Dibuka le ho bala - lefa le sa fele ngwana. Tsona di ka akareletsa baphethwa ba iqapentsweng kapa ba ditshomong tse nnileng tsa fetetswa ke moloko o mong ho ya ho o mong, dipole tsa ho ahekeloa kapa tsa ho bontsha sebele, kapa dipole tse nutang ka bahlokwa ba ho marnella kapa ho tihwanele.

Books and reading - a lasting legacy

Reading is a gift to us

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.

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 in the ground 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 children do the same for them.”

(David Makhuru, Nal’ibali story sparker)
Here is a rhyme to act out with your child

Five little monkeys jumping on a bed,
One fell off and bumped his head.
Daddy called the doctor and the doctor said,
“No more monkeys jumping on the bed!”

Four little monkeys jumping on a bed,
One fell off and bumped his head.
Daddy called the doctor and the doctor said,
“No more monkeys jumping on the bed!”

Count down the number of monkeys jumping on the bed. When you get to one little monkey, replace the last line with:
“Put those monkeys straight to bed!”

10 tips for sharing books with babies and toddlers

1. There’s no right or wrong way to use books with babies and toddlers. Just enjoy the time you spend together.
2. Choose books in your child’s home language, wherever possible.
3. Choose a variety of books. Include some stories that have other children in them and some that are about familiar everyday experiences. Rhyme and lift-the-flap books are very popular with toddlers.
4. Relax and sit comfortably with your child on your lap or next to you.
5. It doesn’t matter for how long you read — and you don’t have to finish the book! Just share a book together for as long as you both want to.
6. Draw your child’s attention to the pictures and talk about what is happening in the book. Point to someone or something and say what who they are and what they are doing.
7. Be playful with books! Make the sounds and noises of the characters or objects in the book. Let your children touch and smell the books, they may even bite it!
8. Ask questions about what is happening in the book. Answer them yourself or allow your child to answer, if she or he can and wants to.
9. Point to the words as you read them. This helps your child learn what words are and where the words you are saying come from.
10. Don’t give up if your child seems disinterested! Try again later, or in another way — or try another book.
Ruta bana ba hao ba banyenyane ho ngola

Qalong bana ha ba tsebe lethe ka puo. Empa butle butle, ha ba tsebe ha shebile, ba mametse le ho etisa batho ba ba potolohileng, ba qala ba bua. Puo ya bona e ya tfa hobane batho ba bokho bopheleng ba bona ba bua le bona le ho ba mamela. Ho ithuta ho ngola ha ha a tapana hakaalo le ho ithuta ho bua!

Bana ba banyenyane ba thahasela ho ngola ha ba bona mongolo le ha ba bona batho laoa ba ba ratang ba tsebe ba ngola bopheleng ba bona ba letsa le letsa. Mantakalatsane ao ba a ngola qaleng e ka ba bona ha ba "etsisa ho ngola?" empa ona mantakalatsane ao ke mohato wa pale wa ho ithuta ho ngola.

E latelang ke melwa e merero e bonolo ya ha thuwa bana ba hao ba esong ho kane sekalohelo ba tsebe ha ngola:

✓ Ba bontshe hore seo re se buang re ka se ngola fatshe ebe re a se bala. Ha ngwana wa hao a takile setshwantsho, mo botse hore na a ka rata hore o mo thuwa ho ngola ho itse ka sana. Ngola mantlwa ao a o boselang ona ka fisa setshwantsho sa hae ebe o ma bala ona.

✓ Ba bontshe dintlo tse sa tshwaneng tseo o di ngolang. Etsa hore bana ba hao ba o bone ha o ngola – ha o etsa lethathamo la dintlo tseo a lo di reka, ha o ngola dipotentmente khaledareng kapa ha o ngola tengolo kapa imele.

✓ Ba bontshe hore o nka seo ba se ngolang le le bokholwa. Ha ngwana wa hao a o ngolla ntho e itseng, mo arabe ka ho mo ngolla. Hape maneha dintlo tseo a di takile ang le tseo a di ngqondiso mo ho bonahalang lapeng.

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. When your child has drawn a picture, ask if they would like you to help them write something about it. Write down the words they tell you under their picture and then read the words back to them.

✓ Show them different things you use writing for. Let your children see you writing – making a shopping list, writing appointments on a calendar or writing a letter or an email.

✓ Show them that you value what they write. If your child writes something to you, write back to them. Also, display their drawings and writing at home.

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.
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.

Grow your own library. 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.

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

Story compiled by Lesley Beake. Art direction by Hybrid.

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.

"Journey"

A story by the children of Addington

Marie-Joanne, Jean Claude, Shalem, Priscilla, Talkita, Rehema, Idriss, Eden, Parfait, 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 travelled through many countries looking for somewhere to stop. Sometimes 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.
Leetso la ka le qadile mohlabe ke tswalwana.
Le ntse le tswela pele.
Le qadile Rwanda, eo e leng na ba e ke e qetsetseng dilemog tse ngata tse fetileng mme eo nka mma ka se hlole ke e bona. Ha ke kgone ho ya dula moo hobane lelapa leso le ile la qobeliwa ho falla ka lebaka la bokgopo le dintwa.

Ke tsepeka hore toro eo e tla phethahala. Ke tsepeka hore ka tsatsi le leng lerato le tla tla lefatsheng.

I hope that dream comes true. I hope that one day love will fill the world.
Diphooko tse Tharo tsa Gruff

Get story active!

★ Younger children can draw pictures of scary monsters. Make up a name for each monster.
★ Play a game with older children. Let each child describe a monster while you draw what they describe.
★ Use clay, cardboard boxes and/or sticks to build the bridge. Use grass or paper to show the dry, brown grass on one side of the bridge and the sweet, green grass on the other side. Make puppets of the three Billy Goats Gruff and the monster. Retell the story using all of the objects you have made.
★ Read the book and then perform it as a play.

The three Billy Goats Gruff
Carole Bloch • Shayle Bester

People can use imaginative language. Pretend you’re in a story from the book. Think about how you would speak. Pretend you’re one of the characters and speak as if you were them.

The three Billy Goats Gruff
Carole Bloch • Shayle Bester

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 or www.nalibali.mobi

The three Billy Goats Gruff
Carole Bloch • Shayle Bester

This is an adapted version of The three Billy Goats Gruff, published by Jacana Media and available in bookstores and on-line from www.jacana.co.za. This story is available in the eleven official South African languages.

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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.

E ne e re ka tsa li le Diphooko tse tharo tse neng di dula naheng. Ya pele e ne e bitswa Phooko e Nnyane ya Gruff. Ya bobedi e bitswa Phooko e Mahareng ya Gruff mme ya boraro e bitswa Phooko e Kgolo ya Gruff.

Di ne di sa rate lela la tsonga le ommeng, le batalletsen hakaalo. Le ne le na le meutlwa hape le na le lerole hoo eng kapa eng feela co ba neng ba e ja e ne e hanella mmetsong ya bona.
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.

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.

Yaba ho tloha tsating leno, Diphoooko tse Tharo tsa Gruff tsa ba le lekha le leljha lesehlaneng, moo di ileng tsa nontshwa ke jwang bo hlabosang, bo botalana.
dine a koppie covered with sweet, green grass. But under that bridge lived a fierce, old monster. His eyes gleamed like ripe mangoes and his nose was swollen up like a watermelon. When he was hungry he'd smack his lips together so hard that it would sound just like lightning cracking across the sky, and his huge belly would rumble like thunder. Then he'd shout, "If anyone dares to cross my bridge, I'll gobble them up!"

Across the bridge was a koppie covered with sweet, green grass.


"It is I, Big Billy Goat Gruff," boomed Big Billy Goat Gruff in his loudest voice. "I've waited long enough," bellowed the monster, rising up from under the bridge. "I'm coming to gobble you up right now!"

"Oh no, you're not!" boomed Big Billy Goat Gruff. He put his head down and charged at the monster with his sharp horns.

"Einaaaa!" shrieked the monster as he was tossed into the sky. He disappeared out of sight and was never seen again.
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.

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.

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.
Ho na le batho ba bangata Afrika ba ileng ba qobellwa ho falla dibakeng tsa bona. Ka dinako tsohle ho na le batho ba tlohang dibakeng tse itseng ba eya ho tse ding, ba batlana le sebaka se bolokehileng; ba batlana le mosebetsi.

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.

Ho ne ho se mosebetsi bakeng sa ntate wa ka, kahoo re ile ra tla Afrika Borwa. Ha re fihla Afrika Borwa, batho ba ile ba re rea mabitsi mme ba sebedisa puo e mpe ho rona. Re ile ra mamella mme ra phela.

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.
E LE HORE POLANETE YA RONA E HLOKOMELA BATHO BA BANGATA, BATHO BA BANGATA BA LOKELA HO HLOKOMELA POLANETE YA RONA.

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 (2019) • Note: Historical country data is shown based on today’s geographical borders. OurWorldInData.org/future-population-growth • CC BY
Empe Thabo o ne a tsebo hore Mme Abbas o hlaka sente enengwe le e ngwe e na nang le yona. “Tjhe ho lolale Hle Mme Abbas,” a nalo a bossela. “Mosa ha o na theko.”

Yaba ka letsatse le leng rapolasi eo Thabo a mo sebeletsang o fihla hore le matjana wa hae le botsang Simphiwe. Simphiwe o ne a terekile mme ha a buo a nthsa sekhowa ka dinko.

“Thabo, empe ke Simphiwe,” ha rialo. “Ha rutehile nna. Le nahana hore nka ya sekolong ebe ka Simphiwe o ile a lelo ha nka telana le fihla polasing.”

Empa Thabo o ne a tsebo hore Mme Abbas o hloka maswazi. E se kgale ha hlaka hore Simphiwe ke ngwana ya se nang mekgwa le ya ikagohonasang. O ne a sa kompho malome wa hae le basebetsi ba bang kooletse polaising. “Batho bana ba sitwe ke dinako hakakoakang,” ha rialo. “Ha rutehile mme o ile a bontloko ho kata pulo, empe Thabo o ile a bontloko ho kata pulo a kga voltse a bontle ka bontshang.”

Simphiwe o ile a boela a hana ho fihla le basebetsi ya letsatse le letsatse e etswang polaising. “Ke rutehile rina. Le ahana hore nka ya sekolong ebe ka mma moo ke fihla ruleho ka fihla polasing.”

Eba mahlahlahla ka pale!


Eba mahlahlahla ka pale!

There is no price for being kind

By Zahida Wahab  Illustrated by Heidel Dedekind

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. “I attend the local village school. There we are taught the value of kindness and hard work. Simphiwe hasn’t learnt these basic things,” 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.

Get story active!
★ Draw a picture to illustrate this part of the story. 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.

★ Read the story again. Make a list of all the different qualities that Thabo has and make a separate list of Simphiwe’s qualities. Start like this: Thabo is … Simphiwe is …

★ Read your two lists – the list about Thabo and the list about Simphiwe – aloud. Use your voice to say the words on your lists in ways that put across what they mean.
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.