This supplement is available in the following newspapers: Eyethu Umlazi, Eastern Cape Rising Sun and Polokwane Observer.
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 (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”!
Read the story to your child. Listen to your child read. Do the Get story active! activities. Anetshelani ṅwana waṋu tshiṱori. Vhalelani ṅwana waṋu tshiṱori. Get free books.

Ni sielisane musi ni tshi vhala tshiṱori. Vhalani ni ḓiḓowedze u anetshela

Ndi vhafhio vhane vha nga ita khumbelo?

Zwičiwo zwo dowelehwo, zwicikwo zwu vhoo, mahaya a vhana, gamma dza tshamukhona kana manwe mazidzanganano ake a tshuvuedza u vhala na nṱhwa a nga ita khumbelo. Ni fanele u rumela na vhuvirhi vhane ha tshuvuedza zwina zwu tshuvuedza u vhumbelo ya vhovhoveni a tshuvuedza. Mzidzanganano ake a tshuvuedza u thoma ndi ake lokhishini a mukhukhuni a mcyahayani a re kale-kule. Yani kwa www.biblionefsa.org.za/apply-for-books/ uri ni wane fomo ya u ita khumbelo.

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.

Who can apply?

Organisations in townships and informal settlements and those in deep rural areas will be considered first.

What happens when you apply?

If it is accepted, your books are packed and delivered to you.

What happens when you apply?

BiblionefSA evaluates your application. If it is accepted, your books are packed and delivered to you.

U ita meta musi ndi tshi ita khumbelo?

BiblionefSA and dzingulusa khumbelo yau. Arali ya tshangamwe, bugu dzaju dziko pakwana dza rumela kwa inwi.

Who can apply?

Who can apply?

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Ngweṇa dza tshiṭori
U wana dzibugu nga nyambo dzine ra dzį amba
Dušanka Stojaković u shuma kha New Africa Books, khamphani ya vhugandisi nga Afurika Tsipembe. "Thi ukuthi u shitsho ne zviri vino kubuchasa kana inosikidzera vwo vhu tshi vhalela, kana u sita ita ura ne zviri vino kubuchasa kana inosikidzera vwo vhu tshi vhalela, kana u sita ita ura ne dzibugu dzine ra dzį amba." Tho zi huku u mapete ne kwinga, u si mabati ne dzimwe makaya ne dzimwe kapapani, thi ukuthi u shitsho ne zviri vino kubuchasa kana inosikidzera vwo vhu tshi vhalela, kana u sita ita ura ne dzibugu dzine ra dzį amba.

1. Did someone tell you stories when you were a child? Yes, my father in the Serbo-Croat language.
2. Did someone read to you? The first book (my mother) read to us as a family was Heidi, 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. The first book [my mother] read to us as a family was Heidi, in English.
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.

Phama na thoro ya vhele
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 green dotted line.
4. Cut along the red dotted lines to separate the pages.

Phama and the mealie pip
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.

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

Phama na thoro ya vhele
1. Gerani ni pate nga vhukati kha matalo mudala u re na zvithoma uri ni ite bugu.
2. Vhaliro ri vhukati 7 na 8 ngumva ha manwe masiaṭari.
3. Petani mabammbiri nga vhukati kha matalo mudala u re na zvithoma uri ni ite bugu.
4. Gerani kha mitalo mitsiwiku i re na zvithoma uri ni faṅwekanye masiaṭari.
5. Vhaliro ri vhukati 11 na 12.
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.

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.

Zwane ha nga ambiau nga hawo: Ni humbula uri ndi ngawo zwi zwa ndeme u vhala na u uwaal nga ha vhutshilo ha vhathu u vhala u vha ita musihumo wa ndeme kha dhawazikela? Naa na vhutshilo ha muthu zwawe vuha vha vha tshi tshi tshi tshi tshi. Ndi nganina?

Ideas to talk about: Why do you think it’s important to read and write about the lives of people who played important roles in history? Can an ordinary person’s life also be an important story for others to read? Why?
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.
Nontsikelelo o vha e musidzana wa lunako na maanda, a re na ma'to a penyaho vhunga gunubu ntswo. O vha a tshi funa khaladzi awe muhulwane ane a pfi Mcengi. Mcengi o vha a tshi pandamedza khuhu dze dza vha dzi tshi pala-pala tsimuni ye Vho-Mme Monikazi vha vha vho ta'vha tshipinitshi na tshikwatshi zwine vha mutani wavho vha sevha ngazwo. Ntsiki o vha a tshi mu sala murahu nga u gidima musi milenzhe yawe i tshi khou di endela u kwatha.

Vho-Mme Monikazi vho vha vhe na muṅwe ṅwana wa mutukana ane a pfi Velaphi, na muṅwe ane a pfi Qudalele. Mafheleloni Ntsiki o vha na murathu ane a pfi Nomyaleko. Ntsiki mutuku o vha a tshi takula khaladzi awe musi a tshi lila nahone a mu sengenedza u swika a tshi sea.

Ntsiki o funza khaladzi dzawe na murathu awe u imba: “Khwatha lutshetshe. Vhuriha vhu do fhela hu si kale. Ivha na tshivhindi, lutshetshe. Ra farisana mutingati ri a khwatha!”

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!”
Itani uri tshiṱorí tshi nyanyule!

🌟 Olani tshiṱoryo tsha Phama na tsha ḽidyavhathu a tshiṱhu tshine tsha sumbedza vhuhulwane ha Lonjo ḽidyavhathu
🌟 Ishani logisja maipfi! Sedzani zwavhuṅi tshenetsheho tshiṱorí. Naa ni nga wana zwithu zwi Phama kan ḽidyavhathu a tshiṱhu a zwi nukhedza, u zwi vhona kana u zwi thelelela?
🌟 Humbulani Phama a tshi khou nwala kha dayari yaye ḽuwa ha gonya ngapo ntho ha vhle. Ni nga thoma nga heyi ntho; Dayari i Funwaho, ni ḽo mangala vhuhukuma anako nda ni vhudza zwo zwo ḽe pamus ... 

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 ... 

Phama and the mealie pip

Margot Bertelsmann • Chantelle Thorne • Burgen Thorne

Phama na thoro ya vhle

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

Hetshi tshiṱori tsho shandulwa u bva kha Phama na thoro ya vhele tsho gandiswaho nga Cadbury i tshi shumisana na Nal’ibali sa tshiṱjida tsha Cadbury Dairy Milk #InOurOwnWords initiative. Tshiṱori tshiṅwe na tshiṅwe tshi wanala nga nyambo dza fuminthihi dza tshiṱfisi dza Afurika Tshipembe. Utshi wane zwo engedzeaho nga ha Cadbury Dairy Milk #InOurOwnWords initiative titles iyani kha https://cadbury.one/library.html
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 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.

Phama had chopped it down, you see.

And so was the bag.
And the singer.
And the goose.

Even the mealie stalk was gone.
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.
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!”

Albertina a dzhena tshidimelani a livha Johannesburg. A renga yunifomo tshena yo lusishe, zwienda zwiswa zwa muvhala wa lutombo u re na luswiswi na bulupheni tswuku i penyaho. Ho vha hu tshi ḓa vhalwadze ḓuvha ḓoṱhe vhuongeloni. Musi vhana vha tshi lila, o vha a tshi imba a ri:

"Khwaṱha, lutshetshe. Vhuriha vhu ḓo fhela hu si kale. Ivha na tshivhindi, lutshetshe. Ra farisana mutingati ri a khwaṱha!"

Nga vhuṅwe vhusiku Albertina o vha a le hukone. Albertina i mbugunye, i tshepo, i tshimilelana, nanga zitho; mbehetho, mhlengi, mshathishwa.

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.
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.

Over 20,000 women, led by Lilian Ngoyi, Helen Joseph, Sophia Williams and Rahima Moosa, sent a clear message that they would not be silenced or have their freedom taken from them. They handed 14,000 petitions with 100,000 signatures to the prime minister's secretary and stood in absolute silence for 30 minutes. Then the women began to sing a song that had been written for the occasion.

"Wathint' abafazi, Wathint' imbokodo."

The message was clear: "Now you have struck the women, you have struck a rock.

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.

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/](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.
- 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.
Kale-kale, ho vha hu na Khuhu i re na zwikukwana zwi tshini, ye ya vha i tshi dzula tsumini nthihi na Kholomo.

Kholomo yo vha i tshi funa u enda i tshi fula musi i tshi khou budja tsumu u yo daleta khonani yayo, Khuhu. Fhedi zwi ifhinga zwo vha zwi tshi vho kondja. Mvula yo lenga u na uno iwa ha nahone ho vha ho ha sali hasti vhukuthu vhukuma. Kholomo yo vha yo farwa nga ndala khulwane lwe ya tshimibla nga u oungolwela yo lvha holokinyo na Khuhu. Rabulaso o vha o hangwa u renga furu.


Muso Kholomo yo shuvhama munzini wa muri muluhwane, wa kale wa mpusa, zwikukwana zwi tshi khou tamba-tamba nga henefti ho. Zwo vha zwo ndala, zwi na matehla wa tshala, u fana na mahunywa u mu- muebela e Kholomo ya vha i tshi a鹇ela u a vhona nga tshimbedzi.


Nga ndjvelo Kholomo a dzi ji nama, fhedi ni tshi hangwa uri hu nga itea naho tshi tshini! Kholomo yo vha yo farwa nga ndala lwe ya mbo di takaluka, ya thoma u pandamedza izwo zwikukwana zwo nonahi zwi tshala tsha tshini!

Itani uri tshitori tshi nanyule!

Ndidi nthiho tshitori tshi songo dwele lwe la fhikho andawo nga vhona nga tshumeli ya tshi na tshi ya? Olani tshifanyiso nga tshenetshe nthiha. Nga fha ha tshenetshe tshifanyiso, fha fhiho fha mulunkho na mupho ho wa tshenetshe nthiha.

Nwalanu magumo masiwa tshenetshe tshitori. Ho vha hu tshi di vha ho itea mini arali Kholomo i songo wana furu musi i tshi swika hayani? Ni songo hangwa, hu nga itea naho tshi tshini!
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!
1. U itela u pembelela minwaha ya 10 ya Nal’ibali ya modiho wa zwi’tori, gerani tshifanyiso tshi re afho fasit si tshi khalaje. Kha fureimi u mona na tshifanyiso, riwalani maipiri ane na a humbula musi ni tshi humbula nga u vhala.

To celebrate 10 years of Nal’ibali story power, cut out the picture below and colour it in. In the frame around the picture, write the words that you think of when you think about reading.

2. Naa ni nga vhekanya maqe’ere uri ni wane zwithu zve Phama a zwi dzhiha kha jidzvamhathu ijire kha tshi’tori Phama na thoro ya vhela?

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

SAGANATSHI

PBUMOLO

KWASE

IMBIMU

KUMUSU

BGA

USRERATE

OSEGO

RGESNI

LOGD

Nal’ibali 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