**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 from when they were very young. As they grew older, we enjoyed making stories our own by adding characters and events to the stories as we went along. We also have great memories of the homes that we stayed in and the people who were part of our lives then because they became part of the stories we read and heard. Now, my sons are adult men, and we still enjoy sharing stories about our everyday lives and reading books, news articles and anything we can lay our hands on. Our reading adventures have really been a precious, life-long 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!”

(John McCormick, an author of the book “Dad, Tell Me a Story”)
Tsivhudzo dza 10 dza u vhalela vhana na dzitshezhe dzibugu

1. A hu na ngilla ire yone kana i si yone ya u vhalela vhana na dzitshezhe dzibugu. Dzifhene nga u twa notheye.
2. Arali zvi tshi konadeza, khetshani bugu da zvi kumbo kune nwanwa wa ngu i hu shumisa hayani.
4. Dzibula ni dzige dzaka nwa nthanda nwa wa ngu kana nga tsini na inwi.
5. A zvi na nthanda a u vhala tshinhinga tshingafhanzi – nhone a zvi vhuvha zve tszipa a u vhale bugu yothe! Vhalani notheye bugu ya nga hune na zwi takalela nga no.
6. Sumbedzani nwanwa wa ngu zwishaniso ni ambe nga zwithu zve sumbedzvwo, vhabvumbudzwa na zwine zve zwi khou teka kana khou. Sumbanu muwande muthu kanzve tsishwe tsithi, ni ambe uri tsingafhena tsithi, ndi mini kana wenevho vathu ni dzikkho oni nthanda na zwine a khou zwi nga tsina.
7. Qemumwezenia nga dzibugu! Itani mibvuno na phosho dzake vhambudzwa cana zwithu zve khou bugu. Udhani vhana vhuva uha kwane na u nukhedza dzibugu, nga kana u tsino na u dizhika?
8. Vhivudzani imbubudzo nga ha zwine zve khou teka kana khou. Dzidzireleni kana ni lithe nwanwa wa的空间 a zvihudzula, arali a tshi kana nhone a tshi tszipa a u isa nga u rako.
10. Ni songo rala arali nwanwa wa nhu ve zve zve nzhika – kana ni vhale va ve nzhika.

Khetshini tshirendo tshine na nga tshi ita na ngwana wa ngu

Nge Muvhuwa
Mafo ndi twa ndo ruja
Ndo ndi dzule-ha nda khuda

Thi na vhuvho
Ndo tambula musi uyo
Ndo u pfa mmbwa dhi tshi huvha,
Nda mbo shavha nda yo vhuvha

Vhusiku ndi magoya,
Magwitha na magwona
Zwi do fhele
Nge Muvhuwa nda awela

Musi ni tshi khou vhala nwanwa wa ngu hetshi tshirendo, mu humbeleni uzi a dzite Muvhuwa nga u ita zvine wa khou zwi ita. Zvihwe hafhu, u tea u lingedza u edzisa mibvumo ya zwitsho zvine na khou zwi vhala kha tshenetsi tshirendo.

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 children’s attention to the pictures and talk about what is happening in the book. Point to someone or something and say what or who they are and what they are doing.
7. Be playful with books! Make the sounds and noises of the characters or objects in the book. 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.

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!"
Gudisani vhana vhaṋu vhaṱuku u ṅwala

Vhana vha bebiwa vha sa ḓivhi luambo naho lu lufhio. Nga zwenzezo, nga zwiṱuku nga zwiṱuku, musi vho lawhlela, vho thetshelesa na nga u edzisa vhaṅwe vhaṱuku, vha thoma u ambu. Vha a khwinisa nga ṅwambo wa u thuṣwa nga vhaṱuku vhaухulwane musi vha ṣhi amba naho na u vha thetshelesa. U guda u ṅwala a zwo nga tou fhambana nga u tou ralo n u ambu!

Musi dzihphethe dzı tshi vhona fhethu ho ṅwala ṅwaliwa na hohone vha tshi vhona vhaṱuku vhange vha vha funa vha tshi ṅwala ḓivhi jhewe na jhewe, zwi ita uru vhixo jhewe nga ṓga nga ha u ṅwala. Vha nga kha di thoma nga u talatadza vha “jṭu a nga vha khou ṅwala”, fhedi enea ndi maga a u thoma a u guda u ṅwala.

Khedzi ndiṅa thu dzı kelewa dzı u thusa ṅwana ṅwajwani a sa athu dzhena tshikolo uri a gude u ṅwala:

✓ Mu sumbedzeni uri zwine ra zwi amba zwi nga ṅwaliwa nahone zwi vaṅwe. Musi ṅwana ṅwajwani a ola tshifanyiso, mu vhudziseni araši nga tshi nga takalala uri ni mu thuse u ṅwala tshifanyiso thithu nga hatsho. ṅwaliwa maphi ane a ni vhuda one nga ṓha si ṫhifanyiso tshawe nahone ni mu vhalele one.

✓ Mu sumbedzeni zwithu zwo fhambananaho zwiṅwe ra zwi ṅwala. Itani uri ṅwana ṅwajwani a ni vhione musi ni tshi khou ṅwala – musi ni tshi khou ṅwala zwiṅwe ra zwiṅwe ra zwi ṅwala fhethu hune na tea u ya hone kha xhalenda kana Musi ni tshi khou ṅwala vhurifhi kana mbele.

✓ Mu sumbedzeni uri ni dhiṅa nthu zwiṅwe ra zwi ṅwala. Arali ṅwana ṅwajwani a ni ṅwalela tshithu, mu fhinduleni nga u mu ṅwalela. Zwiṅwe ṅhafhu, ḓanani zwithu zwe a zwi ola na zwe a zwi ṅwala hayani.

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!

When toddlers see writing around them and see how the people they love use writing in their daily lives, they become curious about writing. Their first squiggles may just be “pretend writing”, but these are the first steps in learning to write.

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.

Khuḍa ya kilabu ya u ṅwala

Reading club corner

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

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. 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.

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

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.

---

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

---


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.

---

Nelson Mandela International Day is on 18 July every year. It is the anniversary of the birth of Nelson Mandela. He fought for justice and human rights for all people. That is why there is a special day to honour his memory.
Itani uri tshiṱori tshi nyanyule!

Olani tshiṱorya u sumbedza hetsi tshiṱori tshiṱori: Ro pfa phoatho, nga murahu ha zwenzwo mme anga na khoti vha dzhia nga, khaladzi anga na murathu wanga, ra shanya.

Kha ri ri ni kombetshedze a yu dzula kha jíwe shango. Nwalani ndi la ine na ōda u farwa ngayo henengei.

Džíteeni u nga no fara khesedzo kha radio na khonani yaoına kana murapo wa muṱa. Muthimbidza nyambedzana u vhudzisa tshavhi uri ndi ngansi o da Afurika Tsipembe pa ndi la ine zwa vha ngayo u dzula fhano. Ni silesi u tumba tshiṱori tshi khoti tshizwino kudzidzana izwi tshavhi.

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.

Itani uri tshiṱori tshi nyanyule!

Olani tshiṱorya u sumbedza hetsi tshiṱori tshiṱori: Ro pfa phoatho, nga murahu ha zwenzwo mme anga na khoti vha dzhia nga, khaladzi anga na murathu wanga, ra shanya.

Kha ri ri ni kombetshedze a yu dzula kha jíwe shango. Nwalani ndi la ine na ōda u farwa ngayo henengei.

Džíteeni u nga no fara khesedzo kha radio na khonani yaoına kana murapo wa muṱa. Muthimbidza nyambedzana u vhudzisa tshavhi uri ndi ngansi o da Afurika Tsipembe pa ndi la ine zwa vha ngayo u dzula fhano. Ni silesi u tumba tshiṱori tshi khoti tshizwino kudzidzana izwi tshavhi.

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.

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
When the war started, people cried. Soldiers came and there was fighting and fear everywhere.

When the line moved, the town was freed. It was everywhere.

I hope that dream comes true. I hope that one day love will fill the world.

Ndi fulufhela uri wonoyo muloro u wedze. Ndi fulufhela uri hwe davha shango jothe li do dala hufuno.

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!” said the monster. “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.”

“Then be off with you then, before I change my mind!” shouted the monster.

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. Then swap roles and let them draw a monster you 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.

Itani uri tshiṱori tshi nyanyule!

Vhana vhulwane nga ndi tshiguru ahana u nga olami. Itani uri tshiṅwe

Tshiguru tsha Tshikhuna

Zwibokoṱo Zwiraru Zwa Tshikhuna

The three Billy Goats Gruff

Carole Bloch • Shayle Bester

Itani uri tshiṱori tshi nyanyule!

Vhana vhulwane nga ndi tshiguru ahana u nga olami. Itani uri tshiṅwe

Tshiguru tsha Tshikhuna

Zwibokoṱo Zwiraru Zwa Tshikhuna

The three Billy Goats Gruff

Carole Bloch • Shayle Bester

Itani uri tshiṱori tshi nyanyule!

Vhana vhulwane nga ndi tshiguru ahana u nga olami. Itani uri tshiṅwe

Tshiguru tsha Tshikhuna

Zwibokoṱo Zwiraru Zwa Tshikhuna

The three Billy Goats Gruff

Carole Bloch • Shayle Bester

Itani uri tshiṱori tshi nyanyule!

Vhana vhulwane nga ndi tshiguru ahana u nga olami. Itani uri tshiṅwe

Tshiguru tsha Tshikhuna

Zwibokoṱo Zwiraru Zwa Tshikhuna

The three Billy Goats Gruff

Carole Bloch • Shayle Bester
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.

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.

Big Billy Goat Gruff stared hard at the bridge. Then he took a deep breath and said in a big voice, “What’s there to be scared of? It’s just a silly old monster. Let’s go!”

Next it was Middle Billy Goat Gruff’s turn to cross the bridge. Click clack click clack! went the hooves of Middle Billy Goat Gruff.

“Who’s that click-clacking over my bridge?” roared the monster.

“It’s only me,” said Middle Billy Goat Gruff. “And I’m going up to the top of the koppie to eat the sweet, green grass,” he said in his bravest voice.
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.
Across a bridge was 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!”

No wonder the three Billy Goats Gruff had never visited the koppie with its sweet, green grass.
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.
There were 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.

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.
FOR OUR PLANET TO CARE FOR MANY PEOPLE, MANY PEOPLE MUST CARE FOR OUR PLANET.
Kha muwife mudjana u re kule, ho vha hu tshi dzula muwife mutikana we a vha a tshi shaya vhukuma we a vha a tshi lisa n ngu u kone u wana masheleni a u thogomela mutsa we hawe. O vha e na vhuthu thshifinha tshothe nahe newo a tshi thusa vhulhura vihawe, o vha a tshi tou vha phuthshedlelo ka vhonakulihla wawe vhe vha mu alusa u bva vhuthukuni. O vha a tshi pf Thabo nahe newo a tshi funwa nga muwife u muwife.

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.

There is no price for being kind

By Zahida Wahab Illustrated by Heidel Dedekind

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.
1. Nal’ibali is here to motivate and support you. Contact us in any of these ways: