

# NALIBALI

## It's holiday time!

The year is almost over and soon it will be that time of year when most of us are able to spend more time than usual with family and friends. It's time for that long-awaited end-of-year break. That time of year when we can all slow down a bit, relax and spend time doing more of the things we enjoy.



## Lixesha leholide!

Unyaka sele uza kuphela ukuze kwakamsinyane kufike ixesha lonyaka apho uninzi lwethu lukwaziyo ukuchitha ixesha elithe chattha kwelesiqhelo sikunye neentsapho zethu kwakunye nabahlobo bethu. Lifikile ixesha lokuphumla lasekupheleni konyaka ebekukudala lilindiwe. Elo lixesha lonyaka apho thina sonke sinokuthi chu kancinane, siphumle, sichithe ixesha sisenza izinto eziliqela esizithandayo.

### SPEND TIME WITH A GOOD BOOK OR TWO

When your children see you relaxing with a book:

- ★ They learn that reading is something you do for pleasure.
- ★ They learn that reading is something that can be done for leisure. And so, without even trying to, you are being a powerful reading role model for your children and helping them to become lifelong readers.

### CHITHA IXESHA NENCWADI OKANYE EZIMBINI EZIFANELEKILEYO

Xa abantwana bakho bekubona wonwabele incwadi:

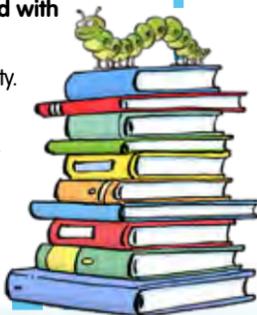
- ★ bafunda ukuba ukufunda yinto oyenzela ukuzonwabisa.
- ★ Bafunda ukuba ukufunda yinto enokwenziwa ngexesha lokuphola. Ngoko ke, ungadanga wazama nanto ingakanani, ungumzekelo onamandla wokubaluleka kokufunda ebantwaneni bakho kwaye ubanceda ukuba babengabafundi kubomi babo bonke.

### WE HAVE STORIES TO TELL!

Often there are also a lot of celebrations around this time of the year. As adults, there are times when we think back to how we experienced these celebrations as children. Have you ever thought about sharing these stories about your childhood with your children?

- ★ Stories help them to develop their imagination and creativity.
- ★ They help them to develop their language and thinking.
- ★ And sharing the stories of your childhood helps to connect the generations of your family.

These stories give children a sense of where they come from and who they are.



### SINAMABALI ESINGAWABALISA!

Kananjalo iyaxhaphaka nemibhiyozo ngeli xesha lonyaka. Njengabantu abadala, sinamaxesha okucinga emva ngendlela esasiyonwabela ngayo le mibhiyozo xa sasisengabantwana. Oko kuthetha ukuba sinamabali esinokuwabalisa! Ingaba wakhe wacinga ngokwabelana nabantwana bakho ngala mabali exesha lobakho ubuntwana?

- ★ Amabali abanceda ukuba baphuhlise intelekelelo nengcingane yabo kwakunye nesakhono sokuyila.
- ★ Abanceda ukuba baphuhlise ulwimi lwabo nendlela abacinga ngayo.
- ★ Kanti ukwabelana ngamabali exesha lakho lobuntwana kunceda ukunxulumanisa izizukulwana zosapho lwakho.

La mabali anika abantwana uluvo ngemvelaphi yabo nangabantu abangabo.



We will be taking a break until the **week of 28 January 2022**. Join us then for more Nalibali reading magic!

Siza kukhe sithathe ikhefu kude kube yiveki yomhla wama-**28 kweyoMqungu kowama-2022**. Uze usijoyine ngoko ukuze ufumane omnye omninzi ummangaliso wokufunda kaNalibali!

The holidays also mean that we have more time to spend with our children – and this is a real reward for them. We have time to spend reading their favourite stories to them and finding new ones to enjoy too. We also have time to do other fun reading and writing activities that connect with their interests. Whatever you do and wherever you will be this holiday season, relax and have a fabulous, story-filled holiday!

Iiholide zikwathetha ukuba sinexesha elithe kratya esilichitha nabantwana bethu – kanti sisipho senene ke esi kubo. Sinexesha esinokulichitha sibafundela amabali abo abawathandayo, siphinde sifumanise amatsha abanokuwathanda nawo. Sinalo nexesha lemsetyenzana yokufundela nokubhalela ukuzonwabisa nehambelana nemidla yabo. Nokuba wenza ntoni na kwaye nokuba uza kube uphi na kweli xesha leeholide, phumla kwaye ube nehoholide emnamdi nephuphuma ngamabali!



Drive your  
imagination



IT STARTS WITH  
A STORY.  
KONKE KUQALA  
NGBALI.

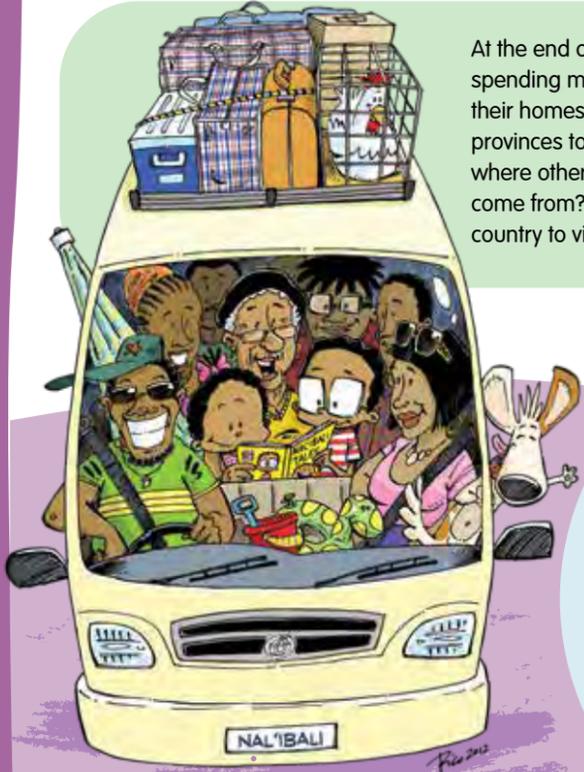
## We all belong to people and places

South Africa is home to people from many different countries. Every year, on 18 December, International Migrants Day is celebrated all over the world. It is a time to raise awareness of the challenges and difficulties that migrants have to deal with.



## Sonke siyinxenye yabantu neendawo

UMzantsi Afrika likhaya kubantu abavela kumazwe amaninzi ohlukeneyo. Kunyaka ngamnye, ngowe-18 kweyoMnga, uSuku lweLizwe ngeZizwe lwabaPhambukeli lubhiyozelwa kwilizwe lonke. Lixesha lokuvuselela ulwazi malunga neningeni neenzima abaphambukeli ekufuneka bejongene nazo.



At the end of the year, many of us look forward to spending more time with our families. Some leave their homes to travel to rural areas, other cities or provinces to visit them. Do you sometimes wonder where other people are travelling to or where they come from? Have you ever had to travel to another country to visit your family?

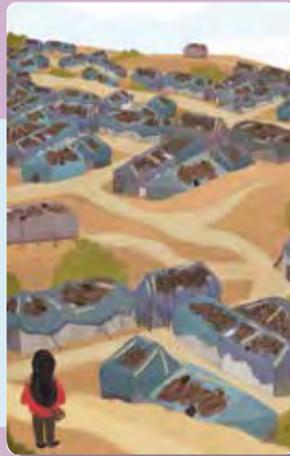
Ekupheleni konyaka, uninzi lwethu lulangazelela ukuchitha ixesha elongezelekileyo neentsapho zethu. Abanye bashiya amakhaya abo ukuze baye emaphandleni, kwezinye izixeko okanye amaphondo ukubatyela. Ingaba ngamanye amaxesha ukhe uzibuze ukuba abanye abantu baya phi okanye bavela phi? Wakha waya kwelinye ilizwe ukuyotyela usapho lwakho?

People who come to live in a country they were not born in are called migrants. Some migrants choose to leave their countries to look for jobs, to go to school or to join family members who live in another country.

Abantu abeza kuhlala kwilizwe ababengazalelwanga kulo babizwa ngokuba ngabaphambukeli. Abanye abaphambukeli bakhetha ukushiya amazwe abo ukuya kukhangela imisebenzi, ukuya esikolweni okanye ukuzibandakanya namalungu osapho ahlala kwelinye ilizwe.



Refugees are migrants who are forced to leave their countries because of war or violence. Refugees try to find safety in another country. Why not take some time to think about the migrants and refugees who are far from their friends and family and cannot travel home to see them?



Iimbacu ngabaphambukeli abanyanzeleka ukuba bawashiye amazwe abo ngenxa yemfazwe okanye ubundlobongela. Iimbacu zizama ukufumana ukhuseleko kwelinye ilizwe. Kutheni ungakhe uthathe ixesha ukucinga ngabaphambukeli neembacu abakude nezihlobo neentsapho zabo yaye bangabi nakugoduka bayokubabona?

## Did you know?

Our Read-Aloud Story Collection is now available at Ethnikids!



Available in all official South African languages

Ifumaneka ngazo zonke iilwimi ezisemthethweni eMzantsi Afrika

ethnikids  
made for me

## Ubusazi na?

Ibali lethu lokufunda ngokuvakalayo liyafumaneka ngoku e-Ethnikids!



Order your copy online at [www.ethnikids.africa](http://www.ethnikids.africa)!

Faka ioda yekopi yakho ku-[www.ethnikids.africa](http://www.ethnikids.africa)!



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imagination



**Migrants have knowledge, resources and skills that can help to build communities, but often they have to deal with prejudice and unfairness.** Migrant children must also cope with a new school system, fitting in with other children and sometimes learning in a new language.

**Iimbacu zinolwazi, izixhobo zokusebenza nezakhono ezinokunceda ukwakha uluntu, kodwa kumaxesha amaninzi kufuneka zijongane nemikhethe nokungabikho kobulungisa.**

Abantwana beembacu kufuneka nabo bamelane nemeko yesikolo esitsha, baziqhelanise nabanye abantwana yaye ngamanye amaxesha bafunde ulwimi olutsha.

**A stateless person is someone who is not recognized as a citizen of any country in the world.** Children who are stateless often cannot go to school, cannot go to the doctor or cannot get a social grant. Many struggle their whole life to find work or a home. Stateless children face serious problems, such as child labour, child trafficking, child marriage and other types of abuse.

**Umntu ongenalizwe ngumntu ongabonwa njengommi walo naliphi na ilizwe umhlaba wonke.** Abantwana abangenzalizwe amaxesha amaninzi abakwazi ukuya esikolweni, abanakukwazi ukuya kwagqirha okanye abanakufumana sibonelelo sikaRhulumente. Abaninzi bayasokola ukufumana umsebenzi okanye ikhaya ubomi babo bonke. Abantwana abangenzalizwe bajongana neengxaki ezinkulu, ezifana nokusetyenziswa kwabantwana, ukuthengiswa kwabantwana, ukutshatiswa kwabantwana nezinye iindlela zempatheko-mbi.



## The Girl Who Lost Her Country



Written by  
Amal de Chickera and Deirdre Brennan

Illustrated by  
Dian Pu

A Publication By  
THE INSTITUTE ON STATELESSNESS AND INCLUSION

The Institute on Statelessness and Inclusion wrote a book called *The Girl Who Lost Her Country*. You can read this book in English and isiZulu at <http://kids.worldsstateless.org> to learn more about statelessness.

I-Institute on Statelessness and Inclusion yabhala incwadi ebizwa ngokuba yi-*The Girl Who Lost Her Country*. Ungayifunda le ncwadi ku: <http://kids.worldsstateless.org> ukufunda ngakumbi ngokungabi nabumi.

## Advertise here!

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Ungaphoswa ngumnikelo wakho okhethekileyo wentshayelelo! Ndwendwela ku-[www.nalibali.org/supplement-advertising](http://www.nalibali.org/supplement-advertising) ngolwazi olongezelelweyo.

## Faka isaziso apha!

Umyalezo wakho mawufikelele kuyo yonke imizi yaseMzantsi Afrika.

Ngonyaka ngamnye uNa'libali unikela ngamahlelo amaphephandaba angama-280 000 ngeelwimi ezili-9 emakhaya nakwiiklabhu zokufunda.

Kwakhona, siqinisekisa i-1 500 ngaphezulu ngenyanga yabafunda kwi-intanethi!

Na'libali  
IT STARTS WITH  
A STORY.



Drive your imagination

# 7 fun holiday ideas

Here are some activities that include reading and writing to keep your children entertained during the school holidays. The idea is to enjoy yourselves, so use the language/s you and your children feel most comfortable with.



# limbono ezisi-7 zokuzonwabisa ngeeholide

Nantsi eminye imisetyenzana equka ukufunda nokubhala yokugcina abantwana bakho bonwabile ngethuba leeholide zezikolo. Injongo kukuzonwabisa, ngoko ke khetha ukusebenzisa ulwimi/iilwimi enithanda kakhulu ukuzithetha nabantwana bakho.

**1 Read and listen.** Fill your holiday with new stories and old favourites by finding stories to read and listen to on Nal'ibali's website ([www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org)) and mobisite ([www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)). Take a story with you wherever you go! Print them out, or read and listen to them on your computer or your cellphone.

**1 Funda uze umamele.** Ngxala iholide yakho ngamabali amatsha namadala owathanda kakhulu ngokukhangela amabali onokuwafunda nalawo unokuwamamela kwiwebhusayithi kaNal'ibali ([www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org)) nakwimobhisayithi ([www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)). Yiba nebali naphi na apho uhamba khona! Waprinte, okanye uwafunde futhi uwamamele ekhompuytheni yakho okanye kwiselula yakho.

**2 Keep a holiday scrapbook.** Recycle unused notebooks or staple some sheets of paper together to create holiday scrapbooks for your children. Encourage them to write about the things they do during the school holidays in their scrapbooks and to draw pictures in them too. They could also include things like tickets or pamphlets from places they have been to or even the wrapper of a treat they enjoyed.



**2 Gcina incwadi yokurhoqoza yeholide.** Zisebenzise ngokutsha iincwadi zamanqaku ezingasetyenziswa okanye udibanise amaphepha angabhalwanga ngesiteyipla ukuze wenzele abantwana bakho iincwadi zokurhoqoza zeholide. Bakhuthaze ukuba babhale ngezinto abazenza ngexesha leeholide zezikolo ezincwadini zabo zokurhoqoza ze bazobe nemifanekiso kuzo. Banokuquka nezinto ezifana namatikiti emiboniso bhanya-bhanya abayibonileyo okanye isihlekiso esingaphakathi kwekhreka abayonwabeleyo.

**3 Play games.** Many games involve reading. Have regular game evenings with friends and family.

**3 Dlalani imidlalo.** Imidlalo emininzi iquka ukufunda. Yiba neenjikalanga zemidlalo rhoqo nabahlobo kunye nosapho.

**4 Have a pretend party.** Let your children have fun imagining who they would invite to a party to celebrate the start of a new year. Then suggest they write party invitations and a menu for their pretend party.



**4 Yenza itheko lesilinganiso.** Abantwana bakho mabonwabele ukucinga ukuba bangamema bani na kwitheko lokubhiyozela unyaka omtsha. Emva koko bacebise ukuba babhale izimemo zetheko kunye nemenyu yokutya ukulungiselela itheko labo lesilinganiso.

**5 Follow a recipe.** With your children, follow a recipe for something you have not made before. Remember to read the recipe aloud as you go – or ask your children to do this. Let them help you gather the ingredients, mix and stir.

**5 Landela iresiphi.** Wena kunye nabantwana bakho, landelani iresiphi yento ongazange wakhe wayenza ngaphambili. Khumbula ukuyifunda ngokuvakalayo iresiphi leyo xa uyisebenzisa – okanye cela abantwana bakho ukuba bakwenze oku. Mabakuncedise ngokuqokelela izithako, ngokuxuba nangokuzamisa.

**6 Play a guessing game.** Give your children a clue to something near you and see if they can guess what it is. For example, "It is white and has a door. It keeps things cold." (Answer: the fridge.) Take turns giving the clues and guessing.

**6 Dlalani umdlalo wokuqashisela.** Nika abantwana bakho umkhondo ngento ekufutshane kuwe ukuze ubone ukuba bangakwazi kusini na ukuqashisela ukuba yintoni. Umzekelo, "Imhlophe kwaye inocango. Igcina izinto zibandana." (Impendulo: yifriji.) Bolekisanani ngamathuba okunika umkhondo nawokuqashisela.

**7 Create a new ending.** Let your children create a different ending for one of their favourite stories by adding a new character or event to the story. Suggest that they draw pictures that capture their new ending and then they can use these as they retell the story.



**7 Yilani isiphelo esitsha.** Abantwana bakho mabayile isiphelo esahlukileyo selinye lamabali abo abawathandayo ngokongeza umlinganiswa omtsha okanye isiganeko esithile ebalini. Bacebise ukuba bazobe imifanekiso ebonisa isiphelo sabo esitsha ukuze emva koko bayisebenzisele ukubalisa ibali ngokutsha.

## Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books

1. Take out pages 5 to 12 of this supplement.
2. The sheet with pages 5, 6, 11 and 12 on it makes up one book. The sheet with pages 7, 8, 9 and 10 on it makes up the other book.
3. Use each of the sheets to make a book. 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 along the green dotted line.
  - c) Cut along the red dotted lines.



## Zenzele iincwadana EZIMBINI onokuzisika-ze-uzigcine

1. Khupha iphepha lesi-5 ukuya kwele-12 kolu hlelo.
2. Uxwebhu olunamaphepha aqala kwelesi-5, elesi-6, ele-11 nele-12 lwenza incwadi yokuqala. Uxwebhu olunamaphepha aqala kwelesi-7, elesi-8, ele-9 nele-10 lwenza eyesibini incwadi.
3. Sebenzisa uxwebhu ngalunye kula mabini ukwenza iincwadana. Landela imiyalelo engezantsi ukwenza incwadi nganye.
  - a) Songa uxwebhu phakathi kumgca wamachaphaza amnyama.
  - b) Phinda ulusonge phakathi kwakhona ulandela umgca wamachaphaza aluhlaza.
  - c) Sika ke ngoku ulandela imigca yamachaphaza abomvu.



Drive your  
imagination

“Owu hayi, Tebbi! UShumba ungene endlwini yegqwirha!” Wakwaza uGabriel, ogqume umlomo wakhe ngesandla sakhe. “Ungofileyo ngokuqinisekileyo.”

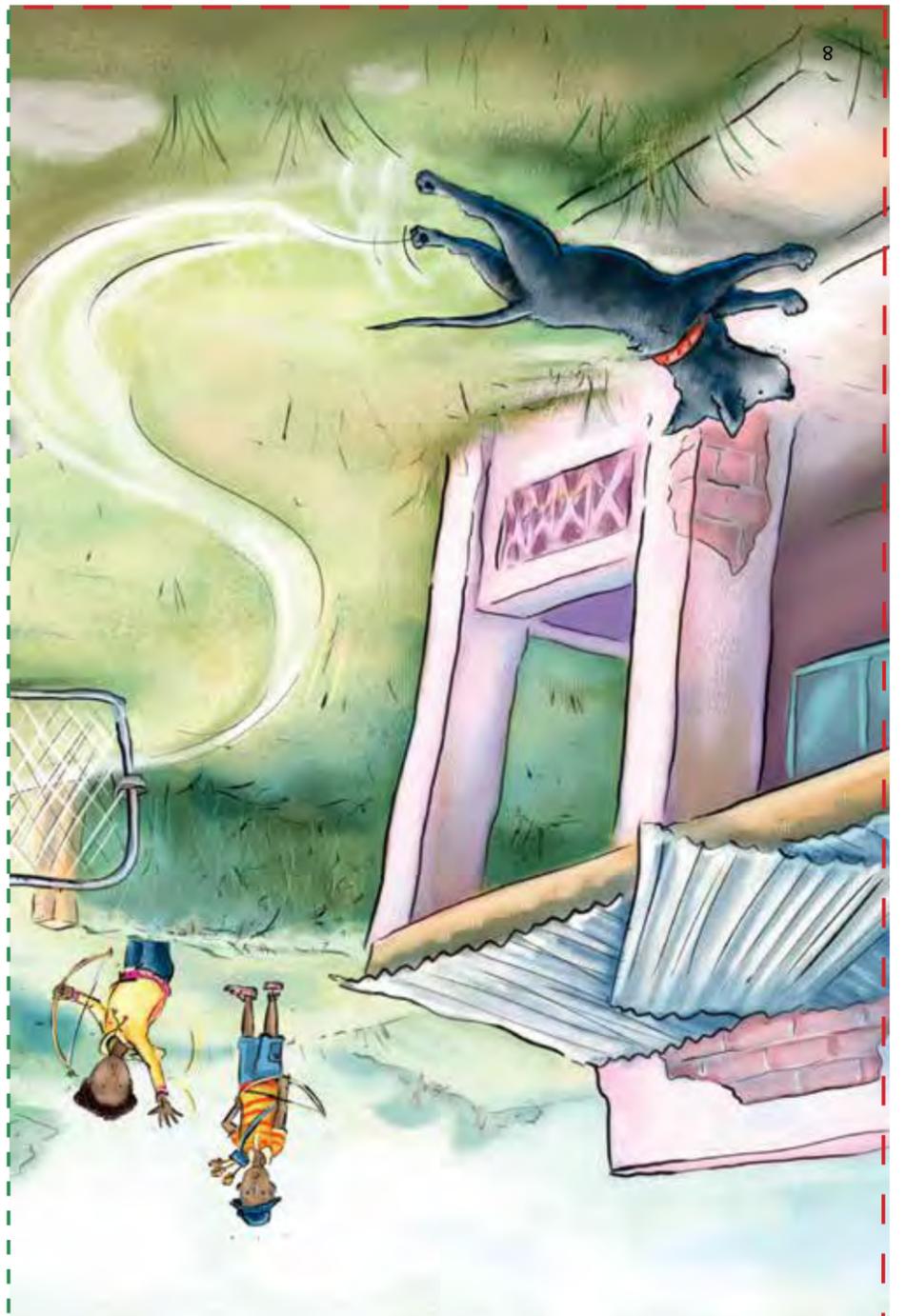
“Shumba!” Ndakhwaza kwakhona. Inyembezi zaqala ukutshisa emehlweni am. Ndandisazi ukuba uShumba utshabalele! Igqwirha laliza kumbulala lize limqunqe abe ngamasuntswana okwenza amayeza alo. Ndema esangweni ndizama ukucinga ukuba ndandingenza ntoni.

Ndakhwaza, kodwa kwakungasancedi nto. UShumba wayesele eba ke wonyuka induli, wagqitha kwisango lendlu kaMama Raphane, kwindlelana emxinwa waza wangena ngocango lwangaphambili.

I shouted, but it was too late. Shumba had run up the hill, past the gate of Mama Raphane’s house, along a thin path, and in through the front door.

“Oh no! Shumba went into the witch’s house!” Gabriel cried. “He’s dead for sure.”

“Shumba?” I shouted again. Tears began to form in my eyes. I knew Shumba was doomed! The witch would kill him and cut him up into little pieces for her potions. I stood at the gate trying to think what I could do.



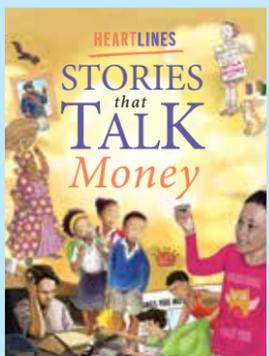
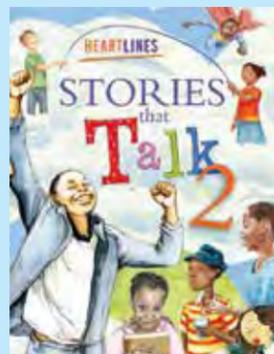
## The witch who lives on the hill

### Igqwirha elihlala endlwini



Lauri Kubuitsile  
Vian Oelofsen

**HEARTLINES**



For more information please email [info@heartlines.org.za](mailto:info@heartlines.org.za) or phone (011) 771 2540.

**HEARTLINES**  
The Centre for Values Promotion

Nal’ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign to spark and embed a culture of reading across South Africa. For more information, visit [www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org) or [www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)



UNal’ibali liphulo likazwelonke lokufundela ukuzonwabisa elinjongo yalo ikukuvuselela nokwendiselisa inkcubeko nesithethe sokufunda kuMzantsi Afrika uphela. Ukuze ufumane iinkcukacha ezithe vetshe, ndwendwela ku-[www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org) okanye ku-[www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)



Drive your imagination



Ngosuku olilandelayo, umhlobo wam osenyongweni uGabriel, nam, sathatha izaphetha zethu ngentolo sanyukela etyholweni emva kwenduli ukuya kuzingela. “Ingaba uShumba uhamba nathi?” wabuza uGabriel, ejonge ezantsi kwinja yam enkulu emnyama. “Uyakuthanda ukuzingela,” ndatsho. “Ngokuqinisekileyo, singamshiyela ni?” “Kodwa usoloko ezoyikisa izilwanyana zibaleke.” Zange ndimhoye uGabriel. Wayesazi ukuba izaphetha zethu zazingenakubulala nto kakade, nokuba uShumba yegqwirha. Kodwa uShumba waye ...

We hid behind the hedge, Peloyame, Kitso and me, all breathing hard. “Did you see her?” Peloyame asked breathless.

“Yeah, she’s scary,” I said, though I hadn’t really seen her. But I didn’t need to. Everyone knew what Mma Raphane looked like. She had wild grey hair and was tall and bony-thin, with elbows that could cut straight through a person. If you looked into her eyes, you would be turned into a zombie. Many children had. We all knew that.

“She poked her head out of the door when I threw the stone, did you see?” Kitso said excitedly. “My cousin said she ate his cat.”

“Yeah, she does that sometimes,” Peloyame said, nodding her head. Peloyame knew everything there was to know about Mma Raphane, the witch.



Now I felt really bad about the way the children in the village had been treating Mma Raphane for so long. I felt bad that I’d been part of it too. Just then a plan began to form in my head. “I think I know what we can do to make things better!”

“Yes, I know. I don’t think she’s a witch. I think Peloyame and the others made it up,” I said.



Gabriel and I headed home down the hill. We’d forgotten about hunting. “She doesn’t look anything like a witch,” Gabriel said.

“Sorry he troubled you,” I said.

“That dog seems a handfull for a small girl like you.”

Mma Raphane smiled at me. “Thank you,” I said.

When I looked up, an old woman stood on the small stoep in front of the house. She was bent over and leaning hard on a cane. Her grey hair was tucked away tidily. I looked into her eyes and I was surprised nothing changed inside of me. “Thank you,” I said.

Mma Raphane smiled at me. “That dog seems a handfull for a small girl like you.”

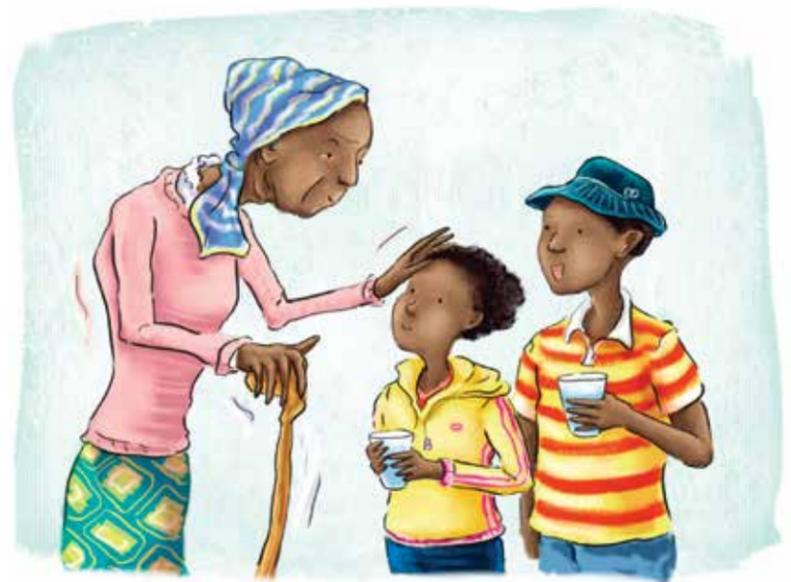
“Sorry he troubled you,” I said.

She smiled sadly, but said nothing more. She turned and made her way back into the house.

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“Yes, I know. I don’t think she’s a witch. I think Peloyame and the others made it up,” I said.

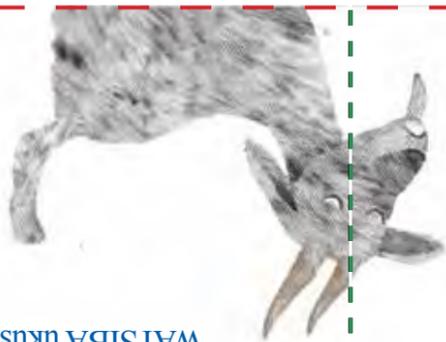
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Sambulela saza sahlala phantsi ukuba sisele. Abanye abantwana basibukela okwexeshana baza bangena eyadini, ngabanye ngabanye. Bathatha izixhobo zethu baza basebenza beqalisa apho sasiyeke khona.

UPeloyame wema yedwa ngaselucingweni. “Yhey? Nenza ntoni nina? Uligqwirha! Nilibele?” Wonke umntu zange amhoye. Wakhaba umhlaba waza wemka ngomsindo.

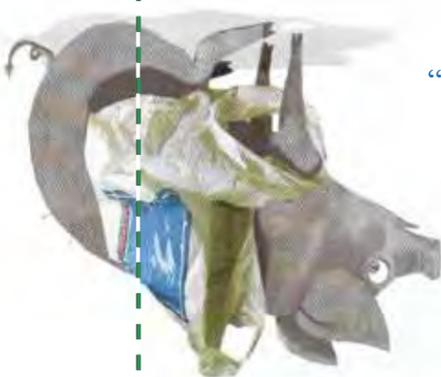
UMma Raphane wajonga abantwana ababembaleka ixesha elide kangaka. Iinyembezi zaziqengqeleka ukuhlisa izidlele zakhe. “Enkosi,” watsho esebeza ngelizwi elirhwexayo. Wasincumela njengoko sasihleli esituphini sakhe sisela amanzi. Ndakhangela kuGabriel ndaza ndancuma, sisazi ukuba sizenzele umhlobo omtsha.



“Could you help me?” called Little Pig. “I’m finding this packet a bit difficult.”  
 “I can’t,” said the cow. “I’m busy.”  
 “No,” said the hen. “Too dangerous.”  
 “Don’t look at me,” said the old goat. “It’s just too crazy.”  
 Little Pig had to keep struggling all on his own. Eventually, he got his front legs into the packet. Once again he ran and ... JUMPED off the roof.  
 “Ningandinceda?” wakhwaza uHagwana.  
 “Ndisifumanisa esi singxotyana sinendawana yokundenzela nzima.”  
 “Andinakho,” yatsho imazi yenkomo. “Ndixakakile.”  
 “Hayi,” satsho isikhukukazi. “Kuyingozu kakhulu oko.”  
 “Ungandijongi nokundijonga ma,” yatsho ibhokhwe endala. “Bubudenge bodwa obo.”  
 UHagwana wazisokolela eyedwa. Ekugqibeleni, wakhwazi ukuyifaka imilenze yakhe yangaphambili kwisingxotyana. Kwakhona wabalaka ze ...  
 WATSIBA ukusuka eluphahleni.



“I knew it was a stupid plan,” said the cow.  
 “I told him he would get hurt,” said the hen.  
 “Who is going to pick up those feathers?” complained the old goat.  
 Later in the day, the animals once again stood around and watched as Little Pig found a packet and dragged it up onto the roof. They watched him struggle to get his front legs into the handles.  
 “Bendisazi ukuba eli cebo belingasoze lisebenze,” yatsho imazi yenkomo.  
 “Ndinxelele ukuba uza kwenzakala,” satsho isikhukukazi.  
 “Ngubani oza kuchola ezaa ntsiba ngoku?” yakhala ngelelshoyo ibhokhwe endala.  
 Ekuhambeni kwemini, izilwanyana zaphinda zema zabukela uHagwana etsala isingxotyana, ekhwela naso eluphahleni. Bambukela ebulaleka, ezama ukufaka imilenze yakhe yangaphambili kwimiqheba yesi singxotyana.

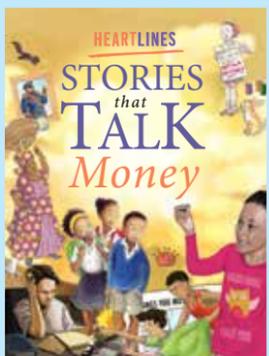
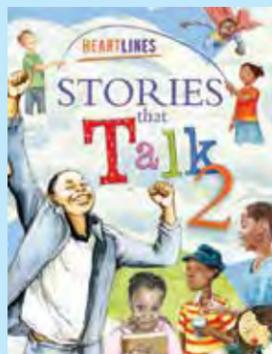


HEARTLINES

Can Little Pig fly?  
 Ingaba angakwazi na ukubhabha uHagwana?



Bridget Krone  
 Diek Grobler



For more information please email [info@heartlines.org.za](mailto:info@heartlines.org.za) or phone (011) 771 2540.

HEARTLINES  
 The Centre for Values Promotion

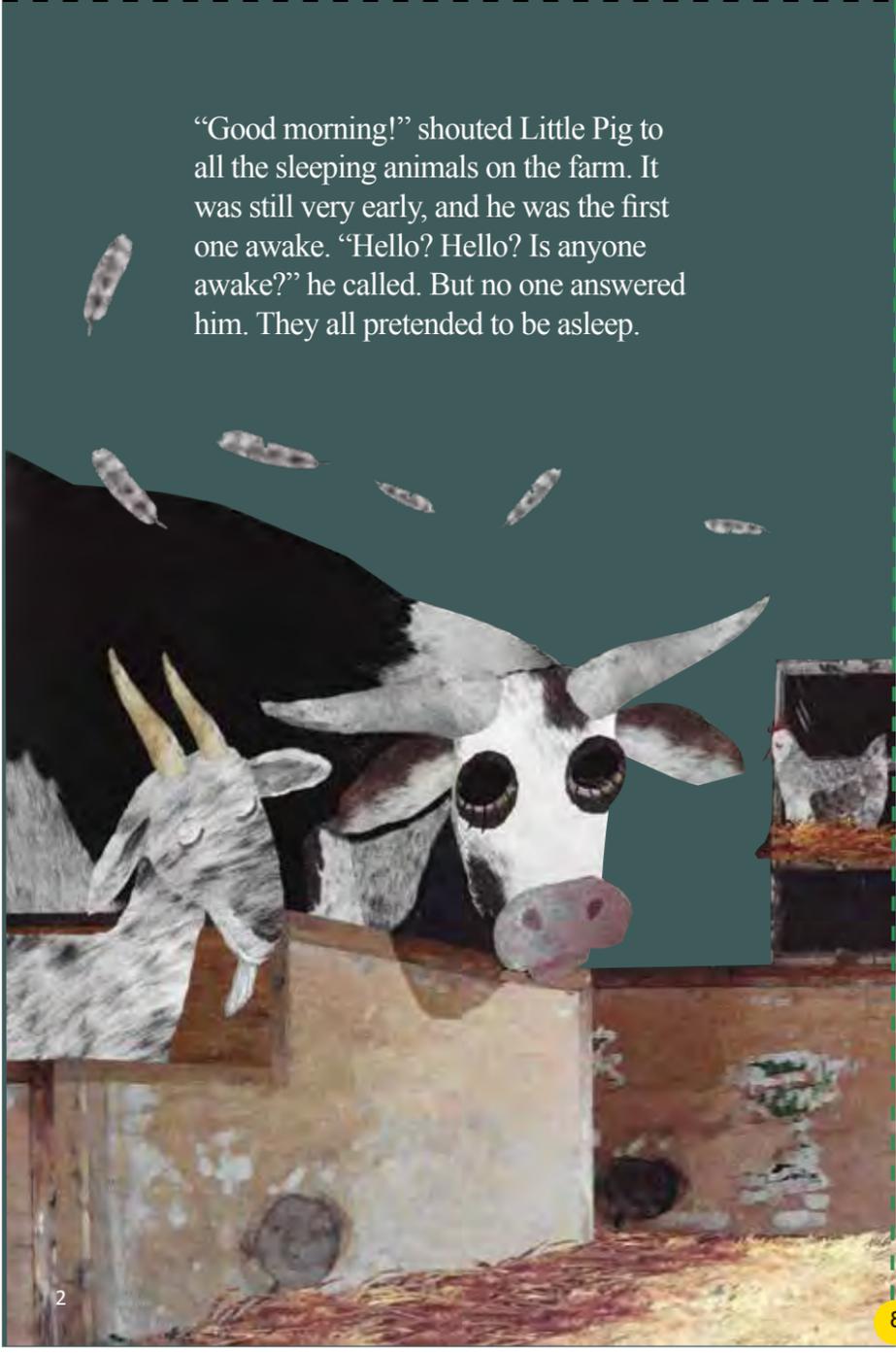
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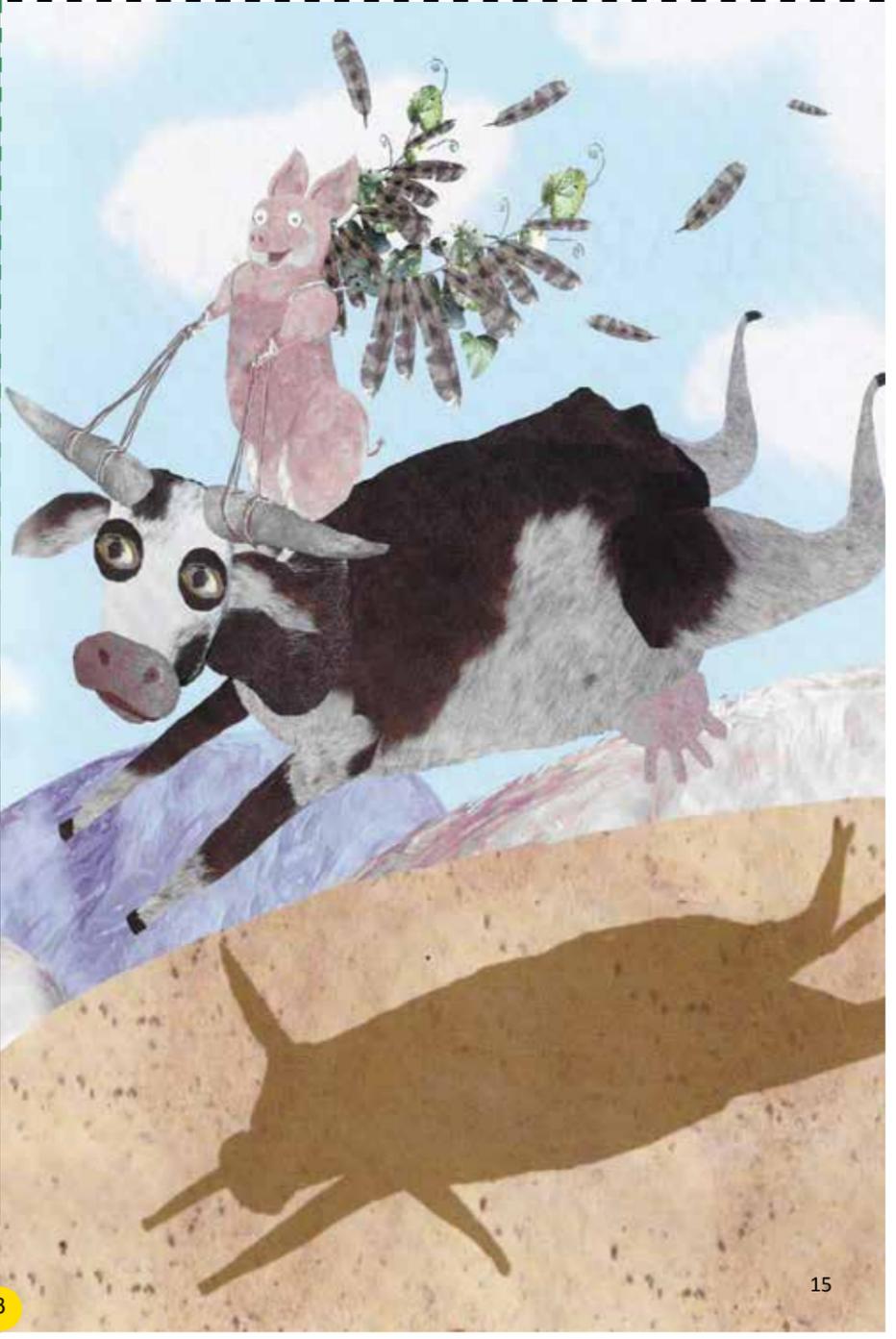
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Drive your imagination



“Good morning!” shouted Little Pig to all the sleeping animals on the farm. It was still very early, and he was the first one awake. “Hello? Hello? Is anyone awake?” he called. But no one answered him. They all pretended to be asleep.



There was a loud WHOOSHING noise as the wind caught the packet which billowed out behind him.

Then there was a loud CRASH as Little Pig hit the ground hard. This time he landed on his snout. It hurt a lot and he

began to cry.

“It’s no use crying,” said the cow.

“I told you that this was a silly idea. But you didn’t want to listen.”

“I’m not crying,” pretended Little Pig. “This bump on my snout is

just making my eyes water.” And

he walked away, sniffing. He held

his head up high and blinked back

the tears.

Kwawakala ingxolo ethi, *BHU-BHU-BHU* eyenziwa ngumoya ophaphazela isingxotyana esasivuthleka emva kwakhe.

Emva koko kwawakala uBHUM wokunkaleka kukahagwana phantsi. Kveli lixa wabetheka ngemhentu. Kwakubuhlungu

kakhulu, kangangokuba oko kuwa kwamenza wakhala.

“Akuncedi nto ukulila,” yatsho imazi yenkomo.

“Bendikuxelele ukuba bubungenge bodwa obu ubenzayo.

Kodwa awafuna ukumamela.”

“Andilili,” wabakhohisa watsho uHagwana. “Le ngoncoma ikule mhentu yenze amhlo am ehla iinyembezi.” Wemka

apho, efixiza. Wanyamezela, waqwanya ukuze iinyembezi zibuyele emva emehlweni akhe.

CRASH! Little Pig landed on the ground with a big bump.

He stood up and shook his head. He wiggled each of his legs and found that nothing was broken.

Then he saw his wings lying on the ground beside him. They were in pieces.

“Oh well,” he said bravely, “I’ll have to make

another plan.” And he set off to look for a new

idea, thinking to himself, “All things are possible if you believe and have hope.”

BHUM! Kwatsho isithonga esikhulu,

uHagwana ebetheka phantsi.

Washukuma apho wahlunguzela intloko.

Washukumisa umlenze ngamnye wakhe ze wafumanisa ukuba akophukananga. Wabona

amaphiko akhe eth e sa phantsi ecaleni kwakhe. Ayezizicwili nje ezithe saa.

“Hayi ke,” watsho ngobugorha, “kwakufuneka

ndizame cebo limbi.” Watsho ehamba esiya

kukhangela icebo elitsha, ezicingela ngaphakathi,

“Zonke izinto zingenzeka ukuba uyakhollelwa

kwaye unthemba.”

“Utsidenge kakhulu ukuba ucinga ukuba angabhabha ngala mahlahla,” yatsho imazi yenkomo.  
Bonke bagquka bajonga kuHagwana. Wayehla. “Kunzima kakhulu!” watsho egixa. “Andikwazi ukuyenza le nto.”  
Inyembezi zaqukugela ngezidlele zawela phantsi eluthulini. Izilwanyana zathi cwaka. Zajonga kuHagwana. Zajongana. Zazingonwabanga. “Hagwana ...” satshe isikhukukazi sizekelela. “Ndicela uxolo ngokungakuceedi. Nceda musa ukuncama.”

Emva kwethuba, izilwanyana zamangaliswa kukubona uHagwana ethuqa amahlala amabini amakhulu, enyuka nawo ukuya phezulu eluphahleni. Wazama, wazama kodwa wayengenamandla ngokwaneleyo ukuze awaphakamise, ngoko ke ayemane emwela.

A while later, the animals were surprised to see Little Pig dragging two big branches towards the roof. He tried and tried but he was not strong enough to lift them up and they kept falling on top of him.  
“He’s very stupid if he thinks that he can fly with those branches,” said the cow.  
They all turned to look at Little Pig. He was crying. “It’s too hard!” he sobbed. “I can’t do this.” Big tears rolled down his cheeks and fell into the dust.  
The animals were quiet. They looked at Little Pig. They looked at each other. They felt very uncomfortable.  
“Little Pig ...” said the hen slowly. “I’m sorry we didn’t help you. Please don’t give up.”



“He-e-yi!” wakhwaza. “Ndiyongeni, ndiyabh...”  
ukusuka eluphahleni.  
wabalaka ze ... WATSIBA  
kathathu, waza wema ngemilenze yakhe yangasemva  
Waqhwaqhwezela ezo mpiko kanye, kabini,  
koko. Waze wazithi gagxa kuye ezo mpiko.  
amaphiko akhe. Ekugqibeleni wade waphumelela  
koko waqhubeka ezama ukuthugela phezulu kophalha  
Kodwa uHagwana akazange abamamele konke,  
“Hey!” he shouted. “Look at me, I’m flying...”

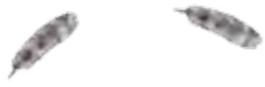
But Little Pig took no notice of them and went on trying to drag his wings up onto the roof. At last he managed. Then he strapped them on. He flapped them once, twice, three times, then stood up on his back legs and ran and ... JUMPED off the roof.

Suddenly, over the hill, came the cow. She was running as fast as she could. And holding tightly onto her horns, with beautiful wings streaming out behind him, was ... Little Pig! He was *flying* at last!

Ngephanyazo, endulini, kwathi gqi imazi yenkomo. Yayibaleka kakhulu kangangoko inakho. Owayebambelele kwimpondo zayo, eneempiko ezintle ziphaphazela emva kwakhe, yayinguHagwana! Ekugqibeleni wayebhabha!



“Molweni!” watsho uHagwana kuzo zonke izilwanyana ezazilele efama. Kwakusekusasa kakhulu kwaye wayengowokuqala yena ukuvuka. “Niyandiva? Niyandiva? Ingaba ukhona umntu ohleliyo?” wakhwaza. Kodwa akuzange kubekho mntu uphendulayo. Bonke benza ngathi balele.



“What are you doing?” asked the cow.

“I’m trying ...” panted Little Pig, “... to climb up onto this roof. I’ve made some wings, you see, and I’m hoping to fly. Could you help and pass me those feathers?”

“No,” said the cow. “That sounds like a very bad plan, and I don’t want anything to do with it.”

“You’ll hurt yourself,” warned the hen.

“And you are making a mess,” complained the old goat.

“Wenza ntoni na?” kubuza imazi yenkomo.

“Ndizama ...” wakhethuzela uHagwana, “... ukukhwelela phezu kolu phahla. Uyabona, ndenze amaphiko, kwaye ndinethemba lokuba ndingabhabha ngawo. Ungandinceda undigqithisele ezo ntsiba?”

“Hayi,” yatsho imazi yenkomo.

“Tvakala ngathi imbi kakhulu le nto ufuna ukuyenza, kwaye mna andifuni ukuba yinxalenye yayo.”

“Uza kuzenzakalisa,” samlumnkisa isikhukukazi. “Kwaye uyangcolisa,” yakhalaza yatsho ibhokhwe endala.

“Well,” said Little Pig, “I have things to do.” And off he trotted.

“Thank goodness he’s gone,” muttered the old goat. “It’s just too early for his nonsense.”

Eventually the animals got up and did what they always do. Stand around. Chew. Scratch. Moan. Scratch a bit more. Moan.

Only Little Pig was busy. All morning he ran around the farm, humming a little hum. The other animals watched as he rushed backwards and forwards with things in his mouth.

“Hayi ke,” watsho uHagwana, “ndinezinto ekufuneka ndizenzile.” Watsho equphuquphuza esimka.

“Owu, enkosi Bawo ede wemka,” yambombozela ngelitshoyo ibhokhwe endala. “Kusekusasa kakhulu ukuba singamamelana nobuvuvu bakhe.”

Ekuhambeni kwexesha izilwanyana zavuka, zenza into eziqhele ukuyenza. Ukungxanga. Ukwetyisa. Ukuqhwaya. Ukuncwina. Ukuqhwaya nangakumbi. Ukuncwina.

YayinguHagwana kuphela owayexakekile. Intsasa yonke wayenyuka esihla ejikeleza ifama, endumzela ingonyana. Ezinye izilwanyana zazimbukele njengokuba wayexhinile, enyuka esihla ebambe izinto ngomlomo.



“Yes,” said the cow. “You must always have hope, Little Pig. Life without hope is very ... empty. And sad.”

“And boring,” said the old goat.

“So if you really, really want to fly, we will help you,” said the hen.

Little Pig sniffed and wiped away his tears. “Really?” he asked. “Will you help me?”

“Yes. We will!” Suddenly all the animals had ideas about how to help Little Pig fly.

“Where are those guinea fowl feathers?”

“I’ll get some more ...”

“And bring those branches!”

“I think we might need that packet too.”

“No! Find a bigger packet. That one’s too small.”

They rushed around the farm collecting all the things they needed.

That evening the animals all gathered in the field to watch Little Pig fly.

There was a sound like distant thunder.

It got louder and louder.



“Ewe,” yatsho imazi yenkomo. “Kufuneka ungalilahli ithemba, Hagwana. Ubomi ngaphandle kwethemba ... bulilize. Kwaye bulusizi.”

“Kwaye abunamdla,” yatsho ibokhwe endala.

“Ngoko ke, ukuba uyakufuna ngokwenene ukubhabha, siza kukunceda,” yatsho isikhukukazi.

UHagwana wafixiza esosula iinyembezi zakhe. “Nyhani?” wabuza. “Niza kundinceda?”

“Ewe. Siza kukunceda!” Ngephanyazo zonke izilwanyana zeza namacebo endlela ezingamnceda ngayo uHagwana ukuba abhabhe.

“Ziphi ezaa ntsiba zempangele?”

“Ndiza kuza nezinye ...”

“Wena yiza nalaa mahlahla!”

“Ndicinga ukuba nesiya singxotyana siza kusebenza.”

“Hayi! Ingathi kungcono isingxotyana esinobukhulwana. Esiya sincinane kakhulu.”

Zagxalathelana, zijikeleza ifama, ziqokelela zonke izinto ezazinokusebenziseka.

Ngolo rhatya izilwanyana zonke zaqokelelana edlelweni, ziza kubukela uHagwana ebhabha. Kwabakho isandi ngathi kukundila kwezulu. Eso sandi saye siqina ngokuqina.



Ngelo xesha kanye ndabona umntu ethala ucanango eluvula, yatsho yangongoza intliziyo yam! Waze uShumba waphuma ebaleka. Ndambamba ndamanga. Wayesindle!

Ndathi xa ndiphakamisa amehlo, umama omdala wayemi esituphini esincinane phambi kwendlu. Wayegobile exhathise ngamandla emsimelweni. Inwele zakhe ezingwevu zazibotshwe kakuhle. Ndajonge emehlweni akhe ndaza ndamangaliswa kukuba kungabikho nto itshintshayo kum ngapahakathi.

“Enkosi,” ndatsho.

UMma Raphane wandincumela. “Laa nja ikhangeleka iyongamele intwazana enjengawe.”

“Ndiyaxolisa ngokuba ikuphazamisile,” ndatsho.

Wancuma kalusizi, kodwa akaphinda athehe enye into. Wagquka wabuyela endlwini.

UGabriel nam sehla induli sagoduka. Sasilibele ngokuzingela. “Akakhangeleki ngathi ligwirha,” watsho uGabriel.

“Ewe ndiyazi. Andicingi ukuba uligwirha. Ndinga ukuba uPeloyame nabanye yinto nje ababezidalele yona,” ndatsho. Ngoku ndeva kakubi ngendlela abantwana besixeko ababemphethe ngayo uMma Raphane ixesha elide kangaka. Ndeva kakubi ukuba nam ndibe ndandiyinxalenye yayo. Kwangoko latika icebo kum engqondweni. “Ndinga ukuba ndiyazi ukuba singenza ntoni ukwenza izinto zibe bhetele!”

We thanked her and sat down to drink. The other children watched us for some time, and then they came into the yard, one by one. They picked up our tools and got to work where we had left off.

Peloyame stood at the fence alone. “Hey? What are you guys doing? She’s a witch! Have you forgotten?” Everyone ignored Peloyame. So she kicked the ground and walked away angrily.

Mma Raphane looked at the children who had run from her for so long. She turned to Gabriel and me. There were tears in her eyes. “Thank you,” she said in a scratchy whisper. She smiled down at us as we sat drinking water on her stoep. I looked at Gabriel and smiled, knowing that we had made ourselves a new friend.



The next day, my best friend, Gabriel, and I took our bows and arrows and headed up to the bush behind the hill to go hunting. “Is Shumba coming with us?” Gabriel asked looking down at my big black dog. “Sure, why not? He likes hunting,” I said. “But he always scares the animals away.”

I ignored Gabriel. He knew that our bows couldn’t kill anything anyway, even without Shumba. As we climbed the hill, I wasn’t thinking about the witch’s house. But Shumba was...



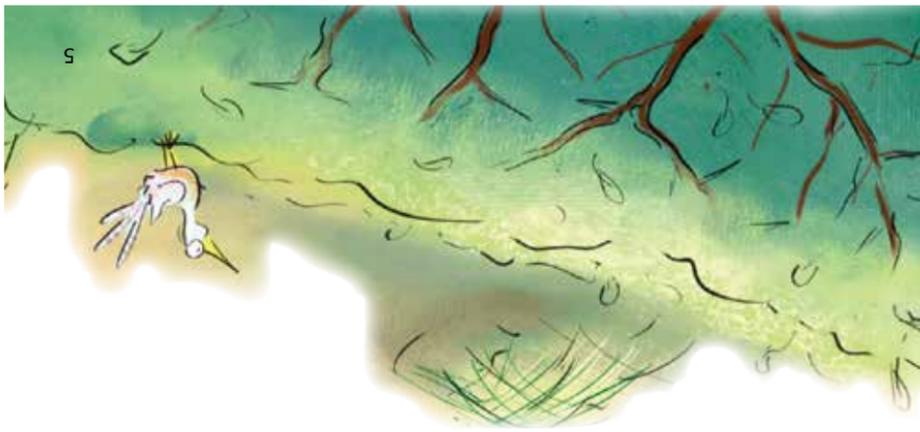
Sazimela emva kweheji, uPeloyame, noKitso nam, sonke siphefumlela phezulu. “Umbonile?” uPeloyame wabuza ekhefuzela.

“Ewe, uyoyikeka,” ndatsho, nakuba nje ndandingambonanga ncam. Kodwa kwakungekho mfuneko. Wonke umntu wayemazi uMma Raphane ukuba ukhangeleka njani. Wayeenwele ezingwevu ezidlakadlaka yaye wayemde ebhitye engamathambo eneengqiniba ezinokunqumla umntu. Xa wawunokujonga emehlweni akhe, wawunokujika ube sisithunzela. Abantwana abaninzi babekhe benjenjalo. Sonke sasiyazi loo nto.

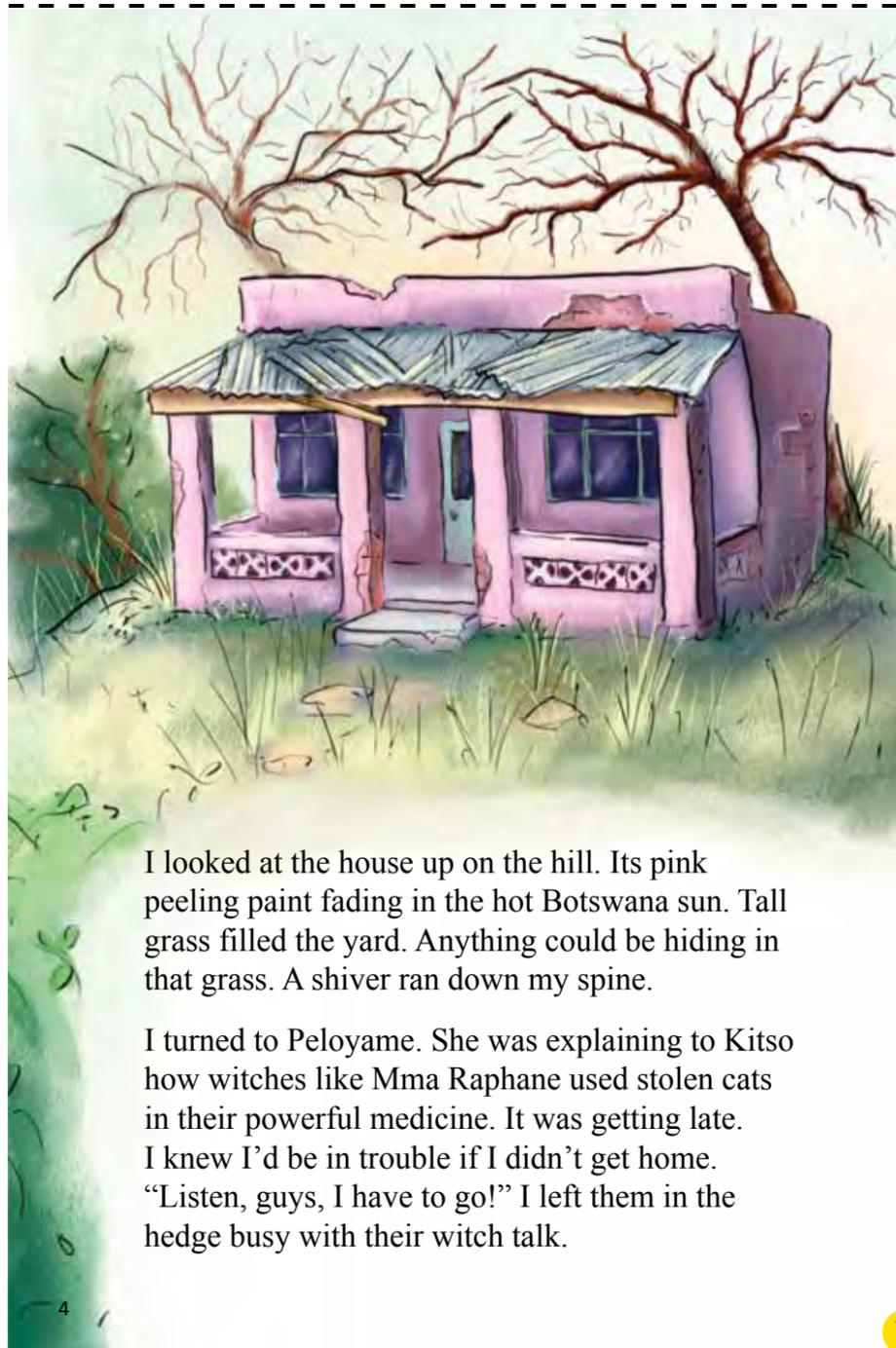
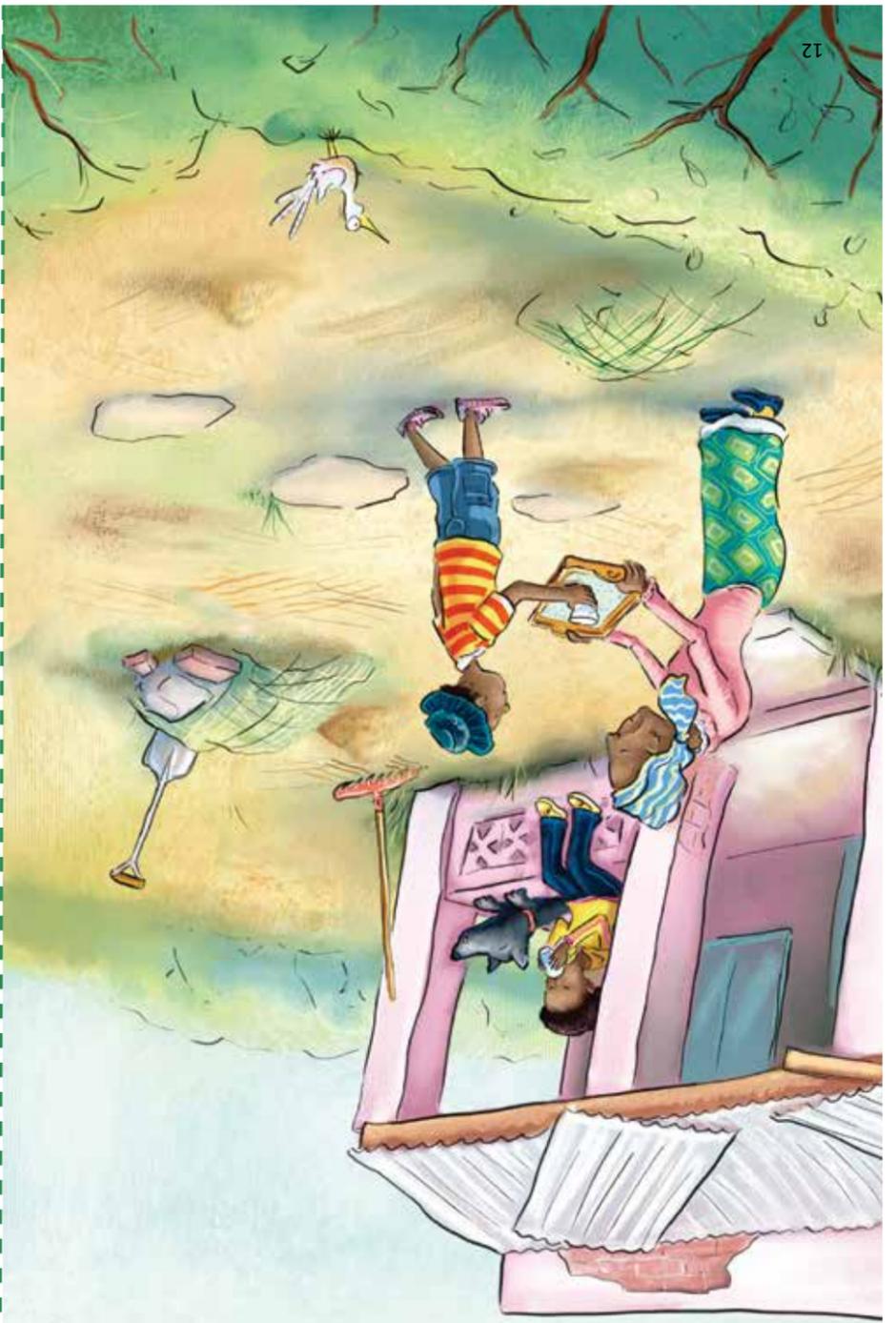
“Ukrobe emnyango ndakugibisela ilitye, ubonile?” watsho uKitso ehlahlamba. “Umzala wam uthi watya ikati yakhe.”

“Ewe, uyayenza loo nto ngamanye amaxesha,” watsho uPeloyame, enqwala. UPeloyame wayesazi yonke into eyayinokwaziwa ngoMma Raphane, igqwirha.





Ndajonga indlu ephuzu kwenduli. Ipeyinti yayo, epinki eyayixobuka yayiya ingabonakali kwilanga elitshisayo laseBotswana. Ingca ende yayizalise iyadi. Nantoni na yayinokuba izimele kulaa ngca. Ukungcangcazela kwehla ngomqolo wam. Ndaguqukela kuPeloyame. Wayechazela ukitso ukuba amagqwirha afana noVima Raphane ayezisebenzisa njani ikati ezibivweyo. Kumayeza awo anamandla. Ixesha lalindishiya. Ndandisazi ukuba ndandiza kuba sengxakini xa ndandingagodukanga. “Mamelani, madoda, kutuneka ndihambe!” Ndabashiya ehejini bexakeke ngencono yabo yegqwirha.



I looked at the house up on the hill. Its pink peeling paint fading in the hot Botswana sun. Tall grass filled the yard. Anything could be hiding in that grass. A shiver ran down my spine.

I turned to Peloyame. She was explaining to Kitso how witches like Mma Raphane used stolen cats in their powerful medicine. It was getting late. I knew I’d be in trouble if I didn’t get home. “Listen, guys, I have to go!” I left them in the hedge busy with their witch talk.

We collected spades and rakes and headed back up the hill. Gabriel and I knocked quietly on the door. We had a short talk with Mma Raphane. Then we started clearing the long, dried grass in the yard. As we worked, other children came to stand along the fence. They stared at us, but kept silent.

Peloyame came too. She saw me and shouted, “Tebogo, are you crazy? Aren’t you afraid of the witch?”

“She’s not a witch!” Gabriel shouted back angrily.

Just then Mma Raphane came out with two glasses of cool water.

Saqokelela imihlakulo neharike saza sonyuka sabuyela endulini. UGabriel nam sankqonkqoza ngokuzolileyo emnyango. Saba nencoko emfutshane noMma Raphane. Saza saqalisa ukususa ingca ende eyomileyo eyadini.

Njengoko sasisebenza, abanye abantwana beza bazokuma ngaselucingweni. Basijamela kodwa bathula.

UPeloyame weza naye. Wandibona wakhwaza, “Tebogo, uphambene? Awuloyiki igqwirha?”

“Akalogqwirha!” UGabriel waphendula wakhwaza ngomsindo.

Kwangelo xesha uMma Raphane waphuma neglasi ezimbini zamanzi aphilileyo.

## Get story active!

Here are some activities for you to try. They are based on all the stories in this edition of the Nal'ibali Supplement: *The witch who lives on the hill* (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12), *Can Little Pig fly?* (pages 7 to 10) and *The lazy chameleon's trick* (page 14).

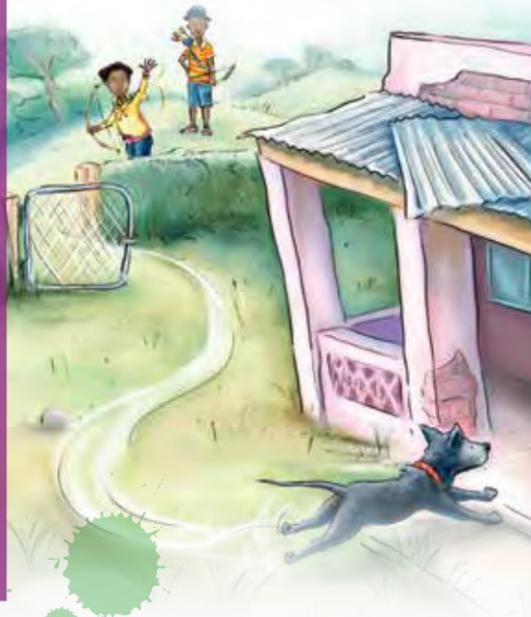


## Yenza ibali linike umdla!

Nantsi eminye imisebenzi onokuyilinga. Isekelwe kuwo onke amabali kolu shicilelo lohlelo lukaNal'ibali: *Igqwirha elihlala endulini* (amaphepha 5, 6, 11, no12, *Ingaba angakwazi na ukubhabha uHagwana?* (amaphepha elesi-7 ukuya kwele-10) kunye nelithi *Iqhinga lolovane olonqenayo* (iphepha 15).

### The witch who lives on the hill

- ★ What was so scary on the hill?
- ★ What did the children find out?
- ★ Is there someone in your community, or school, who people say nasty things about? Have you found out for yourself if those things are true?
- ★ What could you do to find out for yourself?
- ★ If rumours about someone are false, what could you do to change what other people think about that person?

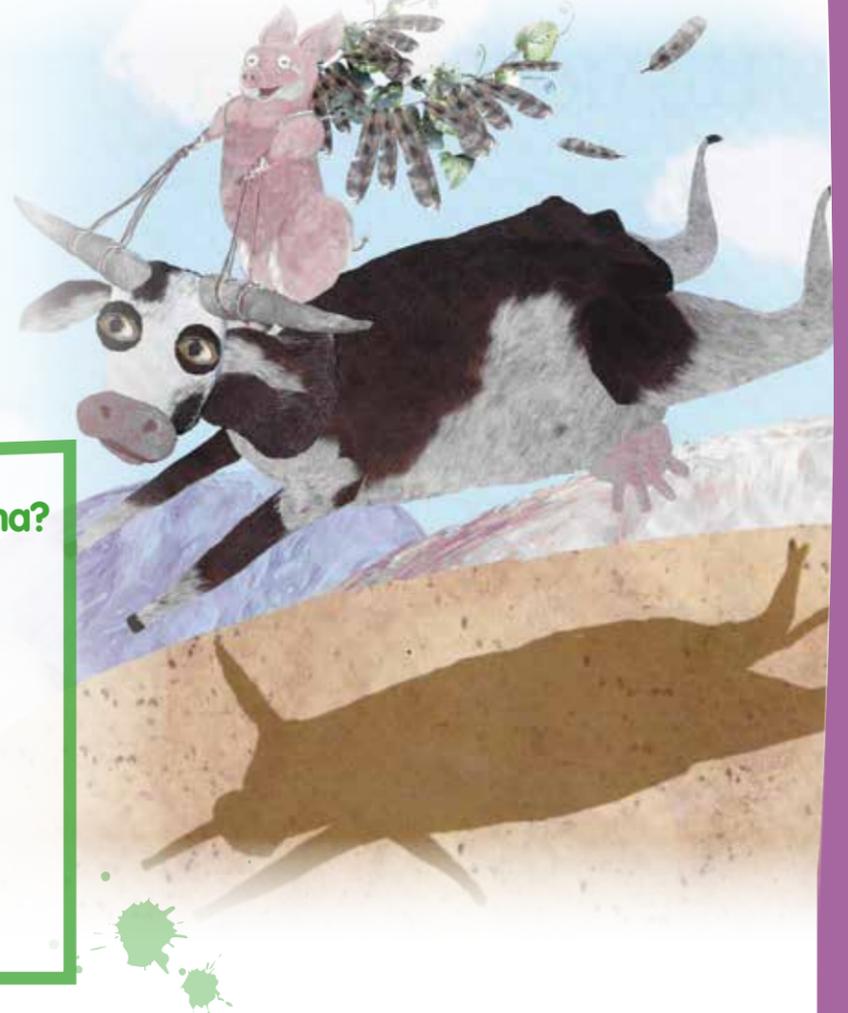


### Igqwirha elihlala endulini

- ★ Yintoni eyayisoyikeka kakhulu endulini?
- ★ Bafumanisa ntoni abantwana?
- ★ Ingaba ukhona na umntu ekuhlaleni, okanye esikolweni, abantu abathetha izinto ezimbi ngaye? Ingaba uziqinisekisile ngokwakho ukuba ezo zinto ziyinyani?
- ★ Ungenza ntoni ukuqinisekisa ngokunokwakho?
- ★ Ukuba amarhe ngomntu akayonyani, ungenza ntoni ukutshintsha into ecingwa ngabanye abantu ngaloo mntu?

### Can Little Pig fly?

- ★ Why do you think Little Pig didn't give up trying to fly?
- ★ Is there something that you really want to do? What is it?
- ★ Ask open-ended questions (questions that cannot be answered by saying "yes" or "no" and instead can be answered in different ways). For example:
  - Do you think the animals treated Little Pig well? Why or why not?
  - Is hope and having dreams the same thing? Why or why not?
  - Do you agree with the cow that we should always have hope? Why or why not?



### Ingaba angakwazi na ukubhabha uHagwana?

- ★ Kutheni ucinga ukuba uHagwana akazange ancume ukuzama ukubhabha?
- ★ Ingaba ikhona into ofuna ukuyenza ngokwenene? Yintoni?
- ★ Buza imibuzo engenampendulo ethe ngqo (imibuzo engenakuphendulwa ngokuthi "ewe" okanye "hayi" endaweni yoko ingaphendulwa ngeendlela ezahlukeneyo). Umzekelo:
  - Ucinga ukuba izilwanyana zamphatha kakuhle uHagwana? Ngoba kutheni? Okanye kutheni kungenjalo?
  - Ingaba ithemba nokuba namaphupha yinto enye? Ngoba kutheni? Okanye kutheni kungenjalo?
  - Uyavumelana nenkomo ukuba kufuneka sisoloko sinethemba? Ngoba kutheni? Okanye kutheni kungenjalo?

### The lazy chameleon's trick

- ★ Was Chameleon borrowing or stealing when he took things from Hare, Frog, Tortoise and Lizard? What is the difference between stealing and borrowing?
- ★ Why do you think it is good to pay back what you borrowed?
- ★ Imagine that you don't want people to know who you are. Use old clothes, hats, pieces of material and sunglasses to change how you look. Remember that you can also change the way you walk and talk to hide who you are.



### Iqhinga lolovane olonqenayo

- ★ Ingaba uLovane wayebileka okanye wayesiba xa wayethatha izinto kuMvundla, uSele, uFudo noCilikishe? Yintoni umahluko phakathi kokuba nokuboleka?
- ★ Kutheni ucinga ukuba kulungile ukuyibuyisa into oyibolekileyo?
- ★ Yiba nomfanekiso ngqondweni wokuba awufuni abantu bakwazi ukuba ungubani. Sebenzisa iimpahla ezindala, iminqwazi, iziqwengana zelaphu neendondo zelanga ukutshintsha indlela okhangeleka ngayo. Khumbula ukuba ungatshintsha nendlela ohamba nothetha ngayo ukuzifihla ukuba ungubani.



# The lazy chameleon's trick



Written by Pirai Mazungunye ■ Illustrated by Vian Oelofson

Long ago, in the peaceful village of Mudavula, there lived a very lazy chameleon. At that time, all the animals farmed the land to feed themselves and their families. All except Chameleon. Because of his laziness, he did not want to work like everyone else. Instead, he thought up a crooked plan so that he could borrow from others and live well.

One Monday morning, Chameleon went to Hare to borrow maize meal. Before he arrived at Hare's house, he changed his skin colour from brown to green.

"Please lend me some maize meal," Chameleon asked.

"And when will you pay me back?" Hare asked.

"At the end of the month!" Chameleon promised.

Hare filled the empty bucket that Chameleon had brought. Chameleon took the maize meal home, smiling as he went. He was thinking about his crooked plan to trick the other animals. He made up a little song to help him remember his plan.

*I will change my colours  
But no one will ever know.  
I was green when Hare saw me,  
With Lizard I'll be yellow.  
Frog will see a black chameleon  
With Tortoise, brown I'll be.  
I will change and change my colours.  
They will never know it's me!*

On Tuesday, Chameleon woke up hungry. "I can't eat porridge every day. I need rice!" Chameleon thought. "I will change my skin colour to yellow and go to Lizard. If I can trick everyone, I will not pay anyone anything!"

Chameleon went with his empty bucket to Lizard, who kindly filled it with rice. Chameleon promised to pay Lizard back at the end of the month.

On Wednesday, after cooking some rice, Chameleon looked unhappily at his plate. "No! No! Plain rice is not nice. I need meat!" Chameleon thought for a while. "Frog will give me meat!" he decided.

Chameleon changed his skin colour to black and ran to Frog's house with his empty bucket. Frog filled his bucket with meat. Again, Chameleon promised to pay Frog back at the end of the month.

"I am missing fruit. I need it!" Chameleon thought on Thursday. "Who has fruit?" Chameleon thought, scratching his head. "Tortoise! Yes, Tortoise!"



Chameleon changed his skin colour to brown and went to Tortoise with his empty bucket. He asked Tortoise for fruit, and Tortoise filled his bucket with bananas, oranges and apples.

"Thank you, thank you, Mr Tortoise. I will pay you back at the end of the month," he promised.

All the time Chameleon kept singing his song so that he would remember his colour tricks.

*I will change my colours  
But no one will ever know.  
I was green when Hare saw me,*

*With Lizard I'll be yellow.  
Frog will see a black chameleon  
With Tortoise, brown I'll be.  
I will change and change my colours.  
They will never know it's me!*

When the end of the month came, the animals waited for Chameleon to come and pay them back what he had borrowed. But Chameleon did not come.

First, Hare went to Chameleon's house. "Those of here! Those of here!" Hare called loudly at the gate.

Chameleon peeped through the window. When he saw Hare, he remembered his song. "Aah, Mr Hare, I was green when I borrowed your maize meal," Chameleon said to himself. Quickly, he changed his skin colour to yellow and went to the gate to meet Hare.

"I am looking for a green chameleon," Hare said surprised.

"A green chameleon? I live here alone. I moved in not long ago," Chameleon lied to Hare.

Hare left and Chameleon went back into his house. "I am the clever one," Chameleon boasted aloud, jumping onto the couch.

In the days that followed, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise also came looking for the chameleon who had borrowed rice, meat and fruit from them. Chameleon tricked each one by changing his skin colour so that they would not recognise him.

Another month passed by. Then Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise met by a big marula tree to gather its delicious golden fruit. Looking at his basket of marulas, Tortoise said, "A green chameleon has moved in at the brown chameleon's house. That brown chameleon owes me a bucket of fruit."

"No," said Hare. "A yellow chameleon stays at that house. I am looking for the green chameleon who owes me a bucket of maize meal."

"No," Lizard said. "A black chameleon stays at that house. I am looking for the yellow chameleon who owes me a bucket of rice."

"No," Frog said. "A brown chameleon stays at that house. I am looking for the black chameleon who owes me a bucket of meat."

Then Lizard said, "Could it be that one chameleon has tricked us all by changing his skin colour? Let's all go to the house at the same time."

So Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise marched to Chameleon's house and shouted for him to come out.



Chameleon peeped through the window at the angry animals. He felt ashamed that his laziness had brought him so much trouble, so he went out and begged Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise to forgive him.

Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise agreed to forgive Chameleon. "But never again will you get anything from any one of us," they said.

And from that day on, the lazy chameleon had to work for his food just like everyone else.



Drive your  
imagination



## Iqhinga lolovane olonqenayo

Ibhalwe nguPirai Mazungunye ■ Imifanekiso izitywe nguVian Oelofson



Kudala kakhulu, kwisixekwana esiseluxolweni saseMudavula, kwakuhlala ulovane olonqena kakhulu. Ngelo xesha, zonke izilwanyana zazilima ukuze zizondle zona neentsapho zazo. Zonke ngaphandle koLovane. Ngenxa yokonqena kwakhe, wayengafuni ukusebenza njengabo bonke abanye. Endaweni yoko, wacinga icebo eligwenxa ukuze aboleke kwabanye aphile kakuhle.

Ngentsasa yomnye uMvulo, uLovane waya kuMvundla eyokuboleka umgubo wombona. Phambi kokuba afike kwindlu kaMvundla, watshintsha ibala lesikhumba sakhe ukusuka kwelimdaka ukuya kweliluhlaza.

"Nceda undiboleke umgubo wombona," wacela uLovane.

"Uza kundihlawula nini?" wabuza uMvundla.

"Ekupheleni kwenyanga!" wathembisa uLovane.

UMvundla wazalisa iemere engenanto eyayize noLovane. ULovane wathatha umgubo wombona wagoduka nawo, encumile njengoko wayehamba. Wayecinga ngecebo lakhe eligwenxa ukuqhatha ezinye izilwanyana. Waqamba ingonyana ukumkhumbuzisa icebo lakhe.

*'Ndiza kutshintsha imibala yam*

*Kodwa akukho mntu uya kuze azi.*

*Bendiluhlaza ngokuya uMvundla ubendibona,*

*KuCilikishe ndiza kuba tyheli.*

*USelesele uza kubona uLovane olumnyama*

*KuFudwazana, ndakuba mdaka ngombala.*

*Ndawuyitshintsha-tshintsha imibala yam.*

*Soze bazi ukuba ndim!*

Ngolwesibini, uLovane wavuka elambile. "Andinakutya isidudu yonke imihla. Ndifuna irayisi!" ULovane wacinga. "Ndiza kuhlala ibala lam libe tyheli ndize ndiye kuCilikishe. Ukuba ndingaqhatha wonke umntu andiyi kubhatala mntu nto!"

ULovane waya kuCilikishe ne-emere yakhe engenanto, owayizalisa ngobubele ngerayisi. ULovane wathembisa ukuhlawula uCilikishe ekupheleni kwenyanga.

Ngolwesithathu, emva kokupheka irayisi, uLovane wajonga iplethi yakhe engonwabanga. "Hayi! Irayisi engenanto ayimnandanga. Ndifuna inyama!" ULovane wacinga umzuzwana. "USelesele uza kundinika inyama!" wagqiba.

ULovane watshintsha ibala lakhe lamnyama wabaleka waya endlwini kaSelesele ne-emere yakhe engenanto. USelesele wayizalisa iemere yakhe ngenyama. Kwakhona uLovane wathembisa ukuhlawula uSelesele ekupheleni kwenyanga.



"Ndirhalela iziqhamo. Ndiyazifuna!" ULovane wacinga ngolwesine. "Ngubani oneziqhamo?" ULovane wacinga esonwaya intloko yakhe. "UFudwazana! Ewe, uFudwazana!"

ULovane watshintsha isikhumba sakhe samdaka ngebala waya kuFudwazana ne-emere yakhe engenanto. Wacela iziqhamo kuFudwazana, waza uFudwazana wazalisa iemere yakhe ngeebhanana, iorenji nama-apile.

"Enkosi, enkosi, Mnumzana uFudwazana. Ndawukhulawula ekupheleni kwenyanga," wathembisa. Lonke ixesha uLovane waqhuba wacula ingoma yakhe ukuze akhumbule amaqhinga akhe emibala.

*'Ndiza kutshintsha imibala yam*

*Kodwa akukho mntu uya kuze azi.*

*Bendiluhlaza ngokuya uMvundla ubendibona,*

*KuCilikishe ndiza kuba tyheli.*

*USelesele uza kubona uLovane olumnyama*

*KuFudwazana, ndakuba mdaka ngombala.*

*Ndawuyitshintsha-tshintsha imibala yam.*

*Soze bazi ukuba ndim!*

Kwathi kwakufika ukuphela kwenyanga, izilwanyana zalinda ukufika kukaLovane ukuza kuzihlawula oko wayekubolekile. Kodwa uLovane zange afike.

Okokuqala uMvundla waya endlwini kaLovane. "Abo balapha! Abo balapha!" UMvundla wakhwaza kakhulu esangweni.

ULovane wakroba ngefestyle. Wathi akubona uMvundla, wakhumbula iculo lakhe. "Awu Mnumzana uMvundla, ndandiluhlaza ngokuya ndandiboleka umgubo wakho wombona," uLovane wazixelela. Ngokukhawuleza, watshintsha ibala lesikhumba sakhe satyheli waza waya esangweni esiya kudibana noMvundla.

"Ndikhangela ulovane oluluhlaza," watsho uMvundla emangalisiwe.

"Ulovane oluluhlaza? Ndihlala ndodwa apha. Ndisandula kufika," uLovane wamxokisa uMvundla.

Wahamba uMvundla waza uLovane wangena endlwini yakhe. "Ndingokrelekrele," waqhayisa ngokuvakalayo uLovane, etsibela esofeni.

Kwiintsuku ezilandelayo, uCilikishe, uSelesele noFudwazana nabo beza kukhangela ulovane olwaluboleke kubo irayisi, inyama neziqhamo. ULovane wabaqhatha bonke ngokutshintsha ibala lesikhumba sakhe ukuze bangamazi.

Enye inyanga yedlula. Waza uMvundla, uCilikishe, uSelesele noFudwazana badibana ngasemthini omkhulu wemarula beye kukha iziqhamo zawo ezimnandi ezibugolide. Ekhangela ibhaskithi yeemarula uFudwazana wathi, "Ulovane oluluhlaza luhlala endlwini yolovane olumdaka ngebala. Oluya lovine lumdaka ngebala lundityala i-emere yeziqhamo."

"Hayi," watsho uMvundla. "Ulovane olutyheli luhlala kulaa ndlu. Ndikhangela ulovane oluluhlaza olundityala i-emere yomgubo wombona."

"Hayi," watsho uCilikishe. "Ulovane olumnyama luhlala kulaa ndlu. Ndikhangela ulovane olutyheli olundityala i-emere yerayisi."

"Hayi," watsho uSelesele. "Ulovane olumdaka ngebala luhlala kulaa ndlu. Ndikhangela ulovane olumnyama olundityala i-emere yenyama."

Waza uCilikishe wathi, "Ingaba ulovane olunye lusiqhathe sonke ngokutshintsha ibala lesikhumba salo? Masiye sonke kulaa ndlu ngaxeshanye."

Ngoko ke uMvundla, uCilikishe, uSelesele noFudwazana bahambela phezulu baya endlwini kaLovane baza bamkhwaza ukuba aphume.



ULovane wakroba ngefestyle wabona izilwanyana ezinomsindo. Waziva eneentloni uba ubuvila bakhe bumphathele ingxaki engako, ngoko waphuma waya kucenga uMvundla, uCilikishe, uSelesele noFudwazana ukuba bamxolele.

UMvundla, uCilikishe, uSelesele noFudwazana bavuma ukumxolela uLovane. "Kodwa soze uphinde ufumane nto nakowuphi apha kuthi," batsho.

Ukusukela ngaloo mini ukubheka phambili, ulovane olonqenayo kwafuneka lukusebenzele ukutya kwalo, njengamntu wonke.

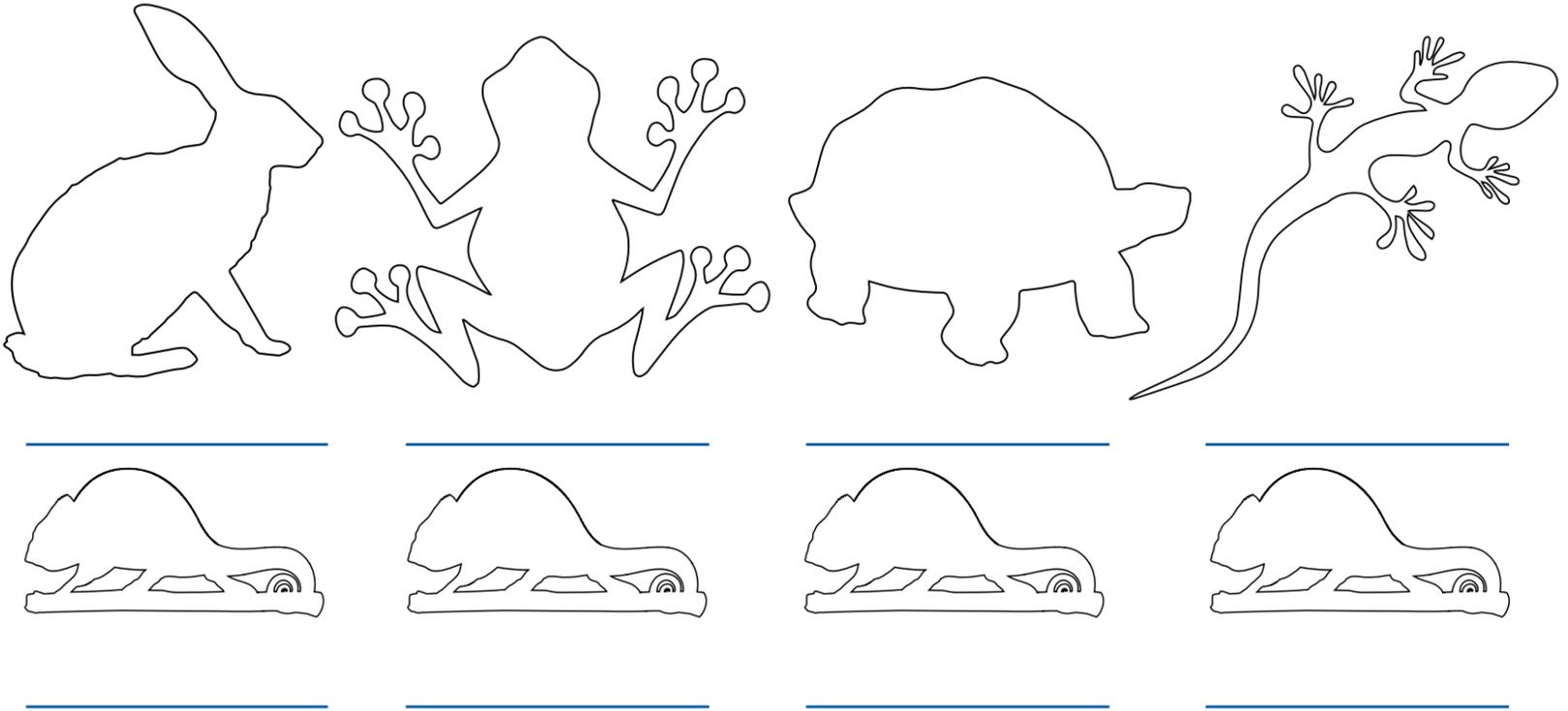


Drive your imagination



### 1. The picture outlines below are from the story *The lazy chameleon's trick*.

- Write the name of each animal under each picture outline.
- Look at the pictures in the story. Colour in each animal.
- Colour in the chameleon under each animal. Use the colour that Chameleon used when he visited the animal. Write the name of the colour under each picture.



### Izakhelo zemifanekiso engezantsi zivela kwibali *Iqhinga lolovane olonqenayo*.

- Bhala igama lesilwanyana ngasinye phantsi kwesakhelo somfanekiso.
- Jonga imifanekiso esebalini. Fakela imibala kwisilwanyana ngasinye.
- Fakela umbala kulovane phantsi kwesilwanyana ngasinye. Sebenzisa umbala uLovane awawawusebenzisayo xa wayetyelele isilwanyana. Bhala igama lombala phantsi komfanekiso.

### 2. Read the beginning of the story below. Look at the picture. Now write what you think happened next.

Long, long ago, hares had beautiful, long, fluffy white tails, which they wagged whenever they felt happy or excited. At that time, all the hares lived on an island, separated from the mainland by a wide, foaming river. Though the hares knew how to swim, they could never reach the mainland, because in this river lived dozens and dozens of big, green, hungry crocodiles. These crocodiles loved nothing more than delicious hare for breakfast, lunch and supper.

One day, an especially frisky young hare called Haruki suddenly had a brilliant idea. "Guess what?" he boasted to his friends. "Today I'm going to escape to the mainland!"



### Funda isiqalo sebali elingaphantsi. Jonga umfanekiso. Ngoku bhala into elandelayo ocinga ukuba yenzeka.

Kudala-dala, imivundla yayinemisila emihle, emide, efukufuku nemhlophe, eyayiyipitshozisa ngalo lonke ixesha yayiziva yonwabile okanye ichulumancile. Ngelo xesha, yonke imivundla yayihlala esiqithini, yohluliwe kwilizwe, ngumlambo omkhulu olephuza amagwebu. Nakuba nje imivundla ikwazi ukudada, yayingasoze ifike elizweni, kuba kulo mlambo kwakuhlala intlaninge yeengwenya ezinkulu, eziluhlaza, ezilambileyo. Ezi ngwenya akukho nto zaziyithanda ngaphezu komvundla omnandi kwisidlo sakusasa, esasemini nesangokuhlwa. Ngenye imini, umvundlana odlamkileyo ogama linguHaruki ngesiqophe waba necebo elihlakaniphileyo. "Yhaz' intoni?" wazigwagwisa kubahlobo bakhe. "Namhlanje ndiza kuzimela ndiye elizweni!"

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