



We are 10 years old!

This year, the Nalibali reading-for-enjoyment campaign is celebrating its 10th anniversary! In 2012, Nalibali was launched as a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign. Its aim was to spark and embed a culture of reading across South Africa so that reading, writing and sharing stories – in all of the South African languages – would become part of everyday life. To make that vision a reality, Nalibali has produced many wonderful stories for children in all of the South African languages. These stories are shared in our bilingual supplement, as printed books and radio stories, on our website and via social media, so that every child can enjoy a story every day!



Every child from 0 years onward

Even babies can – and should – enjoy a story every day. Children learn to read by first being read to and then learning how to do it for themselves. The more you read aloud and talk to babies, the more words they hear. Sharing books with pictures, rhymes and stories helps teach them vocabulary and language – and gets their brains thinking! These are skills critical for school success, and it is up to us as adults and caregivers to model the behaviour of reading from an early age.



Every day for just 15 minutes

Taking time out from a busy day to read to your children shows them how important they are to you. Reading to your children every day:

- ★ makes it an enjoyable habit and helps them become lovers of books and life-long readers.
- ★ means you are making time for them. The memory of satisfying story times with you will stay with your children throughout their lives.

Enjoy stories as a family

One of the wisest investments we can make in our children is listening and talking to them and doing things together. These things happen naturally when families spend even a short time together each day, telling and reading stories together.

4 easy wins

1. Read in their mother tongue.
2. Read what they love.
3. Read printed books.
4. Read together.



Re na le dingwaga di le 10!

Monongwaga, Nalibali e keteka moletlo wa dingwaga di le 10 wa letsholo la go buisetsa monate! Ka 2012 Nalibali e ne ya simolola ka letsholo la go buisetsa monate la bosetshaba. Maikaelelo a yona e ne e le go tlotlhetisa lorato lwa puisetso godimo go kgabaganya naga ya Aforikaborwa gore go buisa, go kwala le go abelana mainane ka dipuo tsothe tsa Aforikaborwa – e nne karolo ya botshelo jwa rona ya letsatsi lengwe le lengwe. Go diragatsa ponelopele e gore e nne boamaruri, Nalibali e setse e tthagisitse mainane a a itumedisang a bana ka dipuo tsothe tsa Aforikaborwa. Mainane a abelwa babusi ka tlaletso ya rona ya puo-pedi, jaaka dibuka tse di gatisitsweng le mainane a seyalemowa, mo webosaeteng le methodi ya dikgang tsa bosetshaba, gore ngwana mongwe le mongwe a kgone go ijesa monate ka leinane letsatsi lengwe le lengwe!

Ngwana mongwe le mongwe wa dingwaga di le 0 go ya kwa godimo

Le masea tota – a tshwanetse – go itumelela mainane letsatsi lengwe le lengwe. Bana ba ithuta go buisa ka go buisetswa mme ba bo ba ithuta go buisa ka bobona. Fa o buisetsa bana kwa godimo gangwe le gape, ba tshwara mafoko a le mantši a ba a utlwanng. Fa o ba bontsha dibuka tsa ditshwantsho, morumo le mainane ba ithuta tlotloto le puo – go tlotlhetisa boboko jwa bona go akanya! Tse ke dikgono tsa botlhokwa tse di thusang gore ba kgone go tswela pele sentle kwa sekolong, mme tsothe tse di mo magetleng a rona jaaka batsadi le batlhokomedī ba bana, go ba supetsa tsela ya go buisa ba sa le banye.

Letsatsi lengwe le lengwe metsotso e le 15 fela

Go ipha nako ya go buisetsa bana le fa o na le tiro e ntsi ya letsatsi ke sesupo se sentle tota sa go ba supetsa gore ba botlhokwa jang mo go wena. Go buisetsa bana letsatsi lengwe le lengwe:

- ★ go dira gore puiso e nne setlwaedi se se monate le gore e nne barati ba dibuka ba ba tla buisang go ya go ile.
- ★ e raya gore o dira nako ya go nna le bona. Kgakologelo ya metlha ya mainane a a ba kgotsotatsang fa ba na le wena ga e killa e nyelela mo baneng goya-go-ile.

Itumelele mainane le balelapa

Nngwe ya dipeleto tsa botlhokwa tse re ka di dirang mo baneng ke go ba reetsa, go bua le bona le go dira dilo mmogo le bona. Dilo tse di itiragalela fela ka tlhago fa balelapa ba dira dilo mmogo letsatsi le letsatsi mo nakong e khutshwane fela, ka go anelana le go buisetsana mainane.

Ditsela di le 4

1. Ba buisetsa ka puogae
2. Ba buisetsa se ba se ratang.
3. Buisa dibuka tse di kwadilweng.
4. Buisang mmogo



What's inside this BUMPER edition?

- ★ Start your family's reading journey today! (page 2)
- ★ Ways to celebrate World Read Aloud Day (page 2)
- ★ A new poster! (page 3)
- ★ A special Nalibali World Read Aloud Day cut-out-and-keep book (pages 5, 6, 27 and 28)
- ★ 10 World Read Aloud Day stories in English (pages 7–16) and in Setswana (pages 17–26)
- ★ A new Story corner story (pages 30 and 31)



Ke eng se se fillhelwang mo kgatisong e KGOLO?

- ★ Simolola loeto lwa puiso ya balelapa gompieno! (tsebe 2)
- ★ Ditsela tsa go keteka Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Puisetsogodimo (tsebe 2)
- ★ Phousetara e ntšhwa! (tsebe 3)
- ★ Buka ya sega-o-boloke ya Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Puisetsogodimo la Nalibali le le kgethegileng (ditsebe 5, 6, 27 le 28)
- ★ Mainane a le 10 a Setswana a Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Puisetsogodimo (ditsebe 7-16) ka English le ka Setswana (ditsebe 17-26)
- ★ Leinane le lešwa la Sekhutlwane sa leinane



IT STARTS WITH
A STORY.
GO SIMOLOLA
KA LEINANE.

Celebrate World Read Aloud Day with us!

Each year Na'libali creates a special story to share with you for World Read Aloud Day. This year's story, *A party at the park*, was written by South African author Mabel Mnensa and illustrated by cartoonist Rico and features some of the much-loved Na'libali characters. Read it with your family this World Read Aloud Day, 2 February 2022!

Reading together as a family can provide hours of enjoyment. And like all fun things, reading can happen anytime and anywhere! Read a story before bedtime, in the afternoon, while you are waiting for someone or something, or while you're travelling – any time that works for you!



Siphwe Hlabangane

Go buisa mmogo go tliša nako ya boitumelo mo lelapeng. Mme e bile puiso jaaka dilo tsofhe tse di itumedisang, e ka diragala nako nngwe le nngwe le golo gongwe le gongwe! Buisa leinane pele o robala, motshegare, fa o letile mongwe kgotsa sengwe, kgotsa o le mo leetong – buisa nako nngwe le nngwe fa o bona sebaka!

Start your family's reading journey today!

Pledge to read the World Read Aloud Day story on 2 February 2022 and choose to keep reading with Na'libali for the rest of the year. Here's how to pledge:

- ★ Visit www.nalibali.org/wrad-2022 to sign up your family, reading club or school.
- ★ WhatsApp "WRAD" to 0600 44 22 54 and follow the prompts to enter.
- ★ Download the story in any of South Africa's 11 languages, plus Chichewa, French, Lingala, Portuguese, Shona or Swahili.
- ★ Practice reading it aloud before the big day!
- ★ Encourage your family and friends to pledge as well.

We can do this! Let's get 1 million South African families reading this World Read Aloud Day!



Keteka Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Puisetsogodimo le rona!

Ngwaga mongwe le mongwe Na'libali e tihama leinane le le kgethegileng go abelana le wena Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Puisetsogodimo. Leinane la monongwaga, *Moletlo mo phakeng*, le kwadiwe ke mokwadi wa Aforikaborwa Mabel Mnensa mme ditshwantsho di dirilwe ke Rico motlhami wa dikathunu mme e bile le na le badiragatsi ba ba rategang ba Na'libali. Le buise le balelapa la gago ka Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Puisetsogodimo, 2 Tlhakole 2022!

Simolola loeto lwa puiso ya balelapa gompieno!

Dira maitlamo a go buisa leinane ka Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Puisetsogodimo ka 2 Tlhakole 2022 o bo o ithophele go tswela go buisa le Na'libali go fitlha ngwaga o fela. O ka dira maitlamo jaana:

- ★ O ka etela webosaete ya www.nalibali.org/wrad-2022 go saenela balelapa la gaeno, sethopho sa go buisa kgotsa sekolo.
- ★ Romela "WRAD" ka Whatsapp go 0600 44 22 54 mme o latele ditaelo go ikwadisa.
- ★ Thankgolola leinane mo webosaeteng ka puo nngwe le nngwe ya dipuo di le 11 tsa Aforikaborwa, gammogo le dipuo tsa Chichewa, French, Lingala, Portuguese, Shona le Swahili.
- ★ Boaboetsa leinane ka go le buisetsa kwa godimo pele ga letsatsi la moletlo!
- ★ Rotloetsa balelapa le ditsala go dira maitlamo a go buisa.

Re ka dira se! A re direng ka natla go rotloetsa malapa a le milione a Maforikaborwa go buisa ka Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Puisetsogodimo!

Ways to celebrate World Read Aloud Day

1. Do one or more of the **story activities** suggested for *A party at the park* in the "Get story active!" section on page 29.
2. **At home:** Have a Read Aloud Evening with your family and friends. Read your favourite books aloud to each other and share why you enjoy them so much.
3. **At your school:** Create a Read Aloud Space with a variety of books suitable for different ages. Arrange for volunteers to read aloud to groups of children in this special space throughout World Read Aloud Day.
4. **In the community:** Arrange a story-sharing event at your library or any community space. Invite adults and children to come along and share stories throughout the day. You can find tip sheets in different South African languages to download for free in the "Story sharing" section of the Na'libali website: www.nalibali.org.
5. **At work:** Ask your colleagues to donate books that can be given to a local school or reading club. Arrange for staff to spend some time reading aloud during a lunch break, before or after a meeting or after hours.

Ditsela tse re ka ketekang Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Puisetsogodimo

1. Dira nngwe ya **ditiwana tsa leinane** kgotsa go feta jaaka di tshithinngwa mabapi le *Moletlo kwa phakeng* go tswa mo karolong ya "Nna le matlhagatlhaga a leinane!" mo go tsebe 29.
2. **Kwa gae:** Dira maitiso a Puisetsogodimo le balelapa le ditsala. Dirang Puisetsogodimo ya dibuka tse lo di ratang wena le ditsala mme lo abelane gore ke goreng lo di rata thata jalo.
3. **Kwa sekolong:** Dira mafelo a Puisetsogodimo mo phaposeng ka dibuka tse di farologaneng go ya ka dingwaga tsa bana. Dira dipaakanyo gore baihaopi ba buisetsa bana kwa godimo mo lefelong le le kgethegileng ka nako tsofhe tsa Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Puisetsogodimo.
4. **Mo motseng:** Dira dipaakanyo tsa tiragalo ya kabelano ya mainane kwa laeborari kgotsa lefelo lengwe le lengwe mo motseng. Laletsa bagolo le bana go tla go abelana mainane letsatsi lotlhe. O ka iponela dipampiri tsa dikeletso ka dipuo tse di farologaneng tsa Aforikaborwa tse lo ka di thankgololang mo inthaneteng mahala go tsa mo karolong ya "Story sharing" ya webosaete ya Na'libali: www.nalibali.org.
5. **Kwa tirong:** Kopa badirammogo ba gago go aba dibuka tse di ka fiwang dikolo tsa mo motseng kgotsa sethopho sa go buisa. Dira dithulaganyo gore badiri ba bone nako ya go buisetsa kwa godimo ka nako ya dijo tsa motshegare, nako ya kopano kgotsa morago ga tiro.



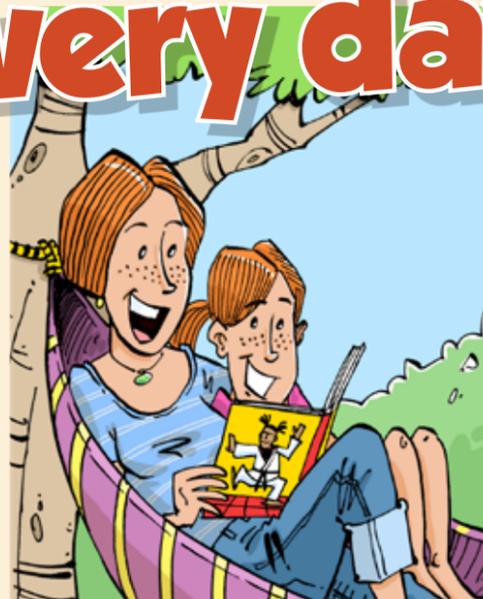
Aforikaborwa e A South Africa where



ngwana mongwe le mongwe a itumelelang
leinane letsatsi le letsatsi.



every child enjoys a story
every day.



Contact us in any of these ways:
Ikgologanye le rona ka nngwe ya ditsela tse:

www.nalibali.org

www.nalibali.mobi

[nalibaliSA](https://www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA)

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info@nalibali.org

Nalibali



Build your family's book collection

Visit our website, www.nalibali.org, to find stories to read in your home language. You can also listen to audio stories that you can download for free. Plus our website is zero-rated, which means you can access it at no data charge!

- ★ Get a free copy of our bilingual newspaper supplement at a post office (go to <https://www.nalibali.org/story-resources/supplement-distribution> to find one near you) or in one of the newspapers mentioned at the bottom of pages 1 and 32. Each supplement has three stories: two cut-out-and-keep books and a longer Story corner story.
 - ☑ Paste the Story corner stories onto sheets of cardboard (for example, an old cereal box) and cover them in plastic to make them last longer.
 - ☑ Fold and cut out the cut-out-and-keep books, then sew or staple each book so that it lasts longer.
 - ☑ Store your cut-out-and-keep books and story cards in a box or a cloth or plastic bag.
- ★ Have a braai or cake sale to raise money to buy books. Then buy books at second-hand bookshops and flea markets.
- ★ Ask your family and friends to give books as gifts.
- ★ Swap books with family and friends.
- ★ Write your own stories for and with children. Then bind the pages to make a book.
- ★ Look for stories in newspapers and magazines. Cut them out and make story cards.

Simolola kgobokanyo ya dibuka ya balelapa

Etela webosaete ya rona www.nalibali.org, go iponela mainane a o ka a buisang ka puogae. O ka nna wa reetsa mainane a a gatisitsweng a o ka thankgololang mo webosaeteng kwa ntle ga tuelo. E bile webosaete ya rona ga e duelelwe, se se rayang gore o ka e bona kwa ntle le go dirisa data!

- ★ Iponela khopi e e sa duelelweng ya tlaletso ya kuranta ya rona ya dipuopedi kwa posong (le ka fitlhelwa go <https://www.nalibali.org/story-resources/supplement-distribution> gaufi le motse wa lona) kgotsa mo go nngwe ya makwalodikgang a go builweng ka ona mo ditsebeno 1 le 32. Tlaletso nngwe le nngwe e na le mainane a le mararo: a mabedi ke a dibuka tsa sega-o-boloke-o gammogo le leinane le lelele mo Sekhutlwaneng sa leinane.
 - ☑ Kgomaretsa mainane a mo sekhutlwaneng sa leinane mo pampiring ya khatebokoso (seka, lebokoso le le sa dirisiweng la disirele) mme di khabare ka polasetiki gore di kgone go nna sebaka se seleele.
 - ☑ Menaganya dibuka tsa sega-o-boloke, o bofaganye buka nngwe le nngwe ka thapo kgotsa seteipolara gore e kgone go nna lebaka le lelele.
 - ☑ Boloka dibuka tsa sega-o-boloke gammogo le dikarata tsa mainane mo lebokosong kgotsa o di phuthele ka lesela kgotsa ka kgetsana ya polasetiki.
- ★ O ka dira motlha wa peso ya nama kgotsa go rekisa dikuku go kokoanya matlole a go reka dibuka. Fa o fetsa o ka ya go reka dibuka mo mabentleleng a dibuka a a theko tlase kgotsa mo dimarakeng tsa thekiso ya dibuka.
- ★ Kopa balosika le ditsala go aba dibuka.
- ★ Arogana dibuka le balosika le ditsala
- ★ Wena le bana ikwaleleng mainane a lona. Tshwaraganya ditsebe tsa mainane a lo a kwadileng go dira buka.
- ★ Batla mainane mo makwalodikgangyeng le dimakasine. A segolole mme o dire dikarata tsa mainane.



Create TWO WRAD storybook collections

1. Take out pages 7 to 26 of this supplement.
2. Pages 7 to 16 make up one book in English.
3. Pages 17 to 26 make up one book in Setswana.
4. Fold the pages of each book in half along the green dotted line.
5. Cut along the red dotted lines.
6. Sew or staple each book to keep the pages together.

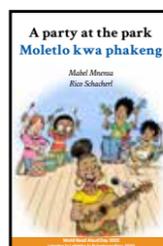


Dira dikgobokanyo di le PEDI tsa dibuka tsa mainane a WRAD

1. Ntsha ditsebe 7 go ya go 26 go tswa mo tlaletsong e.
2. Ditsebe 7 go ya go 16 di dira buka e le nngwe ya English.
3. Ditsebe 17 go ya go 26 di dira buka e le nngwe ya Setswana.
4. Menaganya ditsebe tsa buka nngwe le nngwe ka bogare mo meleng ya dikhutlo tse di tala.
5. Sega mo meleng ya dikhutlo tse dikhibidu.
6. Bofaganya ditsebe tsa buka nngwe le nngwe ka thapo kgotsa seteipolara.

Create ONE cut-out-and-keep book

1. The sheet with pages 5, 6, 27 and 28 makes up one book.
2. Follow the instructions below to make the 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.



Itirele buka ya sega-o-boloke e le NNGWE

1. Letlhare la ditsebe 5, 6, 27 le 28 le dira buka e le nngwe.
2. Latela ditaela tse di fa tlase go dira buka.
 - a) Mena letlhare ka bogare go lebagana le mola wa dikhutlo tse dintsho.
 - b) Le mene ka bogare gape go lebagana le mola wa dikhutlo tse di tala.
 - c) Sega go lebagana le mela ya dikhutlo tse dikhibidu.





"Now we need a shaker," said Tin.

"Josh! Pick Josh!" shouted Neo.

"Is there a Josh out there? Where is Josh? Let's get him up here," laughed Tin.

Josh put up his hand. Two men lifted his wheelchair onto the stage.

"Welcome, Josh," said Tin. "Try out these two shakers."

Josh shook one and then the other. They made different sounds.

"That's great," said Tin. "NOW, LET THE ..."

But before she could finish, there was a loud clanging noise. Everyone looked around to see what it could be.

"Jaamong re tlhoka seletswa se se kgohlhokgotshiwang," Tin a rialo.

"Josh! Bitsa Josh!" Neo a goa.

"A o teng Josh? Josh o kae? Mmitšeng a tle kwano," Tin a bua a tšhega.

Josh a tšholetsa seatlha. Banna ba babedi ba mo pega mo seraleng ka setulo sa gagwe sa maotwana.

"Re a go amogela, Josh," Tin a rialo. "Lekelelsa dikgohlhokgotshisi tse pedi tse."

Josh a kgohlhokgotsha se se sengwe, a bo a kgohlhokgotsha sa bobedi. Di ne di nšha medumo e e farologaneng.

"O di letsa sentle," Tin a mo rialo.

"JAANONG, A RE..."

Pele a ka fetsa go bua, ke fa ditšhipi di itaaganela kwa godimo. Botlhe ba leba go bona gore e ne e le modumo wa eng.



"Come on, everyone!" shouted Tin. "Let's celebrate! Or do you need the We Can Band to help you?"

"Yebo, yes!" shouted the crowd.

Tin looked around. "Where is the band? Oh no, I don't see them anywhere. It's not a party without a band. I'm going to need some help. Only a team can save this dream!" Tin smiled as she looked at the crowd. "First, I'm going to need two drummers."

Neo and Hope had their hands up first. As they climbed onto the stage, Tin took them to four large coffee tins with plastic lids. The tins were decorated with brightly coloured paper and buttons. There were also drumsticks for Neo and Hope to use.

"A re yengi!" Tin a goa jalo. "A re kekekeni! Kgotsa a lo balla We Can Band go thusa?"

"Yebo, ee!" batho ba goa.

Tin a leba-leba mo tlilogong. "E kae bente e? Ga ke ba bone gope fela. Moleto o ka se nne monate fa ba seyo. Ke tlile go tlhoka thuso. Seithophha ke some fela se ka diragatsang toro enoi!"

Tin a nyenya a lebile bontsi twa batho. "Ke tlhoka ba le babedi ba ba ka betsang moropa."

Neo le Hope e ne e le bona ba nilha go tšholetsa ditlha. Fa ba palama serala, Tin a ba isa mo metemeng e mene e megolo ya kofi ya dikhurumelo tsa polasetiki. Meteme e ne e kgabitswe ka dipampiri le dikonopo tse di mebdabala. Gape go ne go na le ditlhobane tsa moropa tsa ga Neo le Hope.

Neo, Josh, Hope and Gogo are listening to the radio when they hear an exciting announcement: Tin and the We Can Band will be putting on a show at the park. Artists from all over Africa, Bella and even Noodle are at the park. But where is the We Can Band? Neo, Hope, Josh, Bella and Noodle are in for a wonderful surprise.



Neo, Josh, Hope le Gogo ba reeditse seyaletswa fa ba utlwa kgoeletso e e itumedisang: Tin le setlhophha sa We Can Band ba tla bo ba diragatsa kwa phakeng. Baopedi go tswa dinageng tse di farologaneng tsa Aforika. Bella le Noodle ba kwa phakeng. Fela setlhophha sa We can Band se kae? Neo, Hope, Josh, Bella le Noodle ba tlile go bona dimakatso.

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



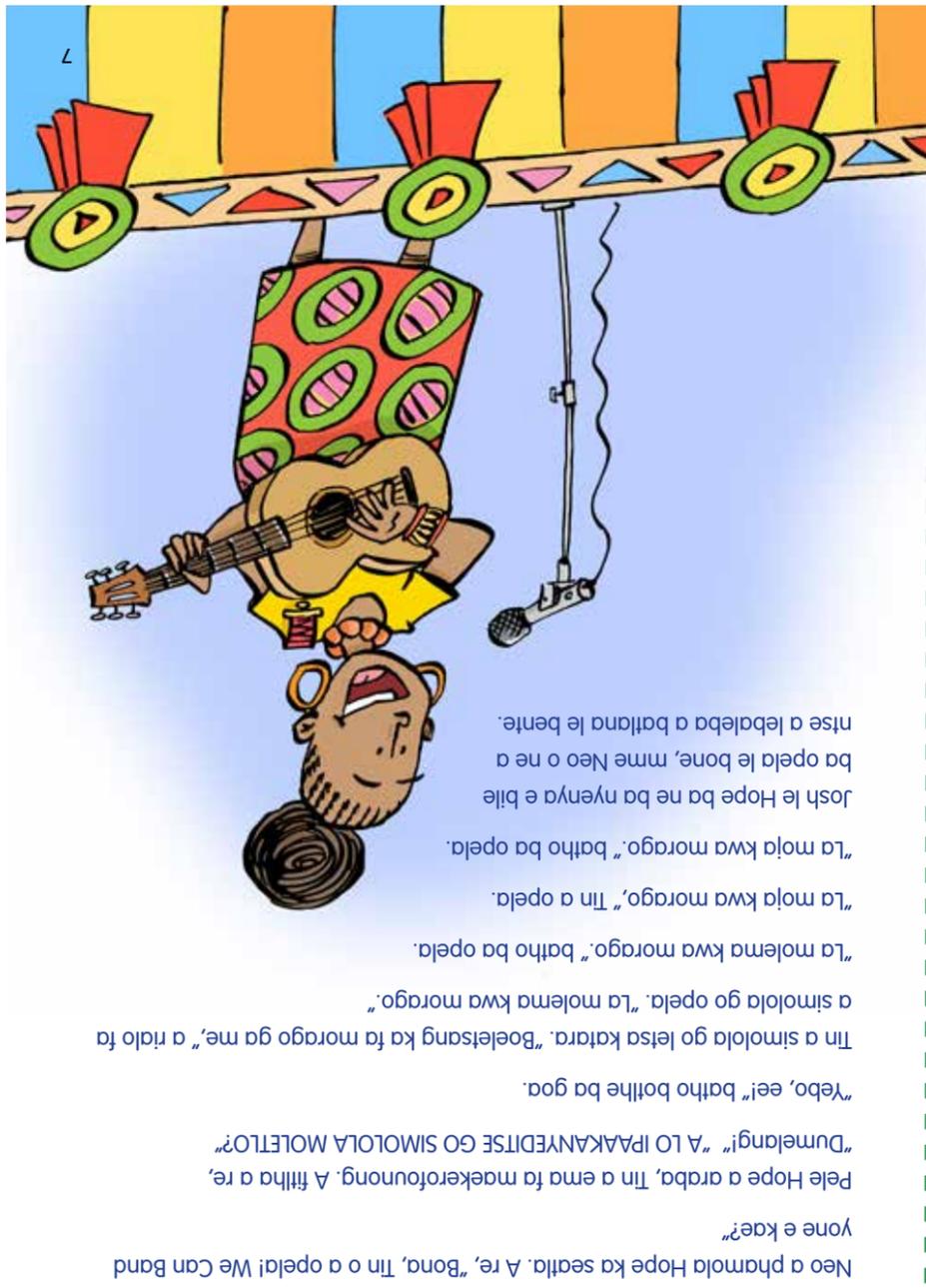
Nal'ibali ke letsholo la bosetšhaba la go buisetsa monate e le go rotloetsa le go jala mowa wa go buisa go ralala Aforika Borwa. Go bona tshedimosetso ka botlalo, etela mo www.nalibali.org kgotsa mo www.nalibali.mobi

A party at the park Moleto kwa phakeng

Mabel Mnensa
Rico Schacherl



World Read Aloud Day 2022
Letsatsa la Lefatshe la Puisetsogodimo 2022



Neo a phamola Hope ka seatla. A re, "Bona, Tin o a opela! We Can Band yone e kae?"

Pele Hope a araba, Tin a ema fa maekefounong. A fitlha a re, "Dumelang!" "A LO IPAkakanyeditse go simolola molefelo?"

"Yebo, ee!" batho bohle ba goa.

Tin a simolola go letsa katara. "Boeletsang ka fa morago ga me," a rialo fa a simolola go opela. "La molema kwa morago."

"La molema kwa morago," batho ba opela.

"La moja kwa morago," Tin a opela.

"La moja kwa morago," batho ba opela.

Josh le Hope ba ne ba nyenya e bile

ba opela le bone, mme Neo o ne a

nise a lebalaba a bathana le bente.

Neo, Josh and Hope were all at Gogo's house. They were talking and laughing loudly.

"Shhhh!" said Gogo. "I can't hear what they are saying on the radio. Come, let's all listen to my favourite show."

Everyone kept quiet and listened. Suddenly they heard the announcer mention the name of their park.

"Wow! Our park is famous!" said Neo.

"... and Tiniso, also known as Tin, will be putting on a show at the park this afternoon with the We Can Band. Artists from Zimbabwe, Nigeria and Malawi will also be performing. Everyone is welcome to join the party!" said the announcer.



Neo, Josh le Hope ba ne ba le kwa ga Nkoko. Ba ne ba buela kwa godimo e bile ba tshega go le monate.

"Shhhh!" Gogo a rialo. "Ga ke utlwe se se buiwang mo seyalemoweng. Tlaang, a re reetseng lenaneo la me le ke le ratang."

Botlhe ba didimala mme ba reetsa! Ke fa ba utlwa mogasi a bitsa leina la phaka ya bone.

ljoo! Phaka ya rona e a itsege!" Neo a goa.

... mme Tiniso, yo ba mmitang Tin, o tla bo a tsaya karolo kwa phakeng mo thapameng eno ene le We Can Band. Diopedi tse di tswang kwa Zimbabwe, Nigeria le Malawi le tsone di tlaa bo di opela. Botlhe ba lalediwa go tla molefelong!" mogasi a rialo.



Then Noodle ran across the stage, dragging tins tied together with string behind him.

"The chimes!" shouted Tin. "I thought I had lost them."

Bella ran towards the stage. "Noodle!" she called. Noodle ran to Bella, the tins clanging noisily behind him.

"It's fine," said Tin laughing. "I think Noodle wants to be part of the We Can Band. And I think he wants you to join us too," she said, pointing

at Bella.

Tin helped Bella onto the stage

and together they untangled the

tin chimes from around Noodle's

body. Then Bella and Noodle went

and stood next to Neo, Hope and Josh.

Noodle o ne a taboga mo sereleng a goga meteme e

botagantswe mmogo ka mogala.

Tin a goa a re, "Go lela ditshipi!" "Ke ne ke ithaya ke re

di lathegile."

Bella a tobogela kwa sereleng. A bitsa a re, "Noodle!"

Noodle a tobogela kwa go Bella, meteme e tsositse

modumo ka fa morago ga gagwe.

"Go sime," Tin a rialo a tshega. "Ke akanya gore Noodle o batla go

nna mongwe wa ba We Can Band. A supa Bella a re, "Ke akanya gore o

batla gore le wena o nne mongwe wa rona."

Tin a goga Bella go mo thusa go palama serala mme ba rarolola

meteme e e neng e ithatheitse ka mmele wa ga Noodle. Mme Bella le

Noodle ba ya go ema fa thoko ga ga Neo, Hope le Josh.

Nal'ibali is here for families!

Join Nal'ibali's family-reading journey and receive additional stories as well as tips and ideas on how to read with your children throughout the year.

Talking about books and stories

Reading aloud gives us a chance to talk to our children about books and stories. Talking about stories is just as important as reading the words to them! Talk about:

- *the pictures and characters
- *what is happening in a story.

Here are a few things that you could talk about. Remember that the idea is always to enjoy books together and not to "test" your child's understanding of what you have read.

***What do you think will happen next?** Ask this question at different points in the story. It helps build children's ability to make informed predictions – a skill that good readers use all the time.

***Look at this. What do you see?** Spend time looking carefully at and enjoying the illustrations in picture books.

**Point to different parts of the picture.

**Talk about what you see.

**Ask a child to find people or things in the picture.

**Talk about the way words are written. Are they big or small? Why?

***What does this story make you think about or feel?** Stories can help children to understand and cope with things that happen in their own lives. Say things like:

**This story reminds me of how important it is to treat people well. What does it remind you of?

**It made me feel happy when the people in the village saved the animals. How did you feel?

***Why do you think this happened?** Ask your children questions to help them work out why certain things happened in the story and why a character felt or acted in a certain way.

***What do you think about...? How did...make you feel?**

**Did you enjoy the story?

**Who is your favourite character?

**Which part of the story did you like most/ the least?

**How did the story make you feel?

**What do you think about the ending of this story?

2.Apr2021_Eng

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10th Anniversary edition

World Read-Aloud Day Story Collection

- When you enjoy a story with your child every day, it:**
- ★ shows them that you think books and reading are important.
 - ★ gives you things to talk about as a family.
 - ★ builds a strong bond between you.
 - ★ help them see that reading is an enjoyable and rewarding activity.
 - ★ shows them how we read and how books work.
 - ★ lets them enjoy stories that they cannot yet read on their own.
 - ★ encourages them to learn to read for themselves, and then to keep reading.
 - ★ helps develop literacy and emotional skills so that they can cope well at school and in society.

ENGLISH

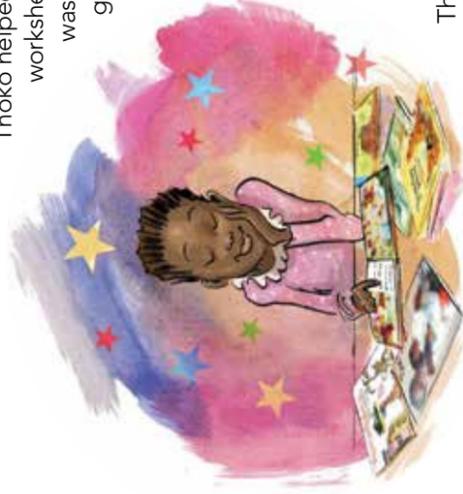
A gold star and a kiss for Thoko

written and illustrated by
Niki Daly

Friday was always the big day of the "Star Awards".

So far, Thoko had earned a yellow star for her maths sums, a red star for her neat writing and a blue star for "clean hands".

Green stars were for helping Mrs McKensie carry her big bag from her car to the classroom. You got a gold star for reading. Gold stars rocked!



Thoko helped Mrs McKensie hand out worksheets. Friday's worksheet was all about time – and it was going far too slowly for Thoko.

If only she could make all the hands on the drawn clocks spin and stop at Star Awards Time! During music, she couldn't wait for the last line of a new song to end. Waiting for the Star Awards was painful.

The final period of the school day was a free one, so Thoko decided to read. And while she read, she forgot all about time – first one book, then another and another. By the time she had added the titles to her reading list, Mrs McKensie was ready to announce the star winners.

Shane, Rhapelang, Come and Taitum all got yellow stars. Gift, Gaswin, Aydon, Chleo and Kay-Lee got red stars. Roche, Shaunique and Miscka got green stars. And Dana Rose, who had managed to wash green glitter off her fingers during break, received a blue star. Then Thoko heard her name called.

"Thoko and Brendan," announced Mrs McKensie, looking through the reading lists. Brendan had read five books and Thoko had read six! She felt like melting with happiness as Mrs McKensie placed a gold star on her forehead.

"Clang-a-lang!" went the school bell and Thoko

Stars were always awarded just before the school bell rang and everyone rushed out to meet their mums, dads, grannies or aunts in the playground. Everyone, except Thoko, who lived close by and could walk home. Thoko lived with her mama at the back of her Gogo's dressmaking shop.

Friday was also great because Thoko got money to buy a treat on her way home. And this Friday was an extra lucky Friday because Thoko reached the car park just in time to help Mrs McKensie carry her big bag to the classroom. Maybe she'd win a green star. A gold star for reading would be better, of course.

Lately, Thoko had made a special effort with her reading – to read with expression, to pause after a comma and to stop at a full stop to catch her breath. The best reader was Brendan, who the children called "Greedy Eyes" because he devoured so many books.

"Well, let's have a paper aeroplane competition," said Afrika and took out a drawing of his 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 and 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 all out of breath.



"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."

"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.

"I'm sending mine to Zimbabwe!" said Neo.

"Mine'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.

"Wait! Neo, stop! Where are you going?" asked Afrika.

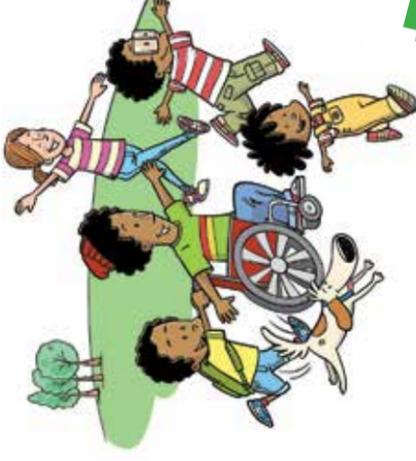
"Home," laughed Neo, "I'm hungry!"

"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.



Fly, everyone, fly!

Story by Shile Nontshokweni ■ Illustrations by Magriet Brink and 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.



"Sshh! 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."

"Eish, this bus is so slow," sighed Afrika. "We'll never get there."

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 Mbuli will be home soon." That made Afrika smile all the way to Gogo's house.



The next day everyone was up early. "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.

"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."



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 Mbuli. Afrika jumped up to greet his friends. He was so happy to see them again.

Mbuli 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 Mbuli.

"And Noodle," agreed Gogo.



For more stories, visit www.nalibali.org or WhatsApp "stories" to 060 044 2254.

paced through the school gates. She couldn't wait to show Mama and Gogo her gold star. When she reached Mrs Ismail's spicy doughnut stand, her face was hot from running. Mrs Ismail's little daughter, Sharifa, was pretending to be a shopkeeper. She handed Thoko a spicy doughnut in a paper bag and smiled sweetly. "Thank you," said Thoko and sped off.

"Mama! Gogo!" she called, bursting through the front door, "Look what I got?"

Gogo looked up from her sewing and Mama peeped around a corner.

"Molo, Thoko!" they said. "How was school?"

"Look!" said Thoko. Mama and Gogo looked while Thoko pointed to her forehead.

"Look at what, Thoko?" asked Gogo.

"My gold star!" said Thoko impatiently.

"What gold star?" asked Mama.

"This one," said Thoko, running a finger across her forehead. But all she felt was smooth skin! The gold star was gone!

Thoko burst into tears as she explained how she had received a gold star for reading.

"Where did you have it last?" asked Mama.

"At school," replied Thoko.

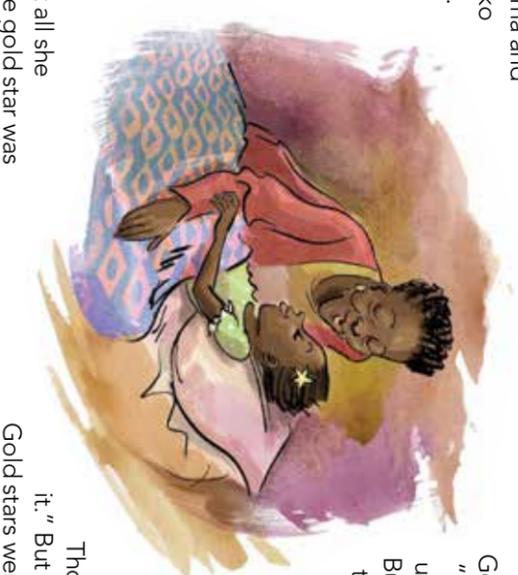
"And what did you do after school?" asked Gogo.

In tears, Thoko went over her route from school.

"Well, it's only a paper star," said Mama. But it wasn't. It was a very special gold star.

"Dry your tears and we'll go and look for your gold star," said Gogo.

Gogo helped Thoko retrace her steps around the corner and along the road back to school. And there at Mrs Ismail's doughnut stand they found Thoko's gold star – stuck to the forehead of Mrs Ismail's little girl! When Mrs Ismail heard Thoko's sad story, she said, "Sharifa darling, that gold star you picked up belongs to Thoko." But little Sharifa had fallen in love with Thoko's gold star. And when Mrs Ismail tried to remove it, she screamed so loudly that passers-by thought she was being murdered.



Gogo turned to Thoko.

"Sharifa's too small to understand what is fair. But you are old enough to be thoughtful. Let her keep your gold star," she said. Thoko thought for a while. The corners of the gold star had curled up, and it looked as if it was about to fall off again. "Okay," said Thoko. "Sharifa can keep it." But inside, she still felt sad. Gold stars were not that easy to win.

Then at bedtime, Gogo brought Thoko something special she had made – a glittery gold star on a hairclip. "That's for being such a good reader," said Gogo. Then she kissed Thoko on the forehead and whispered, "And that's for being such a kind, thoughtful girl." Thoko touched her forehead and thought a little more as she drifted off to sleep.

"Gold stars get curly corners and fall off. Kisses last forever!"

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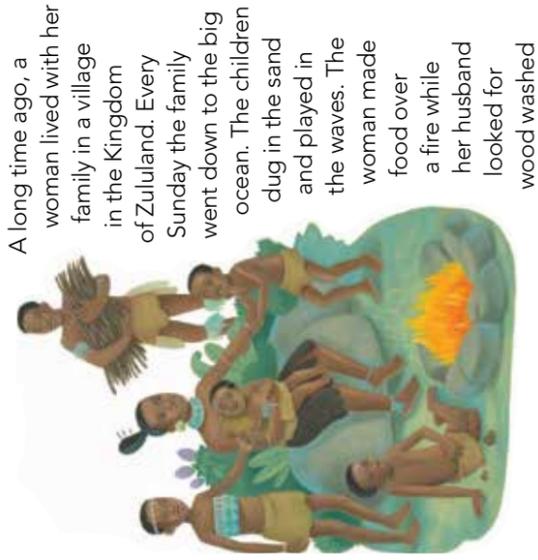


It starts with a story...

How stories began

Story by Wendy Hartmann

Illustrations by Tamsin Hinrichsen



A long time ago, a woman lived with her family in a village in the Kingdom of Zululand. Every Sunday the family went down to the big ocean. The children dug in the sand and played in the waves. The woman made food over a fire while her husband looked for wood washed

up by the sea to carve beautiful things: birds, people and all kinds of animals.

During the week the whole family worked hard and in the evenings they sat around the fire. It was too dark for working or playing or carving and it was too early to go to sleep. And this was when the children asked their mother to tell them a story.

"Mama," they begged, "we want stories. Please tell us one."

But no matter how hard she tried to think of a story, she could not. Neither she nor her husband had any stories to tell.

One day, the woman decided to ask her neighbours for help.

"Do you have any stories?" she asked them. "No-o-oo," they shook their heads, "we don't."

There were no stories. There were no dreams ... and there were no magical tales.

Her husband suggested, "Wife, I think you must go look for stories. I will take care of our children and the house. Find some stories and bring them



back." So the woman kissed her family goodbye and left. She decided to ask every creature she passed if they had a story to share. The first animal she met was the hare. He came thumping along on his big feet.

"Hare!" she called. "Do you have any stories?"

"Stories?" asked Hare. "Oh, I have hundreds, thousands, no ... millions of them."

"Hare, please give me some stories so that I can make my children happy."

"Ummm..." said Hare. "I don't have the time. In any case ... stories in the daytime? ...No!" And thump, thump, thump off he went. Later she saw an owl. When she asked him for stories he fluffed his feathers angrily. "Whoooo ... are ... yooooo to wake me? I have no stories. Go to the great fish eagle. He is the one who is awake in the day. Ask him."



So the woman walked to the mouth of the Tugela River where the fish eagle hunted. When she saw him she called his name. The great fish eagle screeched back at her. "KOW! kow-kow-kow! Why are you disturbing my

They dressed the creature in Hope's karate clothes and Neo's pirate hat and eye patch. Josh tied the creature onto his kite. And then they were ready!



Neo, Josh, Hope, Bella and her mom raced over to help. They found the mayor on the ground next to the creature with Noodle still barking at it. The children helped to calm Noodle down while Bella's mom helped the mayor up.



The children hid behind the bush and loosened the kite's string. A strong gust of wind took the creature off into the sky. Up, up, up it went, racing across the sky away from them.

In the meantime, Bella and her mom had arrived at the park to walk Noodle. When Noodle saw the creature dangling in the sky, he started barking and pulling on his leash. Bella tried to hold onto Noodle's leash, but he pulled so hard that she had to let go. Off went Noodle across the park. Bella and her mom chased after him. Then the creature started to float down towards the mayor's head as he was making his speech! Noodle was running towards him still barking at the creature – and Bella and her mom were not far behind.

Josh pulled on the kite's string, trying to get the creature up higher into the sky, but it was too late. Noodle leapt up at the creature, knocking over the mayor. Bits of paper with the mayor's speech on it flew all over the park, and people started running in all directions.

Then Hope explained her plan and how it had gone wrong. The mayor listened, and when Hope had finished, he just looked at her ... and then he started laughing. "Well, now you can write your own scary creature story," the mayor suggested.



Even though Hope's plan did not quite work out, it was a day they would all remember!



WORLD READ ALOUD DAY 2020



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A day to remember

Story by Lorato Trok

Illustrations by Rico

Translated by Lorato Trok

"Hurry up, Neo, we don't have much time!" said Hope putting down her heavy bag. Hope and Josh were waiting for Neo. They were all going to the park as part of Hope's plan!

Hope had started hatching a plan after reading the new book her mother had bought her. It was about a girl who had bravely saved her village from a scary creature. Hope had enjoyed the book so much that she had finished it in a day and had even dreamt about the scary creature that night!

"I hope that what you've planned for us will be fun. Why are you in such a hurry?" Neo asked Hope as he shut the front door. Neo was wearing his favourite pirate hat and eye patch.

"I'm as clueless as you are, Neo. Hope just asked me to bring my kite to the park," said Josh pointing to his kite.

"Trust me, you'll enjoy this!" said Hope as she walked off ahead of her friends. Neo and Josh followed, trying to keep up.

When they got to the park, they saw the mayor surrounded by a large crowd of people.

"What's going on?" Josh asked a woman standing nearby.

"Well, for a long time, the mayor got lots of complaints because there wasn't enough shade

in the park," she said. "So, he made sure that lots of new trees were planted and today he's here to celebrate this with everyone."

"Oh no! The park is too full for my plan to work," said Hope, disappointed.

"What plan?" asked Neo and Josh at the same time, looking at each other.

"Do you remember the story I read about the brave girl who saved her village?" asked Hope.

"Well, I was hoping we could make a scary creature, tie it to Josh's kite and then fly it over the park. But now look!" said Hope pointing to the happy people standing around the mayor.

Neo saw how sad Hope was. "Nice plan, Hope!" he said. "Let's go over there behind that big bush. No one will see us there." Josh and Hope nodded in agreement and off they went.

"Josh, you go and find some sticks. Neo, take off your pirate hat and eye patch," instructed Hope as she took her karate clothes and a balloon out of her bag.

Josh found some thin sticks next to a dustbin and the three friends sat behind the bush using string from Hope's bag to tie them together in a cross-shape for the creature's body. Then Hope blew up the balloon and tied that on for the creature's head.



hunting?"

"Oh, wise Fish Eagle," said the woman, "I'm searching for stories. Do you know where I can find some?"

"Yes," said Fish Eagle. "I know who can help you. Go to where the rocks join the sea. Stand there and call for the giant sea turtle."

The woman thanked him and went down to the sea. She had only called for the giant sea turtle twice when he rose up through the water with a great splash.

"Don't be afraid," Sea Turtle said. "Hold onto my shell. I will take you to the sea people who know all things and all stories."

Down, down, down they went into the sea, right to the bottom, straight to the king and queen of the sea.

"And who is this?" asked the king.

"This is a woman from the dry lands above our waters," whispered the queen.

"What is it that you want, woman of the dry lands?" asked the queen.

"Stories, your Highness. Do you have any that I can take to my people?"

"We do," said the queen. "But do you have something to exchange for these stories?"

"What would you like?" asked the woman.

The king and queen smiled. "We cannot go up to your dry lands. We would like to see what

it is like. Bring us something to show us what kind of animals and people there are."

"I will," said the woman.

The giant sea turtle took her back to the dry land and waited while she rushed home to tell her husband everything.

"Oh," he said excitedly. "I have many carvings of animals, birds and people. You can take them all."

Soon the woman was back at the beach with a bundle of the carvings. Once again the turtle dived and took them down, down, down.

When the king and queen saw the carvings, they were very happy and they gave her a beautiful shell.

"For you and for your people, we give the gift of stories. Whenever you want a story, hold this up to your ear and listen," they said.

"But remember this," whispered the king in her ear. "your very first story began with your journey down here."

When at last the woman returned to the shore, her husband, her children and all the people of the village were waiting.

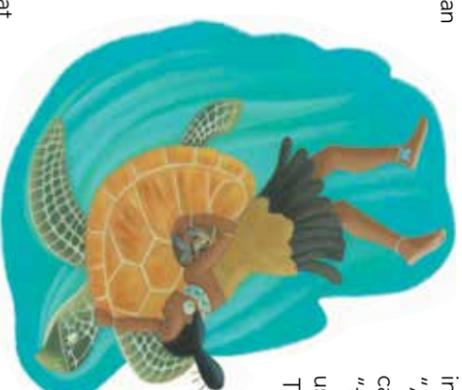
They had made an enormous fire that crackled and spat in the darkness.

"And now," they called out to her, "tell us a story. Tell us a story!"

The woman smiled. She held the shell and said, "Yes ... Nai'ibali ... here is the story. Ssshhh. Now listen."

And that was how the first story was told. After that the woman held the shell to her ear and told more and more stories.

And if this is the first story that you have heard, just remember, there are many, many more to come.



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Sisanda's gift

Story by Gcina Mhlophe

Illustrations by Jiggs Snaddon-Wood

Every day when eight-year-old Sisanda gets home from school, she changes out of her uniform, eats her lunch and plays a game of umlalalaba with her

grandfather. They have so much fun flying their "cows" around the board that she doesn't want to stop. But then he reminds her that she wants to become a bank manager one day when she grows up.

"How will you do that if you don't go to high

school?" jokes her grandfather.

Sisanda just laughs. "I will go to high school and university too. That's why I work so hard at school!"

Sisanda is quite tall for her age – she takes after her father. Her round face and beautiful smile are her mother's. Both her

parents get up early each morning to go to work at the game reserve close by. By the time Sisanda and her friends start school, coachloads of tourists are already arriving to spot Africa's finest animals. For her last



birthday, Sisanda had a special treat – her parents got permission for her to have a party at the game reserve. The giraffes at the reserve were curious about this group of people. They stretched out their long necks for the best view of the party and they even seemed to want some of the birthday cake! Sisanda loved the giraffes. All animals were special to her, but it was the quiet and gentle giraffes that stole her heart. She could spend all day watching them.

One Friday, Sisanda's father came home from work early. He looked very upset.

"What's wrong, Baba?"

Sisanda asked.

"Today a swarm of bees stung a mother giraffe," explained

Sisanda's father.

"Her head was so swollen from all the stings that her beautiful eyes

were closed. We tried

everything to help her, but it was no use – she died. And the saddest part of all is that she had a young calf that still needs her."

"Oh no!" said Sisanda starting to cry. "I wish there was something I could do. The baby giraffe must be crying just like me."

Sisanda cried and cried. Her mother tried to comfort her. She even read Sisanda an extra story at bedtime to help her forget how sorry she felt for that baby giraffe. Eventually, Sisanda drifted off to sleep to the sound of her mama's voice.

The next morning Sisanda woke up with an idea!



Afrika, very impressed. "What's your name?"

"I'm Asanda," she said.

"I'm Afrika. How did you learn to do that?" Afrika asked.

"I first tried walking with books on my head," she said. "You have to keep your head still when you walk." She put the cooldrink bottle back on top of Afrika's head. "Walk slowly now, with your nose in the air, like a prince."

Afrika walked around Asanda very slowly, keeping his head still with his nose in the air. And the bottle stayed on!

"Look, Ma! Look at me ..." said Afrika, but he couldn't see his mother! Someone bumped into Afrika and the cooldrink bottle fell off his head. But he had forgotten about the bottle – he wanted to know where his mother was!

"Where are you, Mama?" he called. There was no answer. "Mama!" he called a little louder. Still no answer.

"My mother is lost!" said Afrika to Asanda. "We were on our way to the book stall on the corner, but now she's gone!"

"I'm going to the book stall too! I'm going to buy a storybook with the money I've saved. Maybe your mama is at the book stall. Let's go find her!" suggested Asanda.

Together Asanda and Afrika walked through the crowds of people. All of a sudden Afrika heard his name! "Afrika! Afrika! Where are you?" "That's my mother's voice," said Afrika.



"Shame, she is lost! I can hear she's upset. It sounds as though she's near the book stall. Come, let's run, Asanda!"

Together the children ran to the book stall, and there, right in front of it, were Mme wa Afrika and Dintle. Mama opened her arms and Afrika ran straight into them.

"Hello, Mama, are you alright?" asked Afrika.

"Don't worry now, we've found you and Dintle. You aren't lost anymore."

Dintle was very happy to see her big brother. Afrika bent down and gave her a hug.

"Mama, this is Asanda, my new friend," said Afrika. "She taught me how to balance a cooldrink bottle on my head. She wants to buy a book."

"Hello, Asanda, I am glad to meet you," said Mme wa Afrika smiling.

"Now, let's look at the books and see what we can find! Afrika, remember you wanted to learn how to make a bird house."

They all spent some time looking at the books and Mama found one which showed you how to make different things from wood.

"Please, may I have it?" Afrika asked his mother.

"Yes, if you like it," said Mama.

Then it was time to go. "Look, Asanda! I'm taking my book home on my head!" Afrika said, balancing his new book on his head.

"Don't forget to keep your nose in the air, like a prince!" laughed Asanda.



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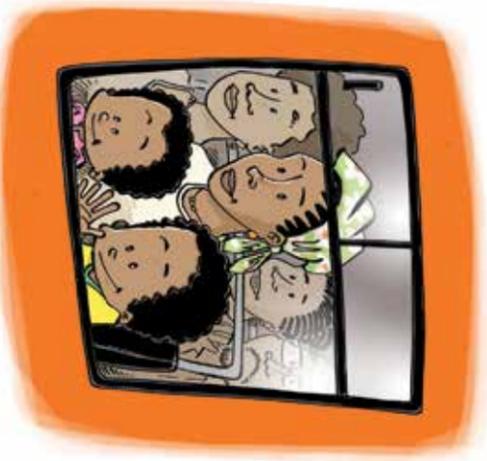
Story by Ann Walton

Illustrations by Rico

"We're going shopping! We're going shopping!" Afrika jumped up and down in front of Dintle. His mother, Mme wa Afrika, smiled at him, and Dintle clapped her hands.

"Yes," said Mme wa Afrika, "so put your shoes on. We have to hurry. We still have to walk to the bus stop."

At the bus stop, there were a lot of people waiting for the bus. And when they all got onto the bus, everyone was a bit squashed. Mme wa Afrika held Dintle on her lap. Then a lady sat down next to her. Afrika sat on the other side of his mother, squashed against the window. But he didn't mind at all because it meant that he could look out of the window.



"Can you do that, Mama?" Afrika asked his mother.

"Do what?" asked Mme wa Afrika.

"Carry things on the top of your head like that," said Afrika.

"Of course I can. It's easy," said his mother. Afrika watched the lady walk away until she disappeared into the crowds of people standing in between the market stalls.

"I bet I can carry things on my head too!"

Afrika said to himself. He saw an empty plastic cooldrink bottle on the ground. He picked it up and put it on his head, but he had to hold onto it because it kept falling off.

"Eishi!" said a girl right next to him. "I'll show you how to do that!"

She took the cooldrink bottle, put it on her head, and with her nose in the air, she walked around Afrika like a proud princess. "Yohl!" said



Finally the driver called out, "Last stop!" "Come on, Afrika. This is where we get off," said his mother. After they got off the bus, Mme wa Afrika tied Dintle on her back. "Stay close to me," she told Afrika. "This is a very busy place." It was busy. There were people carrying bags and pushing trolleys full of shopping. There was also a lady with her shopping balanced on her head.

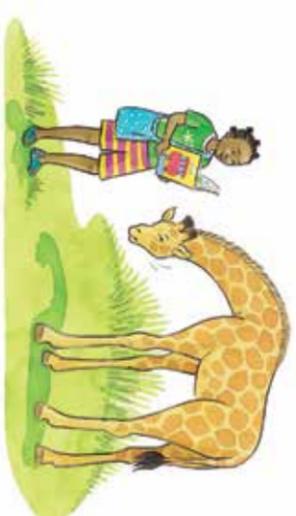
Share a story today!



"Can I go to work with you today?" she asked her baba. "I have a gift for the baby giraffe." Her parents looked at each other, smiled and said, "Yes, of course you can come with us." It was a warm but cloudy day. Everything in the reserve seemed unusually quiet.

"I think the sun isn't shining today because it's sad about the baby giraffe," said Sisanda. A great big elephant gazed at the family walking by.

"Maybe he's wondering why a little girl is going to work with her parents," said Sisanda's mother.



Sisanda nodded. "He's going to get a surprise when he finds out," she thought. They found the baby giraffe standing alone. His willowy neck drooped and his big brown eyes looked dull. Sisanda stood as close to him as she could. She opened her small bag and took out a book. Then, to her parents' surprise, she began to read to the baby giraffe. He turned his head towards her voice and listened as if he could understand every word. At first, Sisanda's parents thought reading to a giraffe was a strange thing to do, but they changed their minds when they saw how peaceful he looked – his gentle eyes looking at Sisanda.

"My story made him feel better," Sisanda told her grandfather when she got home. Sisanda went to visit the little giraffe most afternoons and over weekends. And every time she went, she took another story to share. The two new friends looked so good together that even passing tourists took photos of them.

Slowly the little giraffe grew stronger. People at the game reserve were taking really good care of him and all the love from his new friend, Sisanda, worked like magic. One day the reserve manager asked Sisanda to give her new friend a name.

"I think Thokozani is a good name," said Sisanda.

The next day the reserve manager phoned Sisanda's teacher. He invited all Sisanda's classmates to come and meet Thokozani. The handsome giraffe had grown taller and stronger in the three months since Sisanda's first visit. On the day of the outing, forty Grade 3 children waited eagerly for the reserve gates to open. Then Sisanda proudly led everyone to Thokozani. Some of the children looked at the tall giraffe in amazement. Others giggled nervously. Their teacher, Miss Khanyile, just smiled.

"Your friend is beautiful, Sisanda. You have been so kind to him," she said gently. "What is his name?" asked one of the boys.

"Thokozani," answered Sisanda.

"Thokozani means 'rejoice'," explained Miss Khanyile.

The children sat down and listened while Sisanda read the story she had read to Thokozani on the day they had first met.

The reserve manager took photos. Some tourists passing by took photos too. Even a photographer from a local newspaper clicked away. He promised that a photo of them would be in the local newspaper very soon. Everyone cheered. What a gift! Reading to heal a friend.



Sparking children's potential through storytelling and reading.



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It starts with a story...

Neo and the big, wide world

Story by Vianne Venter
Illustrations by Rico

Neo looked out the window of his room at the grey view of the grey street with all the wet, grey people hurrying through the grey, pouring rain. He couldn't go outside, and he had already read all his books to Mbali.

Just then, Gogo came in with her hair all twiggly from the wind outside. She was holding something. Neo could see that it was flattish, and square-ish, and very colourful ... and it could open up – just like a treasure box!

"This was my favourite book when I was as young as you," Gogo told Neo. "It was my door to the big, wide world."

Then, she opened the book.

On the first page was a picture of a magical place, far away from the grey, grey day. The veld was green and gold and brown, with a great, big, blue sky above, and a warm, yellow sun, baking down.

"Wow! Is that real?" Neo gasped.

Gogo smiled. "Don't you know? All stories are real, if you believe in them," she said. Then she pointed to the place on the page where a little boy, just about Neo's size, was walking across the veld.



As Gogo read, Neo closed his eyes and slipped away, over the hills ... across the great, brown earth ... off into the big, wide world.

He heard the voices of the veld.

"Come out! Come out!" sang a little bird.

"It's a beautiful day!" chirped the cicadas.

"Come away, come and play," whispered the wind in the long grass.

Neo remembered about the grey, pouring rain, and wondered if he should be out here.

But in a story, you can do anything. There was no rain here. So, Neo set off across the veld.

The first thing he saw was tall and brown with a strong, wooden body. It had long, brown arms that reached up to the sky, and a big, twiggly head of leafy-green hair that swayed in the warm breeze.

"Hello," said Neo, his eyes wide. "What are you?"

"I am a tree. I can see all the way across the great, gold plains. Come up, and look with me." The tree reached out, and Neo climbed up.



From up in the branches, Neo could see to the very edge of the world. And there was so much *somewhere* out there, that it almost scared him to think of it.

But the tree held him safe, and whispered, "Go and explore. Don't be afraid. It's a wonderful, big, wide world out there."

So, Neo climbed down and went on his way across the veld.

Soon, he came across a mound of hard sand with little holes, like tiny doorways. He could hear a million busy voices inside, and the patter of six million tiny feet running about.

The whistle blew and the players ran onto the field for the second half. The match continued in the same way as things had gone in the first half ... until there was only one minute left!

Neo had the ball. He looked around to see if there was anyone from the Diamond's team near him.

No, he was alone. He ran forward, dribbling the ball. Suddenly a Diamond's player

appeared. Neo looked him

straight in the eyes as he kicked the ball

between the other player's legs. The spectators screamed with excitement.

Another Diamond's player moved towards Neo to tackle him. Quickly, Neo passed the ball to Priya.

Everyone held their breath as Priya took the ball and kicked it hard. **LADUMA!** The Diamond's goalie had not even seen the ball coming! Priya had scored a goal.



And not a second too soon. Just as she turned around to celebrate the goal, the referee blew the final whistle! Maqhawe had won the game!

Neo was so pleased that he ran towards Priya and lifted her up!



Together they ran to their teammates and coach at the side of the field, and they all dabbed. Then Priya and Neo rushed over to Neo's dad. Rahul was blowing his vuvuzela loudly.

"That was an ice-cream deserving

performance, Priya and Neo," said Neo's dad. "Would our two heroes like that?"

"Yes! We like ice-cream," Mbali answered for them. They all laughed.

Neo picked up Mbali and carried her as they went to buy ice-cream. He might not have scored the two goals he had wanted to, but he had helped his best friend score the winning goal! And Priya? She was happy because that was her first-ever goal for Maqhawe. The sound of Rahul's vuvuzela was like sweet music being played just for her.



The final minute

Story by Zukiswa Warner

Illustrations by Rico

"I am going to score two goals today, Dad," said Neo as he put on his soccer boots.

"And I'll help by adding three goals to that, Uncle," said Priya who had just arrived at Neo's house with her little brother, Rahul. Rahul was carrying his bright red vuvuzela.

Neo's Dad laughed. "Well, I look forward to cheering five times then!"

"And me, Uncle! Can I also cheer?" asked Rahul.

"Of course, my boy," said Neo's dad as he helped Mbali put on her shoes. "Now, let's get going!"

They all got in the car. Neo sat in front. He had sat there many times before. He was sure that if his dad would allow him, as soon as his legs were long enough, he'd be able to drive the car. It looked easy. Rahul and Priya sat at the back on either side of Mbali. They tickled her and she giggled.

Before everyone knew it, they were at the soccer field. They were just in time for Priya and Neo to join their teammates from the Maghawe Football Club for their warm up. They were playing against the Diamond Football Club today.



"Remember to make sure that you dull the shine of those Diamonds so much, that after the match they have to change their name to the Coal Football Club," said their coach.

Then it was time for the players to run out onto the field. The referee blew his whistle and the match began.

Things started slowly, but they soon picked up. There was a lot of noise as the families of the children in both teams cheered. The ball would be on Machawe's side of the field for a bit, then just as it looked as if they were going to move it into the Diamonds' half, one of those players would steal the ball away! The match went on like this until half-time.

"I'm bored! You promised you were going



to score goals," Rahul told Neo and Priya when they came to the sideline.

"Ja. Mbali wants goals, Mbali wants goals," repeated Mbali. "Mbali is sleepy," she added yawning. Neo and Priya just laughed and ran back to join their teammates.



Share a story today!



"Hello! Who are you?" Neo called into one of the doorways.

"Hello!" a tiny voice answered. "We are ants. We tell the stories of the world in here. Do you want to hear some?"

Neo loved stories, so he sat down and listened. The ants told their stories of the veld and the forest, and of the mountains and the cities beyond.

"So many stories?" Neo asked.

"There are as many stories as there are stars in the sky," the ants answered. Neo waved goodbye, and went on his way across the veld.

Eventually, Neo came to a lot of water that rushed through the valley from morning till night.

Neo stepped in to cool his hot legs.

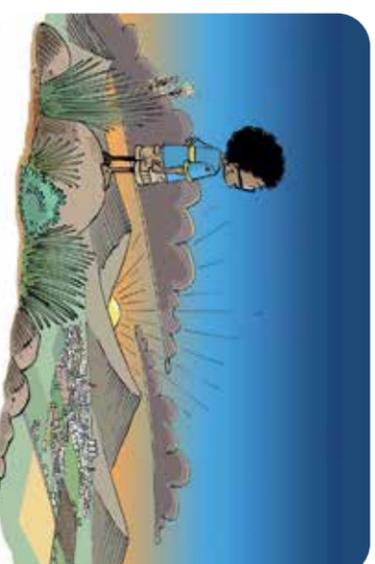
The water splashed at his feet and giggled. "I am a river. I roam

from the mountains to the sea. Come, follow me. I'll take you home."

Neo thought how good that would be.

So, he followed the river across the valley and between the mountains. Together, they wandered through the afternoon and almost into night, until at last, Neo reached a hilltop.

From there, he could see a little town, washed clean by the rains and gleaming in the



light of the setting sun.

Then the river gurgled gently. "Go on, go home. There are people who love you there, waiting to share stories with you."

Neo went down, through the town. He saw the busy streets that rushed through the town, just like rivers. He saw houses, warm in the evening light. Inside them, people were busy, just like tiny ants.

At last, Neo peered through a window where an old gogo, with strong arms and twiggly hair like the branches of a big tree, closed a book and bent to kiss her little



boy goodnight.

Neo thought about the veld and the tree and the ants and the river. And as he watched the gogo, a rainbow lit up the little house in colours so bright it looked like a picture in a storybook. Neo thought of his great adventure inside the pages of Gogo's favourite storybook, and he thought of her and Mbali and home.

So, Neo slipped through the book, into his warm bed, in his cosy room, in his little house. And that is why, whenever the world seems too grey, and his room seems too small,

Neo opens a book. He steps through a door between the pages, and goes off into the big, wide world.

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The best sound in the world

Story by Niki Daly

Illustrations by Rico

Bella was bored and Mom had housecleaning to do.

"Take Noodle and get some fresh air," said Mom.

Noodle followed Bella outside and sat next to her on the pavement. Bella sighed and smelt the air. It did not smell fresh. It smelt of stinky traffic.



Vroom! went a car. Toot! went another. Putta, putta, putta! went a motorbike. Clackity-flap-flap! went an old bakkie with its worn out tyres and rusty old body.

Bella started counting the sounds around her. That was four already!

Dugga, dugga, dugga! went a road drill. Grrrrrrrrrr! growled Noodle at the drill. Doef, doef, doef! came the loud music from a taxi. Hanna, hanna, hanna! went a lady talking loudly on her cellphone. Tuk, tuk, tuk! went her high heels on the pavement as she walked by. Thwack, thwack, thwack, thwack! went a jogger running passed Bella. Woof, woof, woof! barked Noodle at the jogger. Twee, twee, twee! whistled a boy on a bicycle.

"TWELVE sounds!" said Bella.

But all the noises were starting to make Bella's head spin, so she stopped counting and said, "Come, Noodle, let's go to the backyard where it's nice and quiet."

In the backyard the traffic sounded far, far away. They could even hear the sweet tweet-tweet song of a little bird. Bella closed her eyes and stroked Noodle. And then they both jumped!



"Aaaaarh! Eish! Aaaaarh!" The most terrible sound was coming from Gogo's house on the other side of the back wall. Quickly, Bella ran to tell her mom what she had heard.

"There are terrible sounds coming from Gogo's house!" shouted Bella over the vrrrrr, vrrrrr! of the vacuum cleaner. Mom switched it off.



"I didn't hear anything," said Mom.

"Listen!" said Bella. And then Mom heard it!

"Aaaaarh! Eish! Aaaaarh!"

"That's Gogo," said Mom. "Quick! We must go and see what's the matter."

Mom, Bella and Noodle rushed down the road and around the corner to Gogo's house. They found Gogo in her kitchen blowing on her hand.



"Eish! I burnt my hand on that silly hot pot!" cried Gogo.

"Put it under some cold water while I fetch my first aid kit," said Mom, and off she ran back to her house – patta, patta, patta.

Soon Mom was back, carrying a little white box with a red cross on its lid. She put some ointment on Gogo's hand and wrapped it in a bandage.

"Gogo, you can't cook with a sore hand," said Mom. "You and your family must come and have supper with us tonight."

"Thank you," said Gogo. "Please take that silly pot of beans to add to our meal."

At supper time, Gogo and her family arrived.

Yum, yum! – that was the sound they made when they smelt Bella's mom's delicious curry made with Gogo's pot of beans. Noodle was even given a tiny bit in his bowl. Chomp, chomp! He ate it all up. Then lap, lap. He drank a whole bowl of water!

"I'm so glad you heard me cry out," said Gogo to Bella.

"I was busy counting the sounds around me," said Bella.

"Well, here's another one for you," said Gogo bending towards Bella. Mwah! went a big, fat kiss on Bella's cheek. Bella had forgotten how many sounds she had counted, but that one had to be the best!

"That's my favourite sound!" she said smiling.



At bedtime, Mom asked Bella, "Do you know what my favourite sound is?"

"What?" asked Bella.

"This!" said Mom, giving Bella's tummy a tickle.

Ha, ha, hee, hee, ha, ha, hee, hee! laughed Bella.



Yebo! Laughter really is the best sound in the whole world. What do you think?

Nal'ibali e diretswe malapa!

Kopanela mo loetong la Nal'ibali la go bala lo le lelapa mme o amogele dithamane tse di aketsegileng le dintlha le maele a kafa o ka balang le bana ba gago ngwaga otlhe ka teng.

Go tlotla ka dibuka le dithamane

Go balela kwa godimo go re naya sebaka sa go bua le bana ba rona ka dibuka le dithamane. Go tlotla ka dithamane le gone go boihlokwwa teta jacked go ba balela mafoko! Tlotla ka:
*dithwantsho le batho ba ba mo bukeng
*se se diregang mo tlhamaneng.

Go na le dilo di le mmakwa tse o ka hloiang ka tsone. Gakologelwa gore kgang ke gore lo itumelele dibuka mmogo mme eseng go "leka" go bona gore ngwana wa gago o tlhologanitse se o se baadleng go le le kana kang.

* **O akanya gore go tla diragalang morago ga foo?** Botsa potso eno mo dikarolong tse di farologaneng tsa tlhamane. Go thusa go godisa bokgoni lwa bana lwa go ka tlhabela gore go ka diregang go ya ka se ba se baadlweng – bokgoni jo babadi ba ba molemo ba bo dirisang ka dinako tsotlhe.

***Leba fano. O bona eng?** Iphe noko go lebelela ka kelotlhoko o bo o itumelele dithwantsho tse di mo dibukeng tsa dithwantsho.

**Supa dikarolo tse di farologaneng mo setshwantšong

**Bua ka se o s bonang.

**Kopa ngwana wa gago go supa batho kgoisa dilo tse di mo setshwantšong.

**Bua ka tsela e mafoko a kwadlweng ka teng. A a mogolo kgoisa a mannye? Ka ntlha yang?

***Tlhamane eno e dira gore o akanya ka eng kgoisa e dira gore o ikutiwe jang?** Dithamane di ka thusa bana go tlhaloganya le go itshokela dilo tse di diregang mo matshelelong a bone. Bua dilo tse di jacked gore:

**Tlhamane eno e nkgopotša gore go boihlokwwa jang go tshwara batho sentle. Wena e go gopotša eng?

**E ne ya dira gore ke itumele fa batho ba ba mo moiseng ba boloka dipholologo. Wena o ne wa ikutiwa jang?

* **O akanya gore ke eng fa seno se diragetse?** Botsa bana ba gago dipotso go ba thusa gore ba tlhaloganye gore ke eng fa dilo tse di rileng di diragetse mo tlhamaneng le gore ke eng fa motho mongwe mo tlhamaneng a ne a ikutiwa ka tsela e rileng kgoisa a tshwara ka tsela e rileng.

* **O akanya eng ka ...? O ne wa ikutiwa jang fa ...?**

**A o lie wa itumelela tlhamane eno?

**Motho yo o mo ratang thata mo tlhamaneng ke mang?

**Ke karolo efe ya tlhamane e o neng o e rata thata/ o sa e rateng?

**Tlhamane e ne ya dira gore o ikutiwe jang?

**O akanya eng ka bokhutlo lwa tlhamane?

2.Apr2021_Eng

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Kgatiso e go Ketekiwang Dingwaga di le Lesome tsa yone



Letšatsi la Lefatshe la Puisetsoḡodimo



Fa lo itumelela kgang nngwe le bana ba gago letšatsi le letšatsi:

- ★ go ba bontšha gore o akanya gore dibuka le go bala di boihlokwwa.
- ★ go lo naya dilo tse lo ka hloiang ka tsone jacked lelapa.
- ★ go dira gore lo mne le kamano e e nonofileng mo gare ga lona.
- ★ go ba thusa go bona gore go bala go monate e bile go a duela.
- ★ go ba bontšha gore re bala jang le gore dibuka di bereka jang.
- ★ go dira gore ba itumelele dipolelo tse ba iseng ba kgone go di bala ba le bos.
- ★ go ba rotloetsa gore ba ithute go ipalela ka bobone, le go tswela pale ba bala.
- ★ go thusa go godisa bokgoni lwa go bala le lwa go laola maikutlo a bone gore ba kgone go dira sentle kwa sekolong le mo setšhabeng.

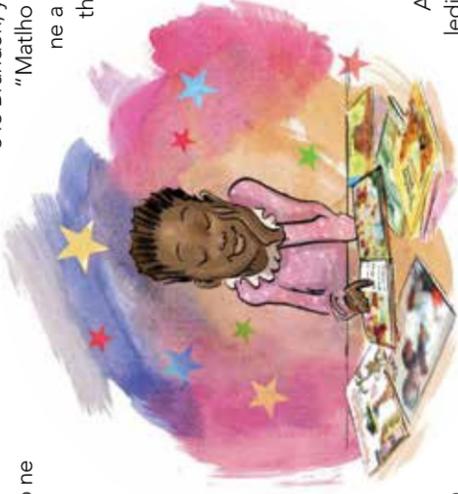
SETSWANA

Naledi ya gauta le go atla thoko

E kwadilwe le go direlwa ditshwantsho ke Niki Daly

Labothano e nna e le letsatsi le legolo la "Go Abiwa ga Dinaledi".

Ga fitha jaanong, Thoko o ne a gapile naledi e e serolwana ya maduo a gagwe a dipalo, naledi e khibidu ya gore o kwala ka botswerere le naledi e pududu ya gore "diatla tsa gagwe di phepa". Dinaledi tse di tala tsa go thusa Mme McKensie go mo tshwarisa kgetsi ya gagwe e e kgolo go tswa ko koloing ya gagwe go ya ko phaposing ya borutelo. O neilwe naledi ya gauta ya go bala sentle. Ba dinaledi tsa gauta ke ditswerere!



gore a kgone go hema. Mmadi yo o setswerere ene e le Branden, yo o bana ba nngeng ba mmita "Matlho a a Pelotshetha" ka gonne o ne a rata go bala dibuka tse dintsi thata.

Thoko o ne a thusa Mime McKensie go ntsha dipampiri tsa tiro. Dipampiri tsa Labothano e ne e le ka nako fela – mme e ne e nna letsatsi le lelele thata mo go Thoko. Fa go ne go kgonega o ne a ka tsamaisa nako ka bonako tota mme a e emisa mo Nakong ya go AbaDinNaledi! Ka nako ya go lediwa ga mmimo, o ne a fela pelo gore mola wa bofelo wa pina e ntsha o fele. Go emela Dikabo tsa Dinaledi go ne go le botlhoko tota.

Mo nakong ya bofelo ya go ithuta ya sekolo go ne go sa dirwe sepe, ka jalo Thoko a bona gore a bale. Mime fa a ntse a bala, o ne a lebala ka nako – sa ntsha a fetsa buka e le nngwe, a bo a fetsa e nngwe le e nngwe. Ka nako ya fa a sena go tlhakanya ditlhogo tsa dibuka tse a di badileng, e ne e le nako ya gore Mme McKensie dire kitsiso ya bagapi ba dinaledi bua batho ba ba ikgapetseng dinaledi.

Shane, Rhapelang, Corne le Taitum bothe ba nneilwe dinaledi tse di serolwana. Gift, Gaswin, Aydon, Chloe le Kay-Lee ba neilwe naledi tse dikhibidu. Roche, Shaunique le Miscka ba neilwe dinaledi tse ditala. Mime Dana Rose, yo o kgonneng go tlhapa diatla tsa gagwe tse di neng di na le mabenyabenyane a matala mo mo dinaleng ka nako ya go ikhutsa, o neilwe naledi e e pududu. Thoko a bo a utlwa leina la gagwe le bidiwa.

"Thoko le Brendan" Mme McKensie a bitsa, a lebile lenaane la go bala. Brendan o badile dibuka tse tlhano mme Thoko ene o badile tse thataro! O ne a ikutiwa eketse a ka nyerologa ka boitumelo

"Ijoo, e ntle e le tota," ga bua Josh. "Ka lengwe la malatsi ke rata go nna rasefotane. Fela emai! Ke ita go supetsa gore go fofywa jang. Dira se ke se dirang," a buela kwa godimo.

Josh a tsholetsa mabogo a gagwe a simolola go opela: "E ya molemeng, e ya mojang. E ya majeng, e ya molemeng."

Tsholetsa mabogo mme o tswale mafihlo. Molema, moja, kwa godimo, kwa itase. Re ita fofa mo gatlhe."

Afrika, Neo, Bella le Hope ba ita go ishameka le bona. Fa Josh a ntse a dikologa a bo a dikologa ka setloteletsa gagwe, ba bangwe ba ne ba dikologa ka go phatlhalatsa mabogo ba opela e bile ba ishega. Fela jaaka re itse, Noodle le ene a ita! Ba ne ba emisa fela fa ba isenwa ke letsapa.



ga bua Josh.

"Emai! Neo, emai! O ya kae?" ga botsa Afrika.

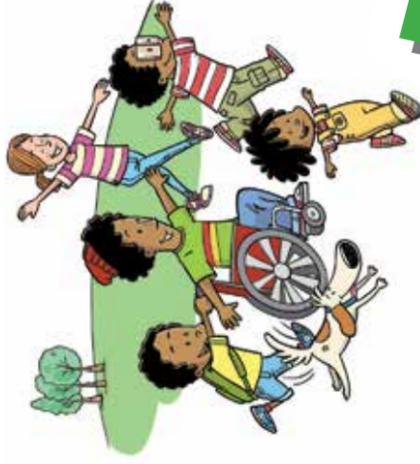
"Gae," Neo a tshaga, "ke tshwerwe ke tladi!"

"Le nna fela jalo," ga bua Bella.

"Hau-hau!" ga rialo Noodle.

Hope a leba tshupanako ya gagwe. "Re setse re le thari go ja dijo tsa motshagare," a bua jalo. "Re tshwaneise go taboga."

"Nnyaa," ga bua Josh. "A re fofengi" Boilhe ba swa ka ditshago, ba tsholetsa mabogo a bona ... ba fofela gae.



"Jaanong a re direng difofane tsa pampiri," ga bua Afrika. A bua kgetisana ya gagwe e e belegwang mme a nisha matlakala a se kae a pampiri. "Ke ita lo supetsa gore lo direng."

"E kete ba ka bo ba re ruta se kwa sekolong," ga bua Hope a latela ditaelo tsa ga Afrika.

Fa jaanong mongwe le mongwe a weditse tiro ya gagwe, Afrika a re, "Pele o fofisa sefotane sa gago, o tshwaneise go swetsa gore o ya kae. Fa o isa sefotane sa gago mo moweng, gao leina la naga e o romelang sefotane sa gago kwa go yona. Nngwe, pedi, tharo – FOFA!" Boilhe ba latlhela difofane tsa bona tsa pampiri kwa lefautaug.

"Ya me ke e romela kwa Zimbabwe!" ga bua Neo.

"Ya me e ya England!" Bella le Hope ba buela kwa godimo ka nako e le nngwe.

"Brazil!" ga bua Afrika.

"Japani!" ga bua Josh.

Bana ba ishega ba lebile difofane tsa bona di kgabaganya loapi. Noodle a taboga a nise a bogola a leka go tshwara difofane tsa pampiri!

"Jaanong o a itse gore ga se gore o tshwaneise go palama sefotane sa mmotara gore o kgone go tota,"



Go tsenya bokgoni jwa bana tlhase ka go ba tlhabela dinaane le go buisa

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Fofang, lothe, fofangi!

Leinane ka Sirhe Nontshokweni ■ Ditswants'ho ka Magriet Brink le Leo Daly
■ Thanolo ka DS Matjila

Afrika, Dinlle le Mme wa Afrika ba ne ba le mo beseng ba ya go etela Gogo. "Hlillili! Madisi a bol'khuso a gorogile!" ga bua Afrika a tlalatlala mo setulong sa gagwe.



"Sshhi! O tla tsosa kgatisadiago," Mme wa Afrika a buela kwa tlase.

"Maitshwarelo, Mama," Afrika a buela kwa tlase. Afrika a leka go didimola, fela a tlhologela. "Ke eletsa e kele bese e ka bo e le sefotane," a bua jalo a emisa mabogo mme a eitsa dip'huka tsa sefotane. "Fa re ne re fofa, re ka bo re sa bolo go goroga kwa ga Gogo."

"Ke a tise," ga bua Mama, "fela busetsa mabogo a gogo kwa tlase pele merwana ya gogo e fathha mongwe wa rona."

"Eish, bese e e bonyu," ga ngongorega Afrika. "Ga re kililo re goroga kwa re yang."

Go tselo dirura di le dinisi, fela kwa bokhutlong bese ya emma mme ba bo ba bona Gogo a tsholeisa mabogo. "Ke ne ke itumetse thata, ke ka moo ke tlleng go sa le gile," ga bua Gogo a ba a tlarela e bile a ba ofila boithe.

"Re ne re le mo beseng e ya bogologolo e e tshikinyegang, e e modumo nako yofine, Gogo," ga bua Afrika.

"Ke a tise," Gogo a nyenya, "Joanong a re yang kwa gae. Go na le teye le kheke e lo emetseng, mme e bile Neo le Mballi ba tloga ba goroga go ise go ye kae." Se sa dira gore Afrika a nyenye tselo yofine go filha kwa ga Gogo. E rlie Gogo a sega khekhe a bua a re, "Fa ke ne ke le



monnye re ne re se na dibese. Joanong go na le dikolo, diekisi, dibese, ditherene ..."

"... le difotane," ga bua Neo a tsena mo phoposing ya ga Mballi. Afrika a tlalela kwa godimo go dumedisidisa tsa gagwe. O ne a itumetse thata go ba bona gape.

Mballi a leba kwa le kwa: "Monate, nate," a bua jalo a supa khekhe.

Gogo a tshaga mme a fa mongwe le mongwe lenthwana la khekhe. "Josh, Hope le Bella ba tllie go re etela ka moso," a bui jalo.

"Le Noodle," ga bua Mballi.

"Le Noodle," Gogo a mo tlisa.

Mo letsatšing le le latelang boithe ba tsoga mo mosong



pele ga nako. "Jaaka ke tise ditsala tsa gogo," ga bua Mme wa Afrika, "ba tla bo ba le fa pele lo fetsa difihholo." Pele a weisa mafoko boithe ba utlwa nišwa e bogola.

"Noodle, ikeitl!" Bella a gaa, a latela Noodle go tla mo phoposing. Noodle o ne a itumetse go ba bona boithe.

Go ise go ye kae ga goroga Josh le Hope joanong boithe ba bua ka nako e le ngye. Gogo a tlhoba disebe. "Faisang dilo tsa lona, mme lo ye kwa ntle!" ga bua Gogo a laela bana ba bogalwane le Noodle go tswela kwa ntle go ya go tshameka.

"Josh," ga bua Afrika, a nse a kgorometse sejutletl go ya mo potlelong, "gakologelwa gore nako ya bofelo fa ke ne ke le fa o ne wa fenywa kgaisano ya khele?"

"Ee," Josh a tshaga. "Ga nkita ke lebala seo."

"Joanong, a re direng kgaisano ya sefotane sa pampiri," ga bua Afrika a nšho seišwanšho sa sefotane sa gagwe sa pampiri.

fa Mme Mckenzie a mmaya naledi ya gauta mo phateng. "Clang-alangi!" ga tšhipi ya sekolo mme Thoko a tlhaganetla go tswa ka dikgorong tsa sekolo. O ne a shwegashwega pelo go ya go

go bontsha mmaagwe le Nkokoagwe naledi ya gauta. Fa a filha kwa Mme Ismail a rekisetšang di-doughnut tsa gagwe tse di nang le sepaese gone, sefathego sa gagwe se ne se gotetse ka nthla ya go taboga, Morwadia Mme Ismail o monnye, Sharifa, o ne a tšira ekete ke ene a thokometšeng le bentšile.

O ne a naya Thoko doughnut e e nang sepaese mo kgetsaneng ya pampiri a o a nyenya ka tsela e ntle. "Ke a leboga," go bua Thoko a bo a betsega ka lebelo.

"Mama! Nkoko!" a ba bitša, a tlhaganetse jaaka a tsena mo kgorong ya kafa pele. "Bona gore ke neilwe eng?"

Nkoko a leba kwa godimo a le fa motšhineng wa gagwe wa go roka mme Mama a okomela a le mo khoneng.

"Dumela, Thoko!" ba bua.

"Go ne go ntseng jang kwa sekolong?"

"Bonangi!" ga bua

Thoko. Mama le Nkoko ba leba fa Thoko a supa mo phateng ya gagwe.

"Re bone eng,

Thoko?" go botša

Nkoko.

"Naledi ya me

yagautai!" ga bua Thoko

a fela pelo.

"Naledi ya gauta?" go botša

Mama.

"Eno," Thoko a rialo, a supa phatla ya gagwe.

Mme a utlwa fela letlalo le le borethe! Naledi ya

Gauta e ne e seyoi! Thoko o ne a thunya ka selemo fa a ntse a tlhalosa gore o ne a neilwe naledi ya gauta ya go bala sentle.

"O ne o na le yone leng labofelo?" go botša

Mama.

"Kwa sekolong", go araba Thoko.

"O ne wa dirang morago ga sekolo?" Nkoko

a botša. Thoko a ikgata mothala a boela kwa

sekolong, a ntse a lela.

"Mme kana, ke naledi ya pampiri fela," go bua

Mama. Mme ga go a nna jalo. E ne e le naledi ya gauta e e kgethegileng thata.

"Iphimole dikeledi mme re tšaya go batla naledi ya gago ya gauta," Nkoko a rialo.

Nkoko o ne a thusa Thoko go go ikgata mothala go potela le tsela ya go boela kwa sekolong. Mme kwa Mme Ismail a rekisetšang di-doughnut teng ba bona naledi ya gauta ya ga Thoko – e kgomareditšwe mo phateng ya morwadia Mme Ismail yo monnye! Fa Mme Ismail a utlwa kgang ya ga Thoko e e utlwisang bothoko, a re, "Sharifa moratiwa, naledi ya gauta e o e setseng ke ya ga Thoko." Mme Sharifa yo monnye o ne a ratile naledi ya gauta ya ga Thoko. Mme fa Mme Ismail a leka go e ntšha a goela ko godimo tota gore bafeti ka tsela ba akanye gore wa bolawa.

Nkoko a leba Thoko. "Sharifa o monnye thata go ka tise gore se se siameng ke eng. Mme wena o godile mo o ka kgonang go akanyetsa ba bangwe. Mo togele a itseele naledi ya gago ya gauta," a rialo. Thoko aakanya go se kae. Di khona tsa naledi di ne di obegile, mme e bonala ekete e tloga e wa gape. "Go siame," go bua Thoko, "Sharifa a ka nna a itseele yone". Mme mo pelong, o ne a santse a utlwiile bothoko. Go ne go se



mothofo go gapa dinaledi tsa gauta.

Mme fa go robalwa, Nkoko a tlišetsa

Thoko sengwe se se bothokwa se a se dirileng – naledi ya gauta e e phatsimang a e tšwarisitše ka tilipi ya morri. "Seno ke sa gore o sebadl se se tlhathlwa," go bua Nkoko. A bo a atla Thoko mo phatheng mme a mo sebela re, "Gape le go nna mosetšana yo o pelontle, le yo o akanyetsang ba bangwe." Thoko a tšhwara phatla a akanya go sekae gape jaaka a thulamela: "Dinaledi tse di gauta di a obega mo dikhoneng di bo di wa. Mme Katlo yone ke ya go ya go ile!"



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Dinaane di simolotse jang

Leinane ka Wendy Hartmann
Ditshwanitsho ka Tamsin Hinrichsen
Thanolo ka Opelo Thole

Bogologolo tala, mosadi o ne a nna le balelapa la gagwe go mo motseng mo Bogosing jwa Zululand. Ka Latshipi lengwe le lengwe balelapa ba ne ba ya kwa lewatleng le legolo. Bana ba ne ba epa mo mošaweng le go tshamekela mo makhubung. Mosadi o ne a apaya dijo mo molelong fa monna wa gagwe a ne a batla dikgong tse kgwilweng ke lewatle gore a betle dilo tse di ntle: dinonyane, batho le mefuta yotlhe ya dipholologo.



Ke fa mosadi a atla balelapa la gagwe go ba dumedisisa mme a tsamaya. O ne a tsaya tshwetso ya go kopa sebopiwa sengwe le sengwe se kopanang le sona fa se se naane e se ka mo e aroganelang. Phologolo ya ntsha e kopaneng le yona e ne e le mmutla. O ne a tloatlola ka maoto a magolo.

"Mmutla!" o ne a bitsa. "A o na le dinaane?" "Dinaane?" go ne ga botsa Mmutla. "Ee, ke na le makgolo, dikete, nyaa ... dimilione tsa tsona." "Mmutla, tsweetswee mphe dinaane dingwe gore ke kgone go itumedisa bana ba me."

"Hmmm..." ga bua Mmutla. "Ga ke na nako. Le gone ... dinaane go le motshegare jaana? ..."



Nnyaa!" Mme tloli, tloli, tloli a tswa a tsamaya. Moragonyana o ne a bona morubisi. Fa a mo kopa dinaane o ne a tshikinya diphuka tsa gagwe ka go tenega. "E le ...gore ... o mang o ntsoang ke robetse? Ga ke na dinaane. Tsamaya o ye kwa go ntsu e kgolo ya dithapi. Ke ena yo tsogileng mo gare ga letsatsi. Mmotse."

Ke fa mosadi a tsamaela kwa ntlheng ya molomo wa Noka ya Tugela koo ntsu ya dithapi e neng e tsoma teng. Fa a mmona o ne a mmita ka leina la gagwe.

Ntsu e kgolo ya dithapi e ne ya bua le ena ka mabetwaepelo. "Ko-ko-ko-ko!Ke goreng o ntshwenya fa ke tsoma?" "Ao, Ntsu ya Dithapi e bothale," go ne ga



di gore a betle dilo tse di ntle: dinonyane, batho le mefuta yotlhe ya dipholologo. Mo gare ga beke balelapa botlhe ba ne ba dira ka natla mme mo maitseboeng ba ne ba nna go dikologa molelo. Go ne go le lefifi thata gore ba ka dira kgotsa ba ka tshameka kgotsa ba ka betla e bile go ne go le phakela gore ba ka ya go robala. Mme ke ka yone nako e bana ba neng ba kopa mme wa bone gore a ba thabele dinaane. "Mme," ba ne ba kopa, "re batla dinaane. Tsweetswee re tseele naane e le nngwe tthe." Mme le fa a lekile ka bojotlhe go akanya ka kgang, o ne a sa kgone go e nagana. Ena le fa e le monna wa gagwe ba ne ba sena dinaane dipe tse ba ka di tsayang.

Ka letsatsi lengwe, mosadi o ne a tsaya tshwetso ya go kopa baagisanyi thuso. "A lo na le dinaane?" o ne a ba botsa. "Nnyaa," ba ne ba tshikinya dithlogo tsa bona, "ga re na tsona."

Go ne go se na dinaane. Go ne go se na ditoto ... e bile go ne go se na dikanelo tsa malepa. Monna wa gagwe o ne a tshitsinya, "Mogatsaka, ke nagana gore o tshwanetse go senka dinaane. Ke tla sala ke tlhokomela bana ba rona le ntlo. Senka dinaane dingwe mme o tle le tsona."

Go tsenya bokgoni jwa bana tlhase ka go ba thabela dinaane le go buisa



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Ba ne ba apesa sebopiwa diaparo tsa ga Hope tsa karate le diaparo tsa ga Neo tsa magodu a lewatle, hutshe le petšhe ya leitlho. Josh a gokelela khaete ya gagwe mo sebopiweng. Jaanong ba ne ba siame!



go ya go thusa. Ba ne ba fithela ratoropo a wetse mo fatshe fa thoko ga sebopiwa Noodle a ntse a tswelsetse go se bogola. Bana ba ne ba thusa go didimatsa Noodle fa mmaagwe Bella ene a thusa go emisa ratoropo.

Jaanong Hope a thalosa leano la gagwe le gore



Bana ba ne ba ema kwa morago ga setlhare mme ba repisa kgole ya khaete. Phefo e kgolo e e bokete e ne ya phamola sebopiwa ya se isa lefaufaug. Godimo, godimo, godimo, sa tsamaya, se taboga mo lefaufaug se ba katogile.

Ka nako eo, Bella le mmaagwe ba ne fetša go goroga mo phakeng go tsamaisa Noodle. E rile fa Noodle a bona sebopiwa se akgega mo lefaufaug, o ne a simolola go bogola le go goga kgole ya gagwe. Bella o ne a leka ka thata go tshwarelela kgole ya ga Noodle, fela a goga thata mo Bella o neng a tshwanelewa ke go e tlogela. Noodle a taboga mo gare ga phaka. Bella le mmaagwe ba taboga mo morago ga gagwe.

Jaanong sebopiwa sa simolola go fologela kwa tlase go ela kwa thogong ya ga ratoropo fa a ne a bua le baagi! Noodle o ne a tabogela kwa ntlheng ya gagwe a ntse a tswelsetse go bogola sebopiwa a se lelekisa – le Bella le mmaagwe ba ntse ba le mo morago ga gagwe.

Josh o ne a goga dikgole tsa khaete, a leka go fofisetsa sebopiwa gape kwa godimo kwa lefaufaug, fela go ne go setse go le thari. Noodle o ne a tlolela sebopiwa, a digela ratoropo mo fatshe. Dipampiri tsa puo ya ga ratoropo di ne tsa fofa tsa tlatlatla le phaka, mme batho ba simolola go tshabela dintlheng tsothe.

Neo, Josh, Hope, Bella le mmaagwe ba taboga

go senyegile kae. Ratoropo o ne a reeditse mme fa Hope a fetsa go bua, a mo lebelela fela ... mme a simolola go tshoga. "Mme jaanong, o ka ikwalela leinane la gago ka ga sebopiwa se se tshosang," ratoropo a tshitsinya.

Le fa e le gore leano la ga Hope ga le a diragala



jaaka a ne a eeditse, e ntse letsatsi le mongwe le mongwe a tla le gopolang.



LETSATSI LA LEFATSHE LA PUJSETSGODIMO 2020

Letsatsi le re le gopolang

Leinane ka Lorato Trok
Ditshwantsho ka Rico

"tlhaganele Neo, ga re na nako!" Hope a rialo a baya kgetse ya gagwe e e boima mo fatshe. Ene le Josh ba ne ba emetse Neo. Ba ne ba ya kwa phakeng e le karolo ya leano la ga Hope!

Hope o simlotse go loga leano fa a fetsa go buisa buka e ntšhwa e mmaagwe a mo e reketseng. E ne e le ka ga mosetsanyana yo o pelokgale yo o boloklieng motse wa gaabo kgathlanong le phologolo e e tshosang. Hope o itumeletse buka eo thata mme o ne a fetsa go e buisa ka letsatsi le le lengwe fela a bo a lora ka ga phologolo eo boisong! looi!

"Ke tshapa gore leano la gago le tla re itumedisa. Goreng o tlhaganetse jaana?" Neo a botsa a tswala mojako wa mo pele. O ne a apere diparo tsa gagwe tse a di ratang thata, hutshe le petšhe ya leitlho tsa magodu a lewatle.

"Le nna ga ke tse sepe fela jaaka wena, Neo. Hope o nkopile gore ke tle ka khaete ya me kwa phakeng." Josh a rialo a supa khaete ya gagwe.

"Ntshepeng, lo tle go itumelela se!" Hope a rialo a tsamaya ka bonako mo pele ga ditsala tsa gagwe. Neo le Josh ba ne ba mo sala morago, ba leka go mo fitlhelala.

Fa ba fitlha kwa phakeng, ba bone ratoropo a kgobokanetse ke sethlopha sa batho ba bantsi.

"Go diragala eng?" Josh a botsa mosadi yo o neng a eme gauhi.

"Ke gore, ka nako e telele, ratoropo o ne a utlwa dingongorego tsa gore ga gona mori o montsi kwa phakeng," a rialo. "Ka jalo, o ne a netefatsa gore go jalwa ditlhare tse dintsi mme o ne a le koo go keteka le bothe."

"Ao bathong! Phaka e tletse thata gore leano la



me le dire," Hope a rialo, a swabile.
"Leano lefe?" Neo le Josh ba botsa ka nako e le nngwe, ba lebelalana.

"A lo gopola leinane le ke le buisitseng la mosetsana yo o pelokgale yo o boloklieng motse wa gaabo?" Hope a botsa. "Ke ne ke akantse gore re tla dira sehopiwa se se tshosang, re se gokelile mo khaeteng ya ga Josh mme re se fofise mo phakeng. Fela jaanong bona?" Hope a rialo a kayya batho ba ba kgobokanetse ratoropo ba itumetse.

Neo a bona ka moo Hope o neng a utlwiile bothoko ka teng. "A leano le lentle, Hopel!" a rialo. "A re yeng kwa morago ga sethale se segolo sele. Ga go yo o tla re bonang kwa..." Josh le Hope ba dumelana ka tlhogo mme ba tsamaya.

"Josh, tsamaya o ye go batla dikgong. Wena Neo, apola hutshe ya gago o ntšhe petšhe ya gago ya leitlho," Hope a rialo a ntšha diparo tsa gagwe tsa karate le balune mo kgetsaneng ya gagwe.

Josh o ne a bona dikgong tse di tshesane mo thoko ga motomo wa matakala mme ditsala tse tharo di ne tsa dula mo morago ga sethale ba dirisa kgole e e tswang mo kgetsaneng ya ga Hope go gokelala dikgong mmogo ka sebopego sa letshwao le sefapaano go dira mmele wa sehopiwa. Jaanong Hope a buiswela balune mme a e gokelala go dira tlhogo ya sehopiwa.



bua mosadi, "Ke senkana le dinaane. A o a itse gore nka di bona kae?"
"Ee," ga bua Ntsu ya Dithlapi, "Ke a itse gore o ka thusiwa ke bomang. Ya kwa matlapa a kopanang le lewatle. Ema teng mme o bitse kgarubane e kgolo."
Mosadi o ne a mo leboga mme a ya kwa tsaenyana ga lewatle. O biditse

kgarubane e kgolo gabedi fela mme ke fa a

tlhagelala mo metsing a a gaseganya.

"O seke wa boifa," ga bua Kgarubane. "Tshwarelele ka kgopana ya me. Ke tla go isa kwa bathong ba lewatle ba ba itšeng dlio tsothe le dinaane tsothe."

Ba ne ba ya kwa tšase, tšase, tšase ga lewatle, go fitlha kwa boteng teng, ka tlhamalalo go kgosi le mmakgosi ba lewatle.

"Jaanong yo ke mang?" ga botsa kgosi.

"Yo ke mosadi yo o tswang kwa mafatšheng a a onlieng kwa goodimo ga metsi a rona," go ne ga sebaseba mmakgosi.

"Ke eng se o se batlang, mosadi wa kwa mafatšheng a a onlieng?" ga botsa mmakgosi.

"Dinaane, Motlotlegi. A o na le tse nka di isang kwa go bagaetsho?"

"Re na le tsona," ga bua mmakgosi. "Fela a o na le sengwe se o ka ananyang"

"Le ka batla eng?" ga

botsa mosadi.

Kgosi le mmakgosi

ba ne ba nyenya.

"Re ka se kgone

go thatlogele kwa

mafatšheng a gago

a a onlieng. Re

batla go bona gore

go ntshe jang. Re

tšisetse sengwe go

re bontsha gore go

na le diphologolo le

batho ba motuta ofe."

"Ke tla dira jalo," ga

bua mosadi.



Kgarubane e kgolo e ne ya mmusetša kwa lefatšheng le legolo mme a leta fa mosadi a ithaganele kwa gae go bolelela monna wa gagwe tsothe.

"Ehe," a bua a itumetse. "Ke na le ditsheto tse dintsi tsa diphologolo, tsa dinonyane le tsa batho. O ka nna wa di tšaya tsothe."

Ka bonako mosadi o ne a boela kwa lobopong a tšhwere moko wa ditsheto. Kgarubane e ne ya kodumela gape mme ya mo isa le tšone kwa tšase, tšase, tšase.

Fa kgosi le mmakgosi ba bona ditsheto, ba ne ba itumetse thata mme ba ne ba mo fa kgopana e ntle.

"Re le neela mpho ya dinaane, wena le bageano. Nako nngwe le nngwe fa o batla naane, baya selo se mo tšebeng ya gago mme o reetse," ba bua jalo.

"Fela gakologelwa se," Kgosi e ne ya mo seabela mo tšebeng ya gagwe, "naane ya gago ya nthla e simlotse ka loeto lwa gago la go tla kwano."

Fa kwa bofelong mosadi a boela kwa lobopong, monna wa gagwe, bana ba gagwe, le batho bothle ba motse ba ne ba letile.

Ba ne ba dirile molelo o mogolo thata o o neng o thanya le go thwanya mo leffing.

"Jaanong," ba ne ba mmitša, "re thabele naane. Re tseele naane!"

Mosadi o ne a nyenya. O ne a tsholetsa kgopana mme a re, "Ee... Nal'ibali... Naane ke e. Ssahh. Jaanong reetsang."

Mime ke ka moo naane ya nthla e neng ya anegiwa ka teng.

Morago mosadi o ne a baya kgopana mo tšebeng ya gagwe mme aanela dinaane tse dintsi.

Mime fa e le gore e ke naane ya gagwe ya nthla e o e utlwieng, gakologelwa, go na le tse dintsi, ntsi tse di latelang.



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Go simolola ka letšwe...

Mpho ya ga Sisanda

Leinane ka Gcina Mhlophe
Ditshwantsho ka Jiggs Snaddon-Wood
Thanolo ka Opelo Thole

Letsatsi le letsatsi fa Sisanda wa dingwaga tse robedi a fitlha kwa gae go tswa sekolong, o fetola diaparo tsa gagwe tsa sekolo a aparara tsa mo gae, o ja dijotshagare tsa gagwe le go tshameka motshameko wa morabaraba le ntemogolo wa gagwe. Ba itumelela thata go fofisa "dikgomo" tsa bone mo botong moo a sa batleng go emisa.

Mme o mo gopotsa gore o batla go nna motsamaisi wa banka letsatsi lengwe fa a gola.

"O tla dira seo jang fa o sa ye kwa sekolong se segolo?" ga bota ntemogolo wa gagwe a dira motlae.

Sisanda o itshhegela fela. "Ke kwa yunibesithing. Ke sone se ke dirang ka natla kwa sekolong!"

Sisanda o molelele thata go fetisa bana ba dingwaga tsa gagwe – o gotsitse rragwe. Sefatlhego sa gagwe se se kgolokwe le monyenyo o montle ke tsa ga mmagwe. Batsadi ba gagwe ka bobedi ba tsoga mo mosong thata letsatsi le letsatsi go ya tirong kwa lefelong le le gaufi la bosireletso diphologolo. Ka nako e Sisanda le ditsala tsa gagwe

ba simololang kwa sekolong, go setse go goroga dibese tse di tletseng ka bajanala go tla go bona diphologolo tse di kgathisang tsa Afrika.

Ka letsatsi la gagwe la botsalo le le fetileng, Sisanda o ne a amogela mpho e kgethegileng – batsadi ba gagwe ba mo neela tetla ya go tshwarela molello kwa

lefelong la bosireletso jwa diphologolo. Dithutiwa tse di kwa lefelong la bosireletso jwa diphologolo di ne di swegašwaga go bona sethopho se sa batho. Di ne tsa otlolola dithamo tsa tsone tse di telele go nna le pono e e gaisang ya molello e bile di ne di bonala e kete di batla lenathwana la kuku ya gagwe ya letsatsi la matsalo! Sisanda o ne a rata dithutiwa. Diphologo tsothe di ne di kgethegile mo go ene, mme fela e ne e le dithutiwa tse di itidimaletseng tse di bonolo tse a neng a di rata thata. O ne a ka thola letsatsi lotlhe a di lebeleletse.

Ka Labothano mongwe, rragwe Sisanda o ne a tla gae e sale gale go tswa tirong. O ne a lebega a hutsafetse thata.

"Molato ke eng, Rra?" go ne ga bota Sisanda. "Gompieno motshitshi wa dinotshe o lomile mme thutiwa," go ne ga thalosa rragwe Sisanda.

"Tlhogo ya gagwe e ne e ruugile thata ka ntha ya mabolela a othe moo matlho a gagwe a mantle a neng a tswalegile. Re lekile ka gotlhe go mo thusa, mme fela go ne go sa thuse sepe – o ne a thokafala. Se se bothoko thata go di gaisa ke gore o ne a na le namane e nnye e e sa ntseng e mo tlhoka."

"Ao nyaa tlhei!" ga rialo Sisanda a simolola go lela. "Ke eletsa e kare go ka bo go na le sengwe se nka se dirang. Ngwana thutiwa o tshwanetse a bo a lela fela jaaka nna."

Sisanda o ne a lela a bo a lela. Mmagwe o ne a leka go mo gomotsa. O ne a ba a mmuisetsa leinane le lengwe gape ka nako ya go robala go mo thusa go lebala gore o ne a utlwela ngwana thutiwa bothoko thata go le kana kang. Kwa bokhutlong, Sisanda o ne a thulametswa ke go utlwa lentse la ga mmagwe.

Mo mosong o o latelang Sisanda o ne a tsoga a na le kakanyo!

"A nka tla le wena kwa tirong gompieno?" o ne a bota rragwe. "Ke na le mpho e ke e tshwaretseng ngwana thutiwa."



mabela, a tsamaya-tsamaya go dikologa Afrika jaaka kgosatsana e e motlotlo.

"Yoh!" Afrika a rialo, a kgatlhegile thata. "Leina la gago ke mang?"

"Ke nna Asanda," a rialo.

"Ke nna Afrika. O ithutile jang go dira se?" Afrika a botsa.

"Ke lekile pele go tsamaya ke rwele dibuka mo thogong ya me," a rialo. "Tlhogo ya gago e tshwanetse go se tshikinye fa o tsamaya." O ne a baya lebotlolo la senotsididi mo godimo ga tlhogo ya ga Afrika. "Tsamaya ka iketlo jaanong, o le motlotlo, jaaka kgosana."

Afrika a tsamaya-tsamaya go dikologa Asanda ka iketlo, a sa tshikinye tlhogo ya gagwe mme a tsamaya a le motlotlo. Mime lebotlolo le ne le sa we!

"Lebelela Mama! Ntebelela..." Afrika a rialo, mme o ne a sa bone mmagwe! Mongwe o ne a thula Afrika mme lebotlolo la senotsididi la wela mo fatshe. Fela o ne a setse a lebetse ka lebotlolo – o ne a batla go itse gore mmagwe o kae!

"O kwa kae, Mama?" a bitsa. Go ne go se na karabo. "Mama!" a biletsa kwa godimonyana. Go ne go sa ntshe go se na karabo.

"Mme wa me o latlhegile!" Afrika a bolelela Asanda. "Re ne le mo tseleng ya go ya kwa tafoleng ya borekisetso jwa dibuka kwa sekhutlwaneng, mme jaanong ga a yo!"

"Le nna ke ya kwa tafoleng ya borekisetso jwa dibuka! Ke ya go reka buka ya leinane ka madi a ke a bolokileng. Ka gongwe mme wa gago o kwa tafoleng ya borekisetso jwa dibuka. A re ye go mmatla!" Asanda a tshitshinya.

Mmogo Asanda le Afrika ba tsamaya mo gare ga bontsintsi jwa batho. Ka ponyo ya leitlho Afrika a



utlwa leina la gagwe! "Afrika! Afrika! O kwa kae?"

"Ke lentse la ga mme," ga bua Afrika.

"Ao bathong, o latlhegile! Ke a utlwa gore o utlwile bothoko. Go utlwala e kete o gaufi le tafole ya borekisetso jwa dibuka. Tlaya, a re taboge, Asanda!"

Mmogo bana ba tabogela kwa tafoleng ya borekisetso jwa dibuka, mme foo, fela mo pele ga yone, e ne e le Mime wa Afrika le Dintle. Mama a bula matsogo a gagwe mme Afrika a tabogela mo go one.

"Dumela, Mama, a o siame?" Afrika a botsa. "Se tshwenyenge jaanong, re lo bone wena le Dintle. Ga lo thole lo latlhegile."

Dintle o ne a itumetse thata go bona abuti wa gagwe yo mogolo. Afrika a inama mme a mo tiamparela.

"Mama, yo ke Asanda, tsala ya me e ntshwa," ga rialo Afrika. "O nthutle go tshwarelela lebotlolo la senotsididi mo thogong ya me. O batla go reka buka."

"Dumela, Asanda, ke

itumelela go kopana

le wena," ga rialo

Mme wa Afrika

a nyenya.

"Jaanong, a

re lebeleleleng

dibuka mme

re bone gore

re tla bona

eng! Afrika,

gakologelwa

gore o ne

o batla go

ithuta go

dira ntlo ya

dimonyane."

Botlhe ba

ne ba tsaya

nako ba lebelela

dibuka mme Mama a

bona buka nngwe e e bontshang go dira dilo tse di

farologaneng ka legong.

"Tswetswee, a nka e tsaya?" Afrika a

botsa mmagwe.

"Ee, fa e le gore o a e rata," Mama a rialo.

Jaanong e ne e le nako ya go tsamaya. "Bona,

Asanda! Ke ya gae ke beile buka ya me mo

thogong!" ga bua Afrika, a beile buka ya gagwe

e ntshiwa mo thogong ya gagwe.

"O se ka wa lebala go tsamaya o le motlotlo,

jaaka kgosana!" Asanda a tshega.



O kwa kae?

Leinane ka Ann Walton
Dishwantsho ka Rico
Thanolo ka Lorato Trok

“Re ya mabenkelengi! Re ya mabenkelengi!” Afrika o ne a tlolela kwa godimo le kwa tase mo pele ga Dintle. Mmagwe, Mme wa Afrika, o ne a nyenya, mme Dintle a opa diatla.

“Ee,” ga bua Mme wa Afrika, “jaanong rwala dithako. Re tshwanetse go ithaganela. Re sa ntse re tshwanela go ya kwa boemelabeseng.”

Kwa boemelabeseng, go ne go le batho ba bantsi ba ba emetseng bese. Fa ba tsera boithe mo beseng, mongwe le mongwe o ne a pitlagane go se kae. Dintle o ne a dutse mo godimo ga Mme wa Afrika. Mme mme mongwe a dula fa thoko ga gagwe. Afrika o ne a dutse mo lethakoreng le lengwe la ga mmagwe, a pitlagantswe ke fensetere. Mme o ne a se na bothata ka seo ka gonne o ne a kgona go lebelela kwa ntle ga fensetere.
Kwa bofelonq, mokwaetsi a qoa.



“Boemelabese jwa bofeloi!”

“Taya, Afrika. Re fologa fa,” ga bua mmagwe. Fa ba se na go fologa bese, Mme wa Afrika a belega Dintle mo mokwateng wa gagwe. “Nna gaufl le nna,” a bolelela Afrika. “Letelo le le thanasela thata.”

Le ne le thanasela thata. Go ne go le batho ba ba tshwereng dikgetšana le go kgorometsa diteroli tse di tletseng dithoto. Gape go ne go le mosadi yo o neng a rwele dithoto tsa gagwe ka thogo.



“A o kgona go dira seo, Mama? Afrika a botsa mmagwe.

“Go dira eng?” Mme wa Afrika a botsa.

“Go baya dilo mo godimo ga thogo ya gago jaana,” ga bua Afrika.

“Ee ke a kgona. Go bonolo,” ga bua mmagwe.

Afrika o ne a lebelela mosadi a tsamaya go fitlhela a nyelala mo gare ga bontsintsi jwa batho ba ba neng ba eme mo gare ga ditafole tsa marekisetso a kwa mmarakeng.

“Ke akanya gore le nna nka kgona go rwala dilo mo thogong!” Afrika a bua jalo a le esi. O ne a bona lebotlolo la senotsididi la polasetiki mo fatshe. O ne a e tsaya mme a le baya mo godimo ga thogo ya gagwe, mme o ne a tshwanela go e tshwara ka diatla ka

gonne le ne le nnela wela mo fatshe nako yoithe.

“Eishi!” ga bua mosetsana fa thoko ga gagwe. “Ke tla go bontsha gone o dira jang seel!” O ne a tsaya lebotlolo la senotsididi, a le baya mo thogong ya gagwe, ka



Arolelana leinane gompieno!

Batsadi ba gagwe ba ne ba lebana, ba nyenya mme ba re, “Ee, go siame o ka tla le rona.”

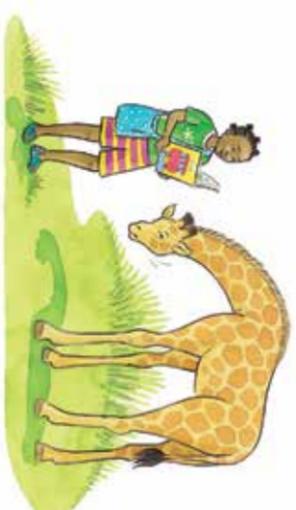
E ne e le letatsi le le bothito mme go na le maru mo loaping. Sengwe le sengwe mo lefelong la bosireletso jwa dipholologo se ne se lebelega se sibetse ka tsela e e sa thwaelegang.

“Ke nagana gore letatsi ga le phatsime gompieno gonne le hutsafaditswe ke ngwana thutiwa,” ga rialo Sisanda.

Tlou e kgolo e ne ya leba balelapa fa ba feta ka tsela. “Ka gongwe o ipotsa gore ke goreng mosetsana yo monnye a ya tironng le batsadi ba gagwe,” ga rialo mmagwe Sisanda.

Sisanda o ne a dumela ka thogo. “O tllie go makala fa a lemoga lebaka,” o ne a akanya jalo.

Ba ne ba fitlhela ngwana thutiwa a eme a le nosi.



Thamo ya gagwe e telele e bile e le tshesane e ne ya obega mme mathlo a gagwe a magolo a masetlha a ne a lebelega a le bodutu. Sisanda o ne a emela gaufl le ene ka moo a ka kgonang ka teng. O ne a bua kgetšana ya gagwe e nnye mme a ntsha buka. Mme, se se neng sa makatsa batsadi ba gagwe, o ne a simolola go buisetsa ngwana thutiwa. O ne a retolola thogo ya gagwe kwa ntheng ya lentswa le gagwe mme a reetsa jaaka e kete o thaloganaya lefoko lengwe le lengwe.

La nthla, batsadi ba ga Sisanda ba ne ba nagana gore go buisetsa thutiwa ke selo se se sa thwaelegang, mme ba ne ba fetola mepopo ya bone fa ba bona ka moo a neng a bontsha a se na letsapa ka gone – mathlo a gagwe a bonolo a lebeleitse Sisanda.

“Leinane la me le dirile gore a ikutiwe botoka”, Sisanda o ne a bolelela ntatemogolo wa gagwe fa a fitlha kwa gae.

Sisanda o ne a etela thutwanyana gantsi mo motshegareng le ka malatsi a mafelo a beke. Mme nako le nako fa a ya kwa teng, o ne a tsaya leinane le lengwe go le aroganya le ene. Ditsala tse pedi tse dintshwa di ne di bonala di tumetse fa di le mmogo moo bajanala ba ba fetang ka tsela ba neng ba ba tsaya dinepe.

Ka iketlo ngwana thutiwa o ne a tla. Batho ba kwa lefelong la bosireletso jwa dipholologo ba ne ba mo thokomela sentle mme lerato loithe le a neng a le

bona go tswa mo tsaleng ya gagwe e ntshwa, e bong Sisanda, le ne le dira dikgakgamatso.

Ka letsatsi le lengwe motsamaisi wa lefelo la bosireletso jwa dipholologo o ne a kopa Sisanda go neela tsala ya gagwe e ntshwa leina.

“Ke nagana gore Thokozani ke leina le le siameng,” ga rialo Sisanda.

Letatsi le le latelang motsamaisi wa lefelo la bosireletso jwa dipholologo o ne a leletsa morutabana wa ga Sisanda mogala. O ne a laletsa barutwana boithe ba mophato wa ga Sisanda go tla le go kopana le Thokozani. Thutiwa e ntle e ne e goodle e le tlelanyana mme e tllie thata mo dikgweding tse tharo fa e sale go tloga ka leeto la nthla la ga Sisanda.

Ka letsatsi la leeto, bana ba le someamane ba Kerite 3 ba ne ba letlle ka thothalo gore diheke tsa lefelo la bosireletso jwa dipholologo di bulwe. Morago Sisanda o ne a ba etelela boithe kwa pele ka boipelo go ba isa kwa go Thokozani. Bana ba bangwe ba ne ba leba thutiwa e telele ka kgakgamalo. Ba bangwe ba ne ba tshagathaga ka leshogo. Morutabana wa bone, Mme Khanylie, o ne a nyenya fela.

“Tsala ya gago e ntle, Sisanda. O ntse o le bonojana mo go ene,” o ne a bua ka bonolo.

“Leina la gagwe ke mang?” go ne ga botsa mongwe wa basimane.

“Thokozani,” ga araba Sisanda.

“Thokozani e raya 'boitumelo',” ga thalosa Mme Khanylie.

Bana ba ne ba dula mo fatshe le go reetsa fa Sisanda a buisa leinane le a neng a le buisetsa Thokozani ka letsatsi le ba kopaneng la nthla ka lone.

Motsamaisi wa lefelo la bosireletso jwa dipholologo o ne a tsaya dinepe.

Bajanala bangwe ba ba neng ba feta ka tsela le bone ba ne ba tsaya dinepe. Le

motsyadinape go tswa kwa lekwalodikanyeng la selegae o ne a tsaya dinepe. O ne a solofetsa gore senepo sa bone se tlaa thagelela mo lekwalodikanyeng mo nakong e e sa fediseng pelo. Mongwe le mongwe o ne a duduetša. A mpho e ntle! Go buisa go fodisa tsala.



Go tsenya bokgoni jwa bana tlhase ka go ba thabela dinaane le go buisa

www.nalibali.org

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Go simolola ka leinane...

Neo le lefatshe le legolo, le le sephara

Leinane ka Vianne Venter
Ditshwantsho ka Rico
Thanolo ka Opelo Thole

Neo o ne a leba kwa ntle ga lefthabapheto la phaposi ya gagwe a lebeletse ponalo ya mmala o mokwebu ya mmila o mokwebu o nang le batho botlhe ba ba kolobileng, ba le bakwebu mme ba ithaganela go ralala pula e kwebu e e tshologang. O ne a sa kgone go ya kwa ntle, e bile o ne a setse a buiseditse Mbali dibuka tsa gagwe tsothe.

Fela ka nako eo, Nkoko o ne a tsena ka moriri o o thakathakantsweng ke phefo ya kwa ntle. O ne a tshwere sengwe. Neo o ne a kgona go bona gore se ne se le sephaphathinyana, mme se le khutlonne, gape se na le mmala o montle ... mme se ne se kgona go bulelega - fela jaaka lebokoso le le tseyang letlotlo!

"Buka e ne e le ke e ratang thata fa ke ne ke le monnye jaaka wena," Nkoko o ne a bolelela Neo. "E ne e le kgoro ya me ya go tsena mo lefatshe le legolo, ka bophara jwa lone."

Mme jalo, o ne a bula buka.

Mo tsebing ya ntha go ne go na le setshwantsho sa lefelo la maatla a sa tlwaelegang, le le kgakala thata le letsatsi le le kwebu. Naga e ne e talafetse mme e na le mmala wa gauta le o mosetha, go na le loapi le legolo, le le pududu fa godimo, le letsatsi le le bothito, la mmala wa serolwana, le le neng le fisa dilo tse di ka fa tlase ga lone.

"Ao! A seo ke nnete?" Neo o ne a felelwa ke mowa.

Nkoko o ne a nyenya. "A ga o itse? Mainane othe ke nnete, fa o dumela mo go one," o ne a rialo. Jalo o ne a supa lefelo mo tsebing moo mosimane yo monnye, wa bogolo jo bo batlileng bo lekana le jwa ga Neo, a neng a tsamaya mo nageng.



Fa Nkoko a buisa, Neo o ne a tswala mathlo a gagwe mme a tsena mo lefatshe le ditiro, mo godimo ga makgabana ...

go ralala lefatshe le legolo, la mmala o mosetha ... a lebile kwa lefatshe le legolo, le le sephara. O ne a utlwa mantswe a mo nageng.

"Tswela kwa ntle! Tswela kwa ntle!" go ne ga opela nonyane e sekhada.

"Ke letsatsi le lentle!" go ne ga lela ditshenekegi tsa sekhada.

"Tloga foo, tla o tshameke," go ne ga sebaseba phefo mo thageng e telele.

Neo o ne a gakologelwa pula e e kwebu, e e tshologang, mme o ne a ipotsa gore a o tshwanetse a ka bo a le fa ntle fano. Mme mo leinaneng, o ka se kgone go dira sepe. Go ne go se na pula fano. Ka jalo, Neo o ne a simolola leeto go ralala naga.

Selo sa ntha se a se boneng se ne se le setelele mme se le sesetha ka mmele o o tilieng, wa legong. Se ne se na le matsogo a maleele, a masetiha a neng a fithelela kwa loaping, le tihogo e kgolo, e e tlhakathakaneng e kare dikalanaya tsa moriri wa botala jwa mathhare o o neng o tshikinyega mo phešwaneng e e bothito.

"Dumela," ga rialo Neo, a gototse mathlo a gagwe. "O eng?"

"Ke sethare. Ke kgona go bona mo gotlhe go ralala



mabala magolo, a mmala wa gauta. Tlhatlogela kwano, mme o lebelele le nna." Sethare se ne sa mo thusa, mme Neo o ne a se palama.

Go tswa kwa godimo mo dikaleng, Neo o ne a kgona go bona go fitlha kwa bofelong jwa lefatshe. Mme go ne go na le dilo tse dintsi golo gongwe kwa, moo go batlileng go mmoifisa go nagana ka gone.

Mime fela sethare se ne se mo tshwere ka pabalesego, mme se ne sa mo sebela, "Tsamaya o ye go tsamayatsamaya kwa teng. O se ke wa tshaba. Teng koo ke lefatshe le le ntle, le legolo, le le sephara."

Ka jalo, Neo o ne a fologa mme o ne a tswelela ka loeto la gagwe go ralala naga.

Ka bonako, o ne a kopana le seolo sa santa e e popota se se nang le marobanyana, a a jaaka dikgoro tse

ne wa tswelela ka tsela e e tshwanang le ya mo halofong ya ntha ... go fithelela fa go setse motsotso o le mongwe fela!

Neo o ne a tshwere kgwele. O ne a lebeleba go bona gore a go na le mongwe go tswa mo sethopheng sa Diamond Football Club gaufi le ene.

Nnyaa, o ne a le nosi. O ne a tabogela kwa pele, a ragaraga kgwele. Ka ponyo ya leitho motshameki wa Diamond Football Club o ne a thagelela.

Neo o ne a mo leba ka thamalalo mo mathong fa a ragela kgwele fa gar ga maoto a motshameki yo mongwe. Balebeledi ba ne ba goeletsa ka boitumelo.

Motshameki yo mongwe wa Diamond Football Club o ne a ela kwa ntheng ya ga Neo go mo thasela. Ka bonako, Neo o ne a fetsetsa kgwele kwa go Priya.

Batho botlhe ba ne ba tshwere pelo ka letsogo fa Priya a tsaya kgwele le go e raga thata. LADUMA! Motshwaradino wa Diamond o ne a sa bona kgwele e tla!

Priya o ne a nositse nno. Mme ga go a feta le fa e le motsotswana. Fela fa a re o a retologa go keteka nno ka go bina, molaolamotshameki o ne a letsa phala ya bofelo! Maqhawe Football Club ba ne



ba fentse motshameki! Neo o ne a itumetse moo o neng a tabogela kwa go Priya le go mo tsholetsa!

Ba ne mmogo ba tabogela kwa batshamekammogong le kwa mokatising kwa lefthakoreng la lebaka, mme botlhe ba ne ba inama. Morago Priya le Neo ba ne ba ithaganela kwa go rragwe Neo. Rahul o ne a leletsa vuvuzela ya gagwe



kwa godimo.

"E ke tiragatso e e dirang gore batho ba tshwanele go ja aseekherime, Priya le Neo," go ne ga rialo rragwe Neo. "A bagale ba babedi ba rona ba ka rata seo?"

"Ee! Re rata aseekherime," Mbali o ne a ba arabela. Botlhe ba ne ba tshega.

Neo o ne a tsholetsa Mbali le go mo kuka fa ba ya go reka aseekherime. A ka tswa a sa nosa dino tse pedi tse o neng a batlile go di nosa, mme fela o ne a thusitse tsala ya gagwe ya tihogo ya kgomo go nosa nno ya phenyo! Mime Priya ene? O ne a itumetse gonne e ne e le nno ya gagwe ya nthantha ya Maqhawe Football Club. Modumo wa vuvuzela ya ga Rahul e ne e kete ke mmimo o o monate o o tshamekelwang ene fela.



Motsotso wa bofelo

Leinane ka Zukiswa Wanner
Dishwanstsho ka Rico
Thanolo ka Opelo Thole



“Ke tille go nosa diro tse pedi gompjeno, Papa,” go ne ga rialo Neo fa a ne a rwala dithako tsa gagwe tsa go tshameka kgwele ya dinao.

“Mme ke tlaa thusa ka go nosa diro tse tharo mo godimo ga tseo, Malome,” go ne ga rialo Priya yo o neng a sa tswa go goroga kwa gaabo Neo o na le monnawe, e bong Rahul. Rahul o ne a tshwere vuvuzela ya gagwe ya mmala wa bohlobo jo bo phatsimang.

Rragwe Neo o ne a tshaga. “Go siame, ka jalo ke solofela go duduetša gathano!”

“Le nna, Malome! A le nna nka duduetša?” go ne ga botša Rahul.

“Go ntse jalo, mosimane wa me,” go ne ga rialo rragwe Neo fa a thusa Mbali go rwala dithako tsa gagwe.

“Jaanong, a re yengi!”

Ba ne ba tsena bothle mo kolong. Neo o ne a dula fa pele. O ne a kile a dula foo makgetho a le mantši mo nakong e e feditšeng. O ne a na le bonnete jwa gore fa rragwe a ne a ka mo letlelela, fa maoto a gagwe a nna malelele mo go lekaneng, o ne a ka kgona go kgweša koloi. Go ne go lebege go le bonolo. Rahul le Priya ba ne ba dula mongwe le mongwe mo mathokoreng a ga Mbali. Ba ne ba mo tsiklita mme o ne a tshagatshega.

Pele ga go ka itsiwe, ba ne ba le kwa lebaleng la kgwele ya dinao. Ba ne ba gorogile ka nako mme Priya le Neo ba ne ba ya go kopana le batshamekamogo go tswa kwa Maqhawe Football Club gore ba ikatise le go ithuthafatsa pele ga motshameko. Gompjeno ba ne ba tshameka kgathanonng le Diamond Football Club.



“Gakologelwa go netefatsa go timola phatsimmo ya Diamond tseo thata mo e leng gore, morago ga motshameko ba tlaa tshwanela go fetola leina la bone go nna Coal Football Club,” go ne ga rialo mokatši wa bone.

Jaanong e ne e le nako ya gore batshameki ba tabogele mo lebaleng. Molaalamotshameko o ne a letša phala ya gagwe mme motshameko o ne a simolola. Dilo di ne tsa simolola ka iketlo, mme ka bonako di ne tsa akofanyana. Go ne go na le modumo o montši fa bamalapa a bana mo lethakoreng la lebaka nakwana, mme fela fa ne e nna mo lethakoreng la lebaka nakwana, mme fela fa e ne e kete ba tlele go e sutisetša mo halofong e mngwe, mongwe le mongwe wa batshameki bao o ne a utswa kgwele! Motshameko o ne wa tswelela jaana go fithelela ka nako ya halofo.

“Ke boregile! O solofeditše gore o tlele go nosa diro,” Rahul o ne a raya Neo le Priya fa ba tla mo meleng e e mo



mathakoreng.

“Ee, Mbali o ne a batla diro, Mbali o batla diro,” go ne ga boeletša Mbali. “Mbali o a otsela,” o ne a tlatša ka go edimola. Neo le Priya ba ne ba tshaga fela le go taboga ba boela kwa batshamekamogong.

Phala e ne ya lela mme batshameki ba ne ba tabogela mo lebaleng go tsenela halofo ya bobedi. Motshameko o

dirinye. O ne a kgona go utlwa mantšwe a le milione a mo teng, le medumo ya go tsamaya tsamaya e le dimilione tse di thataro tsa maoto a mannye a ntse a taboga a ya kwa le kwa.

“Dumela! Ke wena mang?” Neo o ne a botša mo go nngwe ya dikgoro.

“Dumela!” go ne ga araba lentšwe le lennye. “Re ditshoswane: Reanela mainane a letatše mo teng mo. A o batla go utlwa mangwe a one?”

Neo o ne a rata mainane, ka jalo o ne a nna mo fatšhe mme a reetša. Ditshoswane di ne tsa mmolelela mainane a tšone a mo neng le mo sekgweng, le a dithaba le ditropokgolo tse di kgakala.

“Mainane a mantši jaana?” Neo o ne a botša.

“Go na le mainane a mantši fela jaaka go na le dinaledi mo loaping,” go ne ga araba ditshoswane.

Neo o ne a laela, mme a tswelela ka loeto la gagwe go ralala naga.

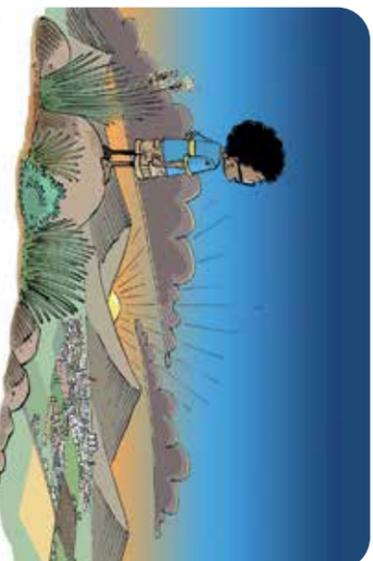
Kwa bofelong, Neo o ne a fitha mo metsing a mantši a a neng a ithaganela go feta mo gare ga mokgatšha go tloga mo mosong go fitha bosigo. Neo o ne a tsena mo go one go tsiditšatsa maoto a gagwe a a fisang.



Metsi a ne a gasa maoto a gagwe mme o ne a tshagatshega, “Ke noka. Ke elela go tswa kwa dithabeng go ya kwa lewatlong. Tla kwano, ntšhale morago. Ke tlaa go isa gae.”

Neo o ne a akanya gore go ne go ka nna monate jang. Ka jalo, o ne a latela noka go ralala mokgatšha le fa gare ga dithaba. Mmog, ba ne ba tsamaya mo motšhegareng go fithela go nna maiso, go fitha kwa bofelong. Neo a fitha kwa godimo ga lekgabana.

Go tloga moo a neng a eme teng, o ne a kgona go bona toropo e nnye, e thatswitswe phepa ke dipula mme



e phatsima mo leseding la letšatsi le le phirimang.

Jalo noka e ne ya elela e dira modumo ka bonojana, “Tswelela, e ya gae. Go na le batho ba bantši ba ba go ratang koo, ba ba letleng go arogana mainane le wena.”

Neo o ne a ya kwa tšase, a feta mo gare ga toropo. O ne a bona mebila e e thanaselang mme e ne e tsena ka bonako mo toropong, fela jaaka dinoka. O ne a bona matlo, a le bothito mo leseding la maiso. Mo teng ga one, batho ba ne ba thanasela, fela jaaka ditshoswane tse di nnye.

Kwa bofelong, Neo o ne a okomela mo lethabaphorong moo nkoko yo mogolo, yo o nang le matsogo a a tileng le moiri o o thakathakaneeng jaaka dikalana tsa setlhare se segolo, o neng a tswala buka mme



a inama go atla mosimane wa gagwe yo monnye gore a robale sentle mo bosigong.

Neo o ne a akanya ka naga le setlhare le ditshoswane le noka. Mme fa a ntse a lebelelele Nkoko, molaogodimo o ne wa bonesa ntlo e nnye ka mebla e e phatsimang moo e neng ya lebege jaaka setshwantsho se se mo bukereng ya mainane. Neo o ne a akanya ka maitemogelo a gagwe a magolo mo disebeng tsa buka e e rategang ya mainane ya ga Nkoko, mme o ne a akanya ka ga gagwe le Mbali le kwa gae.

Ka jalo, Neo o ne a feta mo gare ga buka, a tsena mo bolaong jwa gagwe jo bo bothito, mo phaposing ya gagwe e e nang le kagiso, mo teng ga ntlo ya gagwe e nnye.

Mme ke lone lebaka la gore ke goreng, fa nako le nako letatše le bonala le le kwebu thata, e bile phaposi ya gagwe e le nnye thata. Neo a bulang buka. O tsena ka kgoro e fa gare ga disebe, mme o tsena mo letatšheng le legolo, le le sephara.

Arolelana leinane gompjeno!



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Modumo o o gaisang mo lefatsheng lothe

Leinane ka Niki Daly
Ditshwantsho ka Rico
Thanolo ka Opelo Thole

Bella o ne a jelwe ke bodutu mme Mama o ne a tshwanetse go phepafatsa ntle.

"Isaya Noodle mme le iphokise phefo," ga rialo Mme.

Noodle o ne a sala Bella morago go ya kwa ntle mme o ne a dula go bapa le ene mo tselanathokong ya dinao. Bella o ne a kgwa mowa mme a dupelela mo moweng. O ne a sa nkgwe bontshwa. O ne o



nkgwa pharakano.

Koloi e ne e feta e re Haaam! Pipipi! ga feta e nngwe. Tututurr, tututurr, tututurr! go ne ga feta sethuuthuu. Tlkg, tlkg! go ne ga feta bene ya bogologolo ka mataere a yone a onetseng le mmele wa yone o tsofaditsweng ke ruse.

Bella o ne a simolola go bala medumo e e mo dikologileng. E ne e setse e le mene!

Drr, drr, drr! go ne go utlwala boro. Grrrrrrrrrr! Noodle o ne a bogola boro. Duff, duff, duff! go ne go utlwala mmimo o o kwa godimo go tswa mo thekesing.

Hanna, hanna, hanna! go ne go feta lekgarebe le buela kwa godimo mo selefounung ya gagwe. Kwa, kwa, kwa! go ne go utlwala dikwaekwae tsa gagwe mo tselanathokong ya dinao fa a kgabaganya. Tshe, tshe, tshe! go ne ga feta motho yo neng a tshematshema fa thoko ga Bella. Hau, hau, hau! Noodle o ne a bogola motho yo o tshematshemang. Tswii, tswii, tswii! mosimane yo o mo baesekeleng o ne a letsa molodi.

"Medumo e le SOMEPEDI!" ga rialo Bella.

Mme fela medumo yothle e ne e simolola go dira gore thogo ya ga Bella e tsewe ke madiopo, ka jalo o ne a emisa go bala mme a re, "A re tsamaye,

Noodle, a re boele kwa segotlong koo go leng monate e bile go sisibetse."

Mo segotlong pharakano e ne e utlwala e le kgakala, kgakalaka. Ba ne ba kgona go utlwa le pinanyana ya molotsana o o monate wa nonyane e nnye.



Bella o ne a tswala matlho a gagwe mme a solasola Noodle. Mme morago ba ne ba tloka ka bobedi!

"Ijoooo! Mma weee! Ijoooo!" Go ne go tswa modumo o o boitshegang go tswa mo ntlong ya ga Nkoko mo lethakoreng le le ka fale la lebota le le kwa morago. Ka bonako, Bella o ne a siana go ya go bolelela mmagwe ka se a se utlwiweng.

"Go na le medumo e boitshegang e e tswang kwa ntlong ya ga Nkoko!" Bella o ne a goeletsa



kwa godimo go feta furrurr, furrurr! wa motshini o o phepafatsang mmata. Mama o ne a o tima.

"Ga ke a utlwa sepe," Mama a rialo.

"Reetsa!" ga rialo Bella. Mme Mama o ne a o utlwa!

"Ijoooo! Mma weee! Ijoooo!"

"Ke Nkoko," ga rialo mama. "Ka bonako! Re tshwanetse go ya go bona gore go diragala eng."

Mama, Bella le Noodle ba ne ba ithaganela mo tseleng le mo sekhutlong go ya kwa ntlong ya ga Nkoko. Ba ne ba fithela Nkoko mo khitsheneng ya



gagwe a butswela seatla sa gagwe.

"Eish! Ke iphititse seatla mo pitseng e e bolelele ya seelele!" ga ngongorega Nkoko.

"Se bee fa tlase ga metsi a a tsididi fa ke sa ntse ke ya go tsaya khiti ya me ya thusopotlako," ga rialo Mama, mme o ne a boela kwa ga gagwe a taboga – phataphata, phataphata, phataphata.

Mme o ne a boa ka bonako, a tshwere lebokoso le le nnye la mmala o mosweu le le nang le sefapaano se se hibidu mo sekhurumelong sa lone. O ne a tshasa salofo mo seatleng sa ga Nkoko le go se bofa ka bandeitshhe.

"Nkoko, o ka se kgone go apaya ka seatla se se bothoko," Mama o ne a rialo. "Wena le balelapa la gago le tshwanetse go tla go ja le rona dijo tsa maitseboa."

"Ke a leboga," ga rialo Nkoko. "Tsweetstwee tsaya pitsa eo e e bolelo ya seelelele ya dinao go oketsa dijo tsa rona."

Ka nako ya dijo tsa maitseboa, Nkoko o ne a goroga a na le balelapa la gagwe.

Mmmm, Mmmmm! – e ne e le modumo o ba neng ba o dira fa ba dupelela dijo tse di monate tse di apeliweng ke mmagwe Bella ka pitsa ya ga Nkoko ya dinao. Noodle le ene o ne a fiwa go le gonnye mo sejaneng sa gagwe. Tjomp, Tjomp! O ne a di ja tsothle. Morago /lap, /lap. O ne a nwa sejana se se tletseng sa metsi!

"Ke itumeletse gore o nkuhlwile fa ke ne ke goeletsa," Nkoko o ne a raya Bella.

"Ke ne ke tshwaragane le go bala medumo e e mo tikologong ya me," Bella a rialo.

"Ke a bona, mme ke go fa yo mongwe," ga rialo Nkoko a namela mo go Bella. Mcwaa! go ne ga utlwala moatlo o mogolo mo lerameng la ga Bella. Bella o ne a lebetse gore o ne a badile medumo e le kae, mme fela oo one o ne o tshwanela go nna o o



gaisang!

"Ke modumo o ke o ratang!" o ne a rialo a nyenya. Ka nako ya go robala, Mama o ne a botsa Bella, "A o a itse gore modumo wa me o ke o ratang ke ofe?"

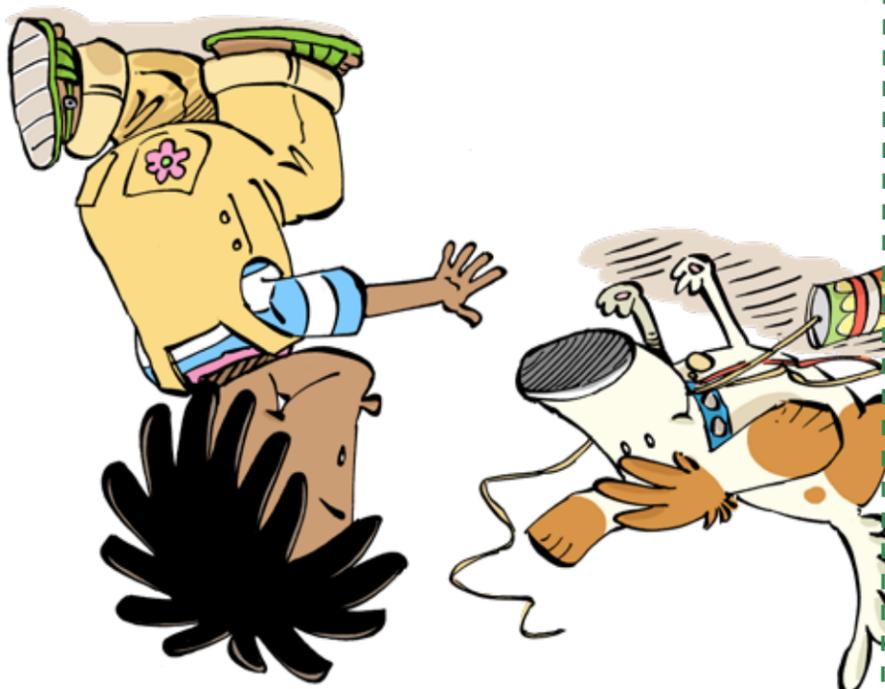
"Ke ofe?" go ne ga botsa Bella.

"Ke o!" ga rialo Mama, a tsitsitha Bella mo mpeng. Ha, ha, hee, hee, ha, ha, hee, hee! Bella o ne a tshaga.

Ee! Setshego se tota e le modumo o o qaisang



mo lefatsheng lothe. O nagana jang?



Soon the party was in full swing. Tin sang her songs while Neo, Hope, Josh and Bella played along. And Noodle barked every now and then to join in too!

Then the other artists each sang a song from their country. The crowd cheered and clapped. They loved the show!

"You see," said Tin to the We Can Band, "this little team saved the dream! Thanks to the four of you ... and Noodle, everyone enjoyed a wonderful party!"

Moletlo o ne o fagile jaanong. Tin a opela dipina tsa gagwe fa Neo, Hope, Josh le Bella ba ntse ba tshameka. Noodle a bogola gangwe le gape go nna karolo ya moletlo!

Mongwe le mongwe wa diopedi tse di etileng ba opela dipina go tswa kwa dinageng tsa bone. Batho ba duduetsa le go opa diatla. Ba ratile moletlo ono!

Tin a raya We Can Band a re, "A lo a bona, setlhophanyana se se diragaditse moletlo! Ke a lo leboga lona ba bane ... Le Noodle, botlhe ba itumeletse moletlo o o monate!"



Neo grabbed Hope's arm. "Look," he said. "Tin's on stage! But where is the We Can Band?"

Before Hope could answer, Tin stepped up to the microphone. "Hello!" she said. "ARE YOU READY TO START THIS PARTY?"

"Yebo, yes!" shouted the crowd.

Tin started playing her guitar. "Repeat after me," she said as she started singing. "Left foot back,"

"Left foot back," sang the crowd.

"Right foot back," sang Tin.

"Right foot back," sang the crowd.

Josh and Hope were smiling and singing along, but Neo was still looking around for the band.

"Gogo," said Neo, "did you hear that? They said everyone is welcome. May we please go? Please?"

Gogo looked at Neo and smiled. "If Josh and Hope are allowed to go, then you may go too," she said. Josh and Hope were out the door as quick as a flash to ask their parents' permission to join the party at the park.

When they came back to fetch Neo, Hope told Gogo that Bella and her mom would be going too.

"Okay, off you go then. Stay close together," said Gogo.

"Gogo," Neo a rialo, "a o utlwile seo? Ga twe botlhe ba a lalediwa. A re ka ya? Tsweetswee?"

Gogo a leba Neo mme a nyenya. "Fa Josh le Hope ba letleletswe go ya, le wena o ka ya," a rialo. Josh le Hope ba tswa ka lebelo go ya go kopa batsadi ba bone go ba letla go ya moletlong kwa phakeng.

Fa ba tla go tsaya Neo, Hope a bolelela Nkoko gore Bella le mmaagwe le bone ba tlile go ya.

"Go siame, o ka tsamaya le bone. Mme lo se ka lwa kgaogana," Gogo a rialo.





Kwa phakeng, Neo a bona Bella le mmaagwe, mme Noodle le ene o ne a tllle le bone! "Ke akanya gore *bohhe* mo motseng wa rona ba fano," Neo a ralo. "Le ba re sa ba it seng."

"Reetsa..." Josh a ralo. "A go na le ba ba buang Sefora?"

"Eei!" Hope a ralo. "Mme gape ke utlwa Sechichewa le Seshona."

At the park, Neo saw Bella and her mom, and even Noodle had come along! "I think everyone from our town is here," said Neo. "And some new people too."

"Listen ..." said Josh. "Are some people speaking French?"

"Yes!" said Hope. "And I can hear Chichewa and Shona too."



Tin strummed her guitar and said, "LET THE MUSIC BEGIN!"

As Tin pointed at Neo and Hope, they beat their drums. Then Tin sang, "Left foot back," and pointed at the crowd.

"Left foot back," sang the crowd.

Next Tin pointed at Josh and he shook his shakers in time to the beat.

"Right foot back," sang Tin.

"Right foot back," sang the crowd.

Tin pointed at Bella. The row of tins chimed beautifully as Bella swung them against each other. Noodle barked excitedly.

Tin a simolola go letsa katara mme a re, "A MMINO O SIMOLOLE!"

Fa Tin a supa Neo le Hope, ba itaya meropa ya bone. Tin a opela, "La molema kwa morago," mme a supa kwa bathong.

Batho ba opela ba re, "La molema kwa morago."

Morago ga moo Tina a supa Josh mme a kgotlhokgotsha dikgotlhokgotshi go tsamaisana le meropa.

"La moja kwa morago," Tin a opela.

"La moja kwa morago," batho ba opela.

Tin a supa Bella. Meteme e e neng e golagantswe ya itagaana monate fa Bella a e dikolosa mo phefong ka mogala. Noodle a bogola ka boitumelo.



Get story active!



Here are some activities for you to try with your family. They are based on all the stories in this edition of the Nal'ibali Supplement: *A party at the park* (pages 5, 6, 27 and 28) and *The boastful little weaver bird* (page 30).

A party at the park

Before you read the story

- ★ Ask your children to share their thoughts with you about a concert that they would like to go to. Ask them what they would look forward to most and who they would take with them.

After you've read the story

- ★ Talk to each other about different musical instruments, the sounds they make and where they come from. Talk about which household items could make good instruments (e.g. an empty coffee tin for a drum or empty bottles for a xylophone).
- ★ Choose one or two instruments that you spoke about, collect what you need to make them and listen to the sounds they make when you play them.
- ★ Ask younger children to draw their favourite part of the story. Older children can write about a party they would like to have, what would happen at the party and who would be there.
- ★ Look at the picture below. In each thought bubble, write what you think the character is thinking about. Then colour in the picture.

Nna le mathagathaga a leinane!

Tse ke ditirwana tse o ka di lekang le balelapa. Di tswa mo mainaneng otlhe a kgatiso e ya Tlaleletso ya Nal'ibali: *Moletlo kwa phakeng* (ditsebe 5, 6, 27 le 28) le *Thaga e nnye ya moikgantshi* (tsebe 31).

Moletlo kwa phakeng

Pele o buisa leinane

- ★ Kopa bana go abelana megopolo le wena malebana le konsarata e ba ka ratang go ya kwa go yona. Ba botse gore ke eng se ba solofelang go se bona le gore ba tšile go tsamaya le bomang.

Fa o fetsa go buisa leinane

- ★ Bua le mongwe le mongwe wa bona malebana le diletswa tse di farologaneng tsa mmimo, modumo o di o dirang le gore di tswa kae. Bua le bona ka didiriswa tsa mo ntlong tse di ka dirang diletswa tse dintle (seka, moteme o o lolea wa kofi go dira moropa kgotsa mabotlolo a a senang sepe a a dirang zaelofouno).
- ★ Tlhophisa diletswa di le pedi kgotsa se le sengwe sa tse o buileng ka tsona, kgobokanya tse o di tlhokang go itirela seletswa sa gago le go reetsa modumo wa sona fa o se letsa.
- ★ Kopa bana ba banyane go thala karolo ya leinane e ba e ratang. Bana ba bagolo ba ka kwala ka moletlo o ba ratang go itirela ona, se se tla diragalang kwa moletlong le gore ke bomang ba ba tšileng go tla moletlong.
- ★ Mo poduleng ya kakanyo nngwe le nngwe, kwala se o se akanyang malebana le se se leng mo mogopolong wa modiragatsi. Fa o fetsa khalara setshwantsho.



The boastful little weaver bird

- ★ Use clay, playdough or even Prestik to create the characters in the story, or draw your own pictures of them and cut them out. Use your characters to retell the story in your own way!
- ★ Do you know of any other stories that have snakes and birds in them? What happens in these stories? Are there any similarities to this story?



Thaga e nnye ya moikgantshi

- ★ Dirisa mmopa, tege ya go tshameka kgotsa Poresitiki go ipopela badiragatsi ba leinane, kgotsa ithalele ditshwantsho tsa gago mme o di segolole. Dirisa badiragatsi ba gago go anela leinane gape ka mo o ratang ka teng!
- ★ A go na le mainane mangwe a o a itseng a mo go ona go nang le dinoga le dinonyane. Go diragala eng mo mainaneng a? A go na le ditshwano mo leinaneng le?



The boastful little weaver bird

Written by Nicky Webb ■ Illustrated by Vian Oelofson



Once there was a little weaver bird that was very proud of his beautiful yellow feathers and shiny black beak. He sat on the reeds by the side of the river shouting to anyone who would listen, "Look at me! Am I not beautiful? Look at my bright yellow feathers! See how my beak shines in the sun!"

The other birds and animals didn't like the little weaver bird. It wasn't just that he was boastful, he was also mean.

"Hey, Crocodile!" shouted Weaver, "You have really ugly teeth. They are big and jagged and yellow, and you have bits of meat stuck in them! Sies! I bet you wish you had a beautiful beak like mine!"

Crocodile slid under the water and thought about how nice it would be if Weaver was stuck in his teeth!

When it was time for Weaver to build a nest, he went about it in his usual boastful way. Instead of choosing bits of grass and reed and feathers like the other birds, he picked up pieces of shiny paper and sparkly sweet wrappers, which he wove into the nest. When he was done, his nest sparkled and twinkled in the sun. "Hey, everybody," shouted Weaver. "Look at my nest! Isn't it magnificent? See how it shines in the sun!"



A tortoise ambled past the reeds and stopped to look at Weaver's strange nest. "Don't you wish that you had a home like mine, Tortoise?" tweeted Weaver. "Yours is very dull and boring. See how mine sparkles."

Tortoise shook his head. "I am happy with my shell, Weaver. It keeps me safe, and that is all that is important to me."

Next, a little field mouse poked her head out of a pile of dry leaves. A piece of foil in Weaver's nest caught her eye. "Wow, Weaver, your nest is very bright," she squeaked.

Weaver puffed up his feathers. "Isn't it?" he said proudly. "Are you not tired, Mouse, of living in brown leaves and twigs? How very sad and drab your house is."

"No, Weaver," said Mouse. "When you are my size, you are on the menu of lots of other animals. When I burrow deep into my pile of leaves, no one can see me and that stops me from being eaten. I'd rather be safe than sorry."

"I am sure that you are just jealous," sniffed Weaver with his beak in the air.

Now there was a big snake near the river that had been sleeping through the winter. When he woke up, he felt very hungry, and so he went in search of something tasty to fill his stomach. He came across the little tortoise basking in the sun. Tortoise took one look at Snake's flickering tongue and beady eyes and pulled his head straight back into his shell. Snake nudged Tortoise a few times, but it seemed like this was just a hard shell, so he moved on to look for something that he could sink his teeth into.

Soon Snake spotted Mouse, who was gathering seeds and other tasty treats for her lunch. He slithered towards her, trying to make as little noise as possible, but his grumbling stomach gave him away. Mouse shot off as fast as her little legs could carry her and squirmed quickly down to the bottom of her pile of dry leaves. She lay there quietly, not moving a whisker. Snake prodded the leaves for a bit, but his tummy was now growling loudly. He was too hungry to dig through all those leaves for a meal as small as Mouse, so he moved on.

Soon he found himself down by the river. There, the strangest thing caught his eye. It looked just like a nest, but it sparkled and blinked in the bright sunlight. Snake spotted Weaver flying into the nest. "Funny that a bird would not try to hide his nest from a hungry snake," said Snake to himself.

He crept silently towards the river and wound his way up the reeds to Weaver's nest. Luckily, just as he was about to poke his head into the nest and eat the little bird, he was spotted by the other birds, who shrieked and cheeped a warning. Weaver shot out of his nest just in time and managed to get away, but Snake knocked the beautiful nest to the ground, where it broke apart.



"That will teach you, Weaver, for being such a show-off," chirped the other birds.

"And look!" cried a little chick, "your feathers have turned brown!"

Weaver looked at his wings in horror. They were indeed completely brown. He felt very ashamed. Not only had he nearly been eaten, but his house had been destroyed and his beautiful yellow feathers were quite brown and ordinary, just like lots of the other birds.

Weaver had learned his lesson. He stopped showing off and started being kinder to the other animals. Although his feathers turned yellow again, to this day, every winter, they turn brown again to remind him of his foolishness.



Thaga e nnye ya moikgantshi

E kwadilwe ke Nicky Webb ■ E tshwantshitswe ke Vian Oelofson



Sekhutl-wana sa letlana

Bogologolo go ne go na le thaga e nnye yo o neng a ikgantsha thata ka diphofa tse ntle tse diserolwana le molomo wa yona o montsho o o phatsimang. O ne a kotame mo matlhakeng fa thoko ga noka a goa ka lentswe le le neng le utlwa ke bottlhe, "Ntebeng! A ga ke montle? Lebang diphofa tsa me tse di serolwana tse di phatsimang! Lebang molomo o o phatsimang jaaka marang a letsatsi!"

Dinonyane tse dingwe le diphologolo di ne di sa rate thaga e nnye. Ga se fela gore o ne a ikgantsha! o ne gape a le pelomaswe.

"Heela wena, Kwena!" ga goa Thaga, "Ka meno a gago a a maswe. A makima, a bogale, ga a phepa, e bile go na le manathwana a dinama fa gare ga ona! Phooo! O elets a kete o ka bo o na le molomo o o tshwanang le wa me!"

Kwena ya nwela mo metsing mme ya akanya gore go ne go ka nna monate jang fa Thaga e ka bo e tshwaregile mo menong a yona!

E rile fa nako ya Thaga ya go aga sentlhaga e fitlha, a tswelela ka boikgantsho jwa gagwe jwa metlha yotlhe. Go na le gore a batle bojang, matlhaka le diphofa tse di dirisiwang ke dinonyane tsothe, e ne a ithophela go dirisa pampiri e e phatsimang le sephuthelo se se lakaselang, mme a se loga go nna sentlhaga. E rile fa a fetsa, sentlhaga sa gagwe sa benya sa galalela mo letsatsing.

"Nkadimeng ditsebe," ga goa Thaga. "Lebang sentlhaga sa me! A ga se sa maratagolejwa? Bona gore se benya jang mo letsatsing!"



Khudu ya tlolatlola go kgabaganya matlhaka mme ya ema go leba sentlhaga se se makatsang sa Thaga. "A ga o eletse fa o ka bo o na le legae le le tshwanang le la me, Khudu?" ga bua Thaga. "La gago le maswe e bile le bodutu. Leba gore la me le manyedinyedi jang,"

Khudu a tshikinya tlhogo, "Nna pelo ya me e tshweu mo legapeng la me, Thaga. Le a ntshireletsa, se se botlhokwa thata mo go nna,"

Morago, ga goroga legotlwana, la ntsha tlhogo fa tlase ga kgobelelo ya matlhare. Matlho a lona a ganelela mo pampiring e e phatsimang. Ijoo, sentlhaga sa gago se a fatlha, "la goa."

Thaga ya gogomosa diphofa. "Ga go a nna jalo?" a bua ka boikgogomoso. "A ga o a lapa, Legotlo, go nna ka fa tlase ga matlhare le matlharapana a mathokwa? Legae la gago le tlhomola pelo e bile le bodutu."

"Nnyaya, Thaga," ga bua Legotlo. "Fa o lekana le nna, o tsongwa ke diphologolo di le dintsi. Fa ke iphitlhile kwa tengteng ga tlhatlagano ya matlhare, ga go yo o ka mponang, ka jalo se se nthusa gore ke se nne mojo wa diphologolo dingwe. Gaaboboi ga go lelwe, go lelwa gaabo mogale."

"Ke a itse gore o buisiwa ke go nna lefufa," ga bua Thaga a tshoeditse molomo.

Jaanong go ne go na le noga e kgolo gaufi le noka e e neng e robetse go tloga mariga a simologa. E rile fa e phaphama, ya utlwa e tshwerwe ke tlala thata, ke fa e tloga e ya go batla sengwe se e ka itlosang tlala ka sona. A bona Khudu e nnye e arametse marang a letsatsi. E rile fa Khudu e bona Noga e ntsha leleme mo ganong e bile e gototse matlho ya busetsa tlhogo ya yona mo logapeng. Noga a kgorogotsa Khudu makgetlhonyana, a bona e kete ke logapa fela le le thata, a tswela pele go ya go sela dijo tse a ka di tlhafunang ka meno a gagwe.

Ka bonako Noga ya bona Legotlo, a ntse a sela dihoise le maungo mangwe a a monate go ipeela dijo tsa motshegare. A gagaba go ya kwa go ena, a nanya gore a se dire mokgwasa, fela mala a gagwe a a neng a duma a mo swabisa. Legotlo a inaya naga, a tse na ka lenga la seloko. A iphitlha ka fa tlase ga tlhatlagano ya matlhare. A iphitlha moo ka tidimalo, a sa itshikinye. Noga a phuruphutsa matlhare nakwana, jaanong mala a gagwe a ne a dumela kwa godimo. O ne a tshwerwe ke tlala mme a se na nako ya go tlhotlhora matlhare otlhe go batla Legotlo le le ka se mo kgoriseng, ka jalo a tswelela pele.

Ya re a tsamaya a iphitlhela a le gaufi le noka. Koo, a bona sengwe se se makatsang. Se ne se lebege e kete ke sentlhaga, fela se ne se lakasela e bile se benya mo letsatsing le le galalelang. Noga a bona Thaga e fofela mo sentlhageng. "Go a makatsa gore nonyane ga e a ka ya leka go fitlha sentlhaga gore noga e e tshwerweng ke tlala e seke ya se bona," noga ya bua ka pelo.

A gagaba ka setu a lebile kwa nokeng a tsamaela gaufi le matlhaka go ya kwa sentlhageng sa Thaga. Ka lesego, fa a ipakanyetsa go tsenya tlhogo ya gagwe mo sentlhageng go ja nonyane e nnye, a bonwa ke dinonyane tse dingwe, tse di neng tsa goa mokgosi. Thaga ya tswa ka lobelo mo sentlhageng nako e santse e le teng mme ya inaya naga, fela noga ya thubaka sentlhaga sa ba sa wela fa fatshe, sa tswa diphatsana "Seo se tla go ruta, wena Thaga, gore boikgantsho ga bo duele," ga bua dinonyane tse dingwe.



"Jaanong bona!" ga bua lemphorwana, "Diphofa tsa gago di fetogile, jaanong di thokwa!"

Thaga ya leba diphuka tsa yona ka pelobotlhoko. Ee, tota di ne di le thokwa. O ne a le ditlhong. E seng ka gore o tswile mo leganong la noga, ka gonne ntlo ya gagwe e thubakilwe e bile diphuka tsa gagwe tse di serolwana di fetogile go nna thokwa, di tshwana le tsa dinonyane tse dingwe.

Thaga o ne a ithuta go le gontsi. A seka a tlhola a ikgantsha mme a simolola go nna pelonomi mo diphologolong dingwe. Le fa e le gore diphuka di ne tsa boela go nna serolwana gape, go fitlha gompieno, mariga mangwe le mangwe, di fetoga go nna thokwa, go mo gakolola ka bosilo jwa gagwe.

Nal'ibali fun

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.

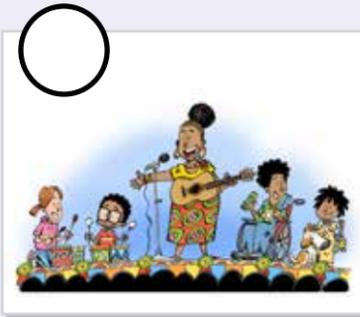
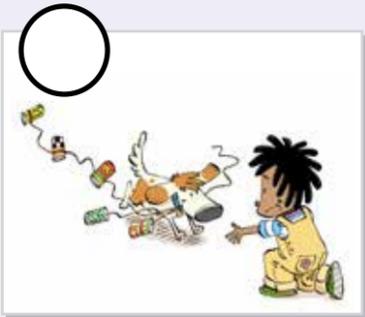
Dira betšhe

1. Sega mo moleng o o nang le marontho a mahibidu go segolola betšhe.
2. Tshasa setshwantsho ka mmala.
3. Sega sediko sa bogolo jo bo tshwanang le jwa betšhe go tswa mo khatebotong e tshesane, sekai, lebokoso la siriele.
4. Dirisa sekgomaretsi go kgomaretsa betšhe mo khatebotong.
5. Dirisa theipi e e kgomaretsang go mametlelela sepelete mo morago ga betšhe. Kgotsa dira leroba kwa godimo mme o tsenye wulu kgotsa mogala mo go lona gore o kgone go e bofelela mo thamong ya gago.
6. Natefelwa ke go apara betšhe ya gago fa o buisa le go reetsa dinaane ka ga Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Puisetsogodimo.



2. Look at these pictures from *A party at the park*. Number them so that they match the order in which things happened in the story. Now use the pictures and retell the story.

Leba ditshwantsho tse go tswa go *Moletlo kwa phakeng*. Baakanya dinomoro gore di nyalane le tatelano ya ditiragalo mo leinaneng. Jaanong dirisa ditshwantsho go anela leinane gape.



2. Unscramble the letters to find five musical instruments from *A party at the park*.

Rulaganyang dithhaka go bona diletswa tsa mmimo di le tlhano go tswa go *Moletlo kwa phakeng*.

scirkudmts _____

agruti _____

srudm _____

mecihs _____

skrahes _____

tasdtiabhoenoprmao _____

rataak _____

apmreo _____

lkoteloid _____

taatapam _____

Answers: 2. 13, 1, 4, 2; 3. drumsticks, guitar, drums, chimes, shakers
Dikarabo: 2. 3, 1, 4, 2; 3. ditshobane tsa moropa, katara, meropa, ditlheloko, mapotata

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

Produced by The Nal'ibali Trust. Translation by Sekepe Matjila. Nal'ibali character illustrations by Rico.

UMLAZI
EYETHU

EASTERN CAPE
RISING SUN

POLOKWANE
OBSERVER

nalibali