Whose story is it?

Many stories for children have been adapted over time from stories that were originally created for adults. In fact, it is translators who have often been responsible for crafting and reshaping these stories across time and space to suit their different audiences.

Think of Aesop’s Fables. These stories were told by Aesop who was a slave and storyteller in Ancient Greece in the 5th Century BCE. For centuries his stories moved across continents, and were told and heard in many languages. It wasn’t until 1484 that they first appeared in print – as stories for children, and in English! And even today new versions of these stories continue to be created.

Many famous fairy tales have different versions around the world. For example, across Africa and in Russia, France, Italy, Portugal, Appalachia, India and Japan, versions of the Grimm’s fairy tale, Hansel and Gretel are told and read. This is not unique. The history of children’s literature is a history of translation. It is through translation that stories from Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian and Asian languages have found their way into English. In South Africa, Pinocchio, originally written in Italian, has become Pinokiyo in isiXhosa and is now appreciated by children who do not necessarily know that the story came from Italy, a very different country.

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Ke pale ya mang?

Dipale se ngata tsa bana di nnile tsa fetolwa tsa ntlafatswa jwa ho nako e re tse etsema ho tswana dipaleng tse neng di qapetswe batho ba baholo. Ha se a bafelo le bao ba batalo hlopo le hore pale le dipaleng tse mena dinako ho di ntse di fetola ho dibokeng tse fapaneng ho tshwanela bamongamadi bama fapaneng.

Nahlana ka Ditshomo tsa Aesop (Aesop’s Fables). Dipale tse na di di phetwa ke Aesop ee o e neng e le lekgoba le mopheti wa dipale kwana Ancient Greece nakong tsa Mongwahakgolo wa bo5 BCE. Ka mengwahakgolo e mengata dipale tse hae di di tsa nna tsa tswana tsebalato ke kgadaphakganyana le dikontinente, mme di ne di phetwa le ho momelwaka ka dipupu tse ngata. Di ile tsa qala ho Ihlaleshla dingolweng ka selemo sa 1484 – jwaloka dipale tse bana, mme di ngotswa ka Senyesemane! Mme le kajeno dikgatsi tse njhla tsa dipale tse ka dipale le bana di ntse di tswela pale ho qaipula.

Ditshomo tse ngata tse tsevang di na le mafuta o le fetolelo le dipale tse ngata le fetolelo le dipale tse fapaneng. Lefatsheng ho hlahenna ho hlopo. Ho e tsa mohlola, Afrika yohle le lekgonto, Hantlentle, ke bafelo le bao ba batalo hlopo le hore pale le dipaleng tse mena dinako ho di ntse di fetola ho dibokeng tse fapaneng ho tshwanela bamongamadi bama fapaneng.

Dipole se ngata tsa bana di nnile tsa fetolwa tsa ntlafatswa jwa ho nako e re tse etsema ho tswana dipaleng tse neng di qapetswe batho ba baholo. Ha se a bafelo le bao ba batalo hlopo le hore pale le dipaleng tse mena dinako ho di ntse di fetola ho dibokeng tse fapaneng ho tshwanela bamongamadi bama fapaneng.
Nal'ibali news

Nal'ibali’s Holiday Programme was in full force during the July school holidays, spreading the message that reading is an enjoyable part of daily life. Our Literacy Mentors across the country set up holiday reading programmes that were designed to get children involved with stories and storytelling in fun and unusual ways.

Here are some of the things that inspired children and their caregivers!

At Nirvana Library in Polokwane, children enjoyed a programme of games, stories, reading and creative activities.

Over 50 children joined our holiday programme in Khayelitsha and enjoyed creative storytelling activities, like acting scenes and debating characters’ choices in the plots of different stories. Children were encouraged to choose and borrow books that interested them to increase the chances of them coming back for more!

We wanted to show children that reading can be fun. We focused on writing activities and gave children the chance to write their own stories in any of their home languages using magazine pictures – some of the children’s parents joined in too! The children also wrote and performed songs, and played traditional games.

I went to the waiting room of the Lower Cross Road Clinic in Langa and spoke to parents and other caregivers about the importance of stories for doing well at school. There was a lot of discussion and everyone asked lots of questions!

Ditaba tsa Nal’ibali

Lenane le Nal’ibali la Matsatsi a Phomolo le ne le sebetsa ka matla nakong ya phomolo ya dikolo ka Phupjiane, le hasa molaetoa o reng ho bala ke karolo e thabiseng ya bophelo ba kamehla. Batatasi ba Tsebo ya Ho Bala le ho Ngola (Literacy Mentor) naheng ka bophara ba ile ba hlophisa mananeo a ho bala a matsatsi a phomolo a neng a raletswere hore bana ba be le seabo dipaleng le ho pheteng dipale ka tsela tse nafetaneleng le tse sa twavelehang. Tsena ke tse ding tsa dintho tse lieng tsa kgotlaletsa bana le bahlolokomedi le bana! 

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Bana ba fetang ba 90 bo ile ba kenelela lenaneo la rona la matsatsi a phomolo mane Khayelitsha mme ba noloetse ka diketsahelo tse ho pheta dipala ka bopapapel, tse kag diketsahelo tse ho tshwanelela li ho ngangaana ka dikgetho tse baphethwe le dipaleng tse lepaleng. Bana ba ne la kgotlaletsetse nga le kgetho ho le adima dibuka tse ba kgatlhalog e le ho aketsa monyetlo woa here le ka kgetho he ho la bapsa tse ho platesho tsa bana le bala tse nga lesa.

Over 50 children joined the holiday fun at our outdoor holiday programme in Kliptown. They danced, wrote songs, played traditional games, and even took the cut-out-and-keep stories home to share with their families.

Bana ba fetang ba 90 bo ile ba kenelela monate we matsatsi a phomolo leenaneo la rona la ka mokalo la matsatsi a phomolo mane Kliptown, li ho baposho le bahlolokomedi, li ho nangagpa le bahlolokomedi baling mabapi ka bokeng le bahlolokomedi baling mabapi ka bokeng le bahlolokomedi, li ho nangagpa le bahlolokomedi.

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Thando Mkhoyi, Western Cape”

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Thando Mkhoyi, Kapa Bophirima”

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Bongani Godide, Gauteng”

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Bongani Godide, Gauteng”
What kinds of stories did you enjoy as a child? Which ones still shine in your memory? Think what you loved about them. These qualities are the kinds of things that children still enjoy today.

As a general rule, look out for:

- characters you admire, fall in love with and want to cheer for
- events that take you away from ordinary, everyday life
- stories about an exciting adventure or problem to solve
- language that is powerful and rich, and that helps you use your imagination
- a satisfying ending.

Be alert! Many of the great traditional stories contain stereotypes and prejudiced descriptions and/or illustrations of people according to gender, culture, class, race, ability and age. We don’t want to sanitise children’s story worlds, but we also don’t want to unthinkingly encourage prejudice. Look out for these things and change the story as you retell it. Good stories are worth adapting.

How to choose stories to read, tell and retell

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Get story active!

Here are some ideas for using the stories in this supplement. Choose the ones that best suit your children's ages and interests.

Tselane and the giant

Children from three years old are likely to enjoy this traditional South African story about a horrible giant that tricks a young girl.

After you have read the story, talk about some of these things.

- The story says that the giant was horrible and greedy. Do you think he was born that way, or did he become that way? If you think he became like that, what might have happened to make him like that?
- Do you think the sangoma should have helped the giant? Why or why not? What would you have said to the giant if he had asked for your help?
- What do you think of the plan the party hostess made to help Tselane? Are there other ways she could have helped Tselane?
- What do you think of the way the giant treated his family?
- Do you think the giant deserved what happened to him in the end? Why or why not?

Act out the story. Think about what kinds of voices to use for the giant's words when he is trying to trick Tselane, when he speaks to the sangoma and when he is angry.

There are more activities based on this story on page 16.

Too short

This is a story about a little girl who is too short to be able to see herself easily in the mirror! It is particularly suitable for very young children. You can also use the story with older children by letting them read it in their mother-tongue first and then in the other language of the supplement.

As you read the story together, do some of these things.

- Pages 2 and 3: Ask: “What do you think the girl is doing? Why?”
- Pages 4 and 5: Comment: “Look! She's tall enough to see in the mirror now!”
- Pages 6 to 9: Point to the girl’s eyes, ears, nose and mouth as you read. Ask: “Where are/is your eyes/ears/nose/mouth?”
- Page 10: Ask: “How do you think the girl feels? Do you ever feel like that?” (Point to the adult.) “Who is this?”

If you have photographs of your children when they were very young, spend some time looking at them together.

Encourage older children to draw a pictures of themselves when they were younger. Suggest that they write something to go with their pictures.

Koketsos’s party shoes

In this story Koketsos is trying to find a pair of special shoes to wear to her friend's party. Many people try to help her, but no one seems to have that perfect pair of shoes! Enjoy reading this story aloud or retelling it.

As you read or tell the story, encourage your children to join in when you say the sounds that the different shoes made.

Give your children paper and crayons/pencil crayons. Suggest that they draw a picture of a pair of shoes that they would like to wear on a special occasion.

Eba mahlahahla ka pale!

Era ke mehopolo e meng bakeng sa ho sebedisa dipale tse flatsetsong ena. Kegiilha tse tsamaelanang le dilemo le thahaseilo tsa bana ba hao.

Tselane le dimo

Bana ba dilemo tse qopho ho tse thoro ba ka mma ba bokhokonwana ke pale ya kgale ya Afrika Barwa e mobapo le lediimo le tshabehale le itleng tse qekhanyetsa ngwananyane e mopyane.

Ha o se o badile pale ena, busanang ka tse dineng tsa ditlo ea tsepeng.

- Pale e re dimo o ne a tshahetha e akle a mehoro. Na o nahana hore a ne o hhlohalo a le jwalo, ka pona o le fetefho a le bja jwalo. Haebra o nahana hore dimo a le o fetefho a le bja jwalo, na o nahana hore ke ene se itleng sa eela bhekho ho ma feteloa hore a le bja jwalo?

- Na o nahana hore ngaka ya mophetho e ka be e le ya thusa dimo? Hobaneng o riato? Wena o ne o fia reng ho tse hore haebra a ne o leka a le kopa bja?

- Na o nahana eng ka morero wa moga mokete wa ho phaloswa Tselane? Na ho no le ditseka tse dineng tse a ka beng a le a phaloswa Tselane ka tsema?

- Na o nahana hore dimo a tshwanelwa ke se so se mo Afrika Borwa e mabapi le laqepheng le tshabehang ho pale ena leqepheng la 16.

Too short

Ha ho le diketsahalo tse dineng tse thehiweng ho pale ena leqepheng la 16.

Ke mokgutshwane haholo

Era ke pale e mabapi le ngwananyane e mopyane ya le qopho mokgutshwane haholo hore a ka ipona ho bokholo sephiqisho! E lekote bana ba bokhoyane haholo.

O ka mma wa sebedisa pale ena hore ho le bana ba bokhoyane haholo ka hore ba e bale pale ka pue tsa bana tsa lopeng ebe e bale ka bale ke bape hu tse a le bale ka puo a pholose tse la re tshatsha.

How do you think the girl feels? Do you ever feel like that?

- Leqephe la 2 la 3: Botse: “Le na nahana hore ngwananyane e o etseang? Hobaneng?”

- Leqephe la 4 le 5: Tshwaela: “Sheba! O se a le molelele hoo a ka bonang ka sephiqisho!”

- Leqephe la 6 la 9: Supa mahlo a ngwananyane, ditsebe, nkie le molompo tsa ha ha o re ba pale. Botse: “Mahtlo/ditsebe/nkie/molompo tse mabo ho ha bale ho hanga!”

- Leqephe la 11: Botse: “O nahana hore ngwananyane e o kufwe sajwang! Na o ka o kufwe sajwang?”

- Haebra o ena le dinepe tsa bana ba ha hore ha se le bokhoyane haholo, gatlone ka etse a le etse se bokhoyane mophetho.

- Kgotsetsa bana ba bokhoyane ho tse dirishwahtho tsa bana tsa ba hore ba se le bokhoyane. Hlahisa hore ba ngale ho hang ho thamaelanang le ditshwahtho bana ba hore.

Dietsa tsa Koketsos tsa motshana

Paleng era Koketsos o leka ho fumanng dietsa le kgetsetse dibuka tse lekgelageng tse a ka di wadawng moketpaneng wa motswawa wa hae. Batlo ho bangata ho leka ho mo thuasa, empa ek correlated ya nang le die tse ba leka ho mo lekanang hantle! Neketla le bale pale ena le ho e ho phela hape.

Ha o re ba bala ka hore e ho tse pale ena, e leqephehadi le tse mafhepo e di etse a etse.

Ela bana ba hae maqephe le dikarenyana/eqalanele ho phela. Hlahisa hore ba tse ketswahtho sa dietsa tse baka hore ho tse tso hore ho dina hae ho ya moketpanang o kelethang.
Tselane’s mother always sings to her when she arrives home so that Tselane knows it’s safe to open the front door. But a horrible giant tricks Tselane into opening the door, then stuffs her into his sack and steals her away. Luckily for Tselane, the giant stops at a neighbour’s party to drink some beer. The hostess hears Tselane’s voice from inside the bag, and comes up with a wonderful plan to rescue the girl and punish the nasty giant!

This version of the traditional African story, Tselane and the giant, is retold by Joanne Bloch.

The giant was so pleased with himself that when he passed a party being held in a neighbour’s house, he decided to take a break to celebrate.

“Give me some beer!” he boomed at the hostess, placing his sack carefully next to him.

“Certainly,” she said, but while he was guzzling the drink down, she heard a sweet, sad voice coming from his sack.

“There’s someone in there!” the hostess said to herself. “We must help her!”

Nal’ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign to spark children’s potential through storytelling and reading. For more information, visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi.


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Tselane and the giant

**Tselane le dimo**

Joanne Bloch

Jiggs Snaddon-Wood

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Mme wa Tselane kamehla o mminela pina ha a fihla lapeng hore Tselane a tle a tsebe hore ho bolokehile ho bula lemati le ka pele. Empa ledimo le tubaheang le qhekanyetsa Tselane hore a bule lemati, mme le mo kena ka mokotleng le a mo utswe. Ka lebatho lela Tselane, ledimo lema le faphelela moketjane le mma la halletse ho ya nga. Monga mokete o ubole lebhe la Tselane ka hara mokotla, mme o tla ka lebhe la bohlale ho fotosa ngwanana eo le ho fa ledimo le kgopo kotlo’!

Tlhaloso ena ya pale ya kgale ya Afrika, Tselane le dimo, e phetwa haphe ke Joanne Bloch.

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Dimo o ne a thabile haholo hoo e itseng ha a feta moketjaneng o neng o tshwaretswe tlung ya moahisane e mong, a nka qeto ya ho kgefutsa hanyane mme a kgelohela teng ho ya keteka.

“Mpheng jwala!” a omanya monga mokete ka ntswe le makgerehla, a bea mokotla wa hae pela hae ka hloko.

“Ho lokile,” a araba, empa yare ha dimo a sa ntse a nwa mothamahane, mosadi eo a utlwa lentswe le lesesane le tshohileng le tswa mokotleng. “Ho na le motho ka mane!” mosadi eo a rialo a le mong. “Re lokela ho mo thusa!”
A long, long time ago, when giants roamed about and chickens talked, a poor woman lived with her daughter, Tselane, in a little house. Since she had nobody to look after Tselane, the woman was forced to leave the child alone when she went to plough her fields each day. Of course, Tselane’s mother wanted her to be safe, so every morning when she left home, she reminded Tselane never to open the door for anyone. And every time she came home, she sang this song to her, “Tselane, my child, Tselane, my child, come and open the door!” Then Tselane, who was waiting to hear her mother’s sweet voice, answered with her own little song. “Yes, Mama, I hear you! Yes, Mama, here I come!” she sang, unlocking the door with a big smile and hugging her mother tightly.

Turning to the giant, she said, “Please go and fetch me some water at the stream. In return I’ll give you a whole bucket of beer.”

“Ho ho!” said the greedy giant, grabbing the calabash she gave him. How could he know it had a little hole in it? At the stream, he tried again and again to fill it with water – but somehow, it never quite filled up.

Back at the house, the woman and her husband quickly helped Tselane out of the sack, and hid her in their house. Then they filled the sack with snakes, bees, lizards, wasps, crickets and frogs.
Too short is from the Rainbow Reading series by Cambridge University Press. Rainbow Reading is a graded series for primary schools. It provides a wealth of original stories and factual texts, which will help learners to develop the reading skills and vocabulary they need to meet the requirements of the curriculum – in all learning areas. Rainbow Reading consists of 350 titles which are grouped by level and theme.

For further information, visit www.cup.co.za

Nal’ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign to spark children’s potential through storytelling and reading. For more information, visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi
I can’t see me.

Ha ke ipone.

I can’t see me.

... but you will soon be tall.

... empda o se o tla ba molelele.
Two eyes to see.
Two ears to hear.

Mmelelo ya ka e mekgusiwane haholo.
My legs are too short.
Now you are small ...

Jwale o monyane ...
The giant felt very angry. He decided to go to the sangoma for help. “Eat this,” said the sangoma, giving him a piece of hot metal. “It will change the sound of your voice.”

The next day, when the giant sang to Tselane, his voice sounded sweet and beautiful. Thinking that her mother was home, the girl sang her song and joyfully opened the door. As quick as lightning, the evil giant seized her and threw her into a sack. Then he slung the wriggling sack over his shoulder and stomped off.

“Let me see you!” he growled, peering into the sack. But guess what? All the horrible creatures shot out and started stinging and biting him at the same time! Roaring, the giant leapt up and ran to the door, but it was locked. When he finally unlocked it, he ran screaming to the river and plunged his head into the muddy river bank. There he got stuck, and turned into a tree.

Look out for a tree with two trunks on the river bank – it is still there to this day. And as for Tselane, she was soon safely back home with her mother.

“E re ke bone!” a honotha, a nyarela ka mokotlong. Emph ba etsahalang? Dibopowa tsohle tse kotsi na tsa ka mokotlong mme tsa qala ho mo loma ka mako e le ngwe! Dimo a holetsa, a kwonya, mme a tloka ho ya tsa monyako, emph ba ne ho nletheleho. Eitse qetellong lemati la buleha, mme a nthaba ka moka a holetsa ho ya mokotlong mme a tloka ho ya kheso ho ya bloobo meting a seretse le lebopong la noka. Moo he a tshwaseha, mme a fetoha sefate.

O bokue sefase se nang le kutsa le pedi lebopong la noka – se tse se le teng moo le kajen. Mme ha e le Tselane yena, o ile a lgaletla habe ho mmene a bolokhalo.
One day, a horrible, greedy giant who lived close by heard the two singing to each other. “Mmmm,” he said, drooling and licking his lips, “that child sounds like a delicious, tender snack!”

A few days later, when the giant was particularly hungry, he trundled off to Tselane’s house. At the front door he took a deep breath, opened his mouth and sang, “Tselane, my child, Tselane, my child, come and open the door!”

But Tselane just laughed. “Go away!” she said. “Your rough, ugly voice is nothing like my mama’s beautiful voice!”

“Mmmm,” a rialo, a dutlisa diqhenqe a bile a itatswa melomo, “ngwana yane o utlwahala eka a ka latsweha ha monate ha ke mo ja!”

Matsatsi a mmalwa kamora moo, mohla ledimo le lapileng haholo, la hwanta ho ya habo Tselane. Lemating le ka pele la hula moya haholo, la bula molomo la qala ho bina, “Tselane, ngwanake, Tselane, ngwanake, tloo o ntlo mpulela lemati!”

Empa Tselane a itshehela. “Tsamaya!” a rialo. “Lentswe la Hao le makgerehla le lebe le ke ke la tshwana le la mme wa ka le monate!”

After a long time, the giant came back with a little bit of water. He flung the leaking calabash down, glared at the woman, grabbed his beer and the sack and stormed off, grumbling and rumbling. At his house, he dropped the sack and went inside.

“WHERE’S MY SACK?” shouted the giant. “Bring it immediately!”

Now, his wife rushed outside, but a snake darted out and bit her hand. “YAAAA!” she howled, running indoors. “YAAAA!”

By now the giant was fuming. “Get out!” he shouted at his family. He jumped up, grabbed the sack and locked the door.

“Ntlele le mokotla wa ka o ka ntle!” a kgaruma ha a bua le mora hae, empa ha moshanyana eo a phamola jwala ba hae le mokotla mme a leba hae, a ntse a honotha a tleleba. Ha a fihla lapeng la hae, a talhela mokotla fashe ka rtle mme a kena ka thung.

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“Tswang mona!” a kgaruma ha a bua le mora hae, empa ha moshanyana eo a phamola jwala ba hae le mokotla mme a leba hae, a ntse a honotha a tleleba. Ha a fihla lapeng la hae, a talhela mokotla fashe ka rtle mme a kena ka thung.

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“MOKOTLA WA KA O KAE?” ledimo la kgaruma ha a bua le mora hae, empa ha moshanyana eo a phamola jwala ba hae le mokotla mme a leba hae, a ntse a honotha a tleleba. Ha a fihla lapeng la hae, a talhela mokotla fashe ka rtle mme a kena ka thung.

“IJHUU!”

Jwale dimo o ne a se a balebithe ba lalentshe. “Tswang mona!” a kgaruma a omanya ba lelapa la hae. A tlola, a phamola mokotla mme a kena ka thung a xwala le hapsi.
A special little boy with autism

Hello! My name is Vincent! I am 5 years old. My birthday is on the 7th of August.

I am a wonderful, loving and fun little boy. I do get irritable, sad, impatient and frustrated sometimes because I cannot make people understand what I really want, but please be patient.

My mommy is writing the story even though I cannot read or write yet, nor can I pronounce enough words to make up a sentence.

If there is something I know, like or want, I point to the picture.

I love my books. I love to run my fingers through the pages, but one day I will be able to read them! I try to follow the letters and make sounds, like mumble the words. Some words I know and letters too.

Collette (and Vincent) De Brouwer

Friends

A happy little hippo
Blew water through his nose.
He is small next to his dad,
But not next to hare, I suppose.
He was playing by himself
When Mzee* came round the bend.
And do you know what happened?
Mzee is now his best friend.

Jaylee, Lemoensoek Primary School, Overberg
* Mzee is the name of an old tortoise.

Your story

Here are two pieces of writing that were sent to us. The first is a piece originally written in English by a mom about her son, Vincent. The second piece of writing is an Afrikaans poem about an unlikely friendship between two animals.

Dikohwana tse pedi tsa sengolwa ke tsena tseo re neng re di nomelitswa. Sekotwana sa pede sa ne se ngetswa sethathong ka puo ya Senyesemane ke mme a ngola ka mmera wa hae, Vincent. Sekotwana sa bobedi sa sengolwa ke thotokiso ya Afrikaans e mabapi le setswale se sa thwalethang pakeng tsa dipholofo tse pedi.

Moshanyana ya kgethehling, e monenyane ya nang le autism

Dumelang! Lebitso la ka ke Vincent! Ke na le dilemo tse 5. Letsatsi la ka ka tswala le ka la 7 Photo.

Ke moshanyana e monenyane ya ratshang, ya ratang ho bapala. Ka dinaka tse ding ke ye ke tenehe, ke Noname, ke Noko mammeloo le ho rileathana hohane ha ke le kgane ha eta hare batho ba nkutlwisa seo ke se botho, empo ka kopa hare le be le mammelo he. Mme wa ka a na le ha lla mme ke ma phumudisa mekago, e nakoletsela se molema mmoho le batho ba bang!

Mme wa ka o ngola pale ena leha nna ke eso tsbe le ho bala le ho ngola, estana le ho qapodisa matsiwse a lekanang ho ka bopa polelo e leletang.

Haeba ho ena le mho e ke e tsebang, ke e ratang kopa ke e botho, ke supa seetlwantsa ho yona.


Collette (and Vincent) De Brouwer

Metswalle

Kubu e nyane e thabileng
E butswela metsi ka nko.
E nyane pela nitata yona,
Empa eseng pela mmmula, mothomong.

E ne e papalla e le ngwe
Ha Mzee* a Hahela hukung e ngwe.
Na a o a tseba hare ho etshetseng?
Mzee jwale ke metswalle wa hae e moholo.

Jaylee, Sekolo sa Poraemari sa Lemoensoek, Overberg
* Mzee ke lebitso la kgudu e toleletseng.

Enjoy listening to stories in Sesotho and in English on Nal’ibali’s radio show:

Lesedi FM on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday from 9.45 a.m. to 10.00 a.m.
SAfm on Monday to Wednesday from 1.50 p.m. to 2.00 p.m.

Nal’ibali on Radio!

If you can, write a poem about your friend and send it to us! Use your imagination and your language skills to write a sentence in the language of your friend.

Nal’ibali Radiyong!

Natefelwa ke ha mame dipale ka Sesotho le English leleneng la radiyo la Nal’ibali:

Lesedi FM ka Mantsho, Labobedi le Labone ho Hoha ka 9.45 a.m. ho fihlela ka 10.00 a.m.
SAfm ka Mantsho ha tsao ka Laboraro ho Hoha ka 1.50 p.m. ho fihlela ka 2.00 p.m.
"Ow! Ow! Ow!" said Koketso.
Granny was busy at the stove and didn’t even turn around. "What is it, Koketso?" she asked.

"OWW! OWW! OWW!" shouted Koketso. "My feet hurt. My shoes are too small."
Granny turned and looked at her. "I can’t believe that, Koketso. Those shoes are almost new. Your feet can’t have grown so much, so quickly."

"Oh, Granny," said Koketso, "maybe they wouldn’t hurt so much if they weren’t so brown and ugly. Maybe if they were soft, pretty shoes with sparkles and a ribbon, then they would fit me nicely."

Granny turned back to stir her pot. "Maybe," she said.

"Please, Granny," said Koketso. "I can’t wear these ugly brown shoes to the party tomorrow."
"I see," said Granny, slicing the onions.
Koketso pulled her shoes off, then she went outside and had a little cry.
Old Uncle Koos came past with his shopping trolley. "What’s the matter, Koketso?" he asked.

"I’m going to my best friend’s birthday party tomorrow," said Koketso, "and I don’t have any pretty shoes to wear."

So Uncle Koos looked through all the stuff in his trolley, but all he could find was a pair of old takkies with holes in them.

"Sorry," he said. "I can’t help you, Koketso."

"Thank you for trying," sniffed Koketso.
Then the rubbish truck came by and stopped outside the house.

"Why the tears, Koketso?" asked the driver.

"Shame," said the driver. "All the shoes in my truck are mixed up with the rubbish. But I often see shoes in the rubbish bins – there must be a lot of people around here with shoes they don’t want. Why don’t you ask your friends?"

Koketso thought that was a very good idea. So she went to see her friend, Mrs Salmon.

"Hello!" she called out. "Mrs Salmon, I need some party shoes. Do you have any party shoes for me?"

Mrs Salmon came to the door holding a pair of shoes. "Here, Koketso," she said, "you can have these, but I’m afraid one of the heels is a bit loose."

The shoes were pretty and sparkly and Koketso thought they were beautiful.

"Thank you, Mrs Salmon!" she said. Koketso put the shoes on and did a little dance. But the loose heel wobbled a lot. Clack! It went as Koketso walked down the road, clackety-clack!

"Oh no," said Koketso. "I can’t go to a party in clackety shoes! So she gave the shoes back to Mrs Salmon and thanked her for trying to help.

"Why don’t you ask your cousin Pinky for some shoes?" suggested Mrs Salmon.
So Koketso did. "Hello!" she called at Pinky’s house. "Pinky, I need some party shoes. Have you got any party shoes for me?"

Pinky went to look in her cupboard. "Here you are, you can have these," she said to Koketso. The shoes had little red hearts all over them and each one had a big white bow. Koketso was very happy.

"Thank you, Pinky!" she said. She put the shoes on and did a little dance. The shoes were beautiful, but they did pinch her toes terribly.

"Ouch," said Koketso. "I can’t go to a party in pinchy shoes." So she gave the shoes back to Pinky and thanked her for trying to help.

"Why don’t you ask Auntie Shirley for some shoes?" suggested Pinky.
So Koketso did. But Auntie Shirley’s shoes were so big that she had to shuffle to keep them on – shuffle, shuffle, shuffle. So Koketso had to give them back.

Koketso went to see everyone she knew. And wherever she went, her friends gave her shoes to try on.

But none of them was quite right. Pumla’s shoes were so old that Koketso’s toes poked out and the soles flapped – flap flap flap flap. Mama Maloyi’s shoes had such high heels that Koketso kept falling off them and twisting her ankles. Old Mrs Naidoo’s shoes were almost perfect, but they had a horrible squeak. Squeak squeakety-squeak. Koketso just couldn’t find the party shoes she was looking for, so she went home.

She found Granny in the kitchen. "Oh, Granny," Koketso said sadly, "I’ve been all over and tried and tried, but NOBODY has party shoes for me!"

"And what’s wrong with those?" said Granny, pointing at a pair of shoes on the table. Koketso looked. The shoes were sparkly with pink ribbons.

Koketso put them on and danced and twirled around the kitchen. The shoes felt just right on her feet and they didn’t clack or shuffle or flap or squeak. "I love them, Granny," she said. "Where did you find them?"

"They are your brown-and-ugly shoes," said Granny. "While you were out a fairy came by and made them beautiful."

Koketso looked at the table and smiled. "Oui, Granny, that fairy was you!" she said.

"I can see your workbasket... and some glue... and some glitter! I know it was you!"

Granny just chuckled.

"I love you, Granny," said Koketso as she hugged her around the waist.

"And I love you, Koketso," said her granny. "I hope those shoes fit you better now."

"Oh yes," said Koketso, "they fit perfectly!"
"Tjhe bo." Ha rialo Koketso, "nike ke ya moketjaneng ka dieta tse twatlatshang!" Yabo a kgutlisetsa dieta tseo ho Mof Salmon mme a me leboa ka ho leka ho mo thusa.

"Hobaneng o sa kape motswalo Pinki hore a o fe dieta?" Mof Salmon a eletsa.


"Ke a leboa, Pinki!" a rialo. A rwa la dieta mme a tjho hanyane. Dieta tseo di ne di le re, empa di ne di me penya bahloho lehutse lembang meneheng mona.


"Hobaneng o sa kope Mmangwane Shirley hore a o fe dieta?" ha eletsa Pinki.

Yabo Koketso a otse jwalo. Empa dieta tsa Mmangwane Shirley di ne di le kgho hoo a neng a lokotsela fee ka hara tsosa. — shwalho, shwalho, shwalho, shwalho. Kahoo Koketso a tlamela ho a kgutlisetsa le tsona.

Koketso a ya ho batho bohlo ba bo ba tseng. Mme hloha mohlo ya ang Metswale ya hae e ne e mo nea dieta hore a letkanye.

Empa ho ne ho se na se tse mo lekanang hantle. Dieta tsa Pumla e ne e le tse kga lehoo lehutse ke meneheng mona disoli di ngamohile — phqap, phqap. Dieta mme Maleyo di ne e na le direthe tse phahameng hoo Koketso a neng a dula a ega meneheng nonysetse la. Dieta tsa Mof Naidoo di ne di ebo le kholo, empa di ne di ena le dumodo o mombe. Tswi-tswi-tswi. Hohang Koketso o ne a sa umane dieta tsa moketjana tseo a neng a di ebo, yabo o leka lapeng.

A fumana Nkgono ka kfi tenghnen. "Oh Nkgono," Koketso a rialo a hlonane, "Hae sale ke ya kwana le kwanana mme ka leka ho fee, empah HA HO MOTHO ya nang le dieta tsa moketjana tse tsetseletse." 

"Ebe ke eng e phoso ka tseo?" ha rialo Nkgono, a supile dieta tse tafolang. 

Koketso a di sheba. Dieta di ne di ne na le mabenane le dirinbene tse pinki.

Koketso a di rwa le kale ka tjho a potsho ka kfi tenghnen. Dieta di ne di ne di leka hantle feele mme di ne di se le twatlatseho ka hantle ka hantle ka hantle ka hantle.

"Ke a di rata, Nkgono," a rialo. "O di fumane kae?"

"Ke dietsa tsa hao tse mpe tse soothing," Nkgono a araba. "Ha o ntse o tsamaile ho li e ha lla mofumahadi wa khaloloh e bohlo bo bo bohlo." 

Koketso a sheba tafolang mme a bosesela. "Hoa, Nkgono, mofumahadi eo ke wena!" a rialo. "Ke bona seroto sa hao sa dinalele .. le sekomari .. le mabenane! Ke a tseba hore ke wena!"

Nkgono a tshelha ka rarameng.

"Ke a o rata, Nkgono," ha rialo Koketso a haka nikongo theng. 

"Ke a o rata, Nkgono," ha rialo Koketso a haka nikongo theng. 

"Ke a o rata, Nkgono," ha rialo Koketso a haka nikongo theng. 

"Ke a o rata, Nkgono," ha rialo Koketso a haka nikongo theng. 

"Ke a o rata, Nkgono," ha rialo Koketso a haka nikongo theng.
Do you enjoy reading and telling jokes? Here are some school jokes for you to enjoy. After you’ve read them, try writing your own joke. Brighten up someone else’s day by telling them your joke!

Teacher: Can you tell me something important that didn’t exist 100 years ago?
Child: Me!

Teacher: I’ve lost my dog!
Child: Have you tried putting a message on the Internet, Miss?
Teacher: Don’t be silly! My dog never reads emails!

Teacher: I thought I told you to stand at the back of the line?
Child: I tried, but there was someone there already.

Teacher: Please don’t whistle while you are working.
Child: But I’m not working – I’m just whistling!

Teacher: Where’s my sack?
Child: It’s right here on this table.
Teacher: Ke la lekile, empa ho ne ho se ho ena le motho mma.

Get your copy of our special International Picture Book Month edition of the Nal’ibali reading-for-enjoyment supplement in the week of 8 November 2015!

Visit our mobisite for stories in 11 languages: www.nalibali.mobi

WHERE’S MY SACK?
MOKOTLA WA KA O KAE?

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