Books and reading - a lasting legacy

Every family has stories to tell! Some of these stories might be ones that were told to you as a child. These could include stories about imaginary or mythical characters that have been passed down from generation to generation, stories about trickery or bravery, or stories that teach about the values of perseverance or forgiveness.

Reading is a gift to us

I used to spend at least five nights each week telling or reading stories to my sons when they were very young. As they grew older, we enjoyed making stories our own by adding characters and events to the stories we told them. We also have great memories of the books, news articles and anything we can lay our hands on. Our reading adventures have really been a precious, lifelong gift!

(David Makhuru, Nal’ibali story sparker)

Building storytelling traditions

“Storytelling connects children to their own culture and language,” says John. “Every culture in the world has a storytelling tradition, and through stories, we connect our children to the generations that came before and the rituals and customs they established. This gives our children confidence in who they are and where they come from – it gives them roots! Roots help a plant to stand strong, and roots help to take food and water to other parts of the plant so that it can grow and be healthy. The roots we give our children do the same for them.”

(John McCormick, an author of the book “Dad, Tell Me a Story”)

Our family stories are as unique as the people in them! They are part of each family’s history and they help children to know where they come from and who they are.
Emacebiso langu-10 ekuhlanga-nyela tincwadzi netinswane nebantfwana labasacatfuta

2. Nokungentsha, khetsa tincwadzi lelengalukhululekile lwesekhaya lwemntfwana wakho.
4. Khntenkele futi uhlalele ngokwenentsha nemntfwana wakho ahliti silwatho lebakhe nomleka eceteni kwalwa.
5. Akunzontela kutsi nihlakazi silhatho kasingakazani nilundza - futi okukulungeni kuyenzeka leninwonye. Hlanganyelana inwazio ndzawonye kuphela nje nangaba nobabili nisaluna.
10. Umgquhunye kuyakhula nangabo wakho ukuhulume ukuthi silo nangabo wakho. Xibeka futhi silo naga nangabo wakho.
Yenta bantfwana bakho labancane kutsi babhale


Nati indlela letithsela futhi kufundzisa laleka lekubhala lakebhale. Tiyana tiyana tiyana tiyana tiyana.


Indlela longasebentisa ngayo tindzaba tefu ngetindlela letinyenti


Get your little ones writing

Babies start off not being able to use any language at all. Then, bit by bit, by watching, listening to and copying those around them, they begin to talk. They get better at it because the adults in their lives help them by talking and listening to them. Learning to write is not very different from learning to talk!

Here are three easy ways to help develop your pre-school children’s writing:

- Show them that what we say can be written down and then read.
- Talk about the pictures. Ask, “What do you think happens next?” or “Why do you think the character said or did that?”
- Don’t correct their mistakes, and only help if they ask for it.

How to use our stories in different ways

1. Tell the story to your child. Read and practise telling the story. Then use your voice, face and body to bring the story to life.

2. Read the story to your child. Talk about the pictures. Ask, “What do you think happens next?” or “Why do you think the character said or did that?”

3. Read the story with your child. Take turns to read the story together. Don’t correct their mistakes, and only help if they ask for it.

4. Listen to your child read. Listen without interrupting. Say that you enjoy hearing them read aloud to you.

5. Do the Get story active! activities. This should be fun for you and your child.
GUBHA LILANGA LEMHLABA WONKHE LANELSON MANDELA!


Ngqelenjanga, bantfu emhlabeni wonkhe bahlanganylela ekuweni nekuphuya kanye nekukhankasela kuthula nekuphatfwa njendela lefanene nekuwilanga kwawa anike umzuko, tiwimi, tive, inihlanga netinkholelele.

Yakha tinicwazi LETIMBILI letigcinwako letisikiwe takhishwa

1. Khipha emakhasi le-5 kuya kule-12 alesengeto.
2. Liphepha lelinemakhasi le-5, 6, 11 kanye nele-12 kulo lenta yinye incwadzi. Liphepha lelinemakhasi le-7, 8, 9 kanye nele-10 kule-12 alesengeto.
3. Sebentisa liphepha ngalinye kwakhe incwadzi. Landzela leticondziso letingentasi kwakhe incwadzi ngayiniyane:
   a) Goba liphepha libe yihhafu ulandzele umugca weMamnela lamnyama.
   b) Ligobe futsi libe yihhafu ulandzele umugca weMamnela ilulithola.
   c) Sika ulandzele imigca weMamnela labovu.

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.

Nayi leminye imibono yekutsi ungalugubha njani LuSuku lwamandela.

- Hubela lingoma futsi usho imilolotelo ngelitwimi letinyeni littatiko Isixhingishum Alinka.
- Coca indzaba yendazabuko yaseNingizimu Afrika.
- Bhatha inkhanda nomina ingoma ngaMadiba futi/noma ngalotsite lokuwaste ngendelela lebaluleleke.
- Celul bangani nemalungo emendeni kuti babhale phansi loko lababubancabangako ngahlolwini. Base uBekela lemisho lapho wonkhe umunike angakubulelekhona kusho kuyinfunda.

Here are some ideas of how you can celebrate Mandela Day.

- Sing songs and say rhymes in as many South African languages as you know.
- Tell a traditionally South African story.
- Write a poem or song about Madiba and/or someone that has helped you in an important way.
- Ask friends and family members to write down what they think about Nelson Mandela. Then display the sentences so that everyone can enjoy reading them.
- On a large sheet of paper, draw a picture of Nelson Mandela wearing a colourful shirt. Under the picture, write what you think about Madiba.


Ngqelenjanga, bantfu emhlabeni wonkhe bahlanganylela ekuweni nekuphuya kanye nekukhankasela kuthula nekuphatfwa njendela lefanene nekuwilanga kwawa anike umzuko, tiwimi, tive, inihlanga netinkholelele.

When we read we are able to travel to many places, meet many people and understand the world.

Ngalelilanga, bantfu emhlabeni wonkhe bahlanganylela ekuweni nekuphuya kanye nekukhankasela kuthula nekuphatfwa njendela lefanene nekuwilanga kwawa anike umzuko, tiwimi, tive, inihlanga netinkholelele.

Story compiled by Lesley Beake. Art direction by Hybrid.

INal’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 or www.nalibali.mobi

Get story active!

- Draw a picture to illustrate this part of the story: We heard a noise, and then my mother and father took me, and my brother and baby sister, and we ran.
- Imagine that you had to live in another country. Make a list of the ways in which you would like to be treated there.
- With a friend or family member, role-play a radio interview. The interviewer asks the refugee why they came to South Africa and how they like living here. Take turns to play the role of interviewer and refugee.

“I am and we can...

and we can...

and we can...

and we can...

and we can...

and we can...

and we can...”

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LUHAMBO

Indzaba ngebantfumawo be-Addington

Journey

A story by the children of Addington

Marie-Joanne, Jean Claude, Shalom, Priscilla, Tabitha, Rehema, Abiso, Eden, Perfait, Maxwell, Christine, Bethell, Dumisani, Sarah, Marie-France

They killed my grandfather. We heard a noise, and then my mother and father took me, and my brother and baby sister, and we ran.

It was hard to escape from the war. We had no food or water. Sometimes people were kind to us, sometimes they were not.

Our journey was made more difficult by wars. We ran away from three wars – wars in Rwanda, Burundi and Congo. We saw dead people lying in a field, like leaves fallen from a tree.
My journey began when I was born. It is still going on. The beginning was in Rwanda, which is a country I have not seen for many years and which I may not see again. I cannot live there because my family was forced to leave by cruelty and war.

I hope that dream comes true. I hope that one day love will fill the world.
Little Billy Goat reached the bridge first.

"Click clack click clack!" went the hooves of Little Billy Goat Gruff.

"Who's that click-clacking over my bridge?" shouted the monster.

"It's only me," said Little Billy Goat Gruff in his bravest voice, "and I'm going up to the top of the koppie to eat the sweet, green grass."  

"Oh no, you're not. I'm coming to gobble you up!" shouted the monster.

"Please don't eat me," replied Little Billy Goat Gruff. "I'm much too skinny and bony for you. Wait until you see Middle Billy Goat Gruff. He's bigger and fatter than me."

"Well, be off with you then, before I change my mind!" shouted the monster.

"Both Billy Goats Gruff heard the monster.


"Hhayi-ke, hamba, ngaphambi kwekutsi ngishintje umcondvo!" kumemeta lesilwane lesesabekako.

### Ideas to talk about:

- **If you are being bullied by someone stronger than you, do you think you should stand up to the bully?**
- **What are some things you may want to think about before standing up to a bully?**
Once upon a time there were three Billy Goats who lived in the veld. The first one was called Little Billy Goat Gruff. The second one was called Middle Billy Goat Gruff, and the third one was called Big Billy Goat Gruff.

They didn’t like their dry, flat veld home very much. It was so thorny and dusty that whatever they ate got stuck in their throats.

But one day, there was nothing left to eat – not even a seed pod or a thorn. The Billy Goats gazed across the bridge at the koppie. Their mouths watered.

"I'm hungry," moaned Little Billy Goat Gruff.
"I'm starving," groaned Middle Billy Goat Gruff.

"Hawu angeke! Ngiyeta ngitokudla ngikucedze!" kubhodla lesilwane lesesabekako.

"Hhayi-ke, hamba nawe-ke, ngaphambi kwekutsi ngishintje umcondvo!" kubhodla lesilwane lesesabekako.

"Oh no you're not! I'm coming to gobble you up," roared the monster.
"Please don't eat me," replied Middle Billy Goat. "I'm much too skinny and bony for you. Wait until you see Big Billy Goat Gruff. He's bigger and fatter than me."

"Well, be off with you then, before I change my mind!" roared the greedy monster.

And from that day on, the three Billy Goats Gruff had a new home on the koppie, where they grew fat on the sweet, green grass.

Fusi kusukela ngalelo langa, kTiphongo leintsatfu takaGruff taba nelikhaya lato lelisha egcumeni lelincane, lapho tahu phalaphele phakathi lapho takhuluphaliswa khona tani lobumnandzi lobuhlala.

And from that day on, the three Billy Goats Gruff had a new home on the koppie, where they grew fat on the sweet, green grass.
Ngemona kuqiniso kodwa kunywa ifumela na lubo.


Then things began to change in my country. There was no petrol, no food ... no soap. People began to say that war was coming. We were afraid.

My sister was born at that time. She was lucky that she was a girl because they were killing boy babies then. I didn't get to know her very well, because she was always around my mom. Mom used to carry her a lot, as if she was afraid, even then, that we would lose her.

Then things began to change in my country. There were fuel queues, food queues, soap queues everywhere. Because of the shortages, people were losing their jobs, and there was a lot of unemployment.

Everywhere people speak different languages. It is very hard to go to school and learn when you don't know the language. Now I have to learn in English, which is my third language. But I will work hard and one day I will have a good job – and maybe I can go back to my country and make a difference there.
There are many people in Africa who have been forced to leave their own place. Always there are people moving and moving, looking for a place to be safe; looking for work.

There were no jobs for my father, so we came to South Africa. When we got to South Africa, people called us names and used bad language. We just coped and we survived.

Things were lovely when I was born. My father was a busy man. We lived in a big house with three security guards paid for by my father's company. Life was very, very good.

For now, I live in KwaZulu-Natal with my father and my brother. My mother died on our way here, of sickness in one of the camps where we stayed. My little sister is lost and we don’t know if she is alive or not. Maybe one day we will find her.

There were no jobs for my father, so we came to South Africa. When we got to South Africa, people called us names and used bad language. We just coped and we survived.
Lilanga Lebantfu Emhlabeni: 11 July

Kuze Iplanethi Yetfu Inakekele Bantfu Labanye, Bantfu Labanye Kufanele Banakekele Iplanethi Yetfu.

World Population Day: 11 July

For our planet to care for many people, many people must care for our planet.

Source: Gapminder v6, HYDE v3.2, UN OUPR. Note: Historical country data is shown based on today's geographical borders. OurWorldInData.org/future-population-growth • CC BY
In a village far away, there lived a very poor boy who herded sheep to feed his family. He was always kind and helpful to his neighbours and was a blessing to his grandparents who raised him from a little boy. His name was Thabo and he was loved by everyone.

“Aah! Thank you, Thabo, for going to the shop for my bread,” Mrs Abbas said. “You can keep the change.”

But Thabo knew that Mrs Abbas needed every cent she had. “That’s all right, Mrs Abbas,” he said, smiling. “There is no price for being kind.”

One day, the farmer who Thabo worked for arrived home with his nephew Simphiwe. Simphiwe was dressed in smart clothes and spoke English fluently.

“Thabo, come and meet Simphiwe,” said the farmer. “Simphiwe lives in the city but will be visiting us for a while. I hope that you two will get along and be company for each other.” Thabo was excited to meet someone his age. Hopefully, they would become good friends.

But Thabo’s excitement soon turned to sadness. As it turned out, Simphiwe was rude and arrogant. He showed no respect for his uncle or any of the other workers on the farm. “These people are so old-fashioned,” Simphiwe said, laughing loudly at the men who rode to work and back home on donkey carts. “And why would anyone choose to live here in the middle of nowhere, anyway?”

Simphiwe also refused to help out with the daily chores on the farm. “I’m a well-educated person. Do you think I go to school just to end up doing manual labour? I’m not going to do any of these chores!”

Rather than helping, Simphiwe spent his days lazing under a tree, refusing to help prepare the breakfast or lunch or to do any of the chores. Thabo was very disappointed that a boy his age could be so lazy and unkind. “It’s a waste of talent,” thought Thabo. “He is foolish to think that he can go through life like this.”

One day, Simphiwe was bored and decided that he would like to go for a walk in the bush surrounding the farm. Everyone warned him that this was dangerous, as there were stray dogs living in the bush. They were always hungry and not friendly at all! But Simphiwe just laughed. “What do you know?” he said rudely. “I’m smart enough to look after myself.”

Thabo had gone out with the farmer to buy supplies. When he got back, the workers told him that Simphiwe had decided to go for a walk in the bush all by himself. Thabo immediately grabbed a stick and a box of matches and ran to look for Simphiwe.

“He doesn’t realise how much danger he is in,” Thabo whispered to himself while moving through the bush as quickly as possible. “The others told me to leave the rude city boy to learn a lesson, but I don’t want anything bad to happen to Simphiwe. Soon it will be dark, and the bush is a dangerous place, especially for a boy like Simphiwe who has never been out of the city before.”

Thabo had been searching for a long time when suddenly he heard a scream that jolted him. He ran in the direction of the scream and saw Simphiwe in the middle of a pack of stray dogs. The dogs were baring their sharp teeth and getting ready to pounce. Thabo had to think fast. He lit the stick that he had brought and charged at the dogs.

For a while, the dogs still threatened to attack the boys, but eventually they turned around and trotted away.

Simphiwe was shivering with fear. He had twisted his ankle trying to run away from the dogs and was limping in pain. Thabo was strong from all the hard work on the farm, so he carried Simphiwe all the way back to the farm.

Simphiwe was back on his feet a few days later, but something was different about him. He was kinder and less boastful. He was quieter and more respectful to his uncle and all the workers. When he saw Thabo, he thanked him for saving his life and offered him his cellphone as a token of his appreciation, but Thabo refused to accept this gift. He just smiled and said, “There is no price for being kind,” and carried on washing the donkey cart.
1. 🕵️‍♂️ Ungakwati yini kutfola umehluko longu-8 emkhatsini waletifombe letimbili?

A

B

Find 8 differences between these two pictures.

2. 🐶 Noodle ulahleki! Sita balingisi betfu bakaNal’ibali kutsi bafolle umngani wabo loneboya.

Noodle is lost! Help our Nal’ibali characters to find their furry friend.


Mbali is Neo’s sister, and she is two years old. She loves books with rhymes in them, but she also enjoys pretending to read Neo’s books. She often reads to her teddy bear and to Bella’s dog, Noodle. What do you think the title of the book is that Mbali is reading in the picture? Write what she’s saying in the speech bubble and then draw a picture or write something in the thought bubble to show what her teddy bear is thinking.