Tibuku ni ku hlaya - i ndzhaka ya vutomi hinkwabyo

Ndyangu wun‘wana ni wun‘wana wu ni ntsheketo wa wona! Yan‘wana ya ntsheteka ya kona yi nga ya leyi ya hlamuselelo yona loko wa ha ni ritsong. Yi nga katsa maginganya ni swilo leswi nga anana yivudwa ka kumene leyi switukulwana, ntsheteka yo vulukukulwana hu vulukanyisi kumbe vuthena, kumbe leyi dyandzisisa tshindela to ku tshikala swilelo sio tsha kumbe ku rivalela van‘wana.

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 at 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 what 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.”

(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.

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(David Makhuru, Nal‘ibali story sparker)
**Swiringanyeto swa 10 swo hlaya tibuku na tincece ni tindzumulo**

1. A ku na ndlela leyi faneleke kumbe leyi hoxeke yo hlaya tibuku ni tincece na tindzumulo. Lexi mi faneleke mi xi isokela i nkathi loxo wu hloko la mi n swiwe.
2. Loko swi koteke hlauwani tibuku ta nimri leci n'wana a ni mameke. Hi hlauwani tibuku leci ni nga faneleke. Katsani ni minithethelo leyi vululuka hi vana vaniwa ni leyi vululuka hi timhaka leci tololelelekelele tali swi na siku. Tindzumulo ti rhandza ngafulu tibuku ta tinsimu ni ta svilansi.
3. Tshamiseka, u xinga n'wana ku ne lo swe. Sivani "lamula" hi mbwana ahleka a khotho ethelo ka wena.

**Hi leri risimu leci nga ri yimbeleleka ni n’wana wa wena mi ri karhi mi endla leswi ri swi vulaka**

Hi twa ndlala, hi twa ndlala, Thicara, thicara.
Lamula ri kwih, lamula ri kwih, Hi ta dya, hi ta dya.

Hi twa ndlala, hi twa ndlala, Thicara, thicara.
Nsimbhii yi ba rini, nsimbhii yi ba rini, Ngee-ngee-ngee, ngee-ngee-ngee!

**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!”

**Hi rihi rito rin’wana ro vula “nsimbhii.” Sivani “lamula” hi mbwana ahleka a khotho ethelo ka swi swi vulako swi vulako.**

Hi twa ndlala, hi twa ndlala, Thicara, thicara.
Lamula ri kwih, lamula ri kwih, Hi ta dya, hi ta dya.

Hi twa ndlala, hi twa ndlala, Thicara, thicara.
Nsimbhii yi ba rini, nsimbhii yi ba rini, Ngee-ngee-ngee, ngee-ngee-ngee!
Dyondzisa vana ku sungula ku tsala

Vana va tsawini va nga koti ku vulavula. Kambe hakatsongosongo va sungula ku vulavula hi ku languta vanhu te kuselena vanhu, va va yingislela ni ku va encenyeta. Va ya va kota ku vulavula kahle loko vanhu lava tshameleonaka ku va vona ekaya va va pfuna hi ku vulavula na vona ni ku va yingisela. Ku dyondza ku tsala swi love ku fana ni ku dyondza ku vulavula!

Loko linene te vona matshaka laha li nga kona n'awana ti vono ndlela leyi vanhu vanhu va rhandzaka ha yona ku tshisa matshaka evuton’wini bya akhu na akhu, ti sungula ku tsakela ku tsala. Eku sungula, ti nga “endla onge ti le ku tsala,” kambe wella la maseungula ya ku dyondza ku tsala.

Hi leti tindlela tinharhu to aba to pfuna n’wana la nga si nghenaka xikolo a sungula ku tsala.

1. N’wi kombe laseku leswi hi swi vulaka hi nomu swi nga tsariwa ehansi ti svi hlayiwa. Loko n’inwa wa wena a dinovo xifaniso, n’wi wutse loko a svi tsakela laseku u n’wi plunu ku tsala swo karhi hi hona. Tada maito bawa u ku byelaka wona ehansi ku xifaniso xa yena u n’wi hlayo leswi.

2. N’wi kombe svilo svi hambanahambana leswi svi laveka u swi tsala ehansi. A tku wone bawa u karhi u tsala – naxasamelo wa svilo leswi nga ta xaxawo ekulisa, ku tsala tapalalangile ekhalendarini, ku tada papla kumbe email.


Ndhawu ya Ntlawa

wo Hlaya

Reading club corner

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:

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.

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.

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.

Endla ntsheketo wu nyanyula!

- Diaowa xilansi o komba xiphemu na ntsheketo lesi nge: Ku twale huwa, hiloko Mhani na Papa va baleka na mina na buli, na ndzisana ya mina ya nhwanyana.

- A hi nge a wu tshama etikweni irin'wana. Endla naxamelo yo wintelile leti a wu ta twa ku khomisa ha tona kwadaha.

- U n a mungu hana kumbe xitho xa nyanjulo, endlanini mubalekisa wa le ka xiphasa. Muhaxi u vutisa mubaleki lesiwako ha yini a te eAfrika Dzonga, naswona u twa njhani hi ku va twa. Cincanani, urin'wano a va muhaxi, urin'wano a va mubaleki.

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.

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"Journey" A story by the children of Addington

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

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
Ku va na misava yin’we. Rirhandzu rin’we. Ndyangu wun’we.

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

Ndzi navela leswaku norho wolowo wu hetiseka. Ndzi navela leswaku siku rin’wana rirhandzu ri funengeta misava hinkwayo.

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.

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.

Swiphongo swinharihu swa ka Gruff

Endla ntsheketo wu nyanyula!

- Vana kwavnjalo nga dlova kwamisana, sango awandzana sizo chavisa. Ngiyakwe xamandla kuseni we vila.
- Thengani ni vana xawa ku kulesa. Lwana xawa ni lwana a a Hamusela xamandla kuseni nilele yokhe ti kwena mi dlova leswi va swi dlamisela. Endhuku umnandi, vona va dlova xamandla leswi xi xi Hamusela.

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?

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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.

"Kutani Xiphongo xa le Xikarhi xa ka Gruff xi landzela xi ku xi tsemakanya buloho. Gi, gi, gi! ku twala swigingi swa Xiphongo xa le Xikarhi xa ka Gruff."

"I vugigigi bya yini ehenhla ka buloho ra mina?" ku huwelela xivandzana hi rito ro bonga.


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.

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.

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.
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.


“I khale ndzi ku rindzile,” ku huwelela xivandzana xi ri karhi xi huma chansi ka buluho. “Ndza ta ndzi ta ku phorha ndzi heta hi wena!”

“A wu nge swi endli sweswo!” ku vula Xiphongo Lexikulu xa ka Gruff hi rito ro bonga. Xi sungule ku mphumphhela xivandzana ivi xi xi gemba hi timhondzo ta xona to tontswa.

“Yoo, minoo!” ku hokoloka xivandzana lexi a xi lahlerei empfunekeni hi timhondzo. Xi nyamalarise sweswo, a xa ha tihelanga xi voniwa.

“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.
From the war— and our money ran out. I had to find work. We had enough food and clothes. We did not speak English when I was sent to school. It was very hard. 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.

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.
Siku Ra Vaaki Va Misava Hinkwayo: ti-11 ta July

LESWAKU PULANETE YA HINA YI KHATHALELA VANHU VO TALA, VANHU VO TALA VA FANELE VA KHATHALELA PULANETE YA HINA.

World Population Day: 11 July

FOR OUR PLANET TO CARE FOR MANY PEOPLE, MANY PEOPLE MUST CARE FOR OUR PLANET.

Source: Gapminder 6.44, HYDE v3.2, UN (2019). Note: Historical country data is shown based on today's geographical borders. OurWorldInData.org/future-population-growth • CC BY
Thabo a o fambe na n’wini wa purasi va ya xava so wari. Loko a vyu, vathiri va n’wini byele lesawu Simphwwe u ye eku jikajikela ene.  
Thabo u hatle a teka leswi ni yona a xita tikayeka. “A nga swi tivi lesawu u thaxa ekhombenyi ra njhan,” Thabo a twulululele a ra yeke a ra ranyaka kunene ene. “Van’wini a ra ndi tshika ja ha ri mona ra le xilungwini ni lokexa, kambé a ndi tavi nhumu xo bu xa ndlala ekela eka Simphwwe. Ku nga ri khalo ku ta va ku dzwiharile, naswona ku na khombo ene, ngoplunguphuloku ekufana wa tana na Simphwwe, lonya a sunguluka ku va ehandele ka doroba.”

Thabo a o heti nkhati wo leha o ri eku laveni vona. Simphwwe a fambe na xiswabo epurasini, kutani u bebele Simphwwe a fomba na yona a epurasini.

Thabo a o fambe na n’wini wa purasi va n’wini wa fana na yona a epurasini. Thabo u fambe na n’wini wa purasi va yona a eku khalo ku ya xava swo karhi. Loko a vyu, vathiri va n’wini byele lesawu Simphwwe u ye eku jikajikela ene. Thabo u hatle a teka leswi ni yona a xita tikayeka. A a ri na musa na yona a fambe na yona a xita tikayeka. Thabo a fambe na n’wini wa purasi va ya xava so wari.

Endla ntsheketo

Endla ntsheketo wu nyanyula!

Draya xifaniso lexi kombisaka xiphemuru lexi landzelaka xa ntsheketo. Hinkwavo va n’wini byele lesawu u ta tsola, hikwana ku n’luluzo ka bando

Endla ntsheketo

Endla ntsheketo

Endla ntsheketo

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Endla ntsheketo
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.
Swo tsakisa hi Nal’ibali

Nal’ibali fun

1. Xana u kota ku vona svilo swa 8 leswi swifaniso leswi swimbiri swi hambanaka ha swona? Find 8 differences between these two pictures.

A

B

2. Noodle yi tahekile! Pfuni vatlangi va Nal’ibali ku yi kuma. Noodle is lost! Help our Nal’ibali characters to find their furry friend.

3. Mbali i makhware va Neo, naswona u na malemba mambiri. U rhanzza tibuku lef nga ni tinsimu ta vana, nakambe u tselela ku endla onge u le ku hlavani ka tibuku ta Neo. U tafawe ku hlayela xipopana xakwe xa bere ni ximbanyana xa Bella, lexi xirhwaka Noodle. U ehekela leswako vito ra buku leyi nga esifaniso leyi Mbali a yi hlayaka ri ri yini? Tsala leswi a swi vuluka esibolweni ya marilo kutuni u dirowa xifaniso kumbe u tsala so karhi esibolweni leswi kombisaka leswi xipopana xa bere xi swi anakanyaka. 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.

Na’libali is here to motivate and support you. Contact us in any of these ways:

www.nalibali.org  www.nalibali.mobi  nalibaliSA  @nalibaliSA  @nalibaliSA  info@nalibali.org