



Tell a story!

Tell a Story Day on 27 April 2020, celebrates storytelling of all kinds – stories read aloud from books, stories that are told, as well as stories acted on stages, in movies and in puppet shows.

Read our tips below for telling stories to your children, and enjoy our special puppet-show activity on page 2!

Balisa ibali!

USuku lokuBalisa iBali ngomhla wama-27 kuTshazimpunzi wama-2020, lubhiyozela ukubaliswa kwazo zonke iintlobo zamabali – amabali afundwa ngokuvakalayo ezincwadini, amabali abaliswayo, ngokunjalo namabali adlalwa emaqongeni, akwimiboniso bhanya-bhanya nakweyoopayyi.

Funda iingcebiso zethu ngezantsi malunga nokubalisela abantwana bakho amabali, nize nonwabele umsebenzi wethu wohlobo olulodwa womboniso woopayyi kwiphepha lesi-2!

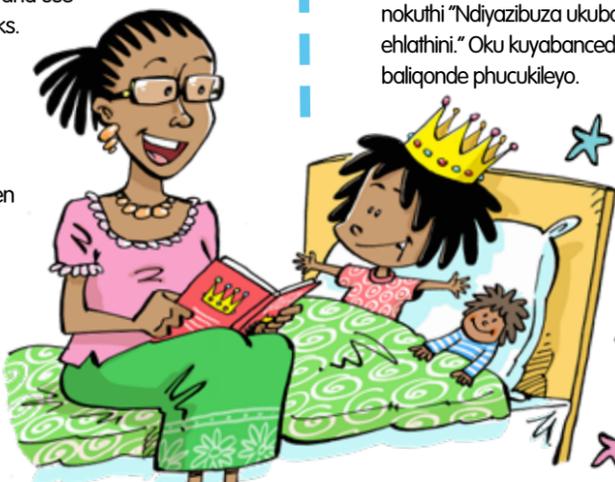
GETTING STARTED WITH STORYTELLING

- ★ Choose a time of day which works best for you all. Some children enjoy listening to stories at bedtime, but others find it easier to concentrate during the day.
- ★ The children need to feel comfortable and have something soft to sit on.
- ★ It shouldn't be too noisy, so that they can hear easily.
- ★ Choosing stories that you know well, helps you to tell them with confidence. Also make sure that the stories are suitable for your children's ages.



HOW TO TELL A STORY

1. Before you tell the story, ask questions connected to the story and your children's experience of the world. This helps to spark their interest.
2. Don't talk too fast when you tell the story. Children need time to think about what they are hearing.
3. Put lots of expression in your voice to create the mood, and use a different voice for each character when she/he speaks.
4. Use body gestures and actions. For example, if the character is cross and stomping around, stamp your feet as you tell the story.
5. Ask open-ended questions or make open-ended comments, for example, "What do you think will happen next?" and "I wonder how she felt while she hid in the forest." These help children think about the story and understand it better.
6. After you have told the story, encourage your children to share any questions or comments they may have. Try to find answers to their questions together.



UKUQALISA NGOKUBALISA AMABALI

- ★ Khetha ixesha elithile lemini elilelona lifaneleke kuni nonke. Kukho abantwana abonwabela ukumamela amabali ngexesha lokulala, kodwa abanye babona kulula ukuzinzisa iingqondo zabo emini.
- ★ Abantwana bafanele ukuziva bonwabile kwaye bahlale entweni ethambileyo.
- ★ Makungabikho ngxolo iphezulu, ukuze bakwazi ukumamela lula.
- ★ Ukukhetha amabali owazi kakuhle, kunceda wena ngokuwabalisa ngokuzithemba. Kwakhona qiniseka ukuba amabali alungele ubudala babantwana bakho.



INDLELA YOKUBALISA IBALI

1. Phambi kokubalisa ibali, buza imibuzo enxulumene nebali kunye nangamava abantwana bakho ngehlabathi. Oku kunceda ngokulumeka umdla wabo.
2. Musa ukuthetha ngokukhawulezisa kakhulu xa ubalisa ibali. Abantwana badinga ixesha lokucinga ngento abayivayo.
3. Nxibelelana ngeendlela ezahluka-hlukeneyo ngelizwi lakho ukuze ubonise iimvakalelo, futhi litshintsha-tshintshe ilizwi ngomlinganiswa ngamnye xa kuthetha yena.
4. Sebenzisa izangotshe zomzimba neentshukumo. Umzekelo, ukuba umlinganiswa unomsindo kwaye ujikeleza engqisha, nawe ngqisha ngeenyawo zakho xa ubalisa ibali.
5. Buza imibuzo ebavumela ukuba nabo bathethe ngokunjalo naxa kukho izimvo oziphawulayo, umzekelo, "Nicinga ukuba yintoni elandelayo eza kwenzeka?" nokuthi "Ndiyazibuza ukuba ingaba ebeziva njani ngokuya ebezimele ehlathini." Oku kuyabanceda abantwana ukuba bacinge ngebali ukuze baliqonde phucukileyo.
6. Emva kokuba ubalise ibali, khuthaza abantwana bakho ukuba babuze nayiphi imibuzo okanye izimvo abanokuba banazo. Zama ukufumanisa iimpendulo zemibuzo yabo kunye nabo.



The benefits of stories

Research shows that:

- ♥ introducing children to stories and books at home before they start school helps them to do better at school.
- ♥ telling stories to school-aged children boosts their language skills, feeds their imaginations and helps them to think about new ideas.



Okuluncedo ngamabali

Uphando lubonisa oku:

- ♥ ukwazisa abantwana ngamabali nangeencwadi ekhaya phambi kokuba baqalise esikolweni kuyabanceda ukuba baqhube kakuhle khona.
- ♥ ukubalisela abantwana abakwibanga lokuhamba isikolo amabali kuphucula izakhono zabo zobuchule bolwimi, kondla iingcingane zabo kuze kubancede ngokucinga ngezimvo ezintsha.



Drive your
imagination



IT STARTS WITH
A STORY.
KONKE KUQALA
NGBALI.

Get creative!

Using puppets is a great way to get children to retell the stories you have read to them, and to encourage them to make up their own stories! Here are some suggestions for how to create a puppet show.

Make stick puppets Yenza oopopayi bezinti

Follow the instructions for making stick puppets of the Na'ibali characters or let your children create their own story characters.

1.



1. Cut out the pictures of the Na'ibali characters on page 3 or use the characters you have collected in past editions of the supplement. (If your children are creating their own story characters, let them draw a picture of each character.) Paste each picture on a sheet of paper or thin cardboard so that it doesn't tear.

1. Sika uze ukhuphe imifanekiso yabalinganiswa bakaNa'ibali abakwiphepha lesi-3 okanye sebenzisa abalinganiswa obaqokelele kuthotho lopapasho lolu hlelo. (Ukuba abantwana bakho baqamba ababo abalinganiswa bamabali, mabazobe umfanekiso womlinganiswa ngamnye.) Ncamathelisa umfanekiso ngamnye ephepheni okanye kwikhadibhodi ecekethekileyo ukuze ungakrazuki.

2.



2. Cut out each picture. Find a thin stick (about as long as a ruler) for each character - you could use kebab sticks or any stick you find outside. Use glue or tape to attach the end of a stick to the back of each picture.

2. Sika ukhuphe umfanekiso ngamnye. Fumana uluthi olubhityileyo (ubude balo kube malunga nerula) ngomlinganiswa ngamnye - unakho ukusebenzisa izinti zokuhlola inyama okanye naluphi uluthi olufumana phandle. Sebenzisa iglu okanye iteyiphi ukuqhuboshela isiphelo soluthi kumva womfanekiso ngamnye.

3.



3. Glue a small piece of paper over the end of the stick on the back of each picture.

3. Ncamathelisa ngegulu iphetshana emngciphekweni woluthi kumva womfanekiso ngamnye.



Make a puppet theatre Yenza iqonga lemidlalo loopopayi loonopopi

1.



1. Find a large, rectangular cardboard box. Open the flaps at one end of the box. This is where you will get inside the box.

On the front of the box, make a flap by cutting along the bottom and sides of a rectangle. The hole you cut will be the stage and you can use the flap to open and close the stage.

1. Fumana ibhokisi yekhadibhodi enkulu, eluxande. Vula amadlebele kwelinye icala lebhokisi. Kulapho uza kungena ebhokisini.

Kumphambili webhokisi, yenza idlebele ngokusika ulandele umzantsi namacala oxande. Umngxuma owusikayo uya kuba liqonga lemidlalo kanti idlebele ungalisebenzisela ukuvula nokuvala iqonga lemidlalo.

2.



2. Get inside the box with your stick puppets. Use them to tell your own stories.

2. Ngena ebhokisini noopopayi bakho bezinti. Basebenzisele ukubalisa amabali akho.



Photos/lifoto: Chèlan Naicker

Follow the instructions on page 2 to make stick puppets using the pictures below.

Landela imiyalelo ekwiphepha lesi-2 ukuze wenze oopopayi bezinti ngokusebenzisa imifanekiso engezantsi.



WIN!
WINA!



For a chance to win some Book Dash books, write a review of the story, *Why birds sing at dawn* (pages 7 to 10), and email it to team@bookdash.org, or take a photo and tweet us at [@bookdash](https://twitter.com/bookdash). (Your review could be published in a future Nal'ibali Supplement!) Remember to include your full name, age and contact details.

Ukuze ufumane ithuba lokuwina iincwadi zakwaBook Dash, bhala uphengululo lwebali elithi, *Kutheni iintaka zicula ngomsobomvu* (kwiphepha lesi-7 ukuya kwele-10), uze ulithumele ngeimeyile ku-team@bookdash.org, okanye thatha ifoto uze uyithumele nge-tweet kuthi ku-[@bookdash](https://twitter.com/bookdash). (Uphengululo lwakho lungapapashwa kuHlelo oluzayo lukaNal'ibali!) Khumbula ukufaka igama lakho elipheleleyo, ubudala kunye neenkukacha zoghagamshelwano.



Nal'ibali news

Roger Priddy is the creator of Priddy Books, which publishes books for babies and young children.

Growing up in a home without books, London-based Roger Priddy spent much of his childhood at his local library, paging through books and gazing at pictures. When he went to art college after he finished school, he discovered that he could create books!

"One of my lecturers was an illustrator of children's picture books and it was the first time I realised that I could make books too," said Priddy. And that's how Priddy Books was born. Today it is part of Macmillan Publishers.

In December 2019, Priddy Books together with Pan Macmillan South Africa gave away thousands of Priddy books to different South African reading organisations, to help ensure that more children have the chance to grow up with books. "It was important for us to choose books that appeal to South African children and especially the children at the Nal'ibali reading clubs. So, we chose a range of first concept books in English, isiXhosa and isiZulu as well as a wonderful book about South African animals. These books are easy for parents to read and talk about with their children," explained Priddy.

On 6 December 2019, Roger Priddy visited a Nal'ibali reading club in Soweto to read some of his books to the children there. "Books are a wonderful way of getting parents and their children to sit and spend time together. They also help to develop children's vocabulary and their understanding of the world around them," said Priddy.



Iindaba zakwaNal'ibali

URoger Priddy ngumyili wePriddy Books, epapasha iincwadi zeentsana nezabantwana abaselula.

Ngenxa yokukhulela kwikhaya elingenazincwadi, uRoger Priddy oseLondon uchiithe ubukhulu becala bobuntwana bakhe kwithala leencwadi lendawo yakhe, ethhila iincwadi futhi ebuka imifanekiso. Uthe akuya kwikholeji yezobugcisa emva kokugqiba esikolweni, wafumanisa ukuba angakwazi ukuyila iincwadi!

"Omnye wabahlohli bam wayengumzobi weencwadi zabantwana zemifanekiso kanti mna ndiza kuba ndiqala ukufumanisa ukuba nam ndingakwazi ukwenza iincwadi," utshilo uPriddy. Yazalwa ngolo hlobo ke iPriddy Books. Namhla iyinxenye yeMacmillan Publishers.

KweyoMnga ngowama-2019, iPriddy Books kunye nePan Macmillan South Africa zanikela ngamawaka eencwadi zePriddy kumaqumrhu afundayo ahluka-hlukeneyo aseMzantsi Afrika, ukuze kuncedwe ngokuqinisekisa ukwanda kwenani labantwana abanethuba lokukhula beneencwadi. "Bekubalulekile kuthi ukukhetha iincwadi ezithandekayo ebantwaneni baseMzantsi Afrika nangakumbi abantwana abakwiiklabhu zokufunda zakwaNal'ibali. Ngoko ke, sikhetha uluhlu lweencwadi zomxholo wokuqala ngolwimi lwesiNgesi, isiXhosa nesiZulu ngokunjalo nencwadi engummangaliso yezilwanyana zaseMzantsi Afrika. Ezi ncwadi zifundeka lula ebazalini ukuze bancokole ngazo nabantwana babo," uchazile uPriddy.



Roger Priddy sharing a book with young children in Dobsonville, Soweto.

URoger Priddy uxoxa ngencwadi nabantwana abaselula eDobsonville, eSoweto.

Ngomhla wesi-6 kweyoMnga ngo-2019, uRoger Priddy utyelele iklabhu yokufunda kaNal'ibali eSoweto ukuze afundele abantwana apho ezinye zeencwadi zakhe. "Iincwadi ziyindlela engummangaliso yokudibanisa abazali nabantwana babo bahlale futhi bachithe ixesha bekunye. Zikwanceda nangokuphuhlisa isigama sabantwana kunye nengqiqo yabo yehlabathi elibangqongileyo," watsho uPriddy.



Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books

1. Take out pages 5 to 12 of this supplement.
2. The sheet with pages 5, 6, 11 and 12 on it makes up one book. The sheet with pages 7, 8, 9 and 10 on it makes up the other book.
3. Use each of the sheets to make a book. Follow the instructions below to make each book.
 - a) Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.
 - b) Fold it in half again along the green dotted line.
 - c) Cut along the red dotted lines.

Zenzele iincwadana EZIMBINI onokuzisika-ze-uzigcine

1. Khupha iphepha lesi-5 ukuya kwele-12 kolu hlelo.
2. Uxwebhu olunamaphepha aqala kwelesi-5, elesi-6, ele-11 nele-12 lwenza incwadi yokuqala. Uxwebhu olunamaphepha aqala kwelesi-7, elesi-8, ele-9 nele-10 lwenza eyesibini incwadi.
3. Sebenzisa uxwebhu ngalunye kula mabini ukwenza incwadana. Landela imiyalelo engezantsi ukwenza incwadi nganye.
 - a) Songa uxwebhu phakathi kumgca wamachaphaza amnyama.
 - b) Phinda ulusongwe phakathi kwakhona ulandela umgca wamachaphaza aluhlaza.
 - c) Sika ke ngoku ulandela imigca yamachaphaza abomvu.

“Where is everyone going?” asked Valcia.
 “We’re going to Gogo Moeng’s house. It is her birthday,” explained Siphu.
 “I’ve got a bunch of flowers for Gogo Moeng. Can I come too?” asked Valcia.
 “Of course,” said Momma and off they marched.
 The bunch of flowers made Valcia sneeze, “*Achoo! A-A-chooooo!*”
 The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Beka’s balloon went *bobbity-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-pliff, pliff-pliff* down the dusty path until they saw Mr Sithole digging in his vegetable garden.
 “Kuyiwaphi ngumntu wonke?” ubuzile uValcia.
 “Siya kwaMakhulu uMoeng. Lusuku lwakhe lokuzalwa,” wacacisa uSiphu.
 “Ndingesipha senyaryambo endinokumnika sona uMakhulu uMoeng. Ndingenza nam?” wabuzisa uValcia.
 “Ngokunginisekileyo,” warsho uMlomma uMoeng baze bahamba bonke.
 Isipha senyaryambo samenza wathimla uValcia, “*Asthuu! A-A-Asthuuuuu!*”
 Inkukhu eyetyisweyo yayingxola ikokoza isithi *ko-ko-ko-ko*.
ko-ko-ko-ko, ize ipakethi yetships ezikramzelayo ithi *rhwasba-rhwasba-rhwasba*, ibhaloni yoSana uBeka ithi, *bhaku-bhaku-bhaku-bhaku* zaye ilifops zikaMlomma uMoeng zona zisithi *phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa* ukhula ngendledlana enothuli de babona uMlommzana uSithole epera esityeni sakhe semifuno.



Momma Moeng’s surprise UMomma uMoeng wenze okungalindelekanga

Momma Moeng sets out to surprise Gogo Moeng on her birthday. She carries the jar of jam she made on her head, and ties Baby Beka and his blue balloon to her back. Along the way, they meet many more well-wishers, and Momma Moeng ends up heading a noisy, colourful procession carrying piles of presents to Gogo. When they finally get to Gogo’s house, there is a short pause, but then the party really gets going!

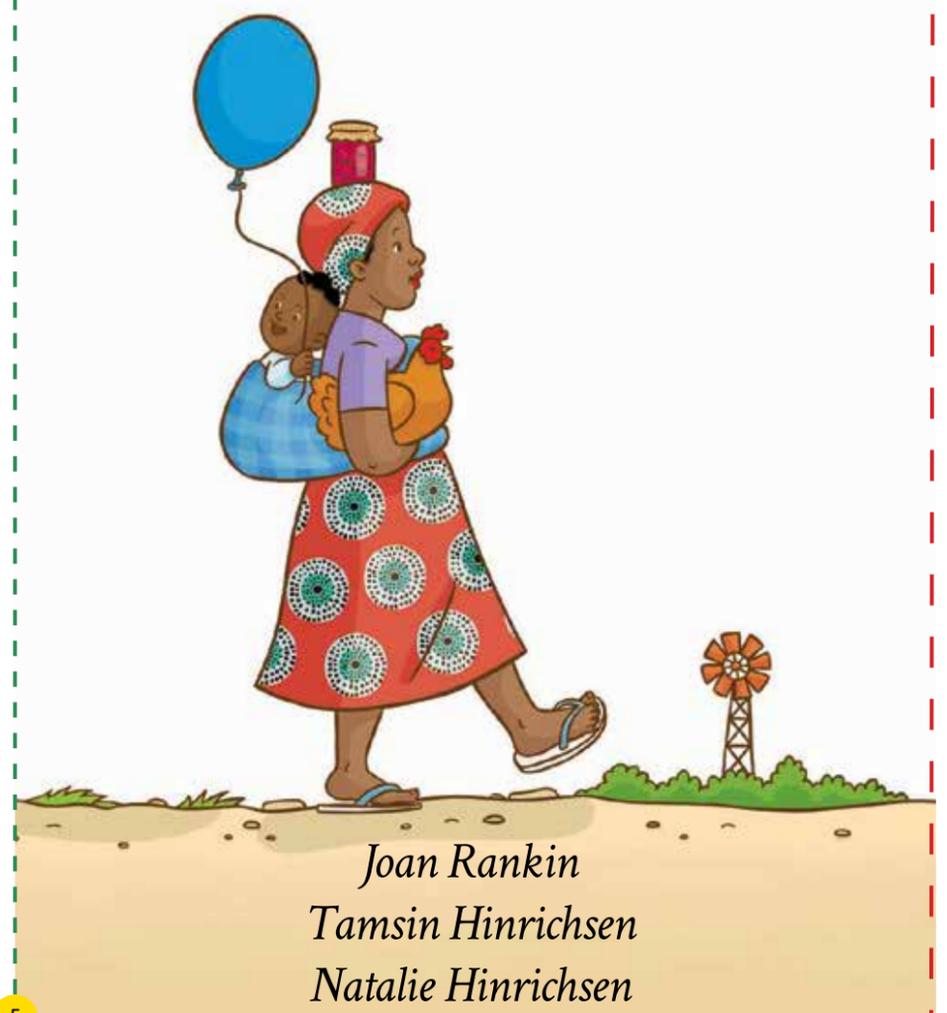


UMomma uMoeng wagqiba kwelokuba enzele uMakhulu uMoeng angakulindelanga ngosuku lwakhe lokuzalwa. Wathwala entloko ingqayi yejem awayemenzele yona, waze wabeleka uSana olunguBeka owayephetha ibhaloni yakhe embala uzuba. Endleleni, badibana nabanye ababenqwenela uMakhulu uMoeng usuku lokuzalwa olumnandi, waze uMomma uMoeng wazibona sele ekhokele igqiza eliphethe intaphane yezipho, elaliziphathele uMakhulu. Ekugqibeleni, xa befika kwaMakhulu, bakhe bathi nqumama okomzuzwana, kodwa emva koko waqalisa umbhiozo wosuku lokuzalwa!

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



UNal’ibali liphulo likazwelonke lokufundela ukuzonwabisa elinjongo yalo ikukuvuselela nokwendiselisa inkcubeko nesithethe sokufunda kuMzantsi Afrika uphela. Ukuze ufumane iinkukacha ezithe vetshe, ndwendwela ku-www.nalibali.org okanye ku-www.nalibali.mobi



Joan Rankin
Tamsin Hinrichsen
Natalie Hinrichsen



Lwathi lwakuva ivumba lekeyiki uSana uBeka lwanambitha
 Ijusthi, "Ncam, ncam, ncam."
 Inkukhu eyeyisiweyo yayingxola ikokoza isithi ko-ko-ko, ko-
 ko-ko-ko, ize ipakethi yetships ezikramzelayo ithi rhwasha-
 rhwasha, ibhaloni yoSana uBeka ithi, bhaku-bhaku-bhaku zaye iiflops
 zikaMomma uMoeng zisithi phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa ukukha
 ngendledlana enothuli de badibana noValencia.

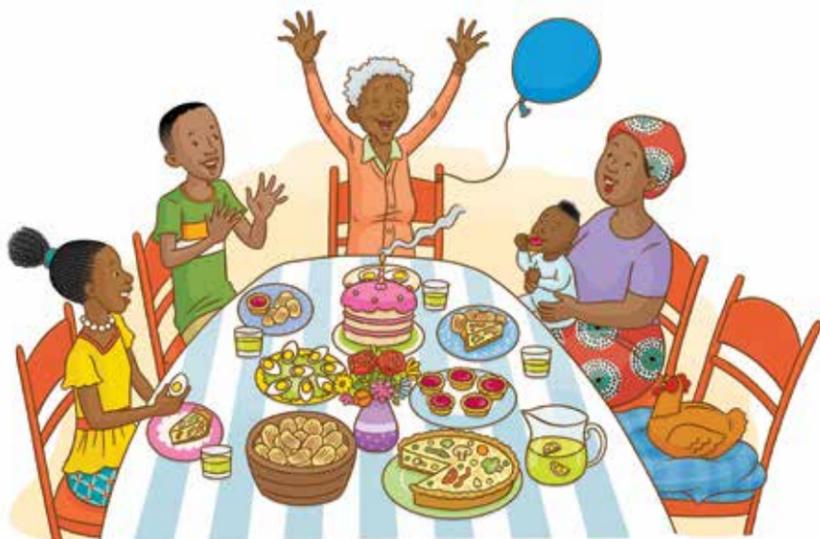
It all started when Momma Moeng made a jar of jam for Gogo Moeng's birthday. Then Baby Beka found his best blue balloon. He wanted to give it to Gogo for her birthday. Momma tied Baby Beka to her back with a soft blanket. Then she put the jar of jam on her head and off she marched to Gogo Moeng's house. Baby Beka's balloon went *bobbity-bob* and Momma's slippers went *pliff-ploff*; *pliff-ploff* down the dusty path until she met Siphon coming out of the Tip-Top shop. "Where are you going, Momma Moeng?" asked Siphon. "Baby Beka and I are going to Gogo Moeng's house. It's her birthday today," replied Momma. "I've got a packet of crispy potato chips for Gogo Moeng. Can I come too?" asked Siphon. "Of course," Momma smiled and off they marched.

Konke kwaqala mhla uMomma uMoeng wenza ingqayi yejem, Keyenzela uMakhulu uMoeng njengesipho sosuku lokuzalwa kwakhe. USana uBeka wafumana eyona bhaloni ayithandayo embala uzuba. Wayefuna ukuyinika uMakhulu ngosuku lokuzalwa kwakhe. UMomma uMoeng wabeleka uSana uBeka ngebhayana elithambileyo. Emva koko wathwala ingqayi yejem entloko waze wahamba esiya kwaMakhulu uMoeng. Ibhaloni yoSana uBeka yayisithi *bhaku-bhaku-bhaku* zaye iiflopsi zikaMomma uMoeng zisithi *phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa* njengokuba esihla ngendledlana enothuli, de wadibana noSiphon ephuma kwivenkile yakwaTip-Top. "Uyaphi, Momma uMoeng?" wabuza uSiphon. "Mna noSana uBeka siya kwaMakhulu uMoeng. Namhlanje lusuku lwakhe lokuzalwa," waphendula uMomma uMoeng. "Ndinepakethi yetships zeetapile ezikramzelayo endinokumnika yona uMakhulu uMoeng. Ingaba ndingahamba nani ukuya kuye nam?" wabuza uSiphon. "Ngokuqinisekileyo," wancuma uMomma uMoeng, baze bahamba bonke.



"Where are you all going, Momma Moeng?" Mr Sithole asked. "We're going to Gogo Moeng's house. It's her birthday," she replied. "I have a trolley full of vegetables for her," said Mr Sithole. "Please could you give it to her?" "Of course," answered Momma. But now Momma had a BIG problem - there was too much to carry! She had to think of a plan. First, she took Baby Beka off her back and then tied the chubby chicken onto her back with the soft blanket. Baby Beka *SCREAMAAAAA!* So, Momma put the chubby chicken on top of the trolley and tied Baby Beka onto her back with the soft blanket. Baby Beka was happy and the chubby chicken was very happy to peck at all the vegetables. But Momma wasn't happy with this so she put the chubby chicken on Valencia's head. The feathers tickled Valencia's nose and made her sneeze even more, "AAAAA-CHOOOOO!" Valencia wasn't happy.

"Niyaphi na nonke, Momma uMoeng?" wabuza uMnumzana uSithole. "Siya kwaMakhulu uMoeng. Lusuku lwakhe lokuzalwa," waphendula uMomma uMoeng. "Ndinengxwama ezile yimifuno yakhe," wabho uMnumzana uSithole. "Ningandinceda nyithathe nize nimike yona?" "Ngokuqinisekileyo," waphendula uMomma uMoeng. Kodwa ngoku uMomma uMoeng waba nengxaki ENKULU - zazininzi kakhulu izinto ekufuneka aziphathe! Kwafuneka ccinge icebo. Kugala wehlisa uSana uBeka emqolo waze wabeleka inkukhu eyeyisiweyo ngebhayana elithambileyo. USana uBeka lwAKHALA KAKHU-U-U-LU! Ngoko ke uMomma uMoeng wakhwelisa inkukhu eyeyisiweyo kwinqwelwana waze wabaleka uSana uBeka ngebhayana elithambileyo. USana uBeka lonwaba kakhulu yaze nenkukhu eyeyisiweyo yavuyela ukumana ingola yonke loo mifuno. UMomma zange akuthande oku ngoko ke wayithwala uValencia inkukhu eyeyisiweyo. Iintsiba zayenza yarhawuzela impumlo kaValencia kwaye zamenza wathwala nangaphhezulu, "AAAA-TSHUUUU!" Valencia wayengonwabanga.



Everyone missed Mama Bird, and her song. Would she be able to find her way back home? "What if we sing Mama's song?" Yellow suggested. "Mama always said that if we sing her song, she will find her way back to us." Wonke umntu wayemkhumbula uMama uNtaka, nengoma yakhe. Ingaba uza kukwazi ukuyifumana indlela yakhe egodukayo? "Kuzakwenzeka ntoni xa sicula ingoma kaMama?" wacebisa watsho uTyheli. "UMama wayesoloko esithi xa sicula ingoma yakhe, uya kuyifumana indlela yakhe ebuyela kuthi."



"Ndiza kuya. Andoyiki," watsho uMama uNtaka. Nanko ebhabha.



"I will go. I am not afraid," said Mama Bird. And off she flew.

Why birds sing at dawn Kutheni iintaka zicula ngomsobomvu

Zanele Dlamini
Emmanuel Grebo
Joseph Makongo Kiugu



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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

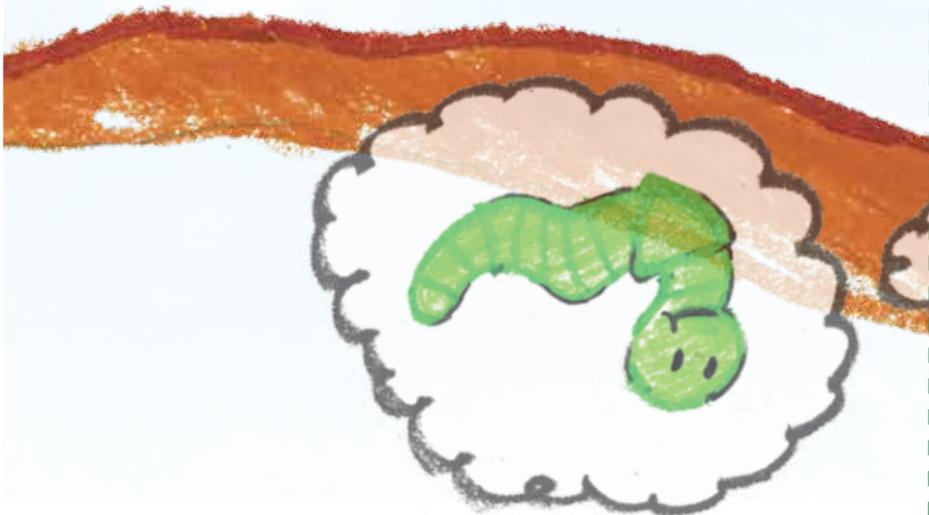


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Drive your imagination

Kodwa ngenye imini, kwafika imbalela kuloo
 mmandla. Imilambo yatsha namagqabi awa emithini.
 UMamango wacinga ixesha elide futhi ecinga nzulu.
 "Mhlawumbi ngesilanda umbungu wemilingo ozisa
 imvula. Kodwa ngubani oya kusiyela?"



But one day, drought set in on the land.
 Rivers dried up and leaves fell off the trees.
 Mamango thought long and hard. "Maybe
 we should fetch the magic worm that brings
 rain. But who will go?"



"But I don't know how to sing!" cried Pink.
 "Have you tried singing?" asked Mamango.
 "Kodwa andikwazi ukucula!" wakhala uPink.
 "Wakhe wazama ukucula!" wabuza uMamango.



A long time ago, in the forest of
 Happy-Land, birds and trees could
 talk to each other.

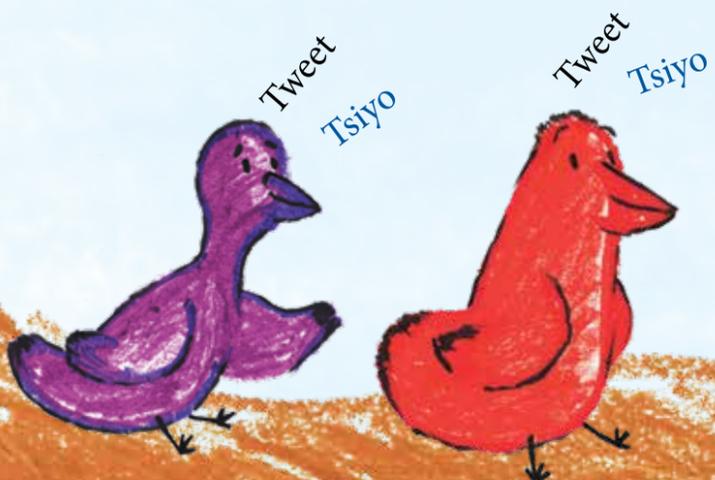
Kudala-dala, kwihlathi
 laseMincilini, iintaka nemithi
 zazikwazi ukuthetha kunye.

Mama Bird found her way back to Happy-
 Land and soon rain started to fall again.

And from then on, birds have always sung
 at dawn.

UMama uNtaka wayifumana indlela yakhe
 yokubuyela eMincilini yaza imvula yaqala
 yana kwakhona.

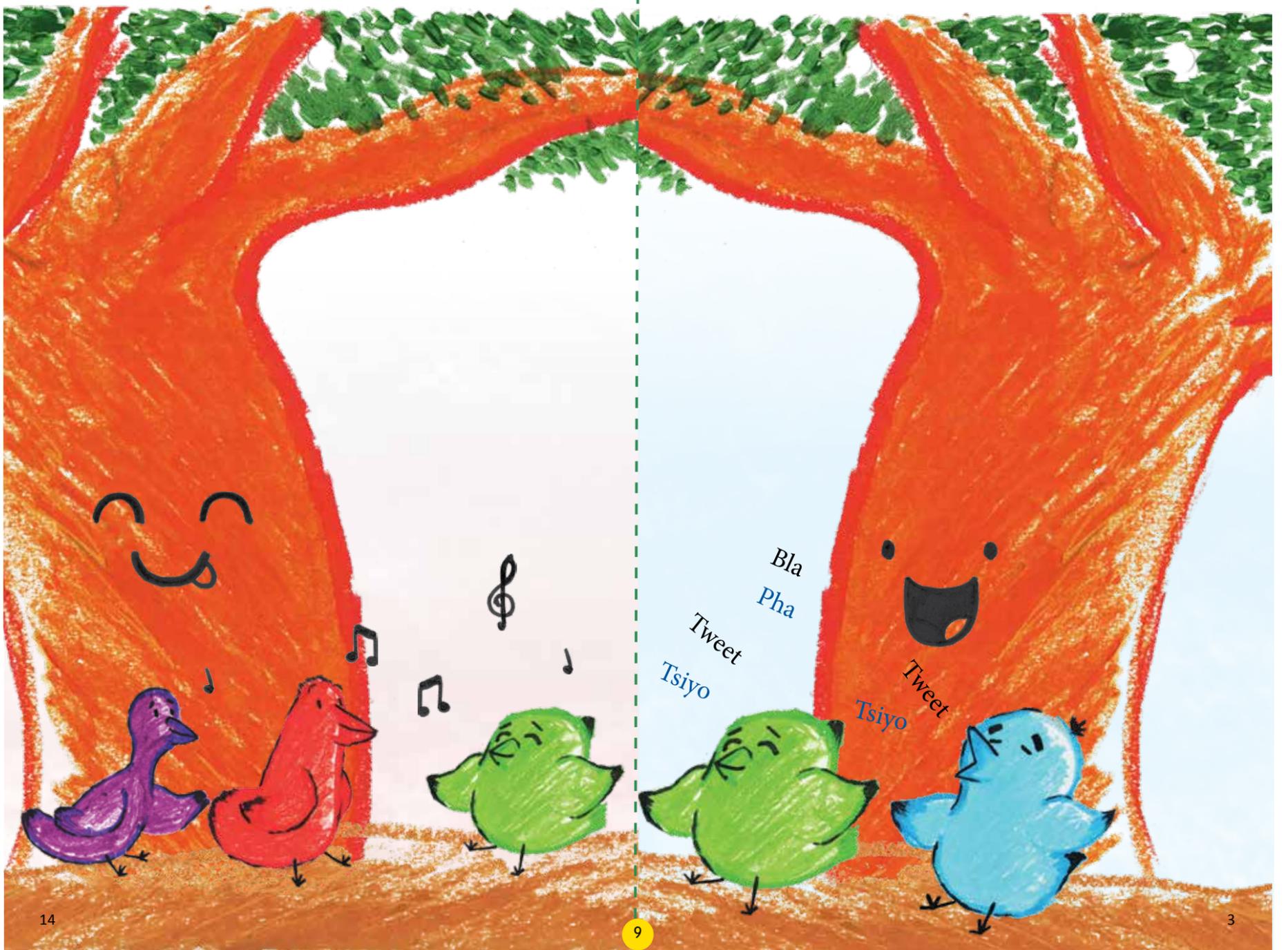
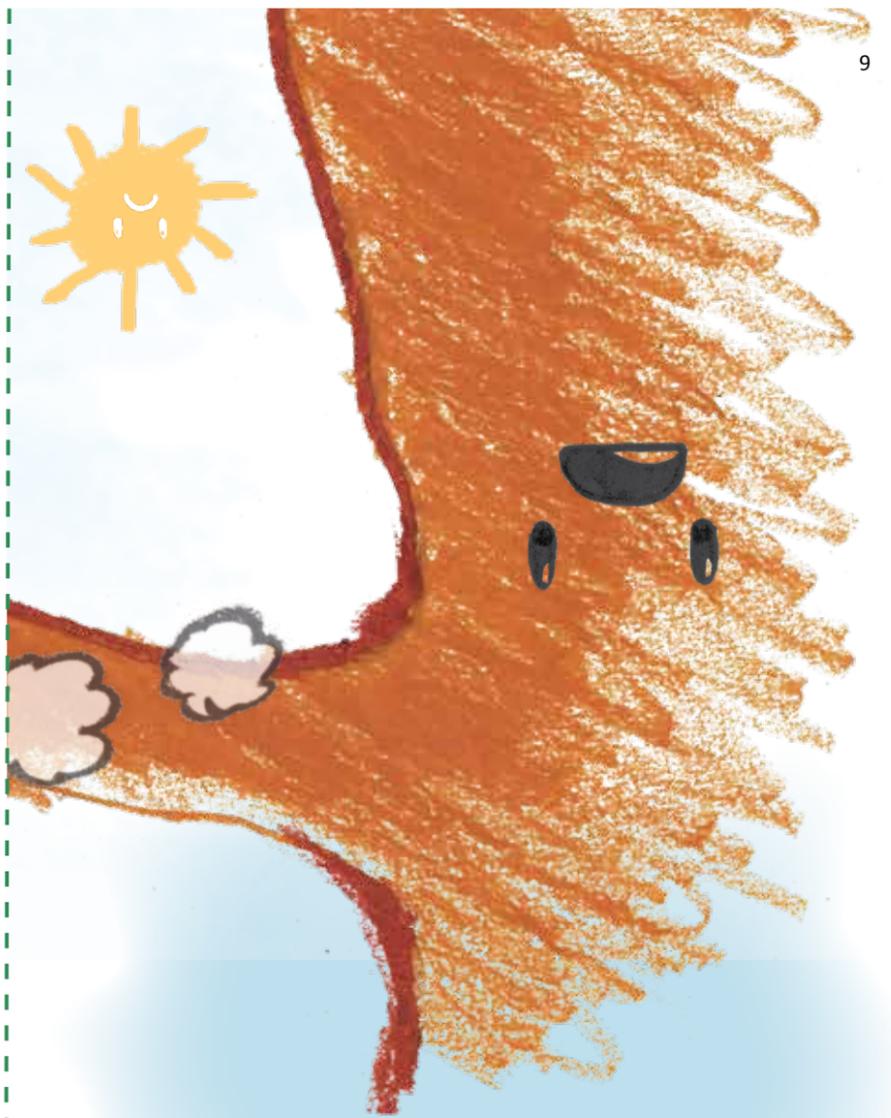
Ukususela ngoko, iintaka zasoloko
 zicula ngomsobomvu.



“Ndakhe ndazama ukucula,” watsho uTyheli. “Ndingakufundisa.”



“I have tried singing,” said Yellow. “I can teach you.”



Mama Bird's voice was beautiful! She would wake up early to sing her song.
 Lalimnandi kakhulu ilizwi likaMama uNtaka! W ayevuka kwangoko acule ingoma yakhe.

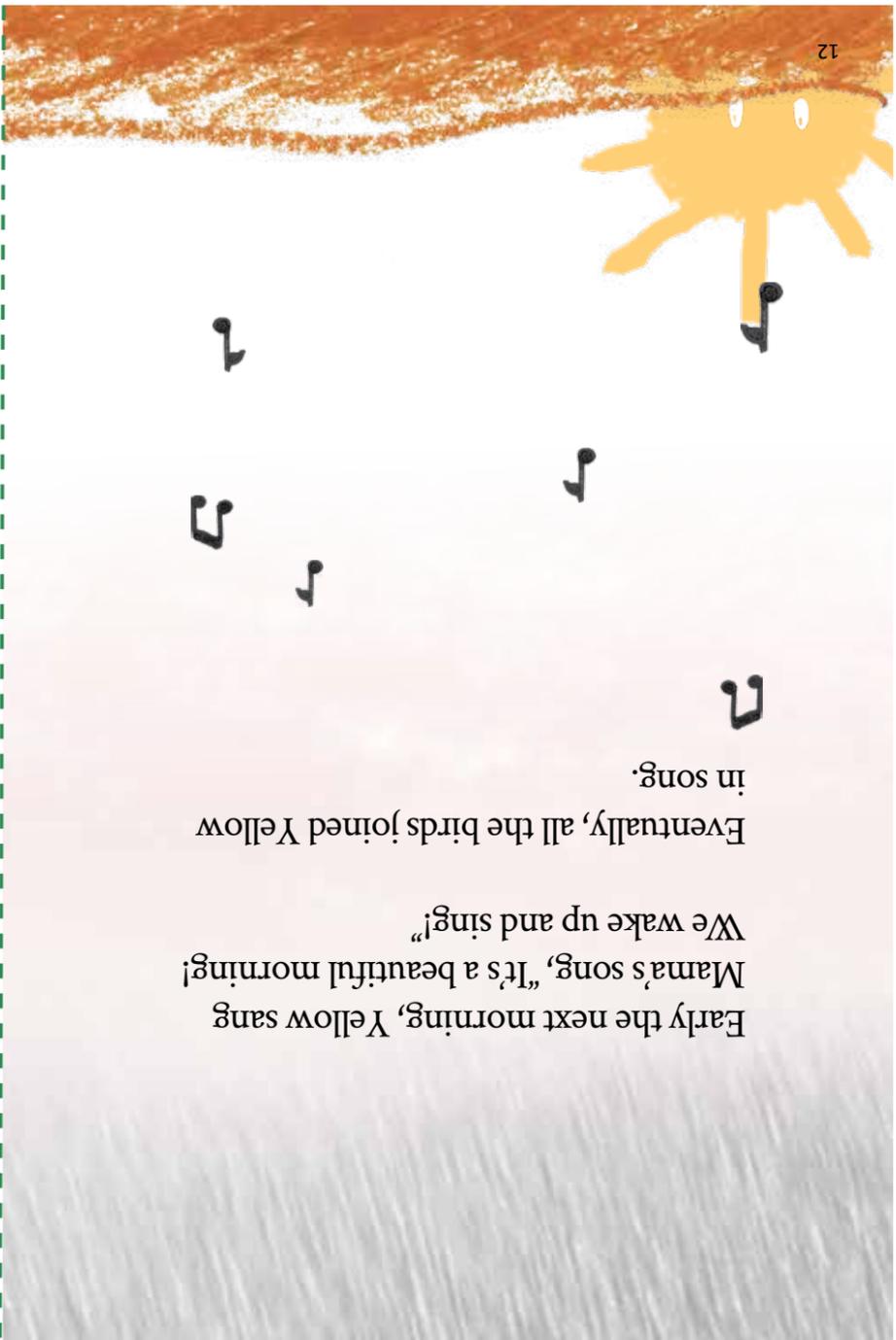


There was a bird family with three children: Blue, Pink and Yellow. They all lived in a big wise tree called Mamango.

Kwakukho usapho lweentaka olwalunabantwana abathathu: uZuba, uPinki noTyheli. Bonke babehlala emthini omkhulu onobulumko obizwa ngokuthi nguMamango.



Early the next morning, Yellow sang
 Mama's song, "It's a beautiful morning!
 We wake up and sing!"
 Eventually, all the birds joined Yellow
 in song.



Kwangoko ngentsasa elandelayo, uTyheli wacula ingoma kaMama, "Yintsasa entle le! Sivuka sicule!"

Ekugqibeleni, zonke iintaka zalandela uTyheli zacula.





Amavili enqwelwana ayesithi *tswi-tswi-tswi*. UValencia wayeneswekile yokuhombisa ikeyiki ezidleleni zakhe ngoko ke wayezikhotha esithi, *lence, lence, lence*. USana uBeka wayenamabhitha esithi, "Ncam, ncam, ncam, ncam." Inkukhu eyeyiswiweyo yayingxola ikokoza isithi *ko-ko-ko-ko*, *rhwasha, ibhaloni yoSana uBeka ithi bhaku-bhaku-bhaku*, ke zona ifllops zikaMomma zazisithi *phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa* ukuhla ngendledlana enothuli ukuya endlwini kaMakhulu uMoeng.

Uthe ke uMomma uMoeng wathatha inkukhu eyeyiswiweyo wayithwalisa uSipho waza wamphathisa ncentyatyambo zikaValencia. Ngoku uValencia wayenzandla ezibini zokuphatha ikeyiki. NoMomma uMoeng wayenzandla ezibini zokuthatha ingwelwana enemifuno. Wonke umntu ke wonwaba, baza bahamba besiya kwaMakhulu uMoeng.

So, Momma took the chubby chicken and put it on Sipho's head and she gave him Valencia's flowers to hold. Now Valencia had two hands free to hold the cake. And Momma had two hands free to push the trolley. Everyone was happy and off they marched to Gogo Moeng's house. The wheels of the trolley went *squeak-squeak-squeak*. Valencia had icing from the cake on her cheeks so her tongue went *sharp-sharp-sharp*. Baby Beka mumbled, "Nummy, nummy, nummy, nummy." The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle*. Baby Bekas balloon went *bobby-bob* and Mommas slippers went *pliff-pliff, pliff-pliff, pliff-pliff* down the dusty path all the way to Gogo's house.

When she opened it everyone started singing a happy-birthday song.

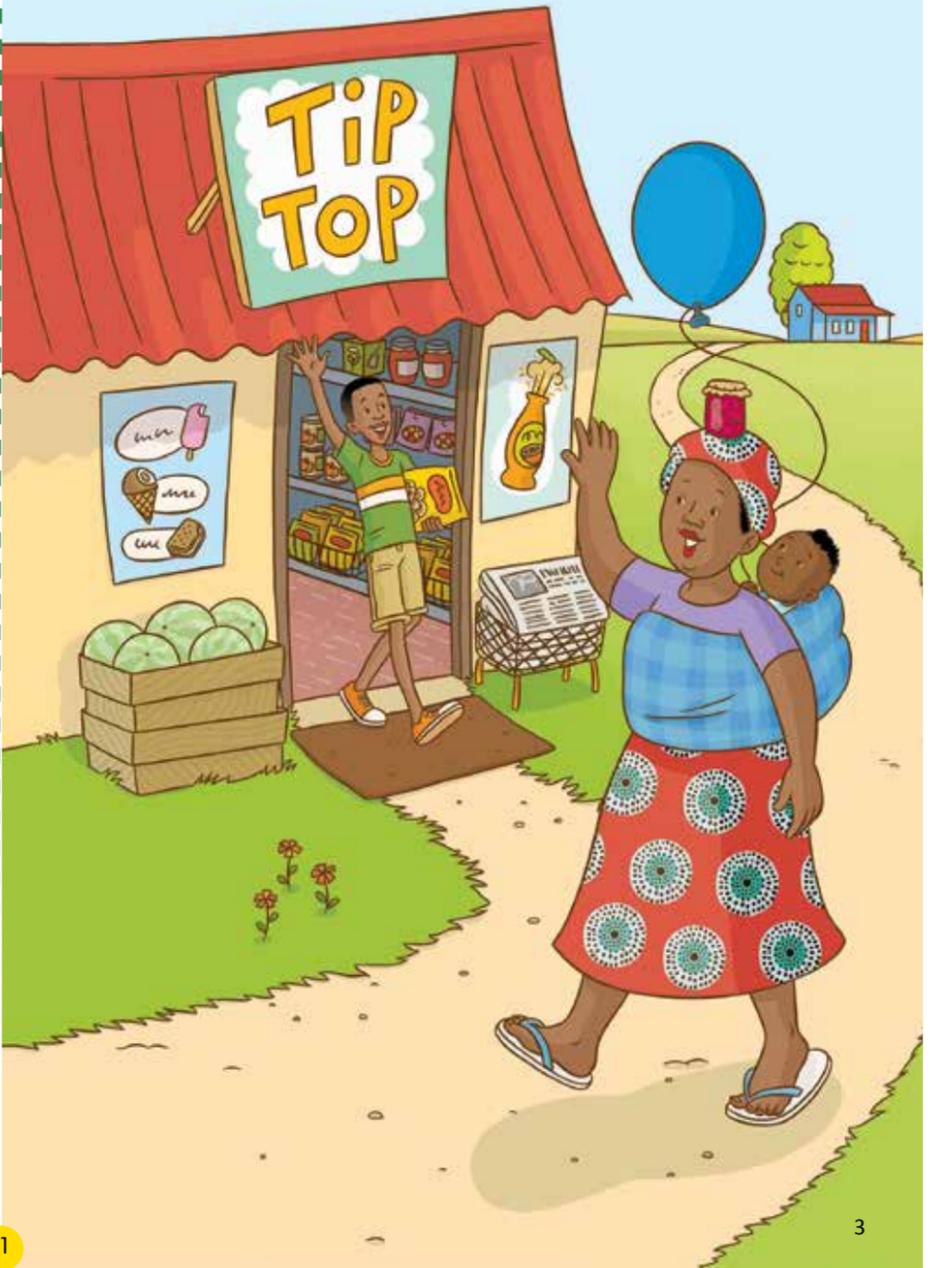
On the table were the vegetable pie and jam tarts that Momma had made, newly laid eggs from the chubby chicken, the special birthday cake and the crispy potato chips. The table was decorated with flowers and Baby Beka's beautiful blue balloon.

"THIS IS MY BEST BIRTHDAY EVER!" said Gogo. And she should know, because Gogo had already had at least eighty or ninety birthdays before this one!

Xa evula umnyango, wonke umntu waqala ukucula ingoma yokubhiyozela usuku lokuzalwa.

Phezu kwetafile kwakukho ipayi eyenziwe ngemifuno kunye nezimuncumuncu zezem ezenziwe nguMomma uMoeng, amaqanda asandula ukuzalelwa yinkukhu etyetyisiweyo, ikeyiki ekhethekileyo yosuku lokuzalwa kunye neetships ezikramzelayo ezenziwe ngeetapile. Itafile yayihonjiswe ngeentyatyambo kunye nebhaloni entle ezuba yoSana olunguBeka.

"OLU LOLONA SUKU LWAM LOKUZALWA NDILONWABELEYO!" watsho uMakhulu. Kwaye wayekwazi ngokwenene oko, kuba uMakhulu wayesele ebhiyozele imihla yokuzalwa engamashumi asibhozo okanye engamashumi alithoba phambi kolu suku!



"Kufuneka sithengele uMakhulu uMoeng ikeyiki yosuku lokuzalwa," watsho uMomma uMoeng. Bangena ngaphakathi. *Nkqim-nkqi* yakhala intsimbi yokunkqonkqoza. "Molo, Nkosikazi uMakabalo. Ingaba uyazi ukuba namhlanje lusuku lokuzalwa lukaMakhulu uMoeng?" "Owu, ewe," watsho uNkosikazi uMakabalo. "Ndimbhakele ikeyiki ekhethekileyo, kodwa andikwazi kuyisihya ivenkile. Ndinganiphathisa ukuze nimike yona?" "Ngokungqinisekileyo," wavuma uMomma uMoeng, kodwa kwakukho ingxaki eza kuvela – uMomma uMoeng kwakufuneka enezandla ezibini zokuphatha ikeyiki. Ngoko ke wacinga icebo. Wathatha inkukhu eyeyiswiweyo wayibeka phezu kwengqayi yejem awayeyithwele. Ngoko ke waba nazo izandla ezibini zokuphatha ikeyiki ekhethekileyo yosuku lokuzalwa. Bahamba ke ooMomma uMoeng, uSana uBeka kunye noSipho bephuma kuloo manyango uthi *nkqim-nkqi*.

"We must get a birthday cake for Gogo," said Momma. They went inside. *Ting-a-ling* went the doorbell. "Good morning, Mrs Makabelo. Did you know today is Gogo Moeng's birthday?" "Oh yes," said Mrs Makabelo. "I have baked a special cake for her, but I can't leave the shop. Could you take it to her?" "Of course," offered Momma, but there was a problem – Momma needed two hands to carry the cake. So, she made a plan. She put the chubby chicken on top of the jar of jam that she was carrying on her head. Now she had two hands to carry the special birthday cake. Off marched Momma, Baby Beka and Sipho through the *ting-a-ling* door. When Baby Beka smelt the cake he mumbled, "Nummy, nummy, num-num." The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Bekas balloon went *bobby-bob* and Mommas slippers went *pliff-pliff, pliff-pliff, pliff-pliff* down the dusty path until they met Valencia.



"I've got a chubby chicken for Gogo Moeng. Can you give it to her?" asked Mr Shabalala.

"Of course," said Momma tucking the chubby chicken under her arm and off marched Momma, Baby Beka and Siphho.

The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook, the packet of crispy potato chips went crinkle-crinkle, Baby Beka's balloon went bobbity-bob and Momma's slippers went pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path until they came to Mrs Makabelo's home-bake shop.

"Ndinenkukhu eryeyisiweyo endinokuyinika uMakhulu uMoeng. Ndinganiphathisa yona ukuze nimnike?" wabuza uMnumzana uShabalala.

"Ngokukqinisekileyo," watsho uMomma uMoeng eyithi khatha phantsi kwekhwapha loo nkukhu iyeyisiweyo waze wahamba noSana uBeka kunye noSiphho.

Inkukhu eryeyisiweyo yayingxola ikokoza isithi *ko-ko-ko-ko-ko-ko-ko-ko*, ize ipakethi yetships ezikramzelayo ithi *rhwasha-rhwasha-rhwasha*, ibhaloni yoSana uBeka ithi *bhaku-bhaku-bhaku* zaze iiflops zikaMomma zathi *phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa* ukuhla ngendledlana enothuli bade bafika evenkileni yokubhaka kaNkosikazi uMakabelo.

Siphho's packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Beka's balloon went *bobbity-bob* and Momma's slippers went *pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path until they came to Mr Shabalala, who was feeding his chickens.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"We're going to Gogo Moeng's house. It's her birthday," answered Momma.



Ipakethi kaSiphho yeetships zeetapile ezikramzelayo yayisithi *rhwasha-rhwasha-rhwasha*, ibhaloni yoSana uBeka isithi *bhaku-bhaku-bhaku* zaye iiflopsi zikaMomma uMoeng zona zisithi *phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa* lo gama behla ngendledlana enothuli, de badibana noMnumzana uShabalala, owayesipha iinkukhu zakhe ukutya.

"Niyaphi na?" wabuza.

"Siya kwaMakhulu uMoeng. Lusuku lokuzalwa kwakhe," waphendula uMomma uMoeng.

UMomma uMoeng wanqonkqoza kumnyango wangaphambili. USiphho wahlaba ikhwele. UValencia wakhwaza. Kodwa kwakungekho mpendulo. UMomma uMoeng wayhala ucango lwangaphambili baza bangena ngaphakathi bonke. Kodwa kwakungekho bani apho. Bakhangele ekhithshini – kwakungekho mntu apho. Bakhangele kwigumbi lokulala – kwakungekho mntu nalapho. Bakhangele kuyo yonke indawo. Ingaba uyephi uMakhulu uMoeng?

UMomma uMoeng wathi, "Masiqalise ukuphuka mhlawumbi uMakhulu uMoeng angavale athi gqi!"

Ngoko ke yiloo nto kanye ethe yenziwa ngabo bonke – wonke umntu ngaphandle nje koSana olunguBeka. Othe yena wahlala phezu kwekhawunartari yasekhithshini esecaleni kwefestile wakroba, de wabona uMakhulu uMoeng esiza, ehamba ngendledlana, esezantsi kwenduli elithambeka.



Momma knocked on the front door. Siphho whistled. Valencia shouted. But there was no reply. Momma pushed the front door open and they all went inside. But there was no one there. They looked in the kitchen – nobody. They looked in the bedroom – nobody. They looked everywhere. Where could Gogo be?

Momma said, "Let's get cooking and maybe Gogo will turn up." So that is what everyone did – everyone except Baby Beka. He sat on the kitchen counter next to the window and watched until he saw Gogo walking way down the path at the very bottom of the steep hill.

"Gogo! Gogo!" he called. Everyone looked.

"GOGO! GOGO!" everyone shouted together. "GOGO!"

Way down at the bottom of the steep hill Gogo said, "EE-EE-EE. Someone is calling me. Now I can't go to the shops to buy my birthday supper."

Gogo turned round and walked all the way up the steep hill. Her slippers went *shuffle-shuffle* on the dusty path. Finally she reached the back door.

"Makhulu! Makhulu!" lwakhwaza uSana olunguBeka. Wonke umntu wakroba.

"MAKHULU! MAKHULU!" bonke bakhwaza ngaxeshanye. "MAKHULU!"

Phaya emazantsi enduli uMakhulu wathi "EE, EE, EE. Kukho umntu ondikhwazayo. Ngoku andikwazi kugqitha ezivenkileni ndizithengele isidlo sangokuhlwa sosuku lwam lokuzalwa."

UMakhulu wajika waza wanyuka loo nduli ilithambeka. Izilipasi zakhe zazisithi *shixi-shixi, shixi-shixi* kulo ndledlana inothuli. Ekugqibeleni wafika kumnyango wangasemva.



Get story active!

Here are some activities for you to try. They are based on all the stories in this edition of the Nal'ibali Supplement: *Momma Moeng's surprise* (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12), *Why birds sing at dawn* (pages 7 to 10) and *Thato, the dreamer* (page 14).



Yenza ibali linike umdla!

Nantsi eminye imisebenzi onokuyizama. Isekwe kuwo onke amabali kolu papasho loHlelo lukaNal'ibali: *UMomma uMoeng wenze okungalindelekanga* (iphepha lesi-5, lesi-6, le-11 nele-12), *Kutheni iintaka zicula ngomsobomvu* (iphepha lesi-7 ukuya kwele-10) nelithi, *UThato, umphuphi* (iphepha le-15).

Momma Moeng's surprise

Here are some things to do after you have read the story.

- ★ Choose a part of the story that does not have an illustration and draw a picture for it. Copy out the words from the story that go with your picture.
- ★ What would you have given Gogo Moeng as a birthday present? Write a list of your ideas.
- ★ Make a birthday card for a friend or family member whose birthday is soon – or make one for Gogo Moeng. Remember to write a message inside your card!



UMomma uMoeng wenze okungalindelekanga

Nazi ezinye izinto ezinokwenziwa emva kokuba ufunde ibali.

- ★ Khetha inxenye yebali elingenamzobo uze uzobe umfanekiso walo. Kopa amagama ahambelana nomfanekiso wakho ebalini.
- ★ Ubuya kumpha ntoni uMakhulu uMoeng njengesipho sosuku lokuzalwa? Bhala uludwe lwezimvo zakho.
- ★ Yenzela umhlobo okanye ilungu losapho elinosuku lokuzalwa oselusondele ikhadi losuku lokuzalwa – okanye yenzela uMakhulu uMoeng. Khumbula ukubhala umyalezo ngaphakathi kwekhadi lakho!

Why birds sing at dawn

Remember that in Happy-Land the birds and trees could talk to each other. What do you think Mamango and Mama Bird told each other the morning after Mama Bird returned? Try writing their conversation below. Then read it aloud with a friend!

Kutheni iintaka zicula ngomsobomvu

Khumbula ukuba eMincilini iintaka nemithi ziyakwazi ukuncokola. Ucinga ukuba uMamango noMama uNtaka baxelelana ntoni ngentsasa yasemva kokuba ebuyile uMama uNtaka? Zama ukubhala incoko yabo ngezantsi. Emva koko fundela umhlobo ngokuvakalayo!

Mamango: _____

Mama Bird/UMama uNtaka: _____

Mamango: _____

Mama Bird/UMama uNtaka: _____

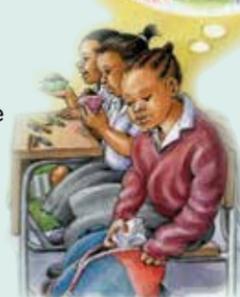
Mamango: _____

Mama Bird/UMama uNtaka: _____



Thato, the dreamer

- ★ Talk about the story.
 - ☉ Why do you think the children called Thato names like *mokhukhu* girl?
 - ☉ What would you have done if you were Thato?
 - ☉ What would you have done if you were there when they called Thato names?
 - ☉ Do you think a person is a bully if they call someone else names?
- ★ On your own or with a friend, write the newspaper report about Thato. You may also want to draw a picture to go with your report!



UThato, umphuphi

- ★ Thetha ngebali.
 - ☉ Ucinga ukuba kutheni abantwana bebiza uThato ngamagama afana nokuthi yintombazana yomkhukhu?
 - ☉ Ubuya kwenza ntoni ukuba ubunguThato?
 - ☉ Ubuya kwenza ntoni ukuba ubukhona apho xa bebiza uThato ngamagama anyembayo?
 - ☉ Ucinga ukuba umntu ngumxhaphazi xa ebiza omnye ngamagama anyembayo?
- ★ Wena uwedwa okanye unomhlobo, bhala ingxelo yephephandaba ngoThato. Mhlawumbi ungathanda nokuzoba umfanekiso ohamba nengxelo yakho!



Thato, the dreamer

By Pirai Mazungunye Illustrations by Yvonne Robinson



In Disteneng, just five kilometres from Polokwane, lived a girl named Thato. Thato lived with her mother, Mokgadi, in a house made of poles and iron sheets – a *mokhukhu*. Early in the morning, Thato's mother would walk with her all the way to her primary school in Ladanna.

One morning as they passed the green shack on the corner, people were sitting outside drinking beer.

"Thlou stays here," said Thato. "He doesn't come to school anymore."

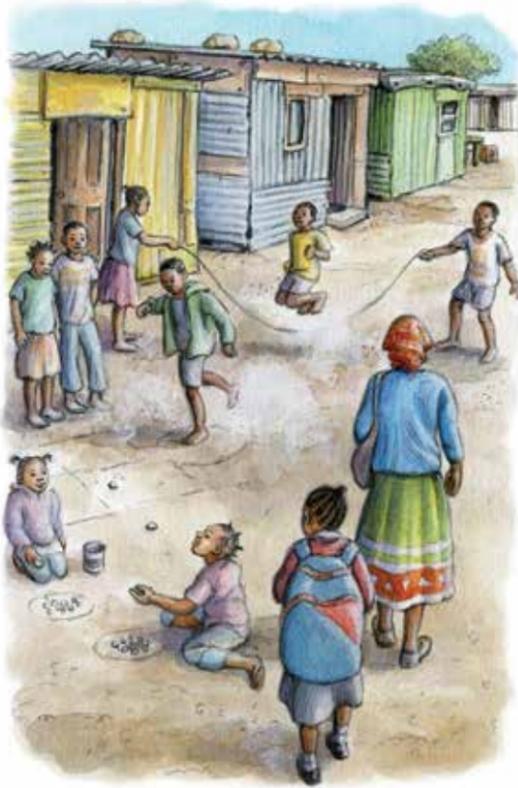
"Are you sure?" asked Mokgadi.

"Yes. He said school is for rich people, not poor people," Thato answered sadly. "I miss him so much. He was the only other child from Disteneng at school."

Then Thato ran ahead of her mother. Further down the road, as they got closer to Ladanna, she heard the sound of birds. In Disteneng, she only heard loud music.

Thato worked hard at school. During break time, she always did her homework because it was difficult to do it at home. But it was Grace's birthday today and she had brought cupcakes for everyone in class. Mrs Sephuma handed out the pretty little cakes to the children. Slowly Thato ate a small piece of her cake. It had chocolate icing on top and tasted sweet. It made Thato think about her last birthday. She had not brought cakes, but had sung a song for the class. The teacher had loved it, but not the children. Some of them had sulked, while others said, "*Mokhukhu* girl! Hey, *mokhukhu* girl – the one who sees electricity across the river – where's our cake?"

As she thought about that, Thato did not feel like eating her cupcake anymore. She wrapped what was left of it in some paper and put it in her schoolbag. Then she took out her writing book and started doing her homework.



After school, Thato walked back home behind her mother. As she got closer to the corner where the green shack was, she saw some children, white with dust from head to foot. They were playing games – *kgati*, *tshere tshere* and *diketo* – in the road.

"Here comes the schoolgirl," said one of them pointing at Thato. The children stopped playing. The girls playing *diketo* stopped singing. They looked at Thato in her school uniform that was too big for her. Thato did not mind being called the schoolgirl. It was better than the names she was called at school.

"She is back," they all said together.

"You should come back to school," said Thato. "We can all go to school together."

"Go to school?" they laughed. "Never! You will find nothing there!"

At school it was the same. Sometimes Thato would be upset and cry. Sometimes she would get angry and shout back, "My name is not *mokhukhu* girl! It's Thato! Lucky you, who chose your parents! If I was asked to choose, I would choose to live in a big house!"

Some children laughed, but others said, "She is right. We did not choose where we were born. Thato is right." And after that they only called her Thato.

"So what?" a few unkind children said. "She sang for us on her birthday. Now we will sing a song too: Thato, the *mokhukhu* girl, the dreamer." Then they followed her around the schoolyard singing their unkind song. "Thato, the *mokhukhu* girl, the dreamer." Over and over again.

But, things don't stay the same forever. When Thato turned nine, she could take part in school sports. The first time her teachers saw her run, they knew that she would be a champion!

"You must practise every day after school, Thato," Mrs Sephuma said.

Every day, Mrs Sephuma would give Thato a sandwich and some fruit when the other children were not around. Every day, Thato practised.

When it was the school sports day, Thato came first in all her races. "Now you must run for the school! You must help us win the sports competition this year," said the principal as she gave Thato a big packet.

Thato didn't open the packet until she got home, but as soon as her mother had closed the door, Thato opened it. Inside was a pair of running shoes, running shorts and a T-shirt. Thato ran even faster in her running shoes.

It wasn't long before the same children who had called her *mokhukhu* girl started calling her the bullet girl.

"There goes the bullet girl!" they would shout as she sped past them on the sports field. And at all the races they cheered her on, chanting, "Run, Thato, the dreamer, run. Run, bullet girl!"

After two years of training every day and eating the extra food that Mrs Sephuma brought to school for her, Thato became one of the fastest runners in Limpopo.

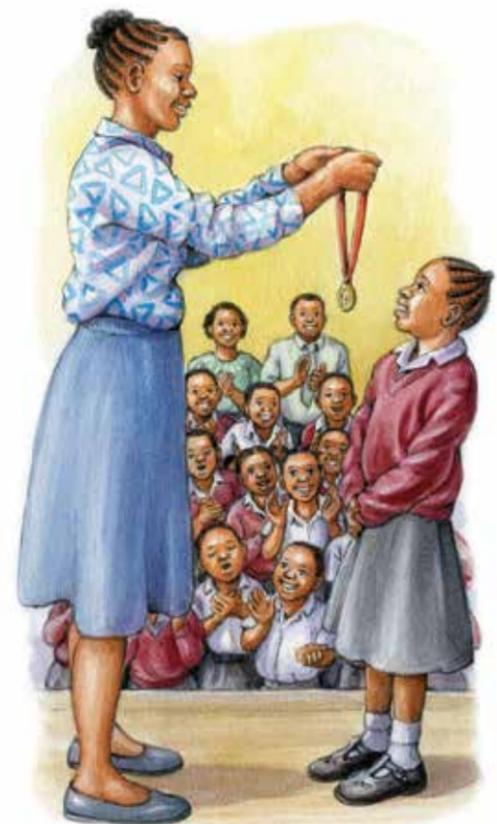
One day Thato ran up to her mother as she waited at the school gate. "Mom, mom!" she shouted. "I'm on the Limpopo team! I'm going to Cape Town with the team!"

The principal gave Thato more packets. There was one with running shoes and running clothes. The T-shirts all had Limpopo's emblem on them. There was also a packet with a cap, jeans and a jacket. And there was a small packet with a plastic bank card that had spending money for the trip to Cape Town.

When the time came for the Limpopo team to go to Cape Town, a big bus with soft seats and dark windows came to fetch Thato at her school. She hugged Mokgadi goodbye and climbed up the steps of the bus. As she turned to wave goodbye, she saw Thlou standing next to her mother. Behind him, stood her dusty friends from Disteneng.

She remembered how they used to call her the school girl. She smiled. "You should come back to school," she said.

Thato was the fastest one hundred metre runner in her age group. They wrote about her in the local newspaper and talked about her on the radio. They called her a golden girl in waiting. At school Thato was given a medal at assembly. All the children and teachers clapped for her. And they sang a song over and over again, "Thato, the golden girl, the dreamer."





UThato, umphuphi

Libali likaPirai Mazungunye ■ Imifanekiso izotywe nguYvonne Robinson
 ■ Liguqulelwe esiXhoseni nguSindiswa Mbokodi



EDisteneng, umganyana nje oziikhilometha ezintlanu ukusuka ePolokwane, kwakuhlala intombazana egama linguThato. UThato wayehlala nomama wakhe, uMokgadi kwindlu eyayakhiwe ngezibonda nangamazinki – *umkhukhu*. Umama kaThato wayesithi kwasekuseni ahambe naye ukuya esikolweni sakhe sabaqalayo eLadanna.

Ngantsasa ithile xa babedlula kwityotyombe eliluhlaza ekoneni, abantu babehleli ngaphandle besela utywala.

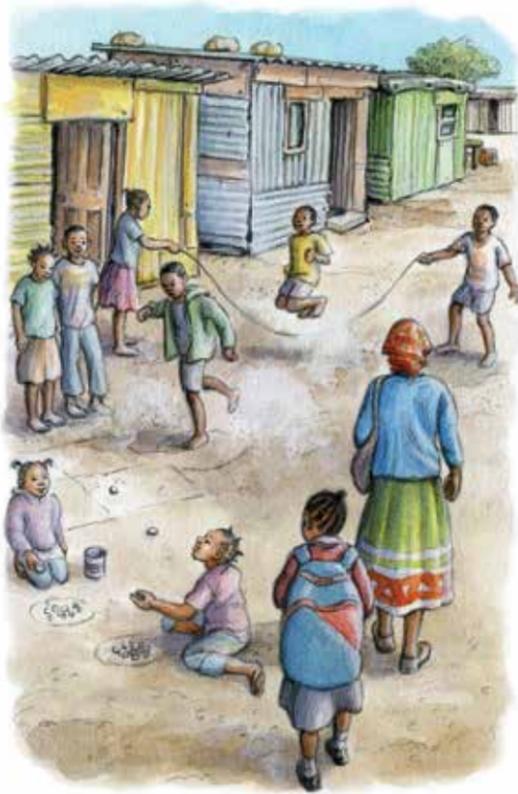
“UTlou uhlala apha,” watsho uThato. “Akasayi esikolweni.”

“Uqinisekile?” wabuza uMokgadi.

“Ewe. Wathi isikolo sesabantu abazityebi, hayi abantu abangamahlwempu,” uThato waphendula elusizi. “Ndiyamkhumbula kakhulu. Wayekuphela komnye umntwana ophuma eDisteneng phaya esikolweni.”

Waza ke uThato wabaleka ngaphambili kukamama wakhe. Ekubeni behlele ngasezantsi endleleni, njengoko babesiya besondela eLadanna, weva intsholo yeentaka. EDisteneng, wayesiva umculo otsholo phezulu.

UThato wayesebenza ngokuzimisela esikolweni. Ngexesha lekhefu, wayesithi qho enze umsebenzi abawunikelwe ukuba bawenze ekhaya kuba kwakunzima ukuwenza ekhaya. Kodwa ke namhlanje yaye ingumhla wokuzalwa kukaGrace kwaye wayethengele wonke umntu eklasini ikeyikana ezincinanana. UNkoskz Sephuma wabanika abantwana ezo keyiki zintle zincinanana. UThato watya iqhekezana lekeyiki yakhe ngokuthe chu. Yayiqatywe ngetshokholethi yaye ivakala switi. Loo nto yamenza uThato wacinga ngomhla wakhe wokuzalwa owawusel’udlulile. Wayengazanga nazikeyiki, kodwa wayeyiculele ingoma ikhosi. Utiitshala wayeyithandle ingoma, kodwa hayi abantwana. Abanye babo babequmbile, abanye besithi “Ntombazana *yomkhukhu*! Heyi Ntombazana *yomkhukhu* – wena uwubona umbane ngaphesheya komlambo – iphi ikeyiki yethu?”



Wathi uThato xa eyicinga le nto, waziva engasenamdla wokuyitya ikeyiki yakhe. Wayisongela leyo yayisele ephepheni waza wayifaka kubhaka wakhe weencwadi. Wandula wathabatha incwadi yakhe yokubhala, wenza umsebenzi wakhe wesikolo owenzelwa ekhaya.

Ukuphuma kwesikolo, uThato wahamba emva kukamama wakhe ukugoduka. Wathi xa esondela kulaa kona kwakukho kuyo ityotyombe eliluhlaza, wabona abantwana ababemhlophe luthuli ukusukela ezintloko ukuya ezinyaweni. Babedlala imidlalo – *i-kgati*, *i-tshere tshere ne-diketo* – ecaleni kwendlela.

“Nantso isiza intombazana yesikolo,” watsho omnye wabo ekhomba uThato. Abantwana bayeka ukudlala. Amantombazana awayedlala *i-diketo* ayeka ukucula. Bajonga uThato enxibe iyunifom eyayinkulu kakhulu kuye. UThato wayengakunanzanga ukubizwa ngokuba uyintombazana yesikolo. Oku kwakubhetele kunamagama awayebizwa ngawo esikolweni.

“Ubuyile,” batsho bonke ngaxesha linye.

“Kufuneka nibuyele esikolweni,” watsho uThato. “Singahamba sonke ukuya esikolweni.”

“Siye esikolweni?” bahleka. “Soze! Akukho nto unokuyifumana apho!”

Oku kwakuqhubeka iintsuku ngeentsuku. Ngamanye amaxesha uThato wayekhathezeka ade dilile. Ngamanye amaxesha wayecaphuka aze abaphendule ekhwaza, “Igama lam asingoNtombazana *yomkhukhu*! NdinguThato! Ninethamsanqa nina, enazikhetelayo abazali benu! Ukuba ndandicelive ukuba ndikhethe, ngendiyintombi yenqununu kwaye ndihlala endlwini enkulu!”

Abanye abantwana babehleka, kodwa abanye bathi, “Unyanisile. Zange sizikhethele apho sazaelwa khona. UThato unyanisile.” Emva koko bambiza kuphela njengoThato.

“Kunceda ntoni?” latsho iqedlana labantwana abanolunya. “Wasiculela ngemini yokuzalwa kwakhe. Ngoku ke siza kucula ingoma nathi: uThato, intombazana *yomkhukhu*, umphuphi.” Emva koko bamlandela bejikeleza iyadi yesikolo becula ingoma yabo enolunya. “UThato. intombazana *yomkhukhu*, umphuphi.” Beyiphinda-phinda.

Kodwa ke izinto azihlali zinjalo ngonaphakade. Wathi uThato akufikelela kubudala obuminyaka ilithoba, waba nako ukuthatha inxaxheba kwimidlalo yesikolo. Bathi beqala nje ootiitshala bakhe ukumbona ebaleka, baqonda ukuba uya kuba yintshatsheli!

“Kufuneka uziqhelise qho ukuphuma kwesikolo, Thato,” watsho uNkoskz Sephuma.

Ntsuku zonke, uNkoskz Sephuma wayempha uThato isonka esihlohlweyo kunye neziqhamo ngexesha bengexho abanye abantwana. Ntsuku zonke, uThato wayeziqhelisa.

Ngeentsuku zemidlalo yesikolo, uThato wayephuma phambili kulo lonke ugqatso. “Ngoku kufuneka ubalekele isikolo! Kufuneka usincede siphumelele ukhuphiswano lwemidlalo kulo nyaka,” yatsho inqununu, inika uThato ingxowana enkulu.

UThato azange ayivule ingxowana leyo de wayokufika ekhaya, kodwa wathi umama wakhe akuba eluvulile ucango, uThato wayivula ingxowana. Ngaphakathi kwakukho izihlangu zokubaleka, izikhindi zokubaleka nesikipha. UThato wabaleka nangaphezulu ngezihlangu zakhe zokubaleka.

Zange kube kudala baze bathi aba bantwana babembiza ngokuba yintombazana *yomkhukhu* baqalisa ukuthi yintombazana eyimbumbulu.

“Nantso intombazana eyimbumbulu!” babekholisa ukukhwaza xa wayedlula kubo ngesantya kwibala lemidlalo. Baza basoloko bemkhuthaza qho elugqatsweni besithi, “Baleka, Thato, mphuphi, baleka. Baleka, ntombazana eyimbumbulu!”

Emva kweminyaka emibini yokuziqhelisa ntsuku zonke nokutya ukutya okongeziweyo awayekuphathelela esikolweni nguNkoskz Sephuma, uThato waba yenye yezona mbaleki zinesantya esiphezulu eLimpopo.

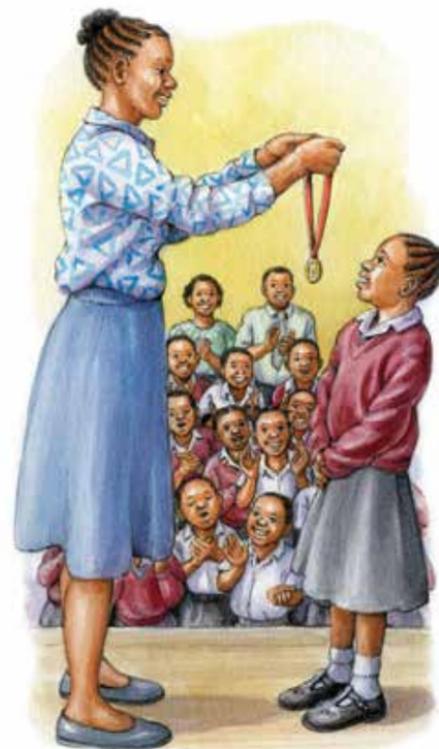
Ngenye imini uThato wabaleka waya kumama wakhe owayelinde esangweni lesikolo. “Mama, Mama!” wakhwaza. “Ndikwiqela laseLimpopo! Ndiya eKapa neli qela!”

Inqununu yazongeza iingxowana zikaThato. Yabakho ehamba nezihlangu zokubaleka nenye ehamba nempahla yokubaleka. Izikipha zonke zazinombhalo weLimpopo. Kwakukho nengxowa enekepusi, iijini nebhathi. Kwakukwako nengxowana enekhadi lebhanki leplastiki elalinemali awayeza kuyisebenzisa kolu hambu luya eKapa.

Lakufika ixesha lokuba iqela laseLimpopo linduluke ukuya eKapa, kwafika ibhasi enezitulo ezitofotofo neneefestile ezenziwe mnyama izokubathatha kwisikolo sakhe. Wamwola uMokgadi esithi asale kakuhle waza wonyuka ngezitephusi zebhasi. Wathi xa ejika ephakamisa isandla ukuthi ndlela-ntle, wabona uTlou emi ngakunina. Emva kwakhe kwakumi abahlobo bakhe abanothuli baseDisteneng.

Wakhumbula elaa xesha babefudula besithi yintombazana yesikolo. Wancuma. “Kufuneka nibuyele esikolweni nina,” watsho.

UThato wayengoyena ugqwesileyo kugqatso lweemitha ezilikhulu kubantwana abalingana naye. Babhala ngaye kwiphephandaba lasekohlaleni baza bathetha ngaye kunomathotholo. Babembiza ngokuba yintombi yegolide esakhulayo. Esikolweni uThato wawongwa ngembasa ngexesha lendibano yesikolo yakusasa. Bonke abantwana nootiitshala bamqhwabela izandla. Baza bamvumela ingoma beyiphindaphinda, “UThato, intombi yegolide, umphuphi.”



Nal'ibali fun

Okokuzonwabisa kwakwaNal'ibali



1. In *Momma Moeng's surprise*, Gogo Moeng got lots of birthday surprises! Follow the steps below to create your own poem about surprises. Start each line of your poem with a letter from the word, "surprise".

1. On a separate sheet of paper, write down all the words or phrases you think of when you hear the word, "surprise".
2. Choose which of these words or phrases you want to use in your poem. Remember each line of your poem has to start with a letter from the word, SURPRISE. For example: you could write "people and presents" on the line that starts with the letter, "p".
3. Add in any other words you need to complete your poem.
4. Read your poem aloud.

S _____
 U _____
 R _____
 P _____
 R _____
 I _____
 S _____
 E _____



Ebalini *UMomma uMoeng* wenze okungalindelekanga, uMakhulu uMoeng ufumana imimangaliso yosuku lokuzalwa! Landela amanyathelo angezantsi ukuze uyile umbongo wakho ngemimangaliso. Umqolo ngamnye wombongo wakho ufanele ukuqala ngonobumba oyinxenye yegama elithi, "ummangaliso".

1. Kwiphepha elihamba lodwa, bhala phantsi onke amagama okanye amabinzana amagama owacinga xa usiva igama elithi, "ummangaliso".
2. Khetha ukuba ngawaphi kula magama okanye amabinzana amagama ofuna ukuwasebenzisa kumbongo wakho. Khumbula umqolo ngamnye wombongo wakho ufanele ukuqala ngonobumba ovela egameni elithi, UMMANGALISO. Umzekelo: unokubhala uthi "umntu nomnikelo" kumqolo onegama elino "m" kwilungu lalo lokuqala okanye lesibini.
3. Yongeza nawaphi amanye amagama owadingela ukugqibezela umbongo wakho.
4. Wufunde ngokuvakalayo umbongo wakho.

U _____
 M _____
 M _____
 A _____
 N _____
 G _____
 A _____
 L _____
 I _____
 S _____
 O _____



Can you unscramble the letters to make the names of the birthday gifts that Gogo Moeng received in *Momma Moeng's surprise*?

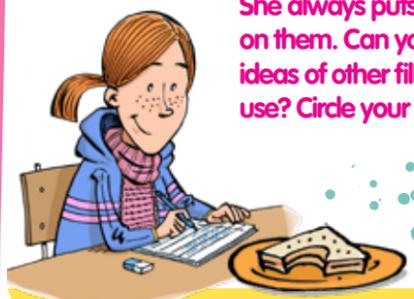
- ekac _____
- amj _____
- foeslwr _____
- oablIn _____
- pchsi _____
- slaeevgtbe _____
- enicckh _____



Ungakwazi ukulungisa oonobumba ukuze wakhe amagama ezipho zosuku lokuzalwa ezifunyenwe nguMakhulu uMoeng kwibali elithi *UMomma uMoeng* wenze okungalindelekanga?

- ykiieik _____
- mjie _____
- aiytnaiytmbo _____
- hboinila _____
- ispiisthi _____
- nfouiim _____
- uknihku _____

2. Sometimes Hope likes to make her own sandwiches to take to school. She always puts peanut butter on them. Can you give her some ideas of other fillings she could use? Circle your favourite filling.



- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

Ngelinye ixesha uHope uyathanda ukuzenzela awakhe amaqebengwana ahlohlweyo awaphatha xa esiya esikolweni. Usoloko eqaba ibhotolo yamantongomane. Ungamnika izimvo ezimbalwa ngezinye izinto anokuzisebenzisela ukuzihlohla? Biyela eyona nto yokuhlohla oyithanda kakhulu.

Impendulo: ikeyiki, ijem, iinyatyambo, ibhaloni, iitships, imifuno, inkukhu
 Answers: cake, jam, flowers, balloon, chips, vegetables, chicken

Nal'ibali is here to motivate and support you. Contact us by calling our call centre on 02 11 80 40 80, or in any of these ways: AbakwaNal'ibali bakhona ukuze bakunike inkuthazo nenkxaso. Nxibelelana nathi ngokufonela iziko lethu leminxeba ku-02 11 80 40 80, okanye nangayiphi na enye kwezi ndlela zilandelayo:

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IN THE KNOW ON THE MOVE.

