Explore the world through books

Have you noticed how naturally curious children are? Given the chance, they will ask question after question! Use books to help them discover answers to their questions and to explore different topics together – you’ll find yourself asking questions too and you’ll learn things together.

Different kinds of books explore topics in different ways. Here are a few examples.

**Realistic stories** focus on real-life problems which the characters have to solve, like how to stop someone from being bullied or how to escape a fire.

**Biographies** tell the stories of real people, like pop stars or famous scientists. These books are written by authors who have spent time finding out about someone else’s life.

**Traditional stories** tell tales with a message or moral, like how we should treat the earth and one another.

**Information books** contain information and facts, for example, about the beliefs, rituals and practices of different religious groups, or how stars and planets are formed.

When you read storybooks, you usually start at the beginning and read through to the end so that you get the whole story! Information books work differently. Here are some ideas on how to share them with children.

**On the cover.** Read the title and draw children’s attention to the pictures on the cover. Can they use these to predict what the book is about? Find the author’s name together – this helps to remind children that all books are written by real people!

**What's inside?** Look at the contents page at the beginning of the book to help you choose sections that grab your children’s interest.

**Start, stop and skip.** Start by reading the part of the book that most interests your children. If you’ve found the information they were looking for, or if they ask new questions, or if something else in the book interests them more, stop reading and skip to another part.

**Different types of information.** Spend time looking at and discussing pictures, photographs, maps and diagrams together – they offer as much food for thought as the words on the page.

Whatever books you choose to explore with your children, enjoy the journey of discovery together!
**Story stars**

**A passionate literacy warrior**

Nal'ibali Literacy Mentor, Madoda Ndlakuse, is passionate about stories! He is a well-known storyteller and literacy activist and an author too!

Madoda took part in the book-creation event run by Book Dash in Grahamstown in November 2016. At Book Dash’s book-creation events, volunteers get together to create books for children in about 12 hours!

At the Grahamstown event, Madoda worked with illustrator, Syasanga Madyibi, and designer, Vuyisa Ngqaweni, to produce an isiXhosa children’s storybook called ukuthako weNal’ibali neNkulukhu. See pages 5, 6, 11 and 12 for the isiXhosa bilingual cut-out-and-keep version of this book! We chatted to Madoda about his involvement in this event and about the importance of stories.

**How important are children’s stories to you?**

I am deeply in love with writing and telling children’s stories. It is my calling!

**How important are stories in children’s development?**

Stories teach our children new phrases, help them to become skilled readers and enrich their vocabulary. When children grow up reading stories, it helps them build confidence in their abilities.

**Did you have to write a story especially for the Book Dash event in Grahamstown?**

I already had four stories completed and ready to go. I write because there is something inside me that drives me to pick up a pen and put something on paper.

**What language do you write in?**

I write in my mother tongue, isiXhosa.

**What was the Book Dash experience like?**

Quite a lot of wonderful things happened on that day! When I write, I don’t plan how many words or paragraphs, a chapter or story will have. I just write and write and write! At the event, we were told about the number of pages that our books could be. It became clear that what I had written, write and write and write! At the event, we were told about the number of pages that our books could be. It became clear that what I had written, needed to be reduced and some of the characters needed to be left out!

As a book-creation team, we discussed which characters needed to stay and which ones had to go. We also decided together on the number of pictures we would have. And we did all of this in a very short space of time! We worked very hard, but it was very exciting because we were working on something that I loved and wanted to feel proud of.

**Why does the language we use in children’s books matter?**

An experienced editor, Linda Nelani, was part of our book-creation team. She patiently taught me that we need to spell words correctly and make sure that sentences are written correctly. Authors cannot just write in any way they want to, otherwise the readers of their books might not understand what that sentences are written correctly. Authors cannot just write in any way they want to, otherwise the readers of their books might not understand what that sentences are written correctly...

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When you ask children to write book reviews, it is a great way to get them to connect with what they read, to think critically about it and to express their opinions. What’s more, writing and sharing book reviews encourages children to communicate with each other about what they are reading.

Here are some ideas of how to use book reviews in your classroom and at your reading club.

- Encourage children to write down their opinion of a book they have read. Remind them that not everybody enjoys reading the same type of books or books by the same authors.

- Good book reviews help people decide whether they want to read the book or not. In their reviews, the children should therefore give the basic story outline, but not give too much away about the story!

- Reviews can be long or short, and can also include drawings of parts of the book by the reviewer.

- You can use the children’s book reviews to start conversations about books. Keep the reviews in a special folder that the children can refer to, or display them on a notice board or wall of your classroom or reading club venue. You could also attach a plastic pocket to the inside of books for children to place their reviews in.

- Remind the children to always write the title of the book, the author’s name and their own name on their review. They should also include the illustrator’s name, if there are pictures in the book.

- Sometimes children need a little help with what to put in a book review. Try giving them some of these sentences to complete:

  - This story is about …
  - The main characters are …
  - My favourite part of this book was …
  - When … I felt …
  - I really liked/I really didn’t like … because …
  - My favourite character was …
  - You should read this book because …
  - My rating for this book is:

Make reading for enjoyment part of your school! For more information and guidance on how to do this, go to www.storypoweredschools.org.

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Title: The mermaid’s purse
Author: Jude Daly
Illustrator: Magriet Brink
Reviewer’s name: Siphokazi Nali

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**Get creative!**

Here are some fun activities to grow your children’s creativity and encourage them to have fun with reading and writing.

After you have read The fish and chicken's wedding (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12), discuss with your children who their favourite character in the story is. Encourage them to say why this character is their favourite. Then suggest that they try writing their own story using their favourite character as the main character.

**Champion of the night** (pages 7–10), is a story about courage and compassion. After you have read the story, spend time discussing these concepts with your children. For example, you could ask:

- Ryan says that being brave is doing something even when you are afraid to do it. Do you think he’s right?
- Can you remember a time when you acted bravely, or you wished you had been braver?
- Ryan stood up for David even though David wasn’t popular. Do you think that’s a difficult thing to do? Why/why not?
- Have you ever had to stand up for yourself or someone else?
- What happened?
- The story is called Champion of the night. Who do you think the Champion of the night was?

**16 October is Dictionary Day. To celebrate this day, try one or more of these ideas with your children.**

- **Warm up:** Get used to using a dictionary by asking everyone to think of one of their favourite words and to then look up the meaning of the word. Follow this up by taking turns to close the dictionary and then let it flip open. Read the first word (and its meaning) you see when you flip it open.

- **Have a word race:** Choose any word in your dictionary and then let the children race to see who can find it first in their dictionary. If you’re doing this with groups of children, they can work alone or in pairs. The first child (or pair) to find the word, should read out the definition. They then get to choose the next word that everyone will search for.

- **Make up new words:** Challenge each of your children to make up a few new words and definitions. Let them write these words and definitions on small pieces of paper, and display them on the fridge, wall or door. Have fun making up sentences with these new words in them – or using them in everyday conversation!

**Famous South African storyteller and author, Gcina Mhlophe, celebrates her birthday on 24 October. Spend time on or near this date honouring this great South African talent by reading her stories or finding out more about her on the Internet. Watch her tell a story on YouTube, or you can read her story, Sisanda’s imagination, on the Nal’ibali website (www.nalibali.org) or mobisite (www.nalibali.mobi).**

Read the story, The leopard, the otter and the mouse (page 14), for a second time. As you read, invite your children to join in the actions, like the game of “loose and tight”, or when Leopard tries to grab Mouse.

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On her way home, she met Gusha Bhoqo. As soon as she saw the kind sheep, she poured out her heart to him. She told him about what Elephant had said to her. Gusha comforted the chicken and he was even able to make her smile a little.

Then Gusha invited Cikizwa to have supper at his home. They had tasty samp, cooked with beans for supper. Afterwards, Cikizwa danced joyfully with the Gusha family as the music played. She danced so much that she sent the dust flying and forgot all her troubles!
There once lived a chicken, called Cikizwa, who was an orphan.

Ho kile ha e ka le kgoho e itseng, e bitswang Cikizwa, e neng e le kgutsana.

Once the rain stopped, beautiful, colourful flowers appeared and there was a cool breeze. Cikizwa was out enjoying the sunshine when she saw Elephant limping along and crying loudly. Kind Cikizwa quickly called an ambulance. When the ambulance arrived, Elephant got the help he needed. His leg was bandaged and he was given an injection to help with the pain. As soon as Elephant started to feel better, he thanked Cikizwa for her kindness. Then he said, “Cikizwa, my child, never change who you are. Keep on respecting and loving everyone.”

Now, in the place where Cikizwa lived, there was a cruel elephant. Elephant often said really unkind things to Cikizwa to try and make her unhappy.

One morning, when Cikizwa greeted Elephant, he snubbed her and said, “Ha, ha, ha! Go away, you orphan! What do you want from me? You’re so skinny. It’s as if you haven’t had enough mealies to eat!” Cikizwa was heartbroken.

Jwale, tulong eo Cikizwa a neng a dula ho yona, ho ne ho ena le tlou e kgopo. Tlou o ne a dula a bua dintho tse mpe ho Cikizwa ho leka ho mahlama.

Tsatsing le hlahlamang pula ya na ya ba ya na. E ile ya tsholoha hoo diphoofolo tse ngata di ileng tsa hoholwa ke noka e haufi. Cikizwa o ne a bolokehile hokwaneng ya hae hobane ntatae o ne a ile a hlalefa a aha foro haufinyane e le hore hoko ya hae e se ke ya tlala metsi. Empa Cikizwa o ne a ntse hloname ka lebaka la se etsahetseng ho metswalle e meng ya hae.

Hang ha pula e emisa, dipalesa tse ntle, tse mebalabala tsa hlaha mme hwa ba le moya o fokang o phodileng. Cikizwa o ne a tswile ho ya natefelwa ke letsatsi ha a bona Tlou a qhiletsa mme a bokolla haholo. Cikizwa ya mosa a bitsa ambulense.

Ha ambulense e fihla, Tlou a fumana thuso eo a neng a e hloka. Monoto wa hae o ne o tlanngwe ka dibandetjhe mme o ne a hlabilwe sepeiti bakeng sa ho mo thusa ka mahlaba. Eitse hang ha Tlou a qala ho ikutlwa eka o a fola, a leboha Cikizwa ka mohau wa hae. Yaba o re, “Cikizwa, ngwanaka, o se ke wa fetoha seo o leng sona. O tswele pele ho hlompha le ho rata batho bohle.”
A few kilometres down the road and it was my turn to be dropped off. Alone, in the dark, I hunkered down and hugged my knees. I knew about this part of camp. My older brother, Wesley, had told me about it. He’d done it when he was in Grade 7. He’d taught me how to handle it.

How was David coping? I wondered. David was a new boy. He’d just arrived from America. He’d never been out of the city. He’d never been to Africa. He’d never been into the veld. He was scared of spiders and bugs. Brandon and Vusi had told him that lions and rhinos still roamed wild at the camp site. And I knew he believed them. When they told him that spiders as big as plates jumped out of trees at night, I thought David was going to throw up he looked so scared.

David walked to the open door like a man going to the executioner. At the door he paused, and I thought he was going to turn back, but then he jumped down into the road and crouched there as we drove away.

David a leba monyako o butsweng jwaloka monna ya iswang phanyehong. Ha a fihla monyako a emisa, mme ke ne ke nahana hore o tla kgutla, empa a tlolela ka ntle tseleng mme a kgumama moo ha rona re feta.
Every year our class goes on an adventure camp. We learn about hiking, and about how to rock climb, start a fire without matches, identify different kinds of birds, and how to look after the environment. This year I learnt something I will never forget. I learnt what it means to be really brave. It started with a game called, Champion of the Night.

On the second evening, when we'd had our sausages and baked beans, and washed our plates and cups, Mr Ndolo called us together and told us all to get into the bus. We were very excited. But we didn't know what lay in store for us.

“You’ll learn more about yourself in these twenty minutes alone in the dark, in the wild, than you will all year in the classroom,” Mr Ndolo said as we drove away from the camp site into the black, black night.

“It’s perfectly safe. There are no wild animals. When we drop you off, stay where you are, relax and enjoy the silence.”

“You’re dropping us off, alone?” squealed Meryl. “But I didn’t bring my torch,” called Marcus. “Can we go back and fetch it, Sir?”

Across the campfire David lifted his head for the first time that night. He caught my eye, and I knew that I was looking at the bravest of us all, wet tracksuit pants and all.

Ka ngane ho mollo David a phahamisa hlooho ya ha lekgetlo la pele bosiang boo. A fumanaka ke mo shebile, mme ke ile ka tsha hore ke shebana le motho ya sebete ho re feta kaofela, leha borikgwe ba haso bo le metsi.
I pulled in next to him. The bus started.

“How was it?” I asked.

“Ok.”

It was then that I noticed David’s tracksuit pants. He’d wet himself.

The next to me, hunched on the seat, I could feel the new boy, David, trembling as the bus stopped and dropped off Marcus. We looked back and watched Marcus standing on the dirt road, getting smaller and smaller as we drove away.

A kilometre on it was Jenny-Lee’s turn, then Joe, then Will. Pumla and Daisy decided to stay in the bus, and we all teased them, but they didn’t seem to mind.

“Right, David,” Mr Ndolo said, as the bus stopped for the fifth time. “Your turn.”

I could feel the small American boy’s fear as he got up. His face was white. His hands clenched in tight fists.

“Watch out for lions,” roared Brandon from two rows back.

“And rhinos,” scoffed Vusi. “Africa is wild and dangerous.”

“Be quiet, you two,” ordered Mr Ndolo, “or I’ll make you both walk home.”

“We’re not scared,” scoffed Brandon.

“Take no notice of  them, son,” Mr Ndolo said to David. “It’s perfectly safe. We’ll be back to pick you up in twenty minutes.”

David just sat there, looking smaller and more miserable. He looked ashamed of  himself.

And then I knew what I had learnt during Champion of the Night. I put up my hand.

“Yes, Ryan,” said Mr Ndolo. “What did you learn?”

“Sir, I learnt that being brave doesn’t mean not being afraid. A really brave person is someone who is very, very scared, and who does the thing they are scared of, right through to the end, without complaining or making a fuss.”

David a dula feela moo, a shebahala a le monyane a sulafaetswe ho feta. O ne a bonahala eka o swabile.

Mme ke ne ke tseha hore ke ithutile eng ka Mampodi wa Bosiu. Yaha ke phahamisa lelolo.

“Wena, Ryan,” ha riao Mong Ndolo. “O ithutile eng?”

“Monghadi, ke ithutile hore ho ba sebete ho ho bolele hore o keke wa tshaba. Motsho ya hileng a le sebete ke motho ya tshabang haholo, mme a e tsa yona nho eo a e tshabang, a e tsa ho fihela getello, ntle le ho tleleba kapa hona ho ifatatlerietsa.”

Selomo le selemo tlelase ya rona e ya kampong ya tsibollo. Re ithuta ka ho hlwa thaba, le ka mekgwa ya ho palama mafika, ho besa mello ntle le ka thuthwana tsa molo, ho hlwana mefuta e fapaneng ya dinonyana, le tla tsa ho hlwana hoko tshibollo. Selomong sena ke ithuti ho hong hoo nlekeng ka ho lebala. Ke ithuti le bolelwang ho ka ba sebete e le ka le le. Sera se qadile ka papadi e bitswang Mampodi wa Bosiu.

Bosiang ba bobedi, ha re qetile ho ja diboroso le dinawa tsa ke makotikoting, mme reˁ slatiswe dijana le mabeke, Mong Ndolo a re bita kaofela mme a re bolela hore le palame bese. Re ne re thabile haholo. Empe re ne re sa tseh se re emetseng pelo moo re yang.

“Le tla ithuta haholo machapi le bopho le bona mensotsoneng era e mashorne a mabeke le ha dute le le bang lefisiqo, nabheng, ho feta kamoo le ka ithuntang selemo sohle ka tlasiseng,” ha riao Mong Ndolo ka bese e tloha setsheng sa kampao e kekana horo bosiu ho bosuboshobo.

“Ho bokolehele haholo. Ha ho na diphopoho tse haha mona. Ha re le theola, le dule moo le sunwang tserg, le qhanolle mme le natefeleke ke kgotso.”

“O do re siya re le bang?” ha holetsa Meryl.

“Empe ha ke a tla le totjhe ya ka,” ha riao Marcus.

“Na re ka kgutlela mona re e late, Monghadi?”
“The whole point of the exercise,” said Mr Ndolo, “is to experience being all alone, at night, in the veld. You’ll be surprised at how much you learn about yourself.”

At the front of the bus, Pumla and Daisy were looking scared stiff. “Do we have to do it, Sir?”

Mr Ndolo patted Daisy’s shoulder. “Of course you don’t have to. It’s voluntary. But I would encourage you all to give it a try.”

“I’m not scared,” called Vusi, from the back of the bus.

“Lebakabaka la ketso ena,” ha rialo Mong Ndolo, “ke ho uthwa hore bo jwang bo ba mong, bosiu, nabeng. O la makala ke se o tang ho ithuta sona mabapi le botho ba hao.”

Ka pelepele beseng, Pumla le Daisy ba ne ba shebahala ba tshohile haholo. “Na re tla'chile ho etsa see, Monghadie?”


“Nina ha ke a tshohee,” ha bua Vusi, a le moraaraa beseng.

Later we all round the fire drinking hot cocoa and toasting marshmallows.

“Let’s talk about this exercise,” said Mr Ndolo. “What did we learn?”

“I learnt that I’m never doing that again,” laughed Claudette. “I was so scared.”

“Me too,” said Pumla. “I hated it. Next time I am so taking a torch with me.”

“You didn’t even get off the bus,” laughed Will. “Why were you scared?”

“How about you, Brandon,” asked Mr Ndolo. “How did you cope?”

“I wasn’t scared.”

“You’re so brave, Brandon,” said Claudette. “You’re so lucky.”

Brandon pulled back his shoulders. “I could have stayed there all night,” he said. “It didn’t bother me.”

“Me neither,” interrupted Vusi. “If a lion had come along, I would just have wrestled it to the ground with my bare hands.”

Everyone laughed, and some people looked over at David because they knew Vusi was saying it to tease him.
Their wedding day arrived. The sun was blazing hot.

What a wonderful wedding it was! The animal choir sang beautifully. Iguanas, whales, crocodiles, seals, sharks, dolphins, sheep, cattle, dogs, antelopes, hares, porcupines, water snakes and other animals all sang together:

“It is enjoyable here at the wedding of the fish.
It is enjoyable here at the wedding of the chicken!”

One day Cikizwa was out looking for food when she saw a mole coming out of his hole. She started speaking to the mole, but he ignored her. Tears poured down Cikizwa’s face as she wept bitterly, and so the mole apologised for hurting her feelings.
Gumbi and Cikizwa got to know each other and quickly became friends. Cikizwa even decided to stop eating fish out of respect for Gumbi.

Some of the other animals laughed at them and said, “How can a fish and a chicken be friends?”

But Gumbi and Cikizwa didn’t care. They became even closer. Gumbi taught Cikizwa how to swim and dive, and Cikizwa taught Gumbi how to scratch in the sand for food.

Eventually Gumbi asked Cikizwa to marry him. Cikizwa agreed immediately. Together they decided to have their wedding the following Saturday at a place that they both loved near the river.

Then he bought some cool drink and scones. They ate and drank them together and then they both felt much happier.

From that day on, the mole and Cikizwa became great friends. The friends often hugged each other tightly. They loved and looked after each other.

Yaba o reka senomaphodi le disekone. Ba ja le ho rwa mmoho mme ba ikutlwa ba thabile ho feta pele.

Ho loha letsatsing leo, kgwiti le Cikizwa ba eba metswalle e mholo. Metswalle ena e ne e dula e hakana ka thata. Ba ne ba ratana mme ba hlokomelana.
Dear Nal’ibali …
Nal’ibali ya ratehang …

WRITE TO US!
RE NGOLEX!
The Nal’ibali Supplement
The Nal’ibali Trust
Suite 17–201, Building 17
Waverley Business Park
Wycroft Road
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Dipotsa tse mmalwa ke tsena tseo ba bang bo ba FUNdla Leader ba Nal’ibali ba re rolemetse ngotse – esitana le diketeleto tsa rona bo hana.

• Batho ba bangota metwana wa hena bo ba banteleke ka ho bala le ho ngola. Ebe nka etso eng?

Do you have questions about how to encourage reading and writing in your community? Nal’ibali will answer them for you! Email your questions to info@nalibali.org or phone our call centre on 02 11 80 40 80.

Nal’ibali e dula le e le mono a ho tsehetsela! Ho fumana tsehetsela le kgophalele le boFUNdla Leader ba bang, iketsetsa profitse a hoxa ya Nal’ibali Leader le mobisate wa Nal’ibali (www.nalibali.mobi).

• Ke na le matshata o ho kopo nenyela bakeng sa bana bo mase wa heso wa hene bo tse bo basetswana ka ho bala. O ka nakelela ka eng?

Nal’ibali is always here to support you! To get support and encouragement from other FUNdla Leaders, create your own FUNdla Leader profile on the Nal’ibali mobile site (www.nalibali.mobi).

• If you ever feel alone or demotivated, remember that Nal’ibali and other FUNdla Leaders have sent us – as well as our advice to them.

Please help!
You can always find free, fun stories in all South African languages on our website (www.nalibali.org) if you run out of books to read.

• The children I know, don’t like to read. They prefer social media. How can I get them reading?

You can use this to your advantage. Many of the Nal’ibali reading resources, like stories and rhymes, can be found online and are also shared on our Facebook page.

Encourage children to write stories. They can then submit them online on the Nal’ibali website (www.nalibali.org) or post them on their own Facebook pages. Also encourage them to share information on their Facebook pages about books they have enjoyed reading. In this way, they will get responses from their friends about their stories and the things they enjoy reading – and it may motivate even more children to do the same too!

• How do I remain positive?

Look for the small, positive changes that are happening around you. Notice the children’s progress with reading and writing, and with telling stories. Also, attend workshops wherever you can and find support from other community members.

If you ever feel alone or demotivated, remember that Nal’ibali and other FUNdla Leaders are simply a click away. Create your FUNdla Leader profile on the Nal’ibali mobile site (www.nalibali.mobi). Simply click on “Register” to connect directly with Nal’ibali and other FUNdla Leaders. Together, we can inspire and support each other!

Here are a few questions that some of the Nal’ibali FUNdla Leaders have sent us – as well as our advice to them.

• Many people in my community don’t show much interest in literacy. What can I do?

One of the roles of a FUNdla Leader is to engage with community members and parents. By demonstrating to them how reading clubs work and how storytelling works, you will slowly but surely grow their interest in reading and writing. Remember that change sometimes takes a little time, but it is individuals like you who are making it happen!
The leopard, the otter and the mouse
Retold by Wendy Hartmann  Illustrations by Mieke van der Merwe

Once, a very long time ago, all the animals were thin. This was because there was not enough food to eat.
But Otter, his wife and all his children were quite fat. They didn't seem to be hungry at all. You see, Otter was very, very clever. He had found a shallow lake full of fish, but he told no one. Every morning he went to the lake and brought back just enough food for himself and his family.

Leopard was thin and hungry. He was always looking for something to eat. One day, he saw Otter and noticed how fat he was.

"Mmmm," said Leopard. "What is going on here? I think I should watch this otter."

So, the next morning he hid himself in the long grass near Otter's house and waited. At last Otter came along. He walked quite slowly, carrying a basket which seemed to be very heavy. Leopard sprang out of the long grass.

"WHAT have you got in that basket?" Leopard shouted.

"Oh! Ummm ... firewood! I'm carrying firewood back to my home," said Otter. But he had forgotten that Leopard had a very good nose that could smell EVERYTHING.

"Oh no," growled Leopard, "I can smell fish and I am going to eat it all."

Otter knew he was too slow to get away from Leopard, who was a very fast runner. But Otter was VERY clever.

"Okay," said Otter. "Let's sit down under this shady tree." They sat down and Otter suggested, "Why don't you make a fire while I go to my house to fetch some salt, pepper and oil, then we can have a delicious meal together."

"Good idea," said Leopard jumping up to search for dry wood for the fire. So, Otter went off to his house. Soon he was back with the salt, pepper and oil. He also brought a long piece of strong rope. He put everything on the ground, and began frying the fish.

"Leopard," he said, "while we are waiting for the fish to cook, let's play a game. We'll use this rope. We'll tie each other to the tree. You may tie me up first. When I say, 'LOOSE', you must tighten the rope. When I say, 'TIGHT', you must loosen the rope."

Now, that was the wrong way round. Everyone knows that tight means tight and loose means loose. But Leopard was hungry. He thought the game would make the time pass more quickly until the fish was cooked.

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"Good idea," said Leopard.

Otter stood with his back to the tree. "Okay, ready, LOOSE!"

Leopard jumped up and tied Otter to the tree. After a while Otter shouted, "TIGHT!" and Leopard unfastened the rope to set Otter free.

"Now, Leopard, it is your turn," said Otter.

Leopard sat with his back against the tree and called out, "LOOSE!

Otter quickly tied Leopard tightly to the tree. After a little while, Leopard shouted, "OKAY, TIGHT!" But instead of playing the game the way he had explained it, Otter tightened the rope around Leopard. He tied it so tightly that Leopard could not get free.

"Come on!" shouted Leopard. "I'm tired of this game now."

Otter just laughed. He sat down at the fireside and ate his meal. When he had finished, he packed up the rest of the fish for his family, and went home.

Leopard roared and roared and roared. "HEEEEEEEE!" For the rest of the day and the whole of that night, Leopard called out for someone to help him. No one came.

Now, luckily for Leopard that is not the end of this story. In the morning, he roared again. "HELP! HEEEEEELLLLLPPP!!"

This time, Mouse came by and saw Leopard.

"What are you doing there, tied up to that tree?" asked Mouse.

"I was playing a game of loose and tight with Otter and he just left me here to starve," said Leopard. "Please, please set me free. You have such sharp teeth and you could nibble through the rope quickly."

Mouse felt sorry for Leopard, but he knew that if he let Leopard go, he would be eaten. "I'm not sure," Mouse said.

"Please," begged Leopard. "I've been here for a day and a night. I'm so thirsty and hungry."

Poor Mouse. He was kind-hearted, but very silly. He started to nibble the rope. He nibbled through a few strands and waited. Nothing happened. Leopard did not move. Mouse then nibbled through all the strands, one after the other, until at last Leopard was free.

"WRAAAYYYYY!!!" roared Leopard. Instead of being thankful, he tried to grab Mouse. "WRAAAAAYY!!!" he roared again as he struck out with his big paw.

Poor Mouse squeaked and dived for a nearby hole. He was quick, but not quite quick enough. Leopard's sharp claws hit his back just before he escaped into the hole.

Ever since then, otters and leopards do not talk to each other. Mice do not talk to leopards either. And mice will also not talk to otters because they blame the otters for starting the trouble.

And ever since that day, the poor, poor mouse has stripes on its fur. And everyone knows that those are the scratches once made by the leopard's claws.
Kgalekgale, mehling ya boholoholo, diphoofolo tsohle di ne di ditle. Sena se ne se bakwa ke hore ho ne se na dijo tse lekaneng bakeng sa ho ja.

Empa Qibi, mosadi wa hae le bana ba hae bohole ba ne ba nonne. Ba ne ba shebaha ba sa lapa hohang. O a bona, Qibi o ne a le boholele haholo. O ne a fume hela ka se tabang le neng le titse ka ditlhabi, empa a se ka a boletla motho. Hoseng he hong le hong ho ne a eya letsheng mme a kgutla a Nikhe dijo tse lekaneng yena le ba lelapa la hae feela.

Nkwe o ne a otile he lelapo. O ne a dula a batlana le seo a ka se jang. Ka tsatsi le leng, a bona Qibi mme a leliwa kamo a nonneg ka teng.

"Mmm," ha rialo Nkwe. "Ho etshahela eng moo? Ke nahana hore ke leloka ho bea qibi ena lehiloh." Yaba he, hoseng ha tsatsi le hlahlam o ipata hana jwango bo bolelele haufi le ntsa ba Qibi mme a ema moo. Qetello Gubi a tla. O ne a itsamela butle, a nikile sebotse ho neng se shebeha se hile se le boima. Nkwe a tlola a tswa hana jwango bo bolelele.

"O tshwere ENG ka hana seroto se?" Nkwe a hoeletsa.

"Bel! Eee ... dipatsi! Ke thswere dipatsi tsaa ho besa ke ya le toona ha ka," ha rialo Qibi. Empa o ne a lele be hore Nkwe o no le nko e bohole e neng e ka fofoneloa NTHO TSOSILE.

"Tjhe bo," ha puruma Nkwe, "Ke nkigwelwa ke tshapi mme ke tilo e ja ka kqofela." Qibi o ne a tseba hore o lekama haholo hore a ka balelela Nkwe, ya neng a tseba ho matha ka lebelo le leholo. Empa Qibi o ne a le boholele HAHOLO.

"Ho nikile," ha rialo Qibi. "Ha re dula fatho ka tla sefate sane se mForti." Ba dula fatho mme Gubi a etso tshapi, "Hobangan wena o sa bea mollo ho nna ke eya hae ho ya lata letswai, pepele le olo, hore re tlo ja dijo tse mForti.

"Ke monohano o molle oo," ha rialo Nkwe a tlolela leloka ho xwala patsi e ommeng bakeng sa mollo.

Yaba Qibi o ya ha hae. E se kgale o ne a se ka kgutlile le letswai, pepele le olo. Hape a tla le thapoa le lelele e tshata. A bea dintho tselebe fatho, mme a qala ho hadikho tshapi.


Jwale, eu ne ene le e tseleba fosoahetseng. Bohle ba a tseba hore tsha e bolela hore o tlamelela ka tshata mme kgwehlsia e bolela ho kgwehlsia. Empa Nkwe o ne a lapelo. O leke a nahana hore papadi eu e tla samedaisa nako po tlholeka ho fihlela tshapi e butswe.

"Ke monahano o molle," ha rialo Nkwe.

Qibi a ema a furatlelese sefatse. "Ho nikile, ke leloka jwale, KGWEHLSI!" Nkwe a tlolela hodimo mme a tlamelela Qibi sefateng. Mora nakwana Qibi a hoelotsa, "TLASSI!" mme Nkwe a tlamelela thapo ho loika Nkwe.

"Jwale he, Nkwe, ke wena ya tlanglew," ha rialo Qibi. Nkwe a dula a furatlelese sefate mme a hoelotsa, "KGWEHLSI!" Qibi ka potlako a tlamelela Nkwe ka thata sefateng.

Kamora nakwana, Nkwe a hoelotsa, "HO LOKILE, TLASA!" Empa bakeng sa ho hapala papadi ka tla eoa a eeng e ha laloitsie ka yona, Qibi a tisa thapo ho potoloha Nkwe. O le a e lamisisa hoo Nkwe a neng a tla hlelela ho ikokolla.

"Tloha mona!" ha omama Nkwe. "Nna ke kgathetse ke papadi era jwale." Qibi a itshehela. A dula fatho pela molo mme a ja dijo tsa hae. Ha a qetile, a palela tshapi e setseeng ho ya e fa ba lelapa la hae, mme a lebea lapeng.

Nkwe a rora, a puruma, a puruma. "THUSAANG!!!" Letsetsie lebo le sesi bohole, Nkwe a hoelotsa a kopa motho ya ka so thusang. Ha ho motho ya ileng a tla.

Jwale, ka lehlohono lokole lekeng sa Nkwe sena ha se phetleto ya pale ena. Hoseng, a rora ho epele, "THUSAANG! THUSAANG!!" Kgolong lona, Tadi a feta moo mme a bona Nkwe.

"O etang moo, o tlamelelese sefate sefotse tip?" ha botsa Tadi. "Ke ne ke bapala papadi ya ho kgwehlsia le ho tsha menmo le Qibi mme a ntsiho mensa hore ke bolawe ke tla la," ha rialo Nkwe. "Ke a o kopa hbe, a koto tseleba. O na le meno a bohole haholo mme a ka kqona ho kgqalo thapo ena kepele.

Tadi a utlwela Nkwe boholelo, empa o ne a tseba hore ha Nkwe a ka lokoloha, a ka mo ja. "Ha ke na bonnete," ha rialo Tadi.

"Ke a kopa bhe," ha rapela Nkwe, "Hesetsie ke dula tla leloka lesi bohole leboile lelapo. Ke nyorile ho haholo ebiile le lapelo.

"WRAAAAA!" Nkwe a rora. Ha ena le ho leboho, a leka ho phamola Tadi. "WRAAAAA!" a rora hape pele a flaletse ka leloho la ka pele.


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Tadi ya batho e le ya itshela ya matha lehlo he setse dikgwete se mmalwa mme a emisa. Ha ho a ka hae etshahela letho. Nkwe ha a ka sa siinyeha. Tadi a poma dikgwete tselebe, e nqwele mokorwa e nqwele, ho fihlela fethieng Nkwe a se a lokolohile.

Can you imagine a chicken and a fish getting married? What do you think would be served at their wedding feast? Write this special menu and then decorate it. Remember, a menu is a list of the food and drinks that are served at a restaurant or at a special event, like a wedding.

Na o ka nahana feela kgoho e se e nyalane le tlhapi? O nahana hore ho ka phehwa dije dife moketeng wa tsona wa lenyalo? Ngola menu ona o ikgethileng mmale o a kgakabe. Hopola, menyu ke le zane la dije le dino tse twamong batlho restauranteng kapa moketjaneng o ikgethale, jwaloka lenyalong.

1. Use your imagination to tell the rest of this story.

2. Produce for Nal’ibali by the Project for the Study of Alternative Education in South Africa (PRAESA) and Times Media Education. Translation by Hilda Mohale. Nal’ibali character illustrations by Rico.

Long, long ago, Giraffe was best friends with Eagle.

One morning, when the two friends were at the waterhole, Eagle asked Giraffe, “What do you think is at the bottom of this waterhole?”

Giraffe thought for a while. “Well, Hippo says there’s a spirit down there, but I’ve never seen her,” she replied.

“I dare you to jump in and find out!” said Eagle. Now, Giraffe was very frightened of the water, but she didn’t want her friend to know that …

Sebedisa boinahanelo ba hao bakeng sa ha tswana pele ka pale ena.

Mehleng ya kgelegale, Thuhlo le Ntsu e ne e le metswalle ya hlooho ya kgomo. Ka tsatsi le leng hoseng, ha metswalle ena e mmedi e le mane borong ya metsi, Ntsu a botsa Thuhlo, “O nahana hore ho na le eng tlasetlase mane borong ee?”

Thuhlo a nahanisisa potso ena. “E re ke bone, Kubu o re ho na le moya o itseng tlhase mane, empa ha ke eso ka ke o bona,” a araba.

“Ke o phephetsa hore o itlhalele ka hare o ile batlisisa!” ha rialo Ntsu. Jwale Thuhlo o ne a tshaba metsi haholo, empa o ne a sa batle hore metswalle wa hae a tsebe seo …