Join us and read aloud!

Welcome to your special World Read Aloud Day edition of the Na’l’ibi! Supplement!

World Read Aloud Day is celebrated by people from all over the world who are passionate about children’s books and reading. In fact, it’s celebrated by over one million people in more than one hundred countries! Every year Na’l’ibi puts in these celebrations to raise awareness in our own country of how reading aloud supports children’s literacy development.

Each year on World Read Aloud Day, people get together to read stories to each other. It’s a day where we turn the spotlight on sharing the power of stories with each other so that we create communities of readers. Adults read stories to children, older children read to younger children, and some children even-read to adults they know who love hearing them read, or are not able to read themselves. And this all happens in different places: in homes, schools, preschools, libraries, community centres, old age homes, churches, temples, mosques and bookshops!

But, the simple act of reading aloud on this day is about more than just people sharing stories they enjoy. It also shows our children and others around us that:
- we think reading is important.
- we are committed to helping children become readers by reading aloud to them regularly.
- we believe that everyone has the right to learn how to read!

On Na’l’ibi’s first World Read Aloud Day celebration in 2013, 13 401 children were read to and this number has just kept growing year after year! Last year was our eighth World Read Aloud Day and 2 925 224 children across South Africa were read to. And this year, on 3 February, we want to reach even more children.

On World Read Aloud Day, we hold hands with others to create a global literacy movement. Reading aloud on this special day is a symbol of our commitment to the power of literacy, and also a very practical way of showing everyone that reading matters.

Join us this World Read Aloud Day and share a story!
Join us on World Read Aloud Day!

Since 2013, Nal’ibali has been bringing you a special story to celebrate World Read Aloud Day. This year’s story, Fly, everyone, fly!, features some of our much-loved Nal’ibali characters. It was written by children’s author, Sihle Nontshokweni, and illustrated by Magriet Brink and Leo Daly. Read it to the children in your life this World Read Aloud Day, 3 February 2021, and be part of the excitement!

How to join in

1. Go to www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi to sign up your family, reading club or school and help make this the biggest World Read Aloud Day celebration in South Africa.
2. Make Nal’ibali World Read Aloud Day badges with your children. Use the template on page 16, or design your own badges.
3. On 3 February 2021, read our special World Read Aloud Day story to:
   - your own children, grandchildren, nieces and nephews
   - children in your class or at your school
   - children at your reading club, library or community centre.
4. Do other fun World Read Aloud Day activities. Use the ideas below to help you.

Diketsahalo tse 5 tsa Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo

1. E re bana ba hao ba iketsethe dibetjhe tsa Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo (shebe leqephé la 16) pele ba la 3 Hlakola e le hore ba tie ba di nwae ka Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo. (E ka fumana dikhopi tse ding tsa belethe kapa o e fumane ka dipuo tse ding ho www.nalibali.org.)
4. Nea bana ba hao hampiri e sa ngolathe le hore o letsoho ya hao ya hore o ngawe ya abuku tsetse bao da di ratang.

5 World Read Aloud Day activities

1. Let your children make their World Read Aloud Day badges (see page 16) before 3 February so that they can wear them on World Read Aloud Day. (You can get extra copies of the badge or find it in other languages at www.nalibali.org.)
2. Read our special World Read Aloud Day story, Fly, everyone, fly! Go to www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi and sign up to let us know how many children you read to.
3. Choose some of the activities suggested for The tale of Oxpecker and Buffalo and Little Goat in the “Get story active!” section on page 13.
4. Give your children some blank paper and crayons or pencil crayons. Invite them to design a new book cover for one of their favourite books.
5. Have fun playing Story-in-a-Circle with groups of adults and children, or just children. Let everyone sit in a circle. Then ask a few people to volunteer to stand in the centre of the circle. The people sitting in the circle create a group story by each adding one or two sentences to the story as it goes around and around. The people standing in the middle of the circle act out the story as it develops.

Eba le rona ka Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo!

Haesale ha tlhaa ka 2013, Nal’ibali e nte e a tlato pale e ikgetheling bakeng sa ho kateka Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo. Pale ya selemo sena, Fofang bohole fofang!, e na le ba bang ba baphethwa ba Nal’ibali bao re ba re ratang haholo. E re e ngostwe ke mongodi wa abuka tsa bana ya haplieng dikgau, Sihi Nontshokweni, mme e tshwantshitswe ke radikhatluni, Rico. E bale bana bao o phelang le bana ka Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo, 3 Hlakola 2021, mme o be karolo ya monyaka ona!
5 good reasons to read aloud

1. It helps to develop the bond between a parent and child.
2. Children see reading as a satisfying activity.
3. It helps to motivate children to read.
4. It shows young children how we read and how books work.
5. Children can enjoy stories that they cannot read on their own yet!

Mabaka a 5 a utlwahalang a ho balla hodimo

1. Ho thusa ho tiisa kamano pakeng tsa motswadi le ngwana.
2. Bana ba bona ho bala e le ketsahalo e kgotsofatsang.
3. Ho thusa ho kgothaletsa bana ho bala.
4. Ho bontsha bana ba banyenyane hore ho balwa jwang le hore dibuka di sebetsa jwang.
5. Bana ba ka natefelwa ke dipale tseo ba esong ho kgone ho ipalla tsona!
Meet Na’l’ibali’s new CEO!

Yandiswa Xhakaza loves Na’l’ibali because she believes that reading is the foundation of a child’s future success. We asked her a few questions.

What is your favourite story or book?

The God of Small Things by Arundhati Roy.

What book are you reading to your children at the moment?

The Diary of a Wimpy Kid because that is what they are interested in right now.

If you had to give our readers two bits of advice on being a successful person, what would it be?

Know your strengths and use them well. At the same time, be aware of your weaknesses and know when to ask for help.

What vision do you have for the future of Na’l’ibali?

Na’l’ibali’s impact will be felt by children who will go on to add value to our society in a range of different ways. They will be young adults who will remember that, had it not been for Na’l’ibali, they would not be where they are. They will be avid readers who would not be readers had it not been for Na’l’ibali making reading material accessible.

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Yandiswa Xhakaza

Kopana le CEO e motjha wa Na’l’ibali!

Yandiswa Xhakaza o rata Na’l’ibali habane a dumela horo ho bala ke matheo wa katsha bokamosong ba ngwana. Re ile ra mmotsa dipotso tse mmolowane.

Pala kopaa buka ee o e ratang ka ho fethisa ke efe? The God of Small Things ka Arundhati Roy.

Ke buka efe ee o e balfang bana ba hoo hana jwale? The Diary of a Wimpy Kid habane ke seo ba kgotlhomang ke sona hajwale.

Ha o ne o ka fhelane ha fa babadi ba rona keletselo e itseng ka ha ba matheo ya afelele, o ne o tla rong? Tsebwa matla o hoo mme o a sebedise hanle. Ha o efa jwale, eletla bofokodi babadi ba hoo mme o tsebe hore o ka kopa thuasa neng.

Ke ponelo ea ea o ngwane yona ke bokamoso ba Na’l’ibali? Kgatlamele ya Na’l’ibali e tla ufuwe ka bana ba fang ho tswela pele ho tlaSETSONG setshego sa rona ka ditsela tse fapekeng. Bana bana e ba tla bafelo ba bafelo ba fang ho hopola hore, hajwale o se be ka Na’l’ibali, ba re ba keke ba ba moso ba leng teng. Ba tla ba babadi ba hlahla gwa ba neng ba keke ba efa bana ba hajwale na etse dingle tsa ho hala hore di fumanehe.
During a long, slow bus journey, Afrika wishes he could fly quickly in an aeroplane to visit Gogo and his friends. When all the friends meet at Gogo’s house, Josh shows them a new way to fly. And Afrika shows them all the places they could go with a paper aeroplane!

“Wow, that’s so cool,” Josh said. “One day I want to be a pilot. But wait! I will show you how to fly. Do what I do,” he shouted.

Josh lifted his arms and then he sang:

“Sway left, sway right. Sway right, sway left. Lift your arms and close your eyes. Left, right, up, down. We will fly all around.”

Afrika, Neo, Bella, and Hope soon joined in. As Josh turned around in his wheelchair, the others ran around with their arms stretched out singing and laughing. And of course, Noodle joined in! They only stopped once they were out of breath.

Fly, everyone, fly!

Fofang, bohole, fofang!

Sihle Nontshokweni
Magriet Brink & Leo Daly
Afrika, Dintle and Mme wa Afrika were on a bus on their way to visit Gogo. “Yay! Holidays at last!” said Afrika as he bounced up and down in his seat.

“Sshhh! You’ll wake your sister,” whispered Mme wa Afrika.

“Sorry, Mama,” whispered Afrika.

Afrika tried to sit still, but he couldn’t. “I wish this old bus was an aeroplane,” he said as he put his arms out and pretended they were aeroplane wings. “If we were flying, we would have been at Gogo’s house long ago.”

“I know,” said Mama, “but please put your arms down before you poke your fingers in someone’s eye.”

“I wish they taught us this in school,” said Hope as she followed Afrika’s instructions.

Once everyone was done, Afrika said, “Before you let your plane fly, you must decide where you want to go. As you throw your plane into the air shout out the name of the country you are sending your plane to. One, two, three – FLY!” They all threw their paper planes up into the air.

“Josh,” said Afrika, as he pushed the wheelchair to the field, “remember the last time I was here and you won the kite competition?”

“Yes,” laughed Josh. “I’ll never forget that.”

“Well, let’s have a paper aeroplane competition,” said Afrika and took out a drawing of his paper aeroplane.

“Now let’s make some paper planes,” said Afrika. He opened his backpack and pulled out a few sheets of paper. “I’ll show you what to do.”

“Eish, this bus is so slow,” sighed Afrika. “We’ll never get there.”

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Little Goat
Potsanyane

Nicola Anne Smith
Tiffany Mac Sherry
Mirna Lawrence

She had walked far from Mother Goat. Mother Goat wondered where Little Goat had gone.

She looked in the mealie patch, but Little Goat was not there.

Little Goat found the sweetest grass. She ate and ate.

Petessa, Yeke o a ja, o a ja.

And: She ate the sweetest grass. She ate

Potsanyane a himana
Little Goat went to find the sweetest grass. The sky was blue above. But she did not look up.

"I wasn’t lost … I have been here all the time!" said Little Goat.

Potsanyane a tsamaya ho ya batlana le jwang bo monate. Lehodimo le ne le le leputswa. Empa a se ke a sheba hodimo.

"Ke ne ke sa lahleha … haesale ke ntse ke le mona!" ha rialo Potsanyane.
As she walked along, Little Goat moved further and further away from Mother Goat. A bird called to Mother Goat, "Little Goat is asleep in the sweet grass across the bridge."

The river gurgled below. But Little Goat did not listen to its song.

"Wake up, Little Goat," said Mother Goat gently. "You were lost!"

"Tsoha, Potsanye," ha rialo Mme Podi ka bonolo. "O ne o lahlehile!"

"Nonyana ya hoelela Mme Podi, "Potsanye o robetse ka hara jwang bo monate ka nqane ho borokgo.""

Noka e ne e hwasha tase mane. Empa Potsanye a se ke a mamela pina ya yona.
A bird called to her, saying, “How do you do?” But Little Goat didn’t answer.

Nonyana ya mo hoeletsa, ya re, “O phela jwang?” Empa Potsanyane a se ke a araba.

There she found Little Goat fast asleep.

Yaba o fumana Potsanyane a kgalehile moo.
The next day everyone was up early. “If I know your friends,” said Mme wa Afrika, “they will be here before you’ve finished your breakfast.” Just then everyone heard barking.

“Noodle, slow down!” Bella shouted, as she followed Noodle into the room. Noodle was very happy to see everyone.

Soon Josh and Hope arrived and everyone started talking at once. Gogo covered her ears. “Finish eating, then off you go!” Gogo said and sent the older children and Noodle outside to play.

“Jwale, ha re etseng difofane tsa pampiri,” ha rialo Afrika. A bula mokotlana wa hae o jarwang mme a ntsha maqephe a mmalwa a pampiri. “Ke tla le bontsha hore ho etswa jwang.”

“Ke lakatsa eka ba ka be ba re ruta ntho tsena sekolong,” ha rialo Hope a ntse a setse ditaelo tsa Afrika morao. Hang ha bohle ba qetile, Afrika a re, “Pele o fofisa sefofane sa hao, o lokela ho etsa qeto ya hore o batla ho ya kae. Ha o akgela sefofane sa hao moyeng, o hoeletse lebitso la naha eo o se romelang ho yona. Nngwe, pedi, tharo – FOFA!” Kaofela ha bona ba akgela difofane tsa bona tsa pampiri moyeng.

“Wait! Neo, stop! Where are you going?” asked Afrika. “Home,” laughed Neo, “I’m hungry!”

“Me too,” said Bella. “Woof!” said Noodle.

Hope looked at her watch. “We’re late for lunch,” she said. “We’d better run.”

“No,” said Josh. “Let’s fly!” They all laughed, put their arms out … and flew home.


Hope a sheba tshupanako ya hae. “Re fetwa ke nako ya dijo tsa motsheare,” a rialo. “Ha re matheng.”

“Tjhe,” ha rialo Josh. “Ha re fofeng!” Bohle ba tsheha, ba phukalatsa diphaka tsa bona … mme ba fofela lapeng.
It took hours, but at last the bus stopped and they could see Gogo waving to them. “I was so excited that I got here early,” said Gogo as she hugged and kissed them all.

“We were on this bumpy, noisy, old bus for so long, Gogo,” said Afrika.

“I know,” smiled Gogo. “Now, let’s get you all home. I have tea and cake waiting and Neo and Mbali will be home soon.”

That made Afrika smile all the way to Gogo’s house.

As Gogo cut the cake she said, “When I was young we didn’t have buses. Now there are cars, taxis, buses, trains …”

“… and aeroplanes,” said Neo as he walked into the room with Mbali. Afrika jumped up to greet his friends. He was so happy to see them again.

Mbali looked around. “Yum, yum,” she said pointing at the cake.

Gogo laughed and gave them each a slice. “Josh, Hope and Bella will visit tomorrow,” she said.

“And Noodle,” said Mbali.

“And Noodle,” agreed Gogo.

“I’m sending mine to Zimbabwe!” said Neo.

“My’s going to England!” Bella and Hope shouted at the same time.

“Brazil!” said Afrika.

“Japan!” said Josh.

The children laughed as they watched their planes fly across the sky. Noodle ran around barking and tried to catch the paper planes!

“Now you know that you don’t have to be in a real aeroplane to be able to fly,” said Josh.
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: Fly, everyone, fly! (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12), Little Goat (pages 7 to 10) and The tale of Oxpecker and Buffalo (page 14).

Fly, everyone, fly!
★ Before you read the story
- Ask the children if they have ever flown in an aeroplane or seen an aeroplane on TV or in a book. Encourage them to share their thoughts with you.
★ After you’ve read the story
- Talk about different ways to travel to faraway places. What is the best and the worst things about travelling for a long time?
- Ask younger children to draw and older children to write about a place they would like to visit. What would they see and do there?

Make a paper plane
1. Fold a page in half lengthwise.
2. Open the page again and fold the top corners toward the middle.
3. Fold the top edges toward the middle again.
4. Fold the plane in half so that the triangles are on the inside.
5. Fold the sides of the plane to the bottom on both sides. Unfold them slightly so that the plane is flat on top.

Fofang, bohole, fofang!
★ Pele o bala pale
- Botsa bana hore na ebe ba kile ba folo ka sefofane kapo ba kile ba bona sefofane ho TV kapo ka hore buka. Ba legotlholo tse ha bula ka mephato le makutu a bona.
★ Ha o qetile ho bala pale
- Bua ka ditsela tse fapanang tse ba etela dibaka tse hole kwana. Ke dinafelo ditse tse ntle ka ho fetisa le tse ntle ka ho fetisa mbapie le hore lela lelela? Ke dinafelo ditse tse ntle ka ho fetisa le tse ntle ka ho fetisa mbapie le hore lela lelela?
- Kopo bana ba banyanye na hore tla mo hore ba banyanye hore hore. Ke dinafelo ditse tse ntle ka ho fetisa le tse ntle ka ho fetisa mbapie le hore lela lelela?

Etsa sefofane sa pampiri
1. Mena bolelele ba leqephe ka hofhi.
2. Bula leqephe lea ha mme o menele dihuku tse hodimo ho ya bohareng.
3. Mena maphethelo a hodimo ho ya bohareng hape.
5. Menella malakare a sefofane ho ya flise ka malakare ka bobedi. E menele hanyane ele hore sefofane se be sephara ka hodimo.

The tale of Oxpecker and Buffalo
Do you have any suggestions for what Oxpecker and Buffalo could do to get along better? Write a letter to them in which you share these ideas. (Do this with a group of friends or on your own!)

Pale ya Motjodi le Nare
Na o na le dinthetho ba se ba Motjodi le Nare ba ka se e tla bokeng na lo ya wana sa metswana ka se la hane? Ba ngolle memela o hore? Na lo ya wana lela? Ba ngolle memela o hore? Nongelo o hore lela?

Little Goat
★ Discuss with your children what it means to be lost by asking, “Do you think Little Goat was lost? Why/why not?”
★ Invite your children to draw a picture that shows what it feels like to be lost.
★ Challenge older children to retell the story using human characters in place of Mother Goat and Little Goat.

Potsanyane
★ Buiseba le bana ba hore mbapie le se bolelwang ke ho lalela ke ho botsha, “Na lo ya tla bokeng Potsanyane o ne a lela? Ke ho lalela ke ho botsha?”
★ Kopa bana ba hore ba hore tla sethwa ntho se bontshang hore ke hore ho lalela.
★ Rilebetsa bana ba ba bolyangwane ho phela pale hope ba sebetsa botseho ho bana sebokeng sa Mme Pedi le Potsanyane.
In the old days, Oxpecker had a bright yellow bill. He lived in a little hut in a patch of long grass. Each day he would sweep his hut before setting off into the grass to catch his favourite food. At night he would climb into his nest-bed, his belly full of green grasshoppers, flies and wriggly worms.

If anyone came into the patch of long grass, Oxpecker would fly up and shout at them. He would peck them and make a fuss until they went away. He liked to live alone, and he didn’t want to share with anyone.

One day, while Oxpecker was out searching for insects, he heard a low rumble, like the sound of thunder rolling in the hills, and something blocked out the sun.

“What now?” shrieked Oxpecker, flying up out of the long grass to get a better view.

A big, black animal with heavy horns was walking through the long grass.

“Hello,” said Buffalo. “I haven’t eaten anything in weeks. This long grass is exactly what I need. May I have some?”

“No! Go away!” shouted Oxpecker.

“Well, I’ll die if I don’t eat something. There hasn’t been any rain for months. This is the only patch of long grass around here. Won’t you let me eat some of it, please?”

“No! Go away!” said Oxpecker flying around Buffalo’s head.

“But you don’t even eat grass,” Buffalo said. And then he tried again, “We could share the grass.”

“I don’t share! This is mine! Mine! Mine! Now go away!” shouted Oxpecker.

Buffalo’s forehead wrinkled and his eyes narrowed to slits. He got so angry that his tail swished back and forth, making a loud clapping sound as it struck the sides of his rump. “Well, if you are going to be rude, I’m going to eat it anyway. I eat grass, that is what I do, and I am hungry, so here I GO, you rude bird,” said Buffalo about to chomp on some grass.

“You wouldn’t dare!” shrieked Oxpecker.

“How are you going to stop me? Look at how big I am. And because you’re being so rude, I’ve decided that I’m going to eat and eat and eat until I’m full.” And with a loud MUNCH! CRUNCH! Buffalo started to eat.

This made Oxpecker so angry that the end of his beak turned bright red. Oxpecker flew around Buffalo’s head shouting and shrieking and whooping, but Buffalo just kept on eating. Soon all the long grass was gone. To make matters worse, Buffalo put his big hoof right through the roof of Oxpecker’s hut.

Oxpecker flew up onto Buffalo’s back and started pecking away at his skin.

“That’s not going to work,” said Buffalo. “My skin is very thick. Even Lion has tried to bite me with his sharp teeth and I got away. You are too small, Oxpecker. And you deserved what you got. I was willing to share.”

“Well, that’s it then,” said Oxpecker growing suddenly quiet. “I was only angry and rude because that was my home. Now I have no home and no food – all those delicious green grasshoppers, flies and wriggly worms that lived in the long grass are gone! Everything’s gone.”

Buffalo looked back at Oxpecker, who was crying, and then to the bare patch of earth and the broken hut. “I’m sorry I destroyed your home,” he said, “but maybe I can make it up to you. I have a problem with insects, you see. I mean, just take a look at my back. There are always too many insects hanging on and crawling all over me. You could eat them, and it would be really nice to have someone finally get rid of them for me.”

Oxpecker looked up and down Buffalo’s body and noticed all the little insects clinging to Buffalo’s skin. The bird’s tummy rumbled, but the thought of doing Buffalo a favour after everything he had done, made Oxpecker angrier and angrier. His yellow bill grew redder and redder.

“First you ate all my lovely grass!” shouted Oxpecker. “Then you wrecked my house. You actually put your big hoof right through the roof! Now you want me to eat all these insects as a favour!” He walked up and down Buffalo’s back, pecking at the insects as he talked. “You really are the worst, Buffalo! As if I would help you,” he said with his little mouth full of insects.

Buffalo simply shrugged and walked off with Oxpecker riding on his back, shouting and eating insects. And they are still doing that to this day, but Oxpecker never forgave Buffalo, and his yellow beak stayed red forever.
Pale ya Motjodi le Nare

Ka Kai Tuomi  Ditshwantsho ka Samantha van Riet

Mehleng ya boholsho, Motjodi o a ena le molomo a basele bo kganyang. O ne a dula teng e nyane ka hara jwang bo balele. Letsatsi ka keng o a fela nito ya ho ya pèle a tswa ho lebo jwang ho ya botla dijo tseo a di ratang. Bosu o ne a palama ka hara benye sa sehla sa hae, mpa ya hae e fetsie marutle, dintsintsi, le diboko tse nneyeunyang.

Ha ho ne ho ena le motha ya kenaeng ka hara jwang bo sa balele. Motjodi o ne a fela ho hadimo a mo ikagumeliseng. O ne a fia mo kabela a mo etsete motleferwe ho fiilelo a balele. O ne a rata ho dula a le mong, mme o ne a sa batle ho arokela ho mong kopa mong.

Ka tsetsi le keng, ha Motjodi a sa tswa ho ya tsomana le dikokwanyana, a uitwa modumo a korteleling fische, jwada ka modumo wela lehada le lefthwaletseng dithabeng, mme ho ne ho ena le nilo e fithileng letsatsi.

“Ke eng jwale?” ha ikagumeliseng Motjodi, o a fela ho hadimo a tswa ka hara jwang bo balele koe a tebse ho bana hantle.

Phoofolo e kgolo, e ntsho e nang le maana a boina e ne e ntsie e tsamaya ka hara jwang bo balele.


“Tjhe! Tsamaya!”

“Ke lelo se bokabo le se hantle,” ha omana Motjodi. “Ke lelo se bokabo le se etsie tse fihlela ke kgora.”

Nare o hantle a shebe Motjodi, ya neng a fia a boho a shebe le filatele se se nang jwang le nilo e fisele. “Ke mohau ho ke hatse sele le ho se ka. Ke ho ne ho ena le nilo e fipha lese ka modumo,” ha o ne a mome tse lela se kabosilatleng ka tsetsi le hau, ya neng, ya neng a le tsepho, Motjodi a fela ho hadimo a tswa ka hara jwang bo balele koe a balele koe a balele se nang ho fihlela se bokabo le balele. Ha ho ne ho ena le nilo e fithileng letsatsi.

“Ke ke o letho ka dikokebe tse ngata?” ha omana Motjodi. “Ke ke o letho ka dikokebe tse ngata.”

Nare o hantle a shebe Motjodi, ya neng a fia a boho a shebe le filatele se se nang jwang le nilo e fisele. “Ke mohau ho ke hatse sele le ho se ka. Ke ho ne ho ena le nilo e fipha lese ka modumo,” ha o ne a mome tse lela se kabosilatleng ka tsetsi le hau, ya neng, ya neng a le tsepho, Motjodi a fela ho hadimo a tswa ka hara jwang bo balele. Ha ho ne ho ena le nilo e fithileng letsatsi.

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“Ha ho ne ho ena le motha ya kenaeng ka hara jwang bo sa balele. Motjodi o a ena le molomo a basele bo kganyang. O ne a dula teng e nyane ka hara jwang bo balele. Letsatsi ka keng o a fela nito ya ho ya pèle a tswa ho lebo jwang ho ya botla dijo tseo a di ratang. Bosu o ne a palama ka hara benye sa sehla sa hae, mpa ya hae e fetsie marutle, dintsintsi, le diboko tse nneyeunyang.

Ha ho ne ho ena le motha ya kenaeng ka hara jwang bo sa balele. Motjodi o a ena le molomo a basele bo kganyang. O ne a dula teng e nyane ka hara jwang bo sa balele. Letsatsi ka keng o a fela nito ya ho ya pèle a tswa ho lebo jwang ho ya botla dijo tseo a di ratang. Bosu o ne a palama ka hara benye sa sehla sa hae, mpa ya hae e fetsie marutle, dintsintsi, le diboko tse nneyeunyang.

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Monate wa Nal'ibali

1. Make a badge
   1. Cut along the red dotted line to cut out the badge.
   2. Colour in the picture.
   3. Cut a circle the same size as the badge from some thin cardboard, for example, a cereal box.
   4. Use glue to paste the badge onto the cardboard.
   5. Use sticky tape or masking tape to attach a safety pin to the back of the badge. Or make a hole at the top and thread some wool or string through it so that you can hang it around your neck.
   6. Enjoy wearing your badge as you read and listen to stories on World Read Aloud Day.

2. Unscramble the letters to find five words from *Fly, everyone, fly!* that have to do with how we travel.
   
   nsairtr
   racs
   subes
   satxi
   ploreasena

   - tedeneri
   - kilodi
   - esibedi
   - kitesedi
   - nefadifo

3. Look at these pictures from *Fly, everyone, fly!* Number them so that they match the order in which things happened in the story. Now use the pictures to retell the story.

   Sheba ditshwantsho tsena tse tswang ho Fofang, bohle, fofang! Di fe dinomoro ele hore di nyanele le tsetsetse ya kamoo dintho di etsahalang ka yona paleng. Jwale sebedisa ditshwantsho ho pheta pale hape.

   Hlopholla ditlhoku ho fumana mantwe a mohlanano a tswang ho Fofang, bohle, fofang! A buang ho hong ka tsela eo re etang ka yona.

Nal'ibali fun

Nal'ibali is here to motivate and support you. Contact us in any of these ways:

Nal'ibali e mona ho tla o kgothatsa le ho o tshehetsa. Tlhanywa le rona kopa ka e ngwe ya ditsela tse lateng:

- www.nalibali.org
- www.nalibali.mobi
- nalibaliSA
- @nalibaliSA
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- info@nalibali.org

Produced by The Nal'ibali Trust. Translation by Hilda Mohale. Nal’ibali character illustrations by Rico.

Drive your imagination