

# NA LIBALI

## 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!



## Tsheketa ntsheketo!

Siku ra Tsheketa Ntsheketo 27 Dzivamisoko 2020, ri tlangela ku tsheketa mitsheketo ya mixaka hinkwayo – mitsheketo ya ku hlalela ehenhla leyi humaka etibukwini, mitsheketo leyi runguriwaka, ku katsa na mitsheketo leyi tlangiwaka eswitejini, eka tifilimi na le ka mikombiso ya tiphaphete.

Hlaya switsundzuxo swa hina laha hansi swa ku tsheketa vana va wena mitsheketo, kutani mi tiphina hi misingiriko ya mikombiso yo hlawuleka ya tiphaphete eka pheji 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.



### KU SUNGULA KU TSHEKETA MITSHEKETO

- ★ Hlawula nkarhi eka siku lowu nga kahle eka n'wina hinkwenu. Vana van'wana va rhandza ku yingisela mitsheketo hi nkarhi wa ku etlela, kasi van'wana swa va olovela ku yingisela ninhlakani.
- ★ Vana va fanele va titwa va tshamisekile naswona va va na nchumu wo vempafama ku tshama eka wona.
- ★ A ku fanelanga ku va na huhwa swinene, leswaku va yingisela hi ku olova.
- ★ Ku hlawula mitsheketo leyi u yi tivaka kahle, swi ta ku pfuna ku yi tsheketa hi ku vutiishembha. Nakambe tiyisisa leswaku mitsheketo yi ringanerile vukhale bya vana va wena.



### MATSHEKETELO YA NTSHEKETO

1. Loko u nga si sungula ku tsheketa ntsheketo, vutisa swivutiso leswi fambelanaka na ntsheketo na ntokoto wa vona wa misava. Leswi swi pfuna ku koka rinoko ra vana.
2. U nga vulavuli hi ku hatlisa loko u tsheketa ntsheketo. Vana va lava nkarhi wa ku anakanya hi leswi va swi twaka.
3. Tshikilela swinene nhlamuselo eka rito ra wena ku endla matitwelo, na ku tirhisa rito ro hambanahambana eka ximunhuhata xin'wana na xin'wana loko xi vulavula.
4. Tirhisa miri na swiendlo ku encenyeta. Xikombiso, loko ximunhuhata xi hlundzukile kutani xi hima ehansi, na wena hima hi milenge ya wena loko u tsheketa ntsheketo.
5. Vutisa swivutiso leswi nga ni tinhlamulo to tala kumbe u bumabumela swibumabumelo leswi nga na mavonelo yo tala, xikombiso, "Xana u anakanya leswaku ku ta humelela yini endzhaku?" na "Ndza tivutisa leswaku a titwa njhani loko a tumberile ekhwatini." Leswi swi pfuna vana ku anakanya hi ntsheketo na ku wu twisisa ku antswa.
6. Endzhaku ka ku tsheketa ntsheketo, hlholotela vana va wena ku avelana na wena swivutiso na swibumabumelo leswi va nga vaka na swona. Ringetani ku kuma tinhlamulo ta swivutiso swin'we.



### 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.



### Mivuyelo ya mitsheketo

Vulavisi byi kombisa leswaku:

- ♡ ku tivisa vana mitsheketo na tibuku ekaya loko va nga si sungula xikolo swi va pfuna ku tirha kahle exikolweni.
- ♡ ku tsheketa ntsheketo eka vana lava nga ringanela ku ya exikolweni swi engetela vuswikoti bya vona bya ririmi, swi kurisa ku anakanya ka vona na ku va pfuna ku anakanya mianakanyo yintshwa.



nalibali

IT STARTS WITH  
A STORY.

SWI SUNGULA HI  
NTSHEKETO.

## Get creative!

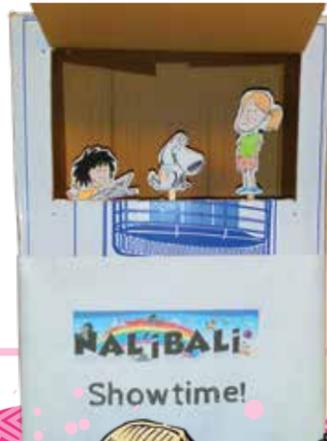
Using puppets is a great way to get children to retell the stories you have read to them, and to encourage them to make up their own stories! Here are some suggestions for how to create a puppet show.

### Make stick puppets Endla tiphaphete ta swimhandzani

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

## Endla vutumbuluxi!

Ku tirhisa tiphaphete i ndlela ya kahle swinene ku endla leswaku vana va tsheketa nakambe mitsheketo leyi u nga va hlayela yona, na ku va hlohlotela ku endla mitsheketo ya vona! Hi leswi switsundzuxo swa hilaha u nga endlaka nkombiso wa tiphaphete.



Landzelela swileriso ku endla tiphaphete ta timhandzi ta swimunhuhata swa Na'ibali kumbe u pfumelela vana va wena ku endla swimunhuhata swa vona swa ntsheketo.

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.

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.

3.



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

3. Namarheta xiphaphani lexisongo emakumu ya ximhandzani endzhaku ka xifaniso xin'wana na xin'wana.

1. Tsemeta swifaniso swa swimunhuhata swa Na'ibali eka pheji 3 kumbe u tirhisa swimunhuhata leswi u nga swi hlengeleta eka mikandziyiso leyi nga hundza ya switatisi. (Loko kuri leswaku vana va wena va na swimunhuhata swa vona, va pfumeleli va dirowa xifaniso xa ximunhuhata xin'wana na xin'wana.) Namarheta xifaniso xin'wana na xin'wana eka phepha kumbe eka khadibodo leswaku swi nga handzuki.

2. Tsemeta xifaniso xin'wana na xin'wana. Kuma ximhandzani xo lala (xo leha ku lava ku ringana na rhula) xa ximunhuhata xin'wana na xin'wana - u nga tirhisa swimunhuhata swa tikhebabu kumbe ximhandzani xin'wana na xin'wana lexi u nga xi kumaka ehandle. Tirhisa glu kumbe selothepi ku namarheta makumu ya ximhandzani endzhaku ka xifaniso xin'wana na xin'wana.



### Make a puppet theatre Endla nkombiso wa tiphaphete

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. Kuma khadibodo lerikulu, bokisi na khadibodo ra tikhona ta mune. Pfula swipfalo eka tlhelo rinwe ra bokisi. Laha hilaha u nga ta nghena hikona endzeni ka bokisi.

Emahlweni ka bokisi, pfula nyangwa hi ku tsema hi le hansi na le matlhelo ka tikhona ta mune ta bokisi. Mbhovo lowu u nga ta wu tsema wu ta va xiteji naswona u nga tirhisa nyangwa lowu ku pfula na ku pfala xiteji.

2.



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

2. Nghena endzeni ka bokisi na tiphaphete ta wena ta swimhandzani. Swi tirhisi ku tsheketa mitsheketo ya wena.



Photos/Swifaniso: Chèlan Naicker

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

Landzelela swileriso eka pheji 2 ku endla tiphaphete ta swimhandzani hi ku tihisa swifaniso leswi nga laha hansi.



**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](mailto: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.

Ku va ni nkateko wo tibukutela tibuku ta ka Book Dash, tsala nkambisiso hi ntsheketo lowu, *Hikwalahokayini tinyenyana ti yimbelela nimixo* (pheji 7 ku fika eka pheji 10), kutani u imeyilela eka [team@bookdash.org](mailto:team@bookdash.org), kumbe teka xifaniso kutani u hi thwitela eka [@bookdash](https://twitter.com/bookdash). (Nkambisiso wa wena wu nga kandziyisiwa eka Xitatisi xa Nal'ibali xa nkarhi lowu taka!) Tsundzuka ku katsa mavito ya wena hinkwawo, malembe na vuxokoxoko bya vuhlanganisi.



## 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.



## Mahungu ya Nal'ibali

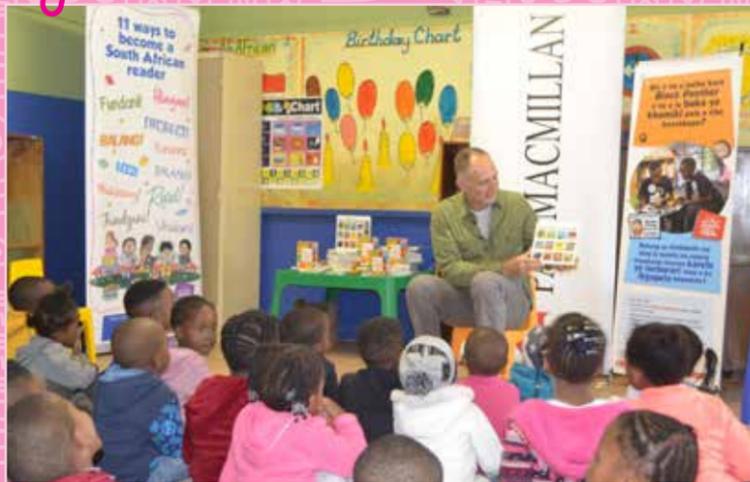
### Roger Priddy i mutumbuluxi wa Priddy Books, leyi hangalasaka tibuku ta tincece na ta vana lavatsongo.

Ku kula eka ndyangu lowu pfumalaka tibuku, Roger Priddy loyi a tshama eLondon a tshama a ri elayiburari evuhlangini bya yena, a ri karhi a phendla tibuku na ku sondzolota swifaniso. Loko a ya ekholichi ya swa vutshila endzhaku ka ku heta xikolo, u kumile leswaku a nga swi kota ku endla tibuku!

"Un'wana wa valetari va mina a ri mukombisi wa tibuku ta swifaniso ta vana naswona a ku ri ro sungula laha ndzi nga lemuka leswaku na mina ndzi nga endla tibuku," ku vula Priddy. Leswi hilaha Priddy Books yi nga sungula hakona. Namuntlha i xiphemu xa Macmillan Publishers.

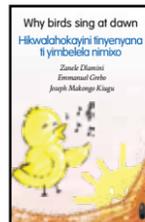
Hi N'wendzambahala 2019, Priddy Books xikan'we na Pan Macmillan ya Afrika-Dzonga va nyikerile magidigidi ya tibuku ta Priddy eka mihlangano yo hambana ya vahlayi ya laha Afrika-Dzonga, ku pfuna ku tiyisisa leswaku vana vo tala va na nkateko wa ku kula ni tibuku. "A swi ri swa nkoka eka hina ku hlawula tibuku leti kokaka rinoko ra vana va Afrika-Dzonga ngopfungopfu eka vana va mitlawa yo hlava ya Nal'ibali. Hikwalaho, hi hlawurile nongoloko wa tibuku ta milongoti yo sungula ya Xinghezi, Xiqhoza na Xizulu ku katsa na buku yo hlamarisa ya mayelana na swiharhi swa laha Afrika-Dzonga. Tibuku leti ta olova eka vatswari ku ti hlava na ku vulavula hi tona na vana," ku hlamusela Priddy.

Hi 6 N'wendzambahala 2019, Roger Priddy u endzerile ntlawa wo hlava wa Nal'ibali eSoweto ku ya hlayela vana tin'wana ta tibuku ta yena. "Tibuku i ndlela yo hlamarisa ya ku endla leswaku vatswari na vana va vona va tshama hansi na ku dzumba swin'we. Ti tlhela ti pfuna ku ndlandlamuxa ntivomarito wa vana na ku twisisa ka vona swilo leswi nga kusuhi na vona," ku vula Priddy.



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

Roger Priddy a ri karhi a avelana buku na vana lavatsongo va le Dobsonville, eSoweto.



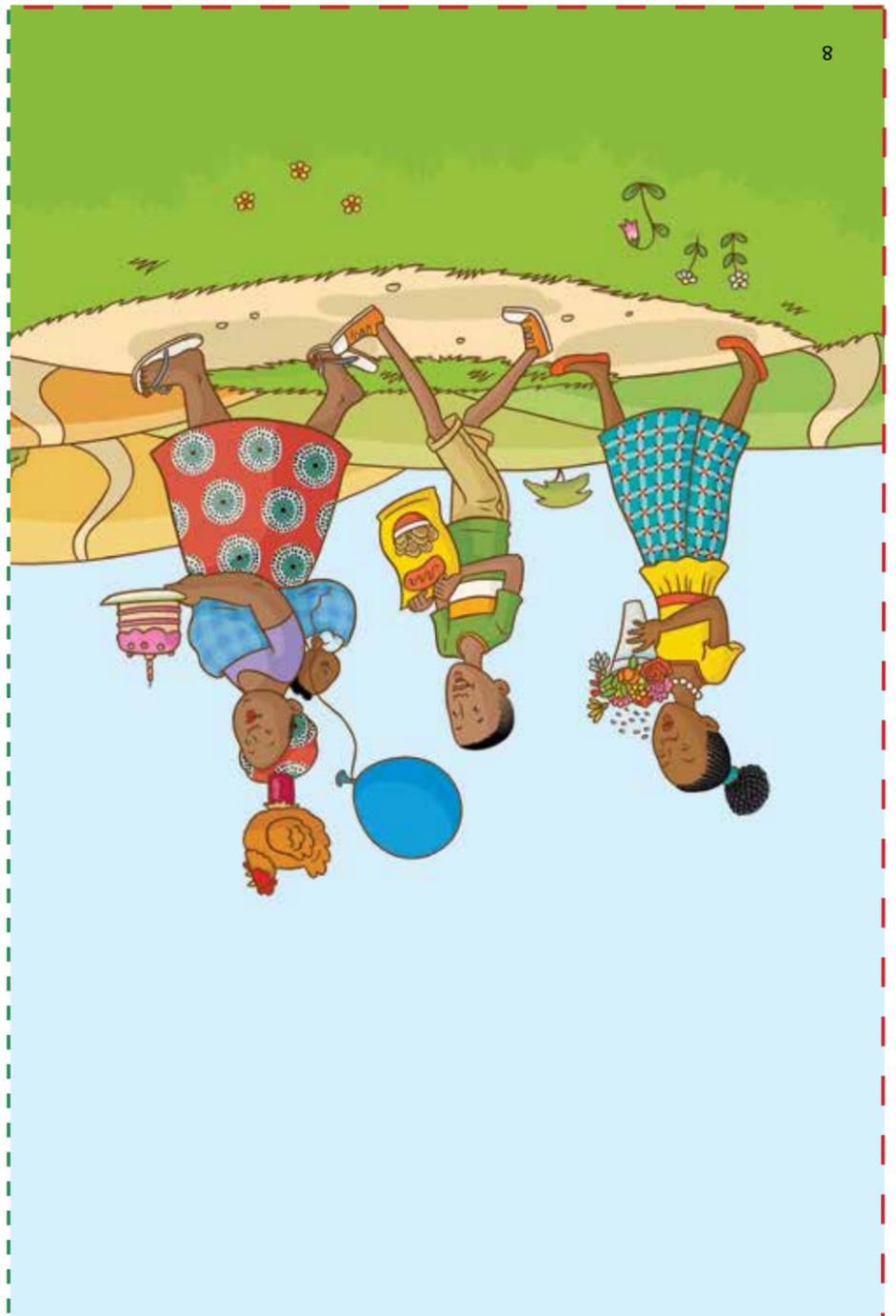
### Create **TWO** cut-out-and-keep books

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.

### Endla tibuku **TIMBIRHI** hi ku tsema u tihlayisa

1. Susa pheji 5 ku fika eka pheji 12 eka xitatisi.
2. Maphepha ya mapheji ya 5, 6, 11 na 12 ma endla buku yin'we. Maphepha ya pheji 7, 8, 9 na 10 ma endla buku yin'wana.
3. Tirhisa rin'wana na rin'wana ra maphepha lawa ku endla buku. Landzelela swileriso leswi nga laha hansi ku endla buku yin'wana na yin'wana.
  - a) Petsa phepha hi le xikarhi eka nkhwanti wa ntima lowu nga tsemekatsemeka.
  - b) Petsa nakambe hi le xikarhi eka nkhwanti wa rihladza.
  - c) Tsema hi le ka nkhwanti wo tshwuka.

“Where is everyone going?” asked Valécia. “We’re going to Gogo Moeng’s house. It is her birthday,” explained Siphó. “I’ve got a bunch of flowers for Gogo Moeng. Can I come too?” asked Valécia. “Of course,” said Momma and off they marched. “The bunch of flowers made Valécia sneeze, ‘Achooi! A-A-chooo!’ The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-cribble*, Baby Beká’s balloon went *bobity-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-pliff, pliff-pliff* down the dusty path until they saw Mr Sithole digging in his vegetable garden. “Swi ya kwbi leswi hinkwaswo?” ku vutisa Valécia. “Hi ya endlwini ya Kokwani Moeng. I siku ra yena ra ku velekiwa,” ku hlamusela Siphó. “Ndzi na xikatsa xa swiluva swa Kokwani Moeng. Xana ndzi nga ra?” ku vutisa Valécia. “Ina,” ku vula Momma kutani va famba. “Xikatsa xa swiluva swi endle leswaku Valécia a eshemula, ‘Eshhi! Eshhi!’” Huku leyo nona yi ri karhi yi ku *ko-ko, ko-ko, ko-ko*, phakiti ra Siphó ra mazimba ma karhi ma ku *khiri-khiri*, baluni ya Beka N’wana yi ri karhi yi ku *bam-bam*, naswona swidhaphudhaphu swa Momma swi ri karhi swi ku *ihap-ihap, ihap-ihap* va rhelda hi ndlela ya ritshuri ku kondza loko va fika eka Tatana Sithole loyi a ri karhi a tirha exirhapani xa matsavu.



## Momma Moeng’s surprise

### Xihlamariso xa Momma Moeng

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!

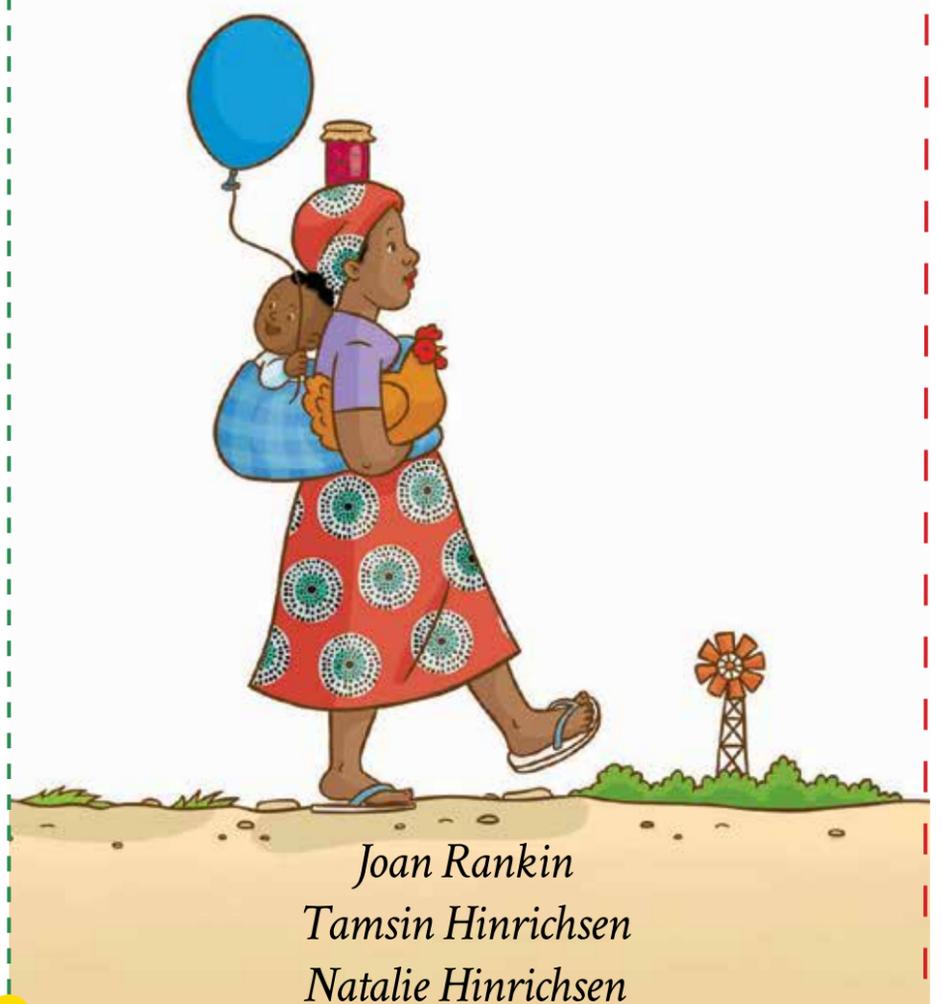


Momma Moeng u kunguhatile ku hlamarisa Kokwani Moeng hi siku ra yena ra ku velekiwa. U rhwarile enhlokweni jarha ya jamu leyi a nga yi endla, kutani a bebula enhlaneni Beka N’wana na baloni ya yena ya wasi. Endleleni, va hlangane na vo tala lava a va n’wi navelela, kutani Momma Moeng u tikumile a rhangele ntshungu wa huhwa, wa mihlovohlovo wu khome tinyandza ta tinyiko ku ya eka Kokwani. Loko ekuheteleleni va fika ekaya ra Kokwani, ku va na ku yimanyana, kambe ntlangu wu ya emahlweni!

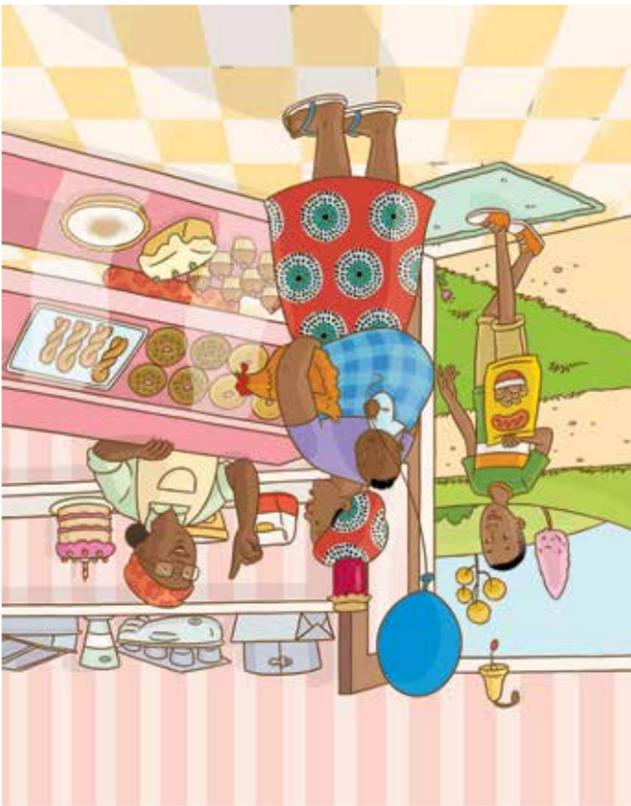
Nal’ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign to spark and embed a culture of reading across South Africa. For more information, visit [www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org) or [www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)



Nal’ibali i pfhumba ra rixaka ro hlayela ku tiphina ku tlhontlha ni ku simeka ntolovelo wo hlava eAfrika-Dzonga hinkwaro. Ku kuma vuxokoxoko hi xitalo, endzela [www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org) kumbe [www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)



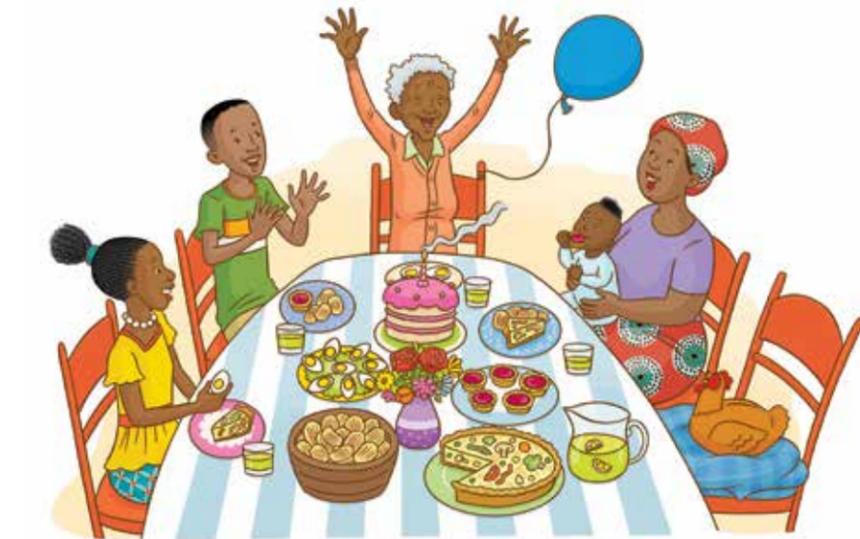
Joan Rankin  
Tamsin Hinrichsen  
Natalie Hinrichsen



Loko Beka N'wana a twa nuhele wa khekhe a tinantswela milomu, "Nambu, nambu, nambu."  
 Huku leyo noma yi ri karhi yi ku ko-ko, ko-ko, ko-ko, phakiti ra siph'o ra mazimba a ya kha ya ku *kbiri-kbiri*, baluni ya Beka N'wana yi ri karhi yi ku bam-bam, kasi switlhaphaphapu swa Momma swi ri karhi swi ku *tlhap-tlhap*, *tlhap-tlhap* va rhelela hi ndlela ya ritshuri ku kondza loko va hlangana na Valecia.

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 Siph'o coming out of the Tip-Top shop. "Where are you going, Momma Moeng?" asked Siph'o. "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 Siph'o. "Of course," Momma smiled and off they marched.

Hinkwaswo swi sungule loko Momma Moeng a endlile jarha ya jamu a endlile Kokwani Moeng eka siku ra vona ro velekiwa. Kutani Beka N'wana u kumile baluni ya kahle ya wasi. A lava ku yi nyika Kokwani hi siku ra vona ra ku velekiwa. Momma u beburile Beka N'wana enhlaneni hi xinkumbani lexo olova. Kutani a teka jarha ya jamu a yi veka ehenhla ka nhloko a famba ku ya vona Kokwani Moeng endlwini yakwe. Baluni ya Beka N'wana yi yile ehenhla yi ku *bam-bam* loko Momma a ya hala ni hala a endla *tlhap-tlhap*, *tlhap-tlhap* a rhelela ehansi hi ndlela ya ritshuri ku kondza loko a ya hlangana na Siph'o a ri karhi a huma evhengeleni ra ka Tip-Top. "Xana u ya kwihl, Momma Moeng?" ku vutisa Siph'o. "Mina na Beka N'wana hi ya endlwini ya Kokwani Moeng. Namuntlha i siku ra yena ra ku velekiwa," ku hlamula Momma. "Ni na phakiti ra mazimba ku ya nyika Kokwani Moeng. Ndzi nga famba na mina?" ku vutisa Siph'o. "Ina," Momma a n'wayitela kutani va sungula ku famba.



"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 *SCREAAAAAMMED!* 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 Valecia's head. The feathers tickled Valecia's nose and made her sneeze even more, "AAAAA-CHOOOOO!" Valecia wasn't happy. "Xana mi ya kwihl, Momma Moeng?" ku vutisa Tarana Sithole. "Hi ya endlwini ya Kokwani Moeng? I siku ra yena ra ku velekiwa," a hlamula. "Ndzi n'wi khomlele tiroli leyi taleke hi matsavu," ku vutisa Tarana Sithole. "Ndzi kombela mi n'wi nyikela?" "Ina," ku hlamula Momma. Kambe Momma a ri na xiphigo LEXIKULU - a ku ri na swotala swo swi thwala! A fanelo a e ndla kungu. Xosungula, u chichile Beka N'wana enhlaneni kutani a bebula huku leyo noma hi xinkumbani lexo olova Beka N'wana a *NCEEEEEEM!* Kutani Momma u vekile huku leyo noma endzeni ka tiroli kutani a yi boha a ihela a bebula Beka N'wana enhlaneni hi xinkumbani lexo olova. Beka N'wana a tsakile na huku leyo noma a yi tsakile hikuya a yi matsavu. Kambe Momma a nga tsakangl hileswi kutani a teka huku a yi rhwexa Valecia. Tinsiva ra yona ti hlohlonya tinhopfu ra Valecia na ku n'wi esthemurisa, "EEEEENTSHII!" Valecia a nga tsakangl.



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.”  
 Un’wana na un’wana a nga ha n’wi voni  
 Mama Nyenyana, na risimu ra yena. Xana u  
 ta swi kota ku khoma ndlela a vuya kaya?  
 “Swi nga va njhani loko ho yimbelela risimu  
 ra Mama?” ku ringanyeta Xitshopana.  
 “Mama a tshamela ro vula leswaku loko ho  
 yimbelela risimu ra yena, u ta yi kuma ndlela  
 yo vuyela eka hina.”



“Ndzi ta ya. A ndzi chavi,” ku vula  
 Mama Nyenyana. Kutani a haha.



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

# Why birds sing at dawn Hikwalahokayini tinyenyana ti yimbelela nimixo

Zanele Dlamini  
 Emmanuel Grebo  
 Joseph Makongo Kiugu



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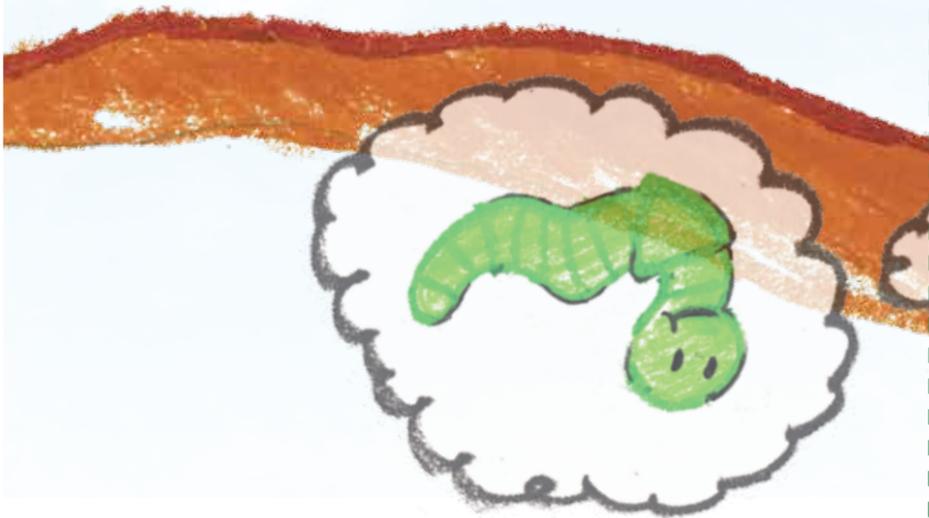
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Mamango a anakanya hi matimba nkarhi wo leha. "Kumbexana hi fanele hi ya lava xivungu xa masingita lexi nisaka mpfula. Kambe ku ta ya mani?"

Kambe siku rin'wana, ku fika dyandza etikweni. Milambu yi oma na matuka ya dzudzeka eminsinyeni.



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?"

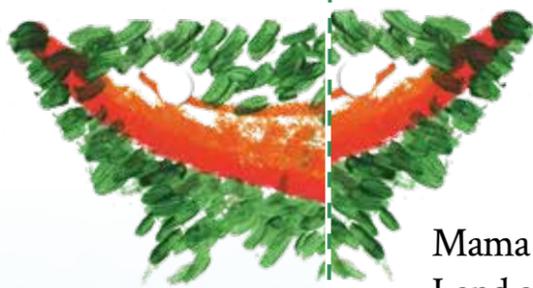


"But I don't know how to sing!" cried Pink. "Have you tried singing?" asked Mamango. "Kambe mina a ndzi swi koti ku yimbelela!" ku cema Pinki. "Xana u tshama u ringeta ku yimbelela?" ku vutisa Mamango.



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

Khale wa khaleni, exihlahleni xa Tiko ra Ntsako, tinyenyana na misinya a swi vulavurisana.

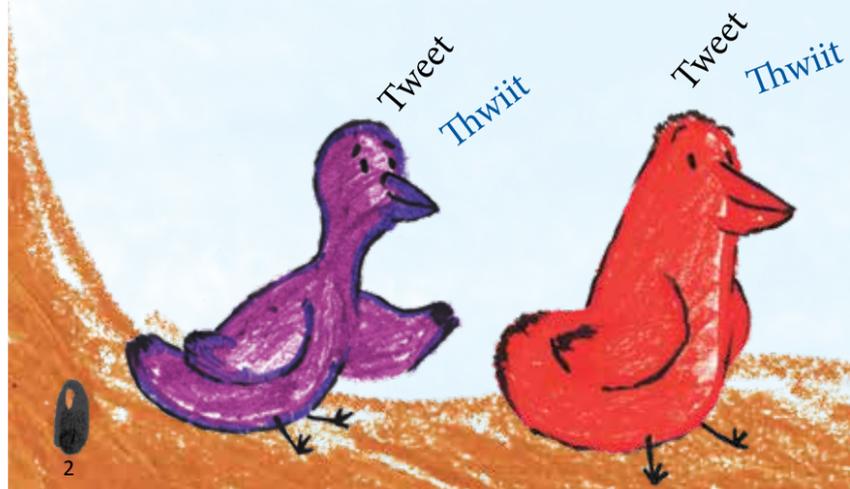


Mama Bird found her way back to Happy-Land and soon rain started to fall again.

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

Mama Nyenyana u kumile ndlela ya ku vuya eTiko ra Ntsako kutani hi xinkadyana mpfula yi sungula ku na nakambe.

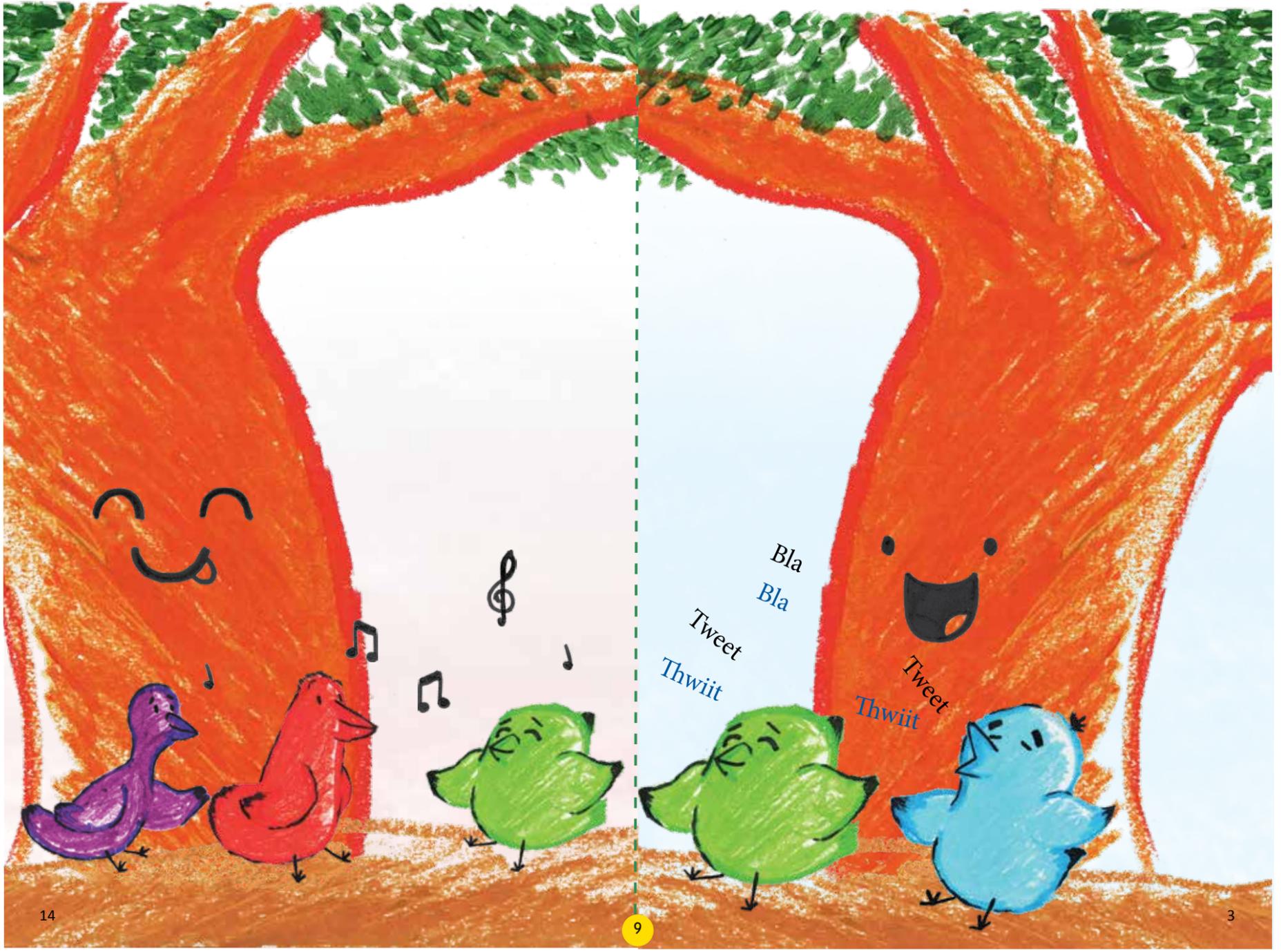
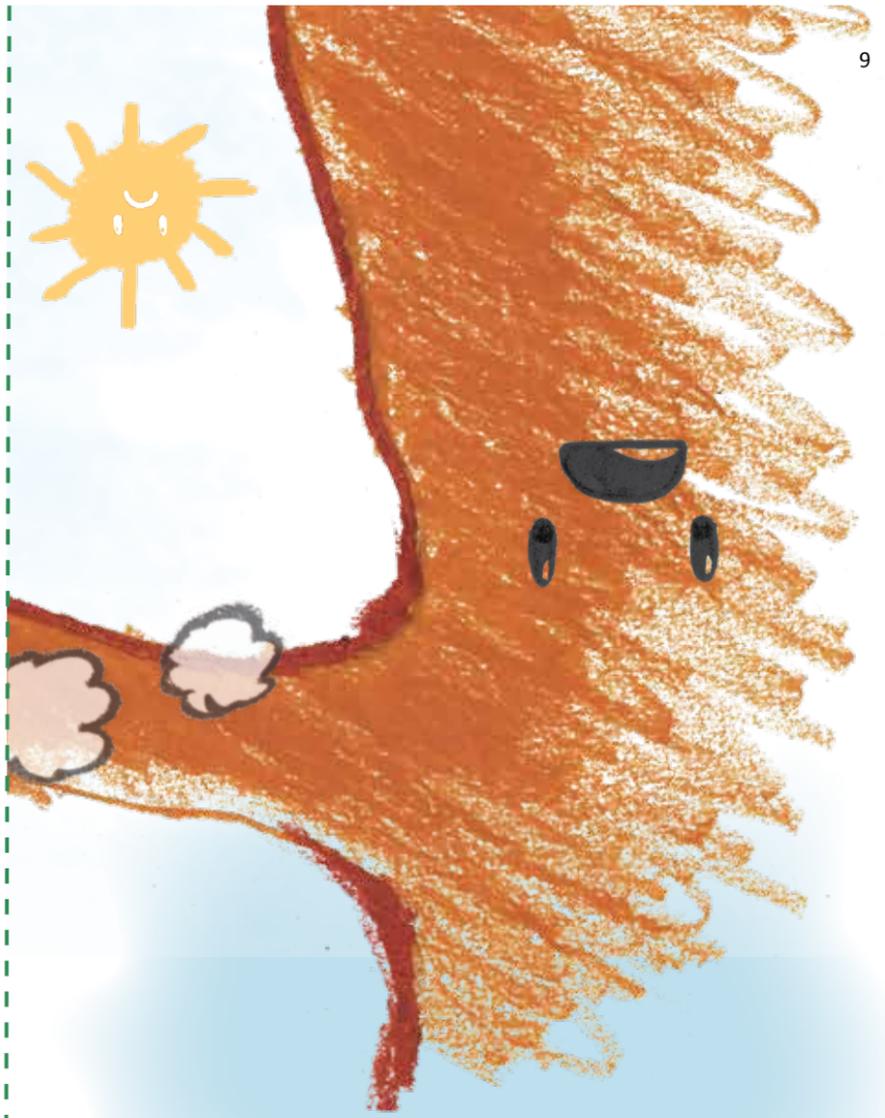
Kutani kusukela kwalaho ku ya emahlweni, tinyenyana ti sungule ku yimbelela hi mahlbandlopfu.



“Ndzi tshama ndzi ringeta ku yimbelela,” ku vula  
Xitshopana. “Ndzi nga ku dyondzisa.”



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



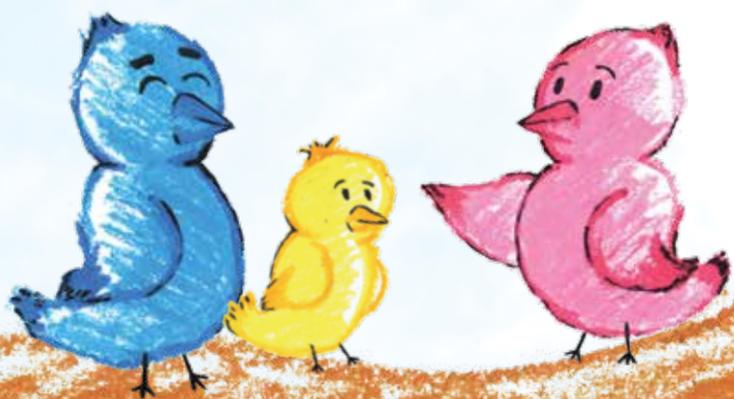
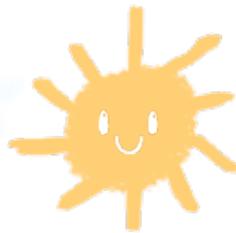
Rito ra Mama Nyenjana a ri sasekile! A pfuka nimixo a yimbelela risimu ra yena.

Mama Bird's voice was beautiful! She would wake up early to sing her song.



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

A ku ri na ndyangu wa tinyenyana lowu a wu ri na vana vanharhu: Wasi, Pinki na Xitshopana. Hinkwavo a va tshama eka nsinya lowukulu wa vutlharhi lowu a va ku i Mamango.



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.



Eka mixo lowu landzelaka, Xitshopana u yimbelele risimu ra Mama, "I siku lero saseka! Hi pfukini ha yimbelela!"

Hi xinkadyana, tinyenyana hinkwato ti nghenelela Xitshopana hi risimu.





“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 Siphon through the *ting-a-ling* door. When Baby Beka smelt the cake he mumbled, “Nummy, nummy, nummy, num-num.”

The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Beka’s balloon went *bobby-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path all the way to Gogo’s house.

So, Momma took the chubby chicken and put it on Siphon’s head and she gave him Valécia’s flowers to hold. Now Valécia 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*. Valécia had icing from the cake on her cheeks so her tongue went *slurp-slurp-slurp*. Baby Beka mumbled, “Nummy, nummy, nummy, num-num.” The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Beka’s balloon went *bobby-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path all the way to Gogo’s house.

Kutani, Momma u tekile huku leyo nona a yi rhwexa Siphon na ku n’wi khomisa swiluva swa Valécia a swi khoma. Sweswi Valécia a ri na mavoko mambirhi lawa a ya ta khoma khekhe. Naswona Momma a ri na mavoko mambirhi ya ku khoma a susumetela tiroli. Hinkwavo a va tsakile kutani va famba va ya endlweni ya Kokwani. Mavhiliwa ya tiroli a ma ku *tswikiri-tswikiri*. Valécia a ri na mixiritika emathameni ya ku n’oka ka khekhe kutani ritimi ri ku *lakatsi-lakatsi-lakatsi*. Beka N’wana a ri karhi a nambutela, “Nambu, nambu, nambu.” Huku leyo nona yi ku *ko-ko, ko-ko, ko-ko*, yi ri karhi yi dya phakiti ra mazimba ma karhi ma ku *khiri-khiri*, baluni ya Beka N’wana yi ku *bam-bam*, kutani swidhaphuthaphu swa Momma swi ku *thap-thap, thap-thap* endlweni ya ku ya endlweni ya Kokwani.

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

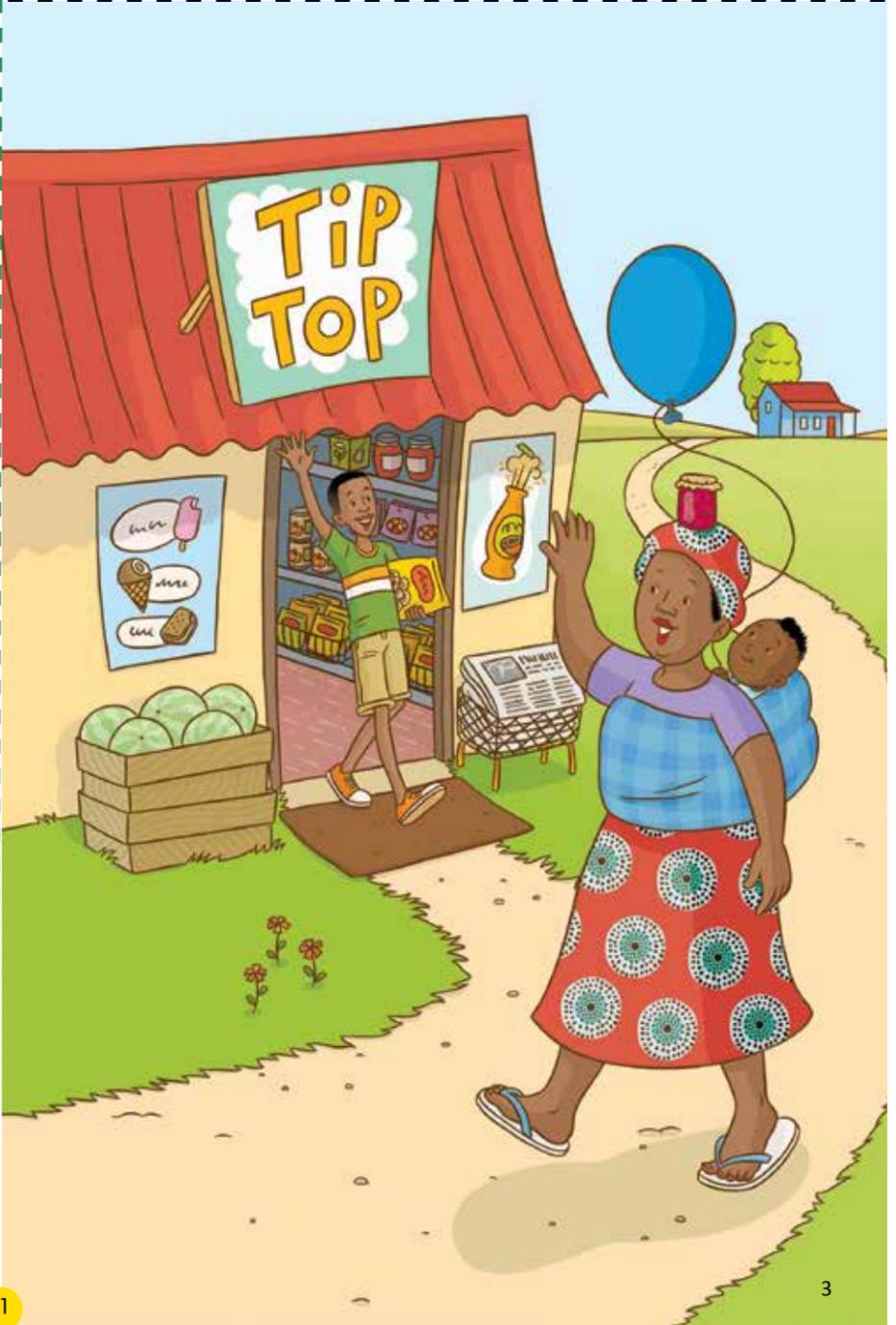
On the table were the vegetable pie and jam tarts that Momma had made, newly laid eggs from the chubby chicken, the special birthday cake and the crispy potato chips. The table was decorated with flowers and Baby Beka’s beautiful blue balloon.

“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!

Loko a pfula hinkwavo va sungula ku yimbelela risimu ra siku ra ku velekiwa.

Etafuleni a ku ri na phayi ya matsavu na thati ya jamu leyi Momma a nga yi endla, mandza lawa ya nga ha ku tshikeriwa hi huku leyo nona, khekhe lero hlawuleka na mazimba. Tafula a ri khavisiwile hi swiluva na baluni ya Beka N’wana.

“LERI I SIKU RA KU TSWARIWA KA MINA RA KAHLE KU TLULA HINKWAWO!” ku vula Kokwani. Naswona a swi tiva, hikuva Kokwani a ri na masiku ya ku velekiwa yo ringana kwalomu ka makumehungu kumbe makumekaye loko leri nga si fika!



“Hi fanele xi xavela Kokwani khekhe ra siku ra ku velekiwa,” ku vula Momma.

Vanghenile endzeni. *Ngile-ngile*, ku rila bele ya rivati. “Avuxeni Mhani Makabelo. Xana a wu switwa leswaku namutha i siku ra ku velekiwa ka Kokwani Moeng?”

“Oho ina,” ku vula Mhani Makabelo. “Ndzi n’wi bakile khekhe ro hlawuleka, kambe a ndzi nga swikoti ku sukela vhengele. Xana mi nga swi kora ku famba na rona na?”

“Ina,” ku pfumela Momma, kambe a ku ri na xiphigo – Momma a lava mavoko mambirhi leswaku a kora ku rhwala khekhe. Kutani, a endla kungu. U tekile huku leyo nona a yi dhandleka ehenhla ka jarha ya jamu leyi a yi rhwale enhlokweni. Sweswi a ri na mavoko mambirhi yo khoma khekhe ra siku ro hlawuleka ro tswarwa. Kutani Momma, Beka N’wana na Siphon va humba hi nyanngwa wa rivanti ro *ngile-ngile*.

“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?”

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The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Beka’s balloon went *bobby-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path until they met Valécia.



“Ndzi na huku yo nona ku ya nyika Kokwani Moeng. Xana mi nga ndzi nyikelela yena?” ku vutisa Tatana Shabalala.

“Ina,” ku vula Momma a ri karhi a mana huku leyo nona hi laha hansi ka voko kutani va khoma ndlela va famba, Momma, Beka N’wana na Siphho.

Huku leyo nona yi ri karhi yi ku *ko-ko, ko-ko, ko-ko*, phakiti ra Siphho ra mazimba ya karhi ya ku *khiri-khiri*, baluni ya Beka N’wana yi ri karhi yi ku *bam-bam*, kasi swithhaputlhapu swa Momma swi ri karhi swi ku *tlhap-tlhap, tlhap-tlhap* va rthelela hi ndlela ya ritshuri ku fikela loko va fika eka vhengele ro baka ra Mhanyi Makabelo.

“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.

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.



Phakiti ra Siphho ra mazimba a ya karhi ya ku *khiri-khiri*, baluni ya Beka N’wana yi ri karhi yi ku *bam-bam*, naswona swithhaputlhapu swa Momma swi ri karhi swi ku *tlhap-tlhap, tlhap-tlhap* va rthelela hi ndlela ya ritshuri ku kondza loko va fika eka Tatana Shabalala, loyi a ri karhi a nyika tihuku swakudya.

“Xana mi ya kwihhi?” a vutisa.

“Hi ya endliwni ya Kokwani Moeng. I siku ra ku velekiwa ka yena,” ku vula Momma.

Momma u gogondzile erivati. Siphho u bile noti. Valacia a huwelela. Kambe a ku ri hava nhlamulo. Momma u susumetile rivanti ri pfulleka hikwavo va nghena. Kambe a ku ri hava munhu. Va langutle exitanjeni – a ku ri hava munhu. Va langutle eka kamara ro etlela – a ku ri hava munhu. Va langutle hikwako. Xana Kokwani a nga va a ri kwihhi? Momma a ku, “A hi swekeni kumbexani Kokwani u ta fika.”

Hinkwavo va endlile rano – hinkwavo handle ka Beka N’wana. U tshamile exitanjeni ekusubi na fasitere a languta kutani a vona Kokwani a ri karhi a rthelela hi ndlela ehanisi ka ntshava.



Momma knocked on the front door. Siphho whistled. Valacia 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.

“Kokwani! Kokwani!” a huwelela. Un’wana na un’wana a languta.

“KOKWANI! KOKWANI!” un’wana na un’wana a huwelela.

“KOKWANI!”

Ehansi ka xirhelelo xa le hansi ka ntshava Kokwani a ku, “EE EE EE. Ku na loyi a ndzi vitanaka. Sweswi a ndzi nge ha swikoti ku ya xava swakudya swa mina swo lalela swa siku ra mina ra ku velekiwa.”

Kokwani u jikile a gonya ntshava. Swithhaputlhapu swakwe swi karhi swi ku *tlhap-tlhap, tlhap-tlhap* endleleni ya ritshuri. Ekuheteleleni a fika eka rivati ra le ndzhaku.



## Get story active!



## Endla ntsheketo wu nyanyula!

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).

Hi leyi migingiriko yin'wana leswaku u yi ringeta. Yi huma eka mitsheketo hinkwayo eka nkandziyiso lowu wa Xitatisi xa Nal'ibali: *Xihlamariso xa Momma Moeng* (mapheji 5, 6, 11 na 12), *Hikwalahokayini tinenyana ti yimbelela nimixo* (mapheji 7 ku fika eka 10) na *Thato, n'wamilorho* (pheji 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!



### Xihlamariso xa Momma Moeng

Hi leswi swilo leswi u nga swi endlaka endzhaku ka ku hlaya ntsheketo.

- ★ Hlawua xiphemu xa ntsheketo lexi pfumalaka xifaniso kutani u dirowa xifaniso eka xona. Kopa marito lawa ya nga kona eka ntsheketo lawa ya fambelanaka na xifaniso.
- ★ Xana a wu ta va u nyike Kokwani Moeng yini tanihi nyiko ya siku ra yena ra ku velekiwa? Tsala nongoloko wa leswi u swi anakanyaka.
- ★ Endlela munghana kumbe xirho xa ndyangu khadi ra siku ra ku velekiwa loyi siku ra yena ri nga kusuhi – kumbe endlela Kokwani Moeng. Tsundzuka ku tsala hungu endzeni ka khadi!

### 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!

### Hikwalahokayini tinenyana ti yimbelela nimixo

Tsundzuka leswaku eTiko ra Ntsako tinenyana na misinya a swi vulavurisana. Xana u anakanya leswaku Mamango na Mama Nyenyana va byelanile yini hi mixo wa le ndzhaku ka loko Mama Nyenyana a vuyile? Ringeta ku tsala mbhurisano wa vona laha hansi. Endzhaku u hlayela ehenhla u ri na munghana!

Mamango: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Mama Bird/Mama Nyenyana: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Mamango: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Mama Bird/Mama Nyenyana: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Mamango: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Mama Bird/Mama Nyenyana: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



### 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!



### Thato, n'wamilorho

- ★ Vulavulani hi ntsheketo.
  - ☉ Xana u ehleketa leswaku hikwalahokayini vana a va vitana Thato hi mavito yo fana ni ya nhwana wa *mokhukhu*?
  - ☉ Xana a wu ta va u endle yini loko a wu ri Thato?
  - ☉ Xana a wu ta endla yini loko a wu ri kona loko va vitana Thato hi mavito?
  - ☉ Xana u ehleketa leswaku munhu i munhu wo hlupha va'wana loko a vitana un'wana hi mavito?
- ★ U ri wexe kumbe ni vanghana va wena, tsala xiviko xa phephahungu mayelana na Thato. U nga tlhela u tsakela ku dirowa xifaniso xo fambisana na xiviko xa wena!



# 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.

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

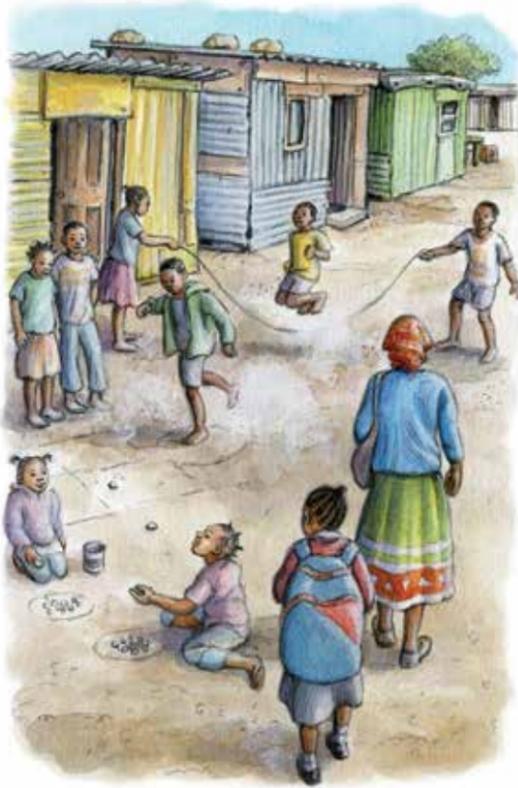
"Are you sure?" asked Mokgadi.

"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.

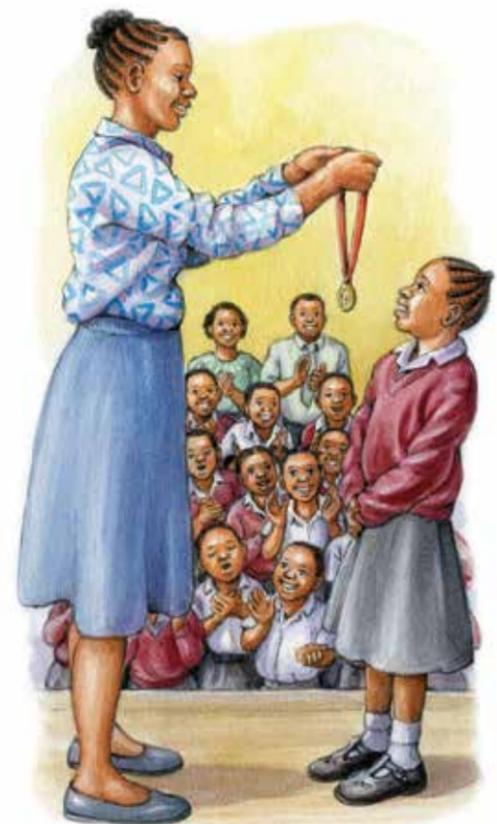
One day Thato ran up to her mother as she waited at the school gate. "Mom, mom!" she shouted. "I'm on the Limpopo team! I'm going to Cape Town with the team!"

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 Tlou 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."





# Thato, n'wamilorho

Hi Pirai Mazungunye ■ Mikombiso hi Yvonne Robinson



EDisteneng, kwalomu ka ntlhanu wa tikhilomitara kusuka ePolokwane, a ku tshama nhwana loyi vito rakwe a ku ri Thato. Thato a tshama na manana wa yena, Mokgadi, eka yindlu leyi a yi endliwele hi tipala na mazingi – *mokhukhu*. Nimixo swinene, manana wa Thato a famba na yena mpfuka hinkwawo ku ya fika exikolweni xa yena xa le hansi eLadanna.

Siku rin'wana loko va ri karhi va hundza mukhukhu wa rihlaza ekhonweni, vanhu a va tshamile ehandle va ri karhi va nwa byalwa.

"Tlou u tshama laha," ku vula Thato. "A nga ha ti exikolweni na nyana."

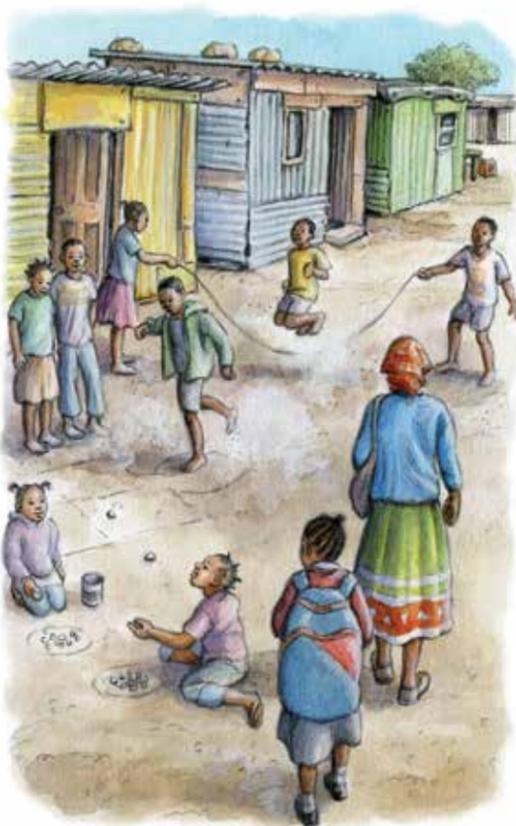
"U tiyisile?" ku vutisa Mokgadi.

"Ina. U ri xikolo i xa vanhu vo fuma, ku nga ri swisiwana," Thato a hlamula hi ku tsana. "Ndza n'wi ehleketa swinene. Exikolweni a ri yena ntsena wa van'wana va lavo huma eDisteneng."

Endzhaku Thato a tsutsuma a rhangela manana wa yena. Emahlweni ehansi ka patu, loko va ri ekusuhi na Ladanna, u twile mpfumawulo wa tinyenyana. EDisteneng, a tshamela ro twa mpfumawulo wa le henhla wa vunanga.

Thato a tirha hi matimba exikolweni. Hi nkarhi wa ku wisa, a tshamela ro endla ntirhokaya hikuya a swi tika ku wu endla ekaya. Kambe a ku ri siku ra ku velekiwa ra Grace namuntlha naswona a tile na swikhapani swa khekhe swa hinkwawo etlilasini. Manana Sephuma u nyikile vana hinkwawo etlilasini swikhekhelele leswo saseka. Hi ku nonoka Thato u dyile xiphemu xitsongo xa khekhe ra yena. A ri ri na ayisi ya chokoleti ehenhla naswona a ri nyanganya. Swi endle leswaku Thato a tsundzuka siku ra yena ra ku velekiwa ro hetelela. A nga tisanga makhekhe, kambe u yimbelelele tlilasi ya yena risimu. Mudyondzisi u ri rhandzile, kambe kunga ri vana. Vana van'wana a va nyenyemuka, loko van'wana va ku, "Nhwana wa *mokhukhu*! Heyo, nhwana wa *mokhukhu* – loyi a vonaka gezi entsungeni wa nambu – ri kwihl khekhe ra hina?"

Loko a ri karhi a anakanya hi sweswo, Thato a nga titwanga ku lava ku dya khekhe nakambe. U phutsele leswi a swi sele hi phepha kutani a chela endzeni ka nkwarwa wa tibuku. Kutani a humesa buku ya yena yo tsalela a sungula ku tsala ntirhokaya.



Loko xikolo xi huma, Thato a famba endzhaku ka manana wa yena va tlhelela ekaya. Loko a tshinelela ekusuhi na le khonweni va laha mukhukhu wa rihlaza a wu ri kona, a vona vana van'wana, a va basulukile hi ritshuri kusuka enhlokweni kufika enkonzweni. A va tlanga mitlangu – *kgati*, *tshere tshere* na *diketo* – epatwini.

"Hi loyi nhwana wa xikolo a taka," ku vula un'wana wa vona a ri karhi a kombetela Thato. Vana va yima ku tlanga. Vanhwanyana lava a va tlanga *diketo* va yima ku yimbelela. Kutani va languta yunifomo ya Thato leyi a yi n'wi hundza. Thato a nga ri na mhaka na leswaku va n'wi vula nhwana wa xikolo. A swi antswa ku tlula mavito lawa a vuriwa wona exikolweni.

"U vuyile," va swi vula xikan'we hinkwawo.

"Mi fanele mi vuya exikolweni," ku vula Thato. "Hi ta kota ku famba swin'we hinkwerhu."

"Famba exikolweni?" va hleka. "Nakatsongo! U nge kumi nchumu lahaya!"

Exikolweni a swi fana. Mikarhi yin'wana Thato a hlundzuka kutani a rila. Mikarhi yin'wana a hlundzuka kutani a tlherisela hi ku kariha, "Vito ra mina a hi mina nhwana wa *mokhukhu*! Hi mina Thato! Va nkateko hi n'wina, lava nga hlawula vatswari! Loko a ndzi lo komberiswa ku hlawula, a ndzi ta hlawula ku tshama eka ximbindzimbindzi xa yindlu!"

Vana van'wana va hleka, kambe van'wana va ku, "U tiyisile. A hi hlawulanga laha hi nga tswariwa kona. Thato u tiyisile." Endzhaku ka sweswo a va n'wi vitana Thato.

"Se ke?" vana vatsongo va timbilu to kala musa va vula. "U hi yimbelelerile hi siku ra yena ra ku velekiwa. Sweswi hi ta n'wi yimbelelela: Thato, nhwana wa *mokhukhu*, n'wamilorho." Kutani va n'wi sala endzhaku ejarateni ra xikolo va ri karhi va yimbelela risimu ra vona ro n'wi hlekula. "Thato, nhwana wa *mokhukhu*, n'wamilorho." Hi ku vuyelela na ku vuyelela.

Kambe, swilo a swi tshami swi nga cinci hi laha ku nga heriki. Loko Thato a ri na kaye wa malembe, a kota ku nghenelela eka mitlangu ya xikolo. Ro sungula loko vadyondzisi va yena va n'wi vona a tsutsuma, a va swi tiva leswaku u ta va nghwazi!

"U fanele u endla switoveto masiku hinkwawo loko xikolo xi huma, Thato," ku vula Manana Sephuma.

Masiku hinkwawo, Manana Sephuma a nyika Thato sangweji na mihandzu loko vana lavan'wana va nga ri kona ekusuhi. Masiku hinkwawo, Thato a titloveta.

Loko ku ri siku ra mitlangu ra xikolo, Thato a ri yena wo rhangela eka mitsutsumo hinkwayo. "Sweswi u fanele u tsutsumela xikolo! U fanele u hi pfuna hi hlula eka mphikizano wa mitlangu lembe leri," ku vula nhloko ya xikolo a ri karhi a nyika Thato phakete lerikulu.

Thato a nga ri pfulanga phakete kufikela loko a fikile ekaya, kambe endzhaku ka loko manana wa yena a pfarile rivanti, Thato u ri pfulurile. Endzeni a ku ri na tintangu to tsutsuma hi tona, bemuda yo tsutsuma hi yona na xikipa xa-T. Thato a tsutsuma swinene hi tintangu ta yena to tsutsuma hi tona.

A swi hetanga nkarhi loko vana lava a va ku i nhwana wa *mokhukhu* va sungula ku n'wi vula qulu ya nhwana.

"Hi leyi qulu ya nhwana ya ta!" a va n'wi khuzela loko a ri karhi a tsutsuma a va hundza erivaleni ra mitlangu. Naswona eka mimphikizani hinkwayo a va n'wi thembendhela, va yimbelela, "Tsutsuma, Thato, n'wamilorho, tsutsuma. Tsutsuma, nhwana wa qulu!"

Endzhaku ka malembe mambirhi ya ku titloveta masiku hinkwawo na ku dya swakudya swo engetela leswi a tiseriwa exikolweni hi Manana Sephuma, Thato u vile un'wana wa vatsutsumi va rivilo swinene eLimpopo.

Siku rin'wana Thato a tsutsumela eka manana wa yena loyi a n'wi yimele egedeni ya xikolo. "Mhani, mhani!" a huwelela. "Ndzi le ka xipano xa le Limpopo! Ndzi ya eKapa na xipano!"

Nhloko ya xikolo u nyikile Thato maphakete yo engetela. A ku ri na rin'wana leri a ri ri na tintangu to tsutsuma hi tona na swiambalo swo tsutsuma hi swona. Swikipa swa-T leswi hinkwaswo a swi ri na mimfungho ya Limpopo eka swona. A ku ri na phakete leri a ri ri na kepisi, bokhathi na jakete. Nakambe a ku ri na phakete leritsongo leri a ri ri na khadi ra le bangi leri a ri ri na mali leyi a fanele a yi tirhisa erierendzweni ro ya eKapa.

Loko nkarhi wu fika wa leswaku xipano xa le Limpopo xi ya eKapa, bazi lerikulu leri nga na switulu swo vempfama na mafasitere yo dzhwihala ri tile ri ta teka Thato exikolweni xa yena. U vukarhile Mokgadi ku n'wi lela kutani a tlulela switepisi swa bazi. Loko a jika leswaku a tatayisa, u vonile Tlou a yimile ekusuhi ni manana wa yena. Endzhaku ka yena, a ku yime vanghana va yena vo suka eDisteneng.

A tsundzuka hilaha a va hamba va n'wi vula nhwana wa xikolo. A n'wayitela. "Mi fanele mi vuya exikolweni," a vula.

Thato a ri mtsutsumi wa rivilo swinene eka dzana ra timitara eka ntlawa wa malembe ya yena. Va tsarile hi yena eka phephahungu ra muganga na ku vulavula hi yena eka xiyanimoya. A va n'wi vitana nhwana wa nsuku loyi a ha kulaka. Exikolweni Thato u nyikiwile mendlele enhlengeleranweni. Vadyondzi hinkwawo na vadyondzisi va n'wi bela mavoko. Kutani va yimbelela risimu hi ku vuyelela va vuyelela nakambe, "Thato, nhwana wa nsuku, n'wamilorho."

