Kafa o ka dirisang dibuka ka teng le go bua ka tsone!

Mongwe le mongwe a ka bua le bana ka dibuka. Diragone motlooto o tswelele pele ka tsela ya tholego. Batla dibuka tse di kgatlang ngwana wa gago mme gakhologwela go simolola ka bonya, simolola ka ditsebe di le mmalwa.

This supplement is available in the following newspapers: Eyethu Umlazi, Eastern Cape Rising Sun and Polokwane Observer.

How to handle books and talk about them!

Anyone can talk to children about books. Let the conversation flow naturally. Look for books that interest your child, and remember to start slowly, with a few pages at a time.

Start a conversation!

"Ke ipotsa gore buka eno e bua ka eng ... Re ntle tsebali tsa yone gore re bone?"

"I wonder what this book is about ... Shall we turn the pages and find out?"

"Yo ka mokwadi ya o ka waditeng buka eno."

"This is the author who wrote the book."

Buisa mafoko a o makhareng e ka fako morago mme o fakhetsetse gore buka e bua ka eng. Diragone bana be gago be amin go re bo re ng'e ngdi ditsebe tsa buka. Sene se thusa gore bane le a kanano e e simang le dibuka.

Read the blurb on the back cover and guess what the book is about. Keep your children busy feeling the pages. This helps create a positive relationship with books.

Think deeply about the story and book

★ Share opinions and ideas. Say what you think about the story, and ask your children what they think too.

★ Learn to predict. As you read a story, ask “What do you think will happen next?” at different points in the story.

★ Pay attention to detail. Ask younger children to find particular people or objects in the pictures. Ask why they think a word is larger or smaller than the other words on the page. With older children, talk about why the author might have used a particular word.

★ Respond to questions. When a child asks “Why?” you can either answer the question (“I think it is because …”) or ask “Why do you think …?”

★ Connect with stories. Many stories focus on how characters deal with difficult challenges. Help your children to connect these challenges to their own lives by saying something like: “This story reminds me of how important it is to keep a promise. What does it remind you of?”

★ Develop empathy. Help children to put themselves in a character’s place by asking them why they think a character in the story behaved in a certain way.

Talking about books helps children learn about how books work and how to explore them. It helps grow their language and self-esteem. And it helps you become confident to talk about books.
New Africa Books (NAB) is a South African publishing house that specialises in publishing children’s books in all 11 of South Africa’s official languages. In March this year, NAB won the Bologna Prize for the Best Children’s Book Publisher of the Year for Africa (BOP) 2022 award. This prestigious award has become known as “the big one” among publishing awards.

The Bologna Children’s Book Fair started in 1963. Every year, children’s book publishers from all over the world meet in Bologna, Italy, for four days to share their books with each other. This book fair celebrates publishers who have distinguished themselves in the regions of Africa, Central and South America, North America, Asia, Europe and Oceania.

“It’s wonderful to be recognised,” said Dušanka Stojaković, a publisher at NAB. “New Africa was started 50 years ago by Marie and David Philips, who were innovators in local publishing. New Africa has continued to lead the way, publishing mother-tongue books with a focus on making beautiful, relevant and homegrown children’s books since the early 1980s. We are now in the first year of the UN’s Decade of Indigenous Languages, and the BOP award really highlights our work in this area.”

The winning announcement was made with the following description:

“For Africa, the winner is New Africa Books, from South Africa. New Africa Books publishes a catalogue of titles covering all the South African languages and is particularly focused on the cultural development of children and young people … Its aim is to find gaps in the book market and fill them with beautiful and meaningful works.”

New Africa Books wins “the big one”!
Go direga ena o dira kopo? What can you do to apply?

- Fill in the application at www.biblionefsa.org.za/apply-for-books/.
- BiblionefSA evaluates your application. If it is accepted, your books are packed and delivered to you.
- Use the books in as many ways with as many children as possible.
- Send regular reports to BiblionefSA about the difference having the books has made to you and the children.

Who can apply?

- Schools, preschools, children’s homes, refugee camps or any other organisation that promotes reading and literacy can apply. You must attach a motivation letter on your letterhead.
- Organisations in townships and informal settlements and those in deep rural areas will be considered first.
- If you speak one or more of these languages in your tongue speakers. The languages are isiNdebele, Sepedi, Sesotho, Setswana, Seswati, Tshivenda and Xitsonga.
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Kafa o ka dirisa mainane a rona ka ditsele tse di farologaneng ka gone

4. Reetsa ngwana wa gago fa a buisa. Reetsa kwanta go go mo lema mo ganong. Ba boilelela gore wa lemeta fa a ba ulwa ba go buisetsa lewa godimo.
5. Dira ditsele tse Nna le mafholotho e leisane? Seno e tshwanetse go nna sengwe se wena le ngwana wa gago lo se itumelelang.
4. A book that made me cry is ... *Black Beauty* by Anna Sewell.

5. The greatest lesson that I learnt from a book or story ... I learnt that it is important never to give up hope and to keep trying, even when your life is tricky.

6. A book that made me laugh ... *Zombie* by Jaco Jacobs.

7. A book that made me laugh ... *Grampa Zombie* by Jaco Jacobs.

8. Life without stories ... would be deadly dull and boring.

**Godisa laeborari ya gago. Tielele dibuka tsa sega-o-boloko tse PEDI**

**Phama le thlaketse le tsebe 9 ka tlhalo tse Sere-Croat.**

1. Phama le tlhaka ya mmidi.

2. Meno lehathane ka bogare go kebogang go le mola wa dikhufo tse dintsho.

3. Le mene ka bogare go gape go kebogang go le mola wa dikhufo tse ditalo go dira buka.

4. Segao go leba tena le mela ya dikhufo tse dikhufo go kgaoa a ditsebe.

**MMOGO RE NONFILE**

1. Go dira buka e dira ditsebe 5, 6, 7, 8, 11 le 12.

2. Tlogetse ditsebe 7 le 8 mo gane go ditsebe tse dintsho.

3. Meno matlhare ka bogare go kebogang go le mola wa dikhufo tse dintsho.

4. A mene ka bogare go gape go kebogang go le mola wa dikhufo tse ditalo go dira buka.

5. Segao go leba tena le mela ya dikhufo tse dikhufo go kgaoa a ditsebe.

**Story stars**

Getting books in the languages we speak

Dušanka Stojaković works for New Africa Books, a South African publishing company that publishes very beautiful books for children.

“In South Africa, we have very poor literacy rates for several reasons. Children are not read to in the language they speak, there are no books in most homes and libraries are often far away and do not have books in the child’s language that would interest that child. So, at New Africa, we look for and find new African writers, new African illustrators and new South African translators, to make books for children in their mother tongues.”

1. Did someone tell you stories when you were a child? Yes, my father in the Sere-Croat language.

2. Did someone read to you? The first book my mother read to us as a family was *Nedl*, in English.

3. Did you read to your children? I have a son, who is 32 years old now. I read to him in English from when he was six months old. When you read to your children, it is a time to be with them in a very special way – in a quiet place where concentration and interaction can take place.

4. When I read to my child ... I tried to read books that are fun and interesting. It is also important to read in an energetic and animated way.

5. The greatest lesson that I learnt from a book or story ... I learnt that it is important never to give up hope and to keep trying, even when your life is tricky.

6. A book that made me cry is ... *Black Beauty* by Anna Sewell.

7. A book that made me laugh ... *Grandpa Zombie* by Jaco Jacobs.

8. Life without stories ... would be deadly dull and boring.

**Grow your own library. Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books**

**Phama and the mealie pip**

1. Tear off page 9 of this supplement.

2. Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.

3. Fold it in half again along the black dotted line.

4. Fold them in half again along the black dotted line.

5. Cut along the red dotted lines to separate the pages.

6. Cut along the red dotted lines to separate the pages.

**TOGETHER WE’RE STRONG**

1. To make this book, use pages 5, 6, 7, 8, 11 and 12.

2. Keep pages 7 and 8 inside the other pages.

3. Fold the sheets in half along the black dotted line.

4. Fold them in half again along the green dotted line to make the book.

5. Cut along the red dotted lines to separate the pages.
GET STORY ACTIVE!

Albertina's mother had a motto: “Together we're strong!” Do you or your family have a motto? If not, what would you like your family’s motto to be?

Is there a strong, brave woman who you admire? Draw a picture of her and, underneath the picture, write what makes her strong and brave in your eyes.

Turn to page 13 to read about the women’s march to Pretoria on 9 August 1956.

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 test began. Albertina's fingers shook. Her hand cramped on her pencil but she continued.

"Well done, Albertina!" said her teacher at the end.

The important official arrived and called the top two students to the stage. "Well done to Albertina for full marks," he said, "but you are too old. The scholarship goes to…"

Albertina tried not to cry. She dragged her feet all the way home.

The teacher wrote to the newspaper about the unfair decision. Brother Joe at the Catholic mission station read the story over his breakfast. He pushed the newspaper across the table to Father Bernard. He didn't like the story one bit either.

MMOGO RE NONOFILE

Leinane la ga Albertina Sisulu (phetelelo)

Liesl Jobson • Alice Toich • Nazli Jacobs

TOGETHER WE’RE STRONG

The story of Albertina Sisulu (an adaptation)

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MMOGO RE NONOFILE

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Ka mariga mangwe a a bogale, batho ba le bantsi ba naga ba ne ba lwala. Mme marama a ga Mmè Monikazi a ne a fisa. Mofufutso o ne o rotha mo mmeleng wa gagwe. O ne a tshwere mpa ya gagwe kafa tla se ga kobo mme a opelela lesea le le mo teng ga gagwe jaana: “Nonofa, nana. Mariga a tloga a fela. Nna pelokgale, nana. Mmago re nonofile!”

Bosigo bongwe ngwedi o ne o le mogolwane, o le mokimanyana e bile o ne o le pinki le go feta. O ne a hemela kwa godimo. Lesea le ne le siametse go goroga. Fa Monikazi a ne a tshwara morwadie yo montle mo matsogong a gagwe o ne a itse gore ke mosetsanyana yo o kgethegileng, ke lesole.

A bo e le tshegofatso ruri! Leina la gagwe ke Nontsikelelo. O tla nna mma masego otlhe.

Police came in the middle of the night, banging on the door. She would support her husband who kept many secrets and hid from the police.

She joined the women and worked to organise a march to Pretoria. The women refused to carry a pass. They sang, “Wathint’ abafazi; wathint’ imbokodo! You strike a woman; you strike a rock!”

Walter was jailed on Robben Island for 26 years. Albertina, also, was sent to jail many times.

But even on the darkest nights, she could see a sliver of moon through the window in her cell. She sang the song that Ma Monikazi sang before she was born: “Be strong, little one. Winter’s not long. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!”
One harsh winter, many people in the land were sick. Ma Monikazi’s cheeks burned. Sweat dripped from her body. Under her blanket she held her belly and sang to the baby inside her: “Be strong, little one. Winter’s not long. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!”

One bright night the moon was bigger, fatter and pinker than ever. Her breath came fast. The baby was ready. When Monikazi held her beautiful daughter in her arms, she knew she was a special girl, a fighter.

What a blessing! Her name is Nontsikelelo. She will be the mother of all blessings.
On her sixth birthday she went to school.

“Nonofa, nana. Mariga a tloga a fela. Nna pelokgale, nana. Mmogo re nonofile!”

Walter Sisulu was a brave and clever man who dreamed of freedom for South Africa. His big smile captured Albertina’s eye. Walter wanted Albertina to be the mother of his children.

Bright ribbons decorated the Bantu Men’s Social Centre on their wedding day. Albertina’s long-sleeved dress had a swirling train of lace.

Within a year, Max was born. Albertina had become a mother. One day people would call her the mother of the nation.

Max had his mother’s black button eyes and his father’s round chin. He was the hope for their future. Albertina wanted to fight for a new South Africa, so that Max could be free.

When he cried, she sang: “Be strong, little one. Winter’s not long. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!”
Phama le lhaka ya mmidi

Margot Bertelsmann • Chantelle Thorne • Burgen Thorne

Get story active!

Draw your own picture of Phama and the nasty giant that shows how big the giant is.

Be a word detective! Look closely at the story. Can you find the things that Phama or the nasty giant smelled, saw or tasted?

Imagine that Phama is writing in his diary about the day on which he climbed to the top of the mealie stalk. You could start like this: Dear Diary, You will never guess what happened today …

This story is an adapted version of Phama and the mealie pip, published by Cadbury in partnership with Nal’ibali as part of the Cadbury Dairy Milk #InOurOwnWords initiative. Each story is available in the eleven official South African languages. To find out more about the Cadbury Dairy Milk #InOurOwnWords initiative titles go to: https://cadbury.one/library.html

Phama and the mealie pip

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Phama had a mealie pip. Mama did not know it was a magic pip.

"One day, this pip will feed a nation," Phama said.
Mama laughed.

Phama o ne a na le tlhaka ya mmidi. Mmaagwe o ne a sa itse fa e le tlhaka ya boselamose.
"Letsatsi lengwe, tlhaka eno e tlaa fepa setshaba," ga bua Phama.
Mama a tshega.

Le kgetsana fela jalo.
Le mooopedi.
Le ganse.
Tota le lethaka la mmidi le ne le ile.
Ka go re Phama o ne a le kgethile.

Phama planted his pip and it grew and grew. It grew so high, it disappeared into the clouds.

"I'm going to climb all the way to the top," Phama said.
Mama sneered.

Phama picked a ripe mealie off the stalk. He roasted it over a fire. He melted butter over the golden pips and wafted the smell up into the giant's nostrils.

"Bring me my giant toothpick," the giant shouted.
But Phama was gone.
Nontsikelelo was beautiful and strong with crinkling black button eyes. She loved her older brother, Mcengi. Mcengi chased the chickens that scratched in the garden where Ma Monikazi grew spinach and squash to feed her family. Ntsiki ran after him as her legs grew strong.

Ma Monikazi had another baby boy, Velaphi, and another, Qudalele. Finally another sister, Nomyaleko. Little Ntsiki picked up her baby brother when he cried and tickled him till he laughed.

She taught them to sing: “Be strong, little one. Winter is gone. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!”
Qingqiwe, her grandfather, raised horses. His favourite was Shishi, a glossy black mare. As soon as Ntsiki was old enough, he hoisted her on to the saddle in front of him. He laced the reins through her fingers.

Albertina took a train to Johannesburg. She bought a smart white uniform, new navy shoes and a shiny red fountain pen. Sick people came all day to the hospital.

When the babies cried, she sang: “Be strong, little one. Winter’s not long. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!”

Some nights Albertina worked till dawn. She looked out the window and thought of her family. Who was riding Shishi? She missed the scent of the earth. There was no vegetable garden here. There was nowhere for a horse.

Albertina never went to parties. She saved every shilling. On her days off she learned to play tennis. Always, she wished for a little more money to send home.
On 9 August 1956, 20 000 women from all over the country marched on the Union Buildings in Pretoria to protest against the pass laws. These laws required people who were classified as black African by the apartheid South African Government to carry a travel pass with them at all times.

The march was described as one of the most disciplined, dignified and emotional demonstrations the country had ever seen. The women sang Nkosi Sikelel’iAfrika at the very end of their protest before walking away. Every year, on 9 August, and throughout the month of August, we celebrate the achievements of South African women.

Women are the people who are going to relieve us from all this oppression and depression. The rent boycott that is happening in Soweto now (in 1956) is alive because of the women. It is the women who are on the street committees educating the people to stand up and protect each other.

Albertina Sisulu

Things to do on National Women’s Day

• Find out about South African women who are making their mark on South Africa today. Search https://www.sagoodnews.co.za/south-african-females-whose-names-you-should-know-this-womens-day/
• Write a thank you letter to a girl or woman who has made a positive difference to your life. It could be a granny, aunt, teacher or neighbour.
• Talk about the issues that face women and girls today. Visit https://www.amnesty.org/en/what-we-do/discrimination/womens-rights/ for ideas to talk about.
• Read books about female characters or by female South African writers like Sindiwe Magona, Beverley Naidoo, Maryanne Bester, Zukiswa Wanner and others.
• Write a poem about the women in your life.
Go ka direga sengwe le sengwe

Ka Dorah Masigo E tshwantshitswe se Samantha van Riet

E kile ya re ka nako ngwwe, Koko le dikokwana tsa gagwe ba ne ba nna le Kgomo mo nageng.

Kgomo o ne a rata go fula fa a ntse a tsamaya a halala naga ga ya go etela tsala ya gagwe, Koko. Mme e ne e le dinako tse di thata. Pula e le ya diega monongwaga mme go ne go sena bojang go bonts. Kgomo o ne a thswerwe ke tlata thata fa a ntse a tsamaya ka bonya a ya kwa hokong ya ga Koko. Rapolasi o ne a lebeletse go reka furu.

Koko o ne a itumeletse go bona Kgomo. “Dumela, tsala ya me,” ga riaal Koko. “Mma ke go tiele metsi a go nwa a a tsididi a a phepa. O tshwantwes e bo o nyoritlw morago go go tsamaya sekagala se setelele.” Go tswa foo Koko o ne a itlhaganela go ya go tsela Kgomo metsi a go nwa.

Fa Kgomo a ntse a rapame mo monting wa setlhare se segolo, sa mokala sa bogologolo, dikokwana tse tharo tse dinnye di ne di ne tshameka gauti le e ene. Di ne di nmm e bille di le serokwana, fele jaaka ditlhuny tsa setlhare sa tabebua tse Kgomo a tlhakong a di bona ka nako a dikgakago.

Mala a ga Kgomo a ne a duma a kurutla fa a ntse a lebeletse dikokwana di tshameka di tshameka. O ne a tsholetse tsho ya gagwe a gothi di go a malagalo a lela ko mojola. A leba ka ko mojeng pele, a bo a leba ka mojeng garoe. Koko o ne a ise a bonale go pele.

Gone mme, gantsi dikgomo go di de di jo nama, mme gopolana, go ka direga sengwe le sengwe! Kgomo o ne a thswerwe ke tlata thata mo e leng gore pele ga fa a ka akanya, o ne a fola a bo a simolola go leleksa dikokwanyana tse di nonneng tse di serokwana!

“Kgomo o tshameka maphhilhwane le rona,” dikokwana tsa tswirinya jalo, di pitikana, maaot a lebile kwa godimo.

“Mme a bonya thata,” tsa tswirinya. Morago ga foo tsa fola di fetsa mo maatlong a ga Kgomo go bontsha gore di bofele jang.

“Lo se ka kwa lapisa tsala ya rona,” Koko a tsholetse le mamporo tsa gagwe pele ga a tsamaya a ya go tsela Kgomo metsi a mangwe a a lapolosang.

Fa fela Koko a mme a go potela, Kgomo a tabogela dikokwana gape, a leka ka natla ga tshwara bobeletse a le ngwwe fele. Mme di ne tsa betsa e, di opela di re. “Re ma tshi mme re kgona go potela ka bofele. O ka se re tshware le fa o ka leka.” “Re ma tshi mme re kgona go potela ka bofele. O ka se re tshwara le fa o ka leka.”

Ka nako ya fa Koko a booa, loleme lwa ga Kgomo le ne le akega mo morolong wa gagwe, a kodumetsi metsi a Koko a neng a a bele pele ga gagwe oltho ka nako a le ngwwe.

“Di nna fela di le go teneg ya gagwe. Di rata go tshameka thata,” ga riaal Koko. “Mme bobotlana di sineletsegile mo go phakalane, yo a nang a lebile a le kgakala.” Koko o ne a lebelela kwa godimo a tsholetse leba Kgomo a nyenya. A raya tsala ya gagwe a re: “Ke a leboga go bo o ile wa ba baya letho fa ke ntse ke seyo.”

Kgomo o ne a itse gore tla go se se di rao tse ditshego, mme le fa le a ne a itilelwa lela, o ne a duma lela ke thoga ya lapile. Gone jaanong, o ne a le bokoa ka nilha ya fola. Gone nna a taboga mo morago ga dikokwana go ile go fetsa mo gago go bontsha.

Morago ga nakwana Kgomo, Kgomo o ne a ema mme a sadisa Koko sentile, a ipotsa gore a mme a fola kgona ga tsamaya sekagala se setelele a boela kwa mbabolokeleng a gagwe.

Kgomo o ne a tseka mo mbabolokeleng fola moriti wa malisebo a simolola go bola mabola mo bowang. O ne a wela makgwala fa a bona mokoa o mogolo wa furu o rapolasi a o fetsa. Mme fa a simolotse go ja, o ne a sa kgona go fologela go ja. O ne a ja, o a ja a go fithiela a kgona thata joa mo e leng gore a ne a fithohelelele kwa nyedweng jaaka buline e kgolo ya dikafetse. Ga konn gopolana, go ka direga sengwe le sengwe!

Nna le matlhagatshaga a leinane!

🌟 Ke eng se se sa ffaelelang go le fela se o kiling wa se ja? Torowa setshwantsha sa diko tseo. Kafa fisa go setshwantsho, tsholetse leka, le moutwilwo wa diko tseo.

🌟 Kwala konelo e nilha ya leinane lena. Go ne go fola direga eng fa go ka bo go sena furu e Kgomo a ka e jang fa a fitho kwa gae? Gopolana, go ka direga sengwe le sengwe!
Once upon a time, Hen, together with her three little chicks, shared a field with Cow.

Cow loved grazing as she walked all the way across the field to visit her friend, Hen. But times were hard. The rain had come late this year, and there was very little grass. Cow was very hungry as she plodded slowly over to Hen’s coop. The farmer had forgotten to buy hay.

Hen was happy to see Cow. “Hello, my friend,” said Hen. “Let me bring you some cool, fresh water to drink. You must be thirsty after your long walk.” Then Hen rushed off to fetch some water for Cow to drink.

As Cow was lying in the shade of a big, old thorn tree, the three little chicks were playing around her. They were plump and yellow, just like the blooms of the tabebuia tree that Cow sometimes saw in springtime.

Cow’s tummy growled and rumbled as she watched the chicks playing. She raised her head and looked over her shoulder guiltily. First right, then left and then right again. There was still no sign of Hen.

Now, cows don’t usually eat meat, but remember, anything can happen! Cow was so hungry that before she could think, she jumped up and started chasing after the little balls of yellow plumpness!

“Cow is playing catch with us,” peeped the chicks, falling over each other, legs in the air.

“But she is too slow,” they cheeped. Then they jumped up and ran through Cow’s legs to show how fast they were.

“Don’t tire out our friend,” Hen clucked at her brood before walking away to fetch more refreshments for Cow.

As soon as Hen was out of sight, Cow was after the chicks again, trying her best to catch at least one. But they scurried away, singing: “We turn on a dime and give you nine cents change. You can’t catch us even if you try. We turn on a dime and give you nine cents change. You can’t catch us even if you try.”

By the time Hen returned, Cow’s tongue was hanging out of her mouth, and in one big gulp, she swallowed the water Hen had placed in front of her.

“They are always under one’s feet. So playful,” said Hen. “But at least I know they are safe from the falcon, who is always watching from afar.” Hen nervously looked up at the sky and then smiled at Cow. “Thank you for keeping an eye on them while I was gone,” she told her friend.

Cow knew that this was not what had really happened, and although she felt bad, she only nodded tiredly. By now, she was faint with hunger. Running around after the chicks had used up all her energy.

After some time, Cow got up and said goodbye to Hen, wondering whether she would even be able to make the long walk back to her shed.

Cow stumbled into the shed just as the evening shadows started to stretch out on the floor. She was relieved to see a big pile of hay brought in by the farmer. And once she started eating, she couldn’t stop. She ate and ate and ate until she was so full that she floated right up to the moon like a big, patchy balloon. Because remember, anything can happen!

The three chicks scattered before Cow, peeping innocently: “We turn on a dime and give you nine cents change. You can’t catch us even if you try. We turn on a dime and give you nine cents change. You can’t catch us even if you try.” And they peeped and cheeped with laughter.

Just then, Hen returned with some water for Cow. She looked at the dust clouds hanging around her baby chicks.

“What’s going on?” Hen asked, smiling at the three chicks.

Get story active!

★ What is the most unusual thing you have ever eaten? Draw a picture of the food. Below the picture, describe the smell and taste of the food.
★ Write a new ending for the story. What would have happened if there was no hay for Cow to eat when she got home? Remember, anything can happen!
Go keteka dingwaga di le 10 ts'a monate wa leinane ta Nal’ibali, segolola setshwantsho se se fa fasse fano mme o se tsenye mebala. Ma foraleng ya sone, kwala mafoko a o akanyang ka one fa o akanyaka go buisa.

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


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A o ka kgona go kwala sentle ditlhaka tse di tlahakaneng go bona dilo tse Phama a ileng a di tseela dimo mo leinaeng tse Phama le tlahka ya mmidi?

Can you unscramble the letters to find the things that Phama took from the giant in the story Phama and the mealie pip?

TSANAKGE
TLOLETLO
NSEGA
PEDIMOO
TAGOU
BGA
USRERATE
OSEGO
RGESNI
LOGD

Nal’ibali e fano go go rotloetsa le go tshegets. Kgologanye le rona ka ngwe ya ditse la Nal’ibali is here to motivate and support you. Contact us in any of these ways:

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