!

Each year on the second Sunday in May, we celebrate how important mothers are in our lives. Here are a few poems and thoughts that some children have written about the women who are mothers to them. Enjoy reading what they have written and then follow the instructions to make a Mother's Day card for the mother in your life!

Ukubungaza omama bethu!

Minyaka yonke ngeSonto lesibili kuMeyi, sigubha ukuthi babaluleke kangakanani ezimpilweni zethu omama. Nazi izinkondlo ezimbalwa kanye nemicabango ezinye izingane eziyibhale ngabesifazane abangomama kuzona. Thokozela ukufunda lokho ezikubhalile bese ulandela imiyalelo yokwenza ikhadi loSuku Lomama likamama obalulekile empilweni yakho!



My mother died so my auntie is my mother now. She is better than gold. She loves me. She helps me to do homework and gives me food.
Fatima

Umama wami washona ngakho u-anti wami usengumama wami. Ungcono kakhulu kunegolide. Uyangithanda. Uyangisiza e emsebenzini wesikole owenzelwa ekhaya, futhi ungipha nokudla.
Ibhalwe uFatima

I love my mother. She always knows what to do and what to say. She knows what to do when I cry.
Zanele

Ngiyamthanda umama wami. Uhlale azi ukuthi yini okumele ayenze nokumele ayisho. Uyazi ukuthi kumele enzeni uma ngikhala.
Ibhalwe uZanele

My mother is the best because she always takes care of me and my brother, even when she is tired or busy with something else or in the middle of something important.
Benjamin

Umama wami ungophambili ngoba unakekela mina nomfowethu, noma esekhathele noma ematasatasa noma kukhona okuthile okubalulekile akwenzayo.
Ibhalwe uBenjamin

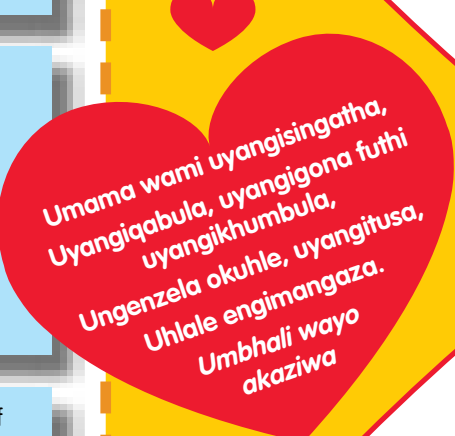
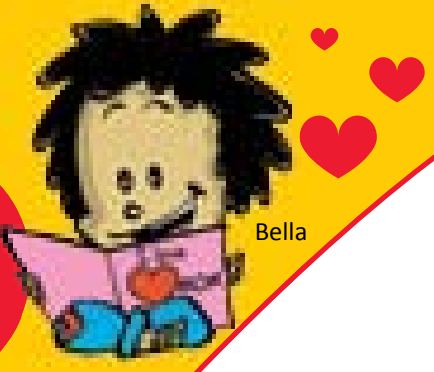


Make a Mother's Day card

1. Cut out the hearts by cutting along the red line.
2. Fold the hearts along the dotted black line.
3. Glue the two parts together.
4. On one side, draw a picture of you and the person you will give the card to. Write your message to her on the other side.

Yenza ikhadi loSuku Lomama

1. Sika izinhliziyi ngokusika ulandele umugqa obomvu.
2. Goqa izinhliziyi ulandele umugqa wamachashazi amnyama.
3. Hlanganisa lezi zingxenye ezimbili ngegulu.
4. Dweba isithombe sakho nesomuntu ozomnika ikhadi kolunye uhlangothi. Mbhalele umlayezo kolunye uhlangothi.



Story corner

Here is the second part of the story about Ayanda.
Enjoy reading it aloud or telling it.

The little girl who didn't want to grow up (Part 2)

Retold by Veronique Tadjo

One morning, a gang of criminals invaded Ayanda's village. They threatened people with guns and ordered them to hand over all their precious belongings.

"If you try to keep one single coin for yourselves, we will burn down your village!" they warned.

Men and women trembled with fear as they hurried to get what the criminals demanded. Brave Ayanda ran secretly from house to house trying to get help. But the villagers were too frightened to resist.

"Well, I'll just have to face the criminals by myself," decided Ayanda. "I know! I'll grow as big as a baobab tree. Then I'll chase those thieves away!"

She started growing rapidly. Even when her head was above the roofs of the houses, she grew some more. She only decided to stop growing when she was as tall as the ancient baobab tree that stood in the centre of the village.

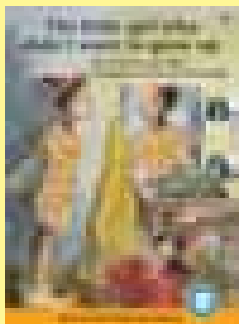
Then, as the criminals were gathering their loot, they felt the ground moving. It was Ayanda! Each time she took a step, everything around her shook. As soon as the criminals saw her coming, they dropped their weapons and ran. But, the giant girl was faster than they were. She lifted them up, tied them together tightly and dropped them into the middle of a pig sty. The villagers came out of their hiding places with cries of joy.

When night came, Ayanda realised with horror that she had become too big to go through the front door of her house and so the giant girl was forced to spend the night outside.

"What is going to happen to me?" she wondered with tears in her eyes. "Will I be a giant forever?"

Lying in the grass, facing the starry sky, Ayanda was very worried. She wanted to be like the other girls in her village. Finally, she fell asleep.

When the first rays of the sun gently stroked her face, Ayanda opened her eyes cautiously. To her great joy, she saw that her arms and legs had gone back to their normal size. She pinched herself to be certain that she was not dreaming. Then, with a spring in her step, she walked through the front door of her home.



"Look at me," she cried "I am not a giant anymore!"

Throughout the day, the villagers came to see Ayanda. Many people asked her, "What did you do to become such a brave and beautiful young woman?" Ayanda just gave them a big smile. It was the same smile she used to give her father, when, as a little girl, he took her in his arms.



Adapted from *The little girl who didn't want to grow up* and *Intombazanyana eyayingafuni ukukhula*.
Published by Jacana. © 2010



Illustration by Catherine Groenewald
Imidwebo yenziwe nguCatherine

Ikhona lezindaba

Nansi ingxenywe yesibili yendaba emayelana no-Ayanda.
Thokozela ukuyifunda noma ukuyixoxa kakhulu.

Intombazanyana eyayingafuni ukukhula (Ingxenywe yesi-2)

Ixoxwa kabusha uVeronique Tadjo

Ngolunye usuku ekuseni, kwahlasela iqembu lezigcwelegcwele emzini wakubo ka-Ayanda Zazesabisa abantu ngezibhamu futhi zazibatshela ukuthi balethe zonke izinto zabo eziyigugu.

"Uma kukhona nohlamvu olulodwa nje lwemali enizolugcina, sizoshisa lo muzi wonke!" bebethusa.

Abesilisa nabesifazane babeqhaqhaqazela ukwesaba ngesikhathi bephuthuma emakhaya ukuyothatha lokho okwakufunwa yizigcwelegcwele. U-Ayanda onesibindi wayengena indlu nendlu ezama ukuthola usizo. Kodwa abantu balo muzi babesaba ukudaza inkani.

"Kulungile-ke, ngizobhekana nezigcwelegcwele ngedwa," kunquma u-Ayanda. "Ngiyazi ukuthi ngingakhula ngize ngibe ngangesihlahla somkhomo. Ngizobe sengikwazi ukuxosha la masela!"

Waqala ukukhula ngokukhulu ukushesha. Noma ikhanda lakhe lase lingaphezu kophahla lwezindlu, wathi ukukhula futhi. Wanquma ukuyeka ukukhula ngesikhathi eselingana nesihlahla somkhomo esiphakathi nendawo nomuzi.

Ngesikhathi izigcwelegcwele zisaqoqa impango yazo zezwa umhlaba usunyakaza. Kwakungu-Ayanda. Njalo nje uma enyathela, konke okwakuseduze kwakhe kwakunyakaza. Ngesikhathi izigcwelegcwele zimbona eza zashiya phansi zonke izikhali zazo zabaleka. Kodwa intombazane eyisidlakela yayishesha kunazo. Yaziphakamisa, yazibophela ndawonye yazilahla phakathi egoqweni. Abantu basemzini baphuma lapho babecashe khona bememeza ngenjabulo.

Ebusuku u-Ayanda washaywa uvalo lapho esekhumbula ukuthi wayesekhule kakhulu, wayengekwazi ukungena emnyango ongaphambili wendlu yakubo, ngakho intombazane eyisidlakela yaphoqeleka ukuthi ilale phandle.

"Kuzokwenzekani kimina?" wacabanga egcwele izinyembezi emehlweni akhe. "Ngabe ngizohlale ngiyisidlakela?"

Wayelele otshanini, ebheke isibhakabhaka esigcwele izinkanyezi, u-Ayanda; wayekhathazekile. Wayefuna ukufana namanye amantombazane asemzini wakubo. Ekugcineni wazumeke.

Lapho imisebe yelanga imphulula kamnene ebusweni bakhe, u-Ayanda wavula amehlo akhe ngokucophelela. Wajabula kakhulu uma esebona ukuthi izingalo nemilenze yakhe kwakubuyele esilinganisweni esijwayelekile. Waze wazincinza ukuze aqinisekise ukuthi wayengaphuphi. Wasukuma ngokushesha waya emnyango wekhaya lakubo.

"Ake nibheke nje," kumemeza yena, "Angiseyiso isidlakela."

Abantu basemzini beza bezobona u-Ayanda usuku lonke. Abantu abaningi bambuza ukuthi, "Wenzi kodwa ukuze ube ngowesifazane osemncane onesibindi nomuhle kangaka?" U-Ayanda wayevele amatatheke kakhulu. Kwakuyindlela efana naleyo ayejwayele ukumamathekela ubaba wakhe ngayo ngesikhathi emgona eseyintombazanyana.

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- Story Star: Margie Cunnaman and a school library project
- Make your own zigzag book
- Mini-book, *What are you doing?*

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