



We are 10 years old!

This year, the Nal'ibali reading-for-enjoyment campaign is celebrating its 10th anniversary! In 2012, Nal'ibali 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, Nal'ibali 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!

Re se re le dilemo tse 10 jwale!

Selemong sena, letsholo la Nal'ibali la ho balla boithabiso le keteka selemo sa bo10! Ka 2012, Nal'ibali e ile ya thakgolwa jwaloka letsholo la naha la ho-balla-boithabiso. Sepheo sa lona e ne e le ho tsosolosa le ho tsetela tlwaelo ya ho bala ho potoloha Afrika Borwa ele hore ho bala, ho ngola le ho abelana dipale – ka dipuo tsohle tsa Afrika Borwa – e tle e be karolo ya bophelo ba kamehla. Ho etsa hore ponelopele eo e phethahale, Nal'ibali e hlalitse dipale tse ngata tse makatsang bakeng sa bana ka dipuo tsohle tsa Afrika Borwa. Dipale tsena di phetwa ditlatsetsong tsa rona tse temepedi, jwaloka dibuka tse hatisisweng le dipaleng tsa radio, websaeteng ya rona le ho media wa phedisano, ele hore ngwana e mong le e mong a tle a natefelwe ke pale letsatsi le leng le le leng!

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.

Ngwana e mong le e mong ho tloha ho dilemo tse 0 ho ya pele



Esita le masea a ka natefelwa – mme a lokela ho – natefelwa ke pale letsatsi le leng le le leng. Bana ba ithuta ho bala ka ho qala pele ba ballwa mme ebe ba ithuta ho ipalla ka bobona. Ha o dula o balla hodimo le ho bua le masea, a utlwa mantswa e mangata. Ho abelana ka dibuka tse nang le ditshwantsho, diraeme le dipale ho thusa ho ba ruta tlhontswa le puo – mme ho etsa hore boko ba bona bo nahane! Bona ke bokgoni ba bohlokwa bakeng sa katleho ya sekolong, mme ho tswa ho rona jwaloka batho ba baholo le bahlokomedi hore re behe mohlala wa boitshwara ba ho bala ho tloha bonyenyane.

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.

Letsatsi le letsatsi ka metsotso e 15 feela

Ho ipha nako ya ho kgefutsa letsatsing le maphathaphathe bakeng sa ho balla bana ba hao ho ba bontsha kamoo ba leng bohlokwa ho wena ka teng. Ho balla bana ba hao letsatsi le letsatsi:

- ★ ho etsa hore e be tlwaelo e natefelang mme ho ba thusa ho ba barati ba dibuka le babadi ba bophelo bohle.
- ★ ho bolela hore o ipha nako e itseng bakeng sa bona. Dikgopolo tsa dinako tsa dipale tse kgotsafatsang mmoho le wena di tla dula menahanong ya bana ba hao bophelong ba bona kaofela.

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.



Natefelwang ke dipale le le lelapa



E nngwe ya matsete a bohla ka ho fetisisa ao re ka a etsang baneng ba rona ke ho ba mamela le ho bua le bona le ho etsa dintho mmoho. Dintho tsena di iketsahalla ho ya ka tlhaho ha ba malapa ba qeta nako e itseng le e nyane feela ba le mmoho letsatsi ka leng, ba phetelana le ho bala dipale mmoho.

Ditlholo tse bonolo tse 4

1. Bala ka puo ya bona ya lapeng.
2. Bala seo ba se ratang.
3. Bala dibuka tse hatisisweng.
4. Balang mmoho.

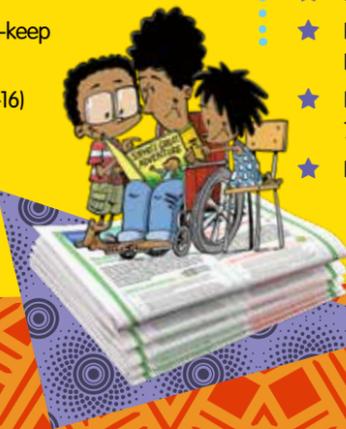


What's inside this BUMPER edition?

- ★ 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 Nal'ibali 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 Sesotho (pages 17–26)
- ★ A new Story corner story (pages 30 and 31)

Ho na le eng ka hara kgatiso ena ya BUMPER?

- ★ Qala leeto la ho bala la lelapa la hao kajeno! (leqephe la 2)
- ★ Ditsela tsa ho keteka Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo (leqephe la 2)
- ★ Phoustara e ntjha! (leqephe la 3)
- ★ Buka e kgethehileng e sehwanng-le-ho-ipolokelwa ya Nal'ibali ya Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Ho Balla Hodimo (maqephe 5, 6, 27 le 28)
- ★ Dipale tse 10 tsa Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo ka English (maqephe 7–16) le ka Sesotho (maqephe 17–26)
- ★ Pale e ntjha ya Hukung ya Dipale (leqephe la 30 le la 31)



Drive your
imagination



IT STARTS WITH
A STORY.
HO QALA
KA PALE.

Celebrate World Read Aloud Day with us!

Each year Na'ibali 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'ibali 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

Ho bala mmoho jwaloka lelapa ho ka fana ka dihora tse ngata tsa boithabiso. Mme jwaloka dintho tsohle tse monate, ho bala ho ka etsahala neng kapa neng le kae kapa kae! Bala pale pele ho nako ya ho robala, motsheare, ha o ntse o emetse motho e mong kapa ntho e itseng, kapa ha o le leetong – neng kapa neng ha o lokile!

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'ibali 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 ho Balla Hodimo mmoho le rona!

Selemo le selemo Na'ibali e qapa pale e kgethehileng bakeng sa ho abelana le wena ka Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo. Pale ya selemong sena, *Moketjana phakeng*, e ngotswe ke mongodi wa Afrika Borwa Mabel Mnensa mme ya tshwantshwa ke radikhathuni Rico mme e na le ba bang ba baphetwa ba ratwang haholo ba Na'ibali. E bale mmoho le ba lelapa la hao Letsatsing lena la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo, la 2 Tlhakola 2022!

Qala leeto la ho bala la lelapa la hao kajeno!

Etsa boitlamo ba ho bala pale ya Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo ka la 2 Tlhakola 2022 mme o kgethe ho dula o bala mmoho le Na'ibali selemo sohle. Ke ena tsela ya ho etsa boitlamo:

- ★ Etsa www.nalibali.org/wrad-2022 bakeng sa ho ngodisa lelapa la hao, tlelapo ya ho bala kapa sekolo sa hao.
- ★ Romela Whatsapp ya "WRAD" ho 0600 44 22 54 mme o latele ditaalo bakeng sa ho kena.
- ★ Jarolla pale ka efe kapa efe ya dipuo tse 11 tsa Afrika Borwa, esitana le Chichewa, French, Lingala, Portuguese, Shona kapa Swahili.
- ★ Ikwetlise ho e balla hodimo pele ho letsatsi le lehlo!
- ★ Kgothaletsa ba lelapa la hao le metswalle hore le bona ba etse boitlamo.

Re ka kgona ho etsa sena! Ha re etseng hore malapa a Afrika Borwa a miliyone e le 1 a bale ka Letsatsi lena la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo!

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'ibali 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 tsa ho keteka Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo

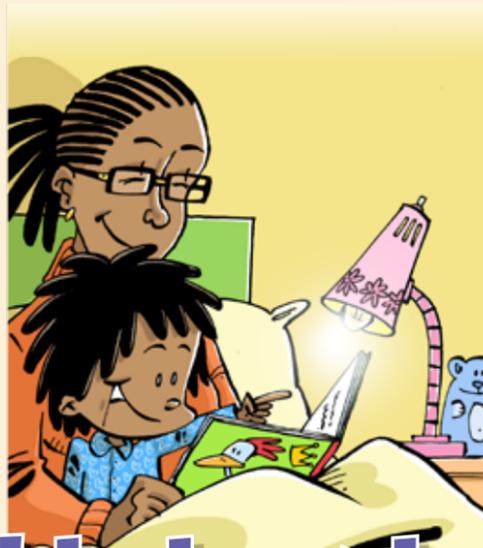
1. Etsa e le nngwe kapa ho feta ya **diketsahalo tsa pale** tse kgothaleditsweng bakeng sa *Moketjana phakeng* karolong ya "Eba mahlahlaha ka pale!" leqepheng la 29.
2. **Lapeng:** Ebang le Mantsiboya a ho Balla Hodimo mmoho le ba lelapa le metswalle. Ballanang hodimo dihatohatsi tsa lona tsa dibuka mme le bolellane hore ke hobaneng le di rata hakaalo.
3. **Sekolong sa hao:** Etsa Sebaka sa ho Balla Hodimo se nang le mefuta e fapaneng ya dibuka bakeng sa dilemo tse fapaneng. Hlophisetsa hore baithaopi ba balla hodimo ba balla dihlapha tsa bana sebakeng sena se ikgethang Letsatsing la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo.
4. **Sejhabeng:** Hlophisa ketsahalo ya ho abelana ka dipale laeaborang ya heno kapa sebakeng sefe kapa sefe sa motse. Mema batho ba baholo le bana ho tla ba tlo abelana ka dipale letsatsi lohle. Le ka fumana maqephe a dikeletso ka dipuo tse fapaneng tsa Afrika Borwa ao le ka a jarollang bakeng sa sarolo ya mahala ya "ho Abelana Dipale" ya websaete ya Na'ibali: www.nalibali.org.
5. **Mosebetsing:** Kopa basebetsimmoho le wena ho nyehela ka dibuka tse ka fuwang sekolo sa motseng kapa tlelapo ya ho bala. Hlophisa hore basebetsi ba qete nako e itseng ba balla hodimo nakong ya kgefutso ya dijo tsa motshehare, ya kopano kapa kamora mosebetsi.



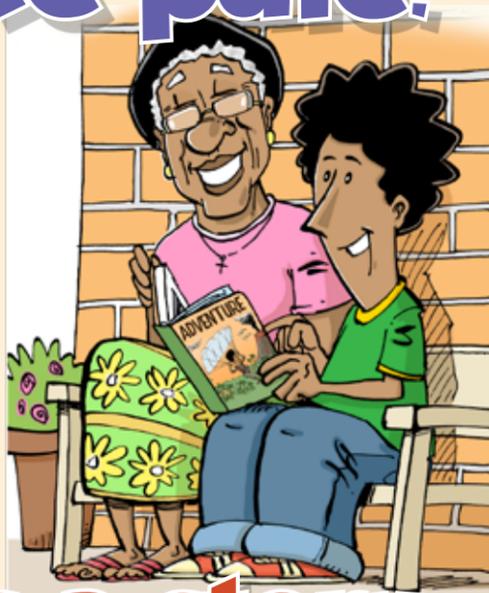
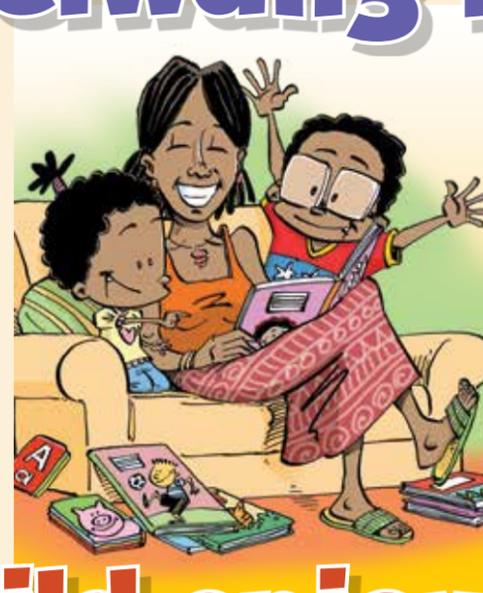
Drive your
imagination



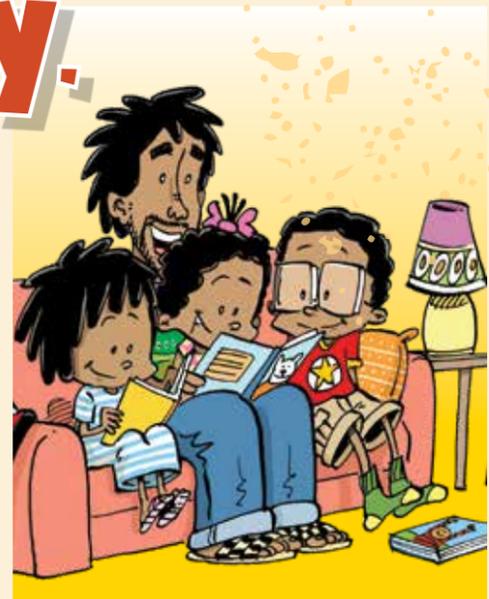
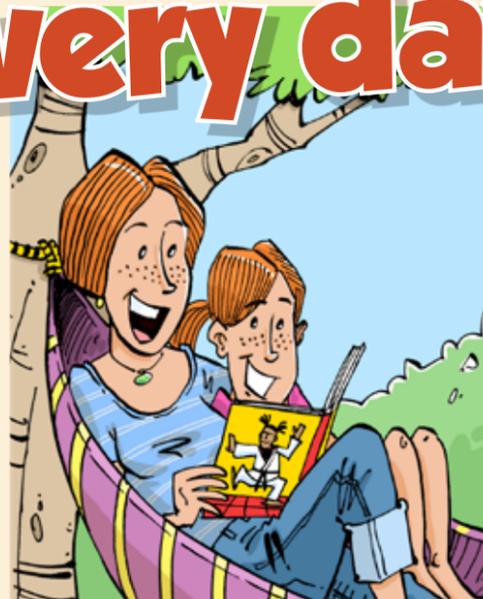
Afrika Borwa eo ho yona A South Africa where



Letsatsi le leng le le leng
ngwana e mong le e mong
a natefelwang ke pale.



every child enjoys a story
every day.



Contact us in any of these ways:
Ikopanye le rona ka e nngwe ya ditsela tse latelang:

www.nalibali.org

www.nalibali.mobi

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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.

Aha pokello ya lelapa la hao ya dibuka

Etela websaete ya rona, www.nalibali.org, ho fumana dipale tseo o ka di balang ka puo ya hao ya lapeng. Hape o ka nna wa mamela dipale tse mamelwang tseo o ka di jarollang mahala. Hape websaete ya rona e zero-rated, e leng se bolelang hore o ka e fumana ntle le tefo efe kapa efe!

- ★ Fumana khopi ya mahala ya tlatseso ya koranta ya rona e temepedi posong efe kapa efe (eya ho <https://www.nalibali.org/story-resources/supplement-distribution> ho fumana e pela hao) kapa ho e nngwe ya dikoranta tse boletsweng tlase leqepheng la 1 le la 32. Tlatsetso ka nngwe e na le dipale tse tharo: dibuka tse pedi tse sehwanng-le-ho-opolokelwa le pale e teletsana ya hukung ya Dipale.
 - ☑ Manamisa dipale tsa hukung ya Dipale hodima maqephe a khateboto (ho etsa mohlala, lebokoso la kgale la sereale) mme o di kwahele ka polastiki ho etsa hore di tshwarelle nako e telele.
 - ☑ Mena mme o sehe dibuka tse sehwanng-le-ho-opolokelwa, ebe o rokella kapa ho seteipola buka ka nngwe ele hore e tshwarelle nako e telele.
 - ☑ Boloka dibuka tsa hao tse sehwanng-le-ho-opolokelwa le dikarete tsa pale ka hara lebokoso kapa lesela kapa mokotlana wa polastiki.
- ★ Tshwarang thekiso ya pesonama kapa ya dikuku ho nyolla mokotla bakeng sa ho reka dibuka. Jwale ebe le reka dibuka lebenkeleng la dintho tse sebedisitsweng le dimmarakeng tsa ka ntle.
- ★ Kopa ba lelapa le metswalle ya hao ho fana ka dibuka e le dimpho.
- ★ Fapanyetsanang ka dibuka mmoho le ba lelapa le metswalle.
- ★ Ngola dipale tseo e leng tsa hao bakeng sa bana le mmoho le bana. Mme le kopanye maqephe ho etsa buka.
- ★ Batlana le dipale dikoranteng le dimakasineng. Di seheng le di ntshe mme le etse dikarete tsa dipale.



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 Sesotho.
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.

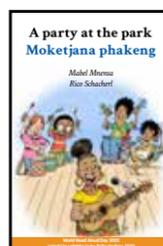


Etsa dipokello tsa dibuka tsa dipale tse PEDI TSA WRAD

1. Ntsha maqephe 7 ho isa ho 26 a tlatsetso ena.
2. Maqephe 7 ho isa ho 16 a etsa buka e le nngwe ka English.
3. Maqephe 17 ho isa ho 26 a etsa buka e le nngwe ka Sesotho.
4. Mena maqephe a buka ka nngwe ka halofo hodima mola wa matheba a matala.
5. Seha hodima mola wa matheba a mafubedu.
6. Rokella kapa o seteipole buka ka nngwe ho boloka maqephe a le mmoho.

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.



Etsa buka e LE NNGWE e sehwanng-le-ho-opolokelwa

1. Leqephehadi le nang le maqephe ana 5, 6, 27 le 28 le etsa buka e le nngwe.
2. Latela ditaelo tse ka tlase mona ho etsa buka.
 - a) Mena leqephe ka halofo hodima mola wa matheba a matsho.
 - b) Le mene ka halofo hape hodima mola wa matheba a matala.
 - c) Seha hodima mola wa matheba a mafubedu.



Drive your imagination



Neo a hwetisa: "Josh! Kgetha Josh!"

"Josh o teng moo? O kae Josh? Ha a ile kwano," ha ralo Tin a tshela.

Josh a phahamisa letsoho. Bontate ba babedi ba mo phahamisetsa sethaleng ka setulo sa hae sa batho ba sitwang ho tsamaya.

"Re a amohela, Josh," ha ralo Tin. "Wena hloko hla dletswa tsena tse pedi!"

Josh a nka sa pele, a ntano nka sa bobedi. Di ne di ntsha modumo o sa tshwaneng.

"Ekei" ha ralo Tin. "JWALE, A RE ..."

Empa le pele a geta polelo ya hae, ha utlwhala modumo o lerata wa mangenenenge. Bohle ba qamaka ho bona hore na ebe ke eng.

"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 round to see what it could be.



"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.

"Bohle, a re binengi" ha hwetisa Tin. "A re ketekengi! Kapa le batla hore Benite ya Re Ka Kgona e le thuse?"

"E, ho twalo!" ha hwetisa leishwele.

Tin a qamaka. "Benite e kae? Jona weel! Ha ke ba bone. Mokejtana o ke ke wa ba monate ha bente e le siyo. Ke ilo hloka thuso ya lona. Sehlopha ke sona feela se ka etsang hore toro ena e phethahale!" Tin a sheba leishwele a bososetse. "Nlho yo pele, ke hloka batho ba babedi ba ka tidiyang meropa."

Neo le Hope ya ba bona ba pele ba phahamisang matsoho. Ha ba hwella sethaleng. Tin a ba isa pela makokoti a mara a maholo a kopi a nang le dikwabelo tsa polasetiki. Makokoti ana a ne a kgabisitswe ka pampiri e mebdala e kganyang le dikonopo. Ho ne ho boetse ho na le melangwana ya ho tidiya meropa bakeng sa 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 Nkgono ba mametse radio ha ba utlwa tsebiso e thabisang: Sehlopha sa Tin and the We Can Band se itla be se tlisitse pontsho ya mmimo phakeng. Dinono tse tswang hohle Afrika, Bella esitana le Noodle ba ile phakeng le bona. Empa sehlopha sa We Can Band se hokae? Neo, Hope, Josh, Bella le Noodle ba emetswe ke semaka se monate.

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



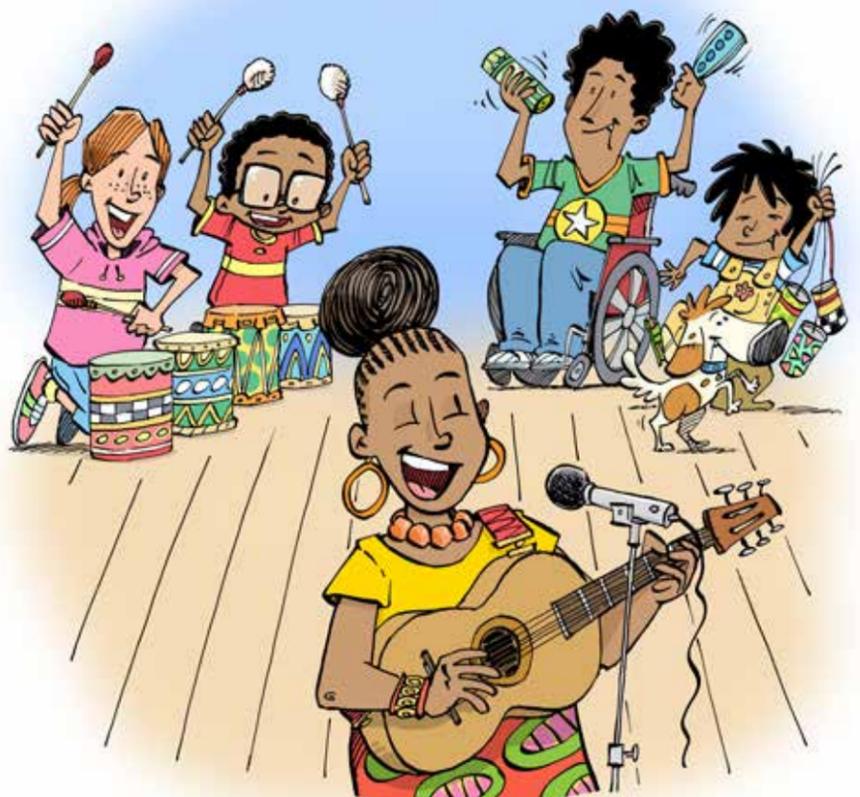
Nal'ibali ke letsholo la naha la ho-balla-boithabiso bakeng sa ho tsoseletsa le ho jala tlwaelo ya ho bala Afrika Borwa ka bophara. Bakeng sa tlhahisoleseding e nngwe, etela www.nalibali.org kapa www.nalibali.mobi



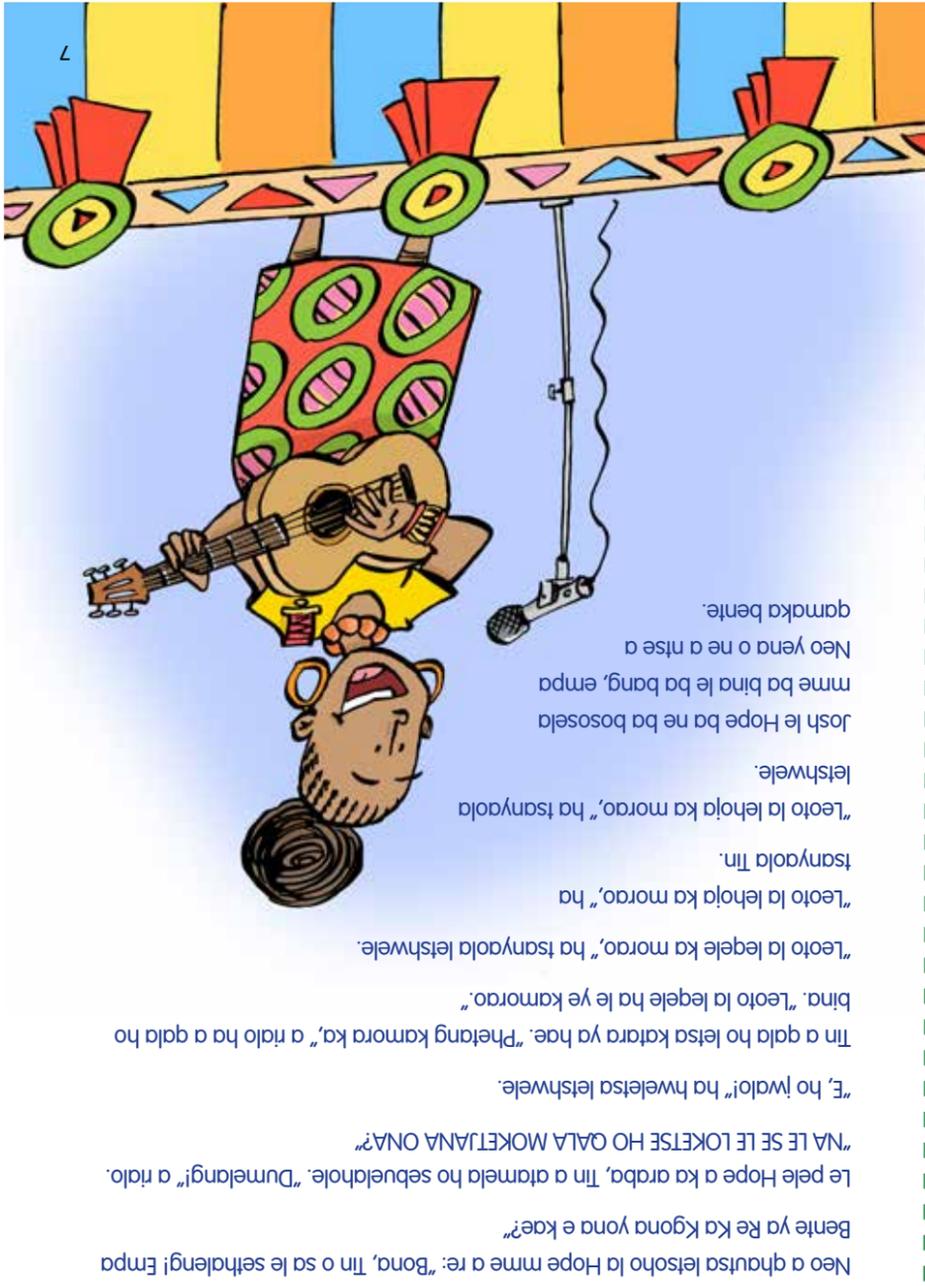
Drive your
imagination

A party at the park Moketjana phakeng

Mabel Mnensa
Rico Schacherl



World Read Aloud Day 2022
Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo 2022



Neo a qhautsa letsoho la Hope mme a re: "Bona, Tin o sa le sethahlang! Empa Bente ya Re Ka Kgona yona e kae?"

Le pele Hope a ka araba, Tin a otamela ho sebueldhole. "Dumelang!" a rialo. "NA LE SE LE LOKETSE HO GALA MOKETJANA ONA?"

"E, ho !walo!" ha hweletsa letshwele.

Tin a qala ho letsa katara ya hae. "Phetang kamora ka," a rialo ha a qala ho bina. "Leoto la legele ha le ye kamorao."

"Leoto la legele ka morao," ha tsanyaoa letshwele.

"Leoto la lehoja ka morao," ha tsanyaoa Tin.

"Leoto la lehoja ka morao," ha tsanyaoa letshwele.

Josh le Hope ba ne ba bososela mme ba bina le ba bang, empa Neo yena o ne a ntse a qamaka 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.



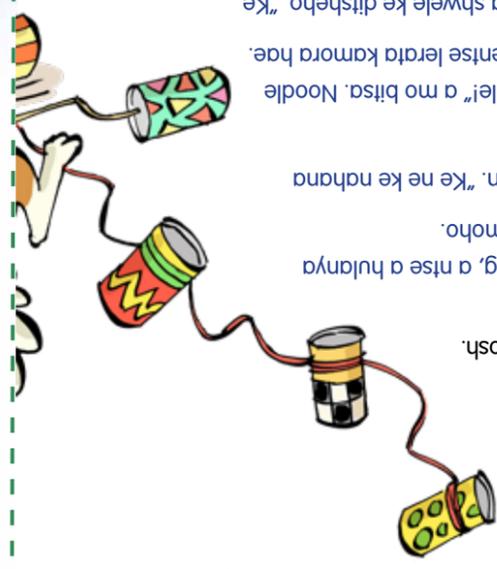
Neo, Josh le Hope kaofela ha bona ba ne ba le ha Nkgono. Ba ne ba qoqa ba bile ba keketeha hamonate.

"Shhhh!" ha rialo Nkgono. "Ke sitwa ho utlwa hore na ho ntse ho thweng seyalemoyeng. Tloong mona re tlo mamela hammoho lenaneo lena leo ke le ratang."

Bohle ba kgutsa mme ba mamela. Ba sa lebella, ba utlwa sebohodi se bitsa lebitso la phaka ya bona.

"Helang! Phaka ya rona e a tsebahala!" ha rialo Neo.

"... le Tiniso, eo hape a bitswang Tin, ba tlo bapala mmimo phakeng thapameng ena hammoho le Bente e bitswang Re Ka Kgona. Dibini tse tswang Zimbabwe, Nigeria le Malawi le tsona di tlo bina. Bohle le a mengwa hore le be teng moketjaneng ona!" ha rialo sebohodi.



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 tins chimes from around Noodle's body. Then Bella and Noodle went and stood next to Neo, Hope and Josh.

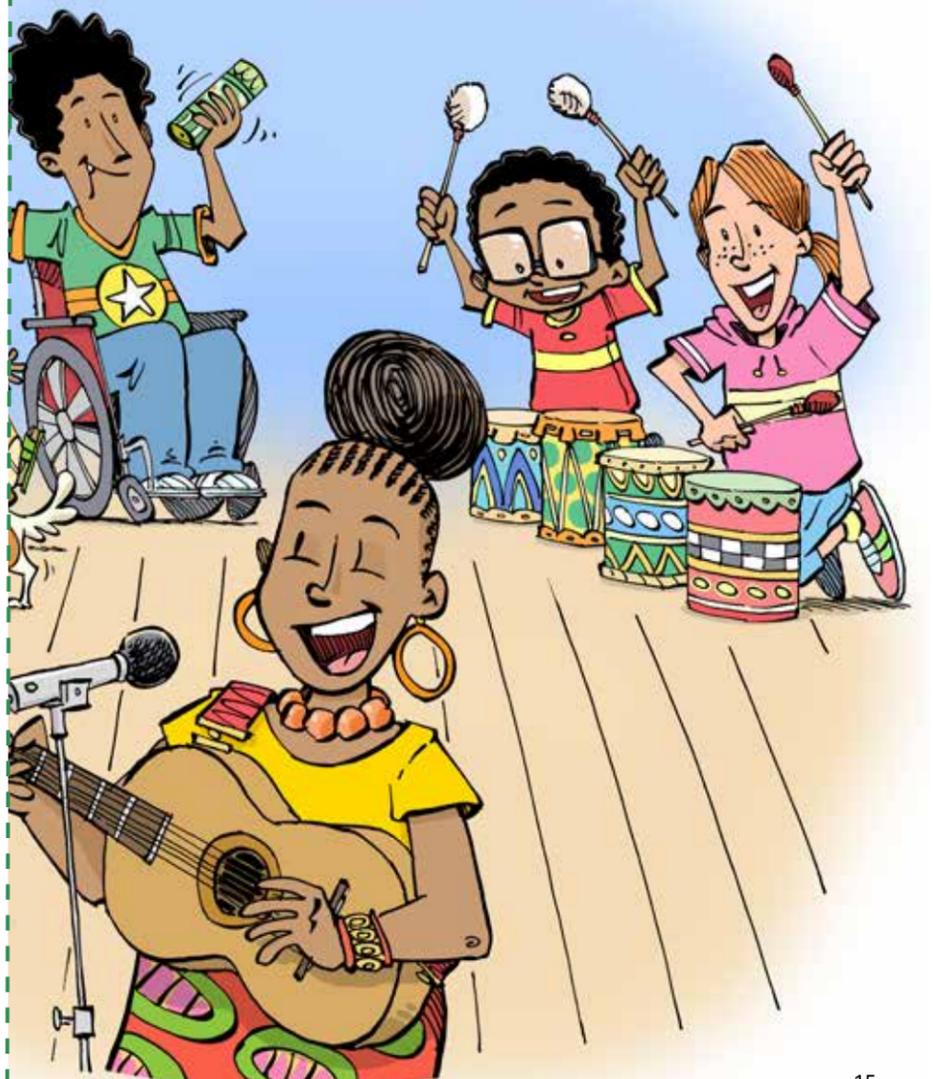
Jwale Noodle a mathela sethahlang, a nse a hulanya makotikoti a tlameletsweng hammoho.

"Mangengene!" ha hweletsa Tin. "Ke ne ke nahana hore ke a lahile!"

Bella a mathela sethahlang. "Noodle!" a mo bitsa. Noodle a mathela ho Bella, makotikoti a entse lerata kamora hae.

"Se ka kgathatseha," ha rialo Tin a shwele ke ditshoho. "Ke bona eka Noodle le yena o batla ho ba karolo ya Bente ya Re Ka Kgona. Ebile ke bona eka o batla hore le wena o be karolo ya rona," a rialo a supa Bella.

Tin a thusa Bella hore a hlwelle sethahlang mme bobedi ba bona ba fetsolla mangengene a neng a ithathitse mmeleeng wa Noodle. Bella le Noodle ba ntano empa pela 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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 **IT STARTS WITH A STORY.**

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

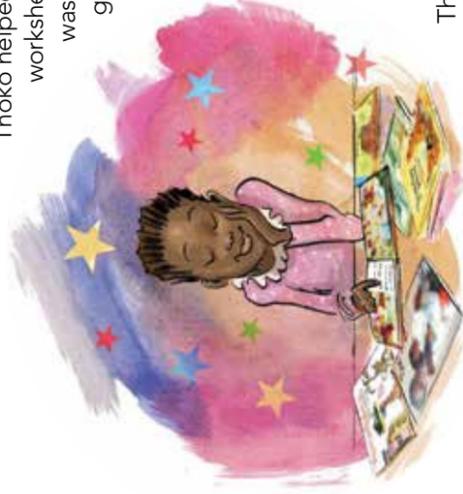
A gold star and a kiss for Thoko

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.

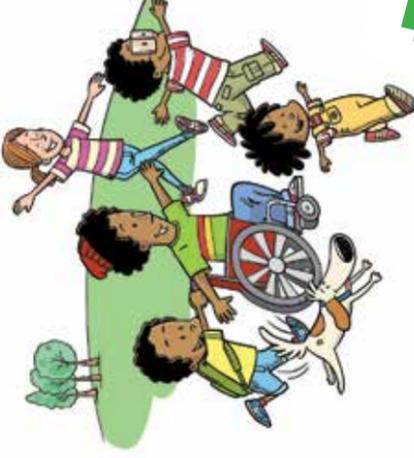
"Home," laughed Neo, "I'm hungry!"

"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.



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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.

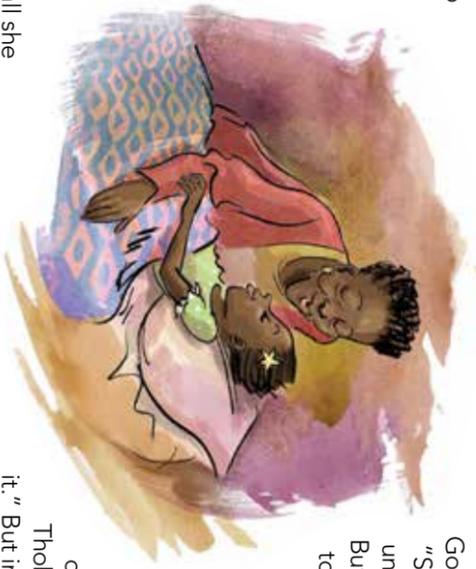
"And what did you do after school?" asked Gogo.

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!"

Sparkling children's potential through storytelling and reading.

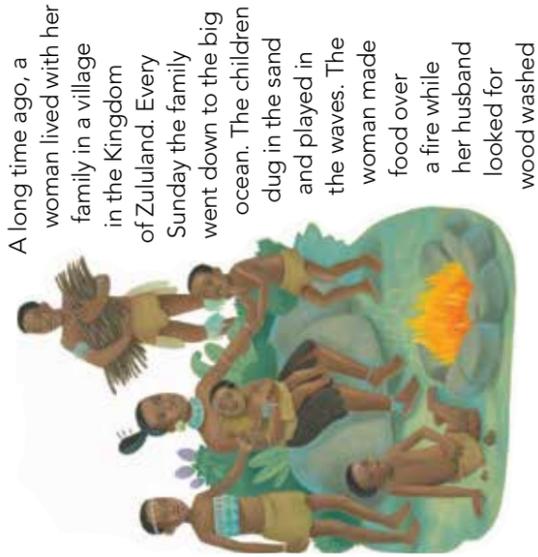
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How stories began

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.

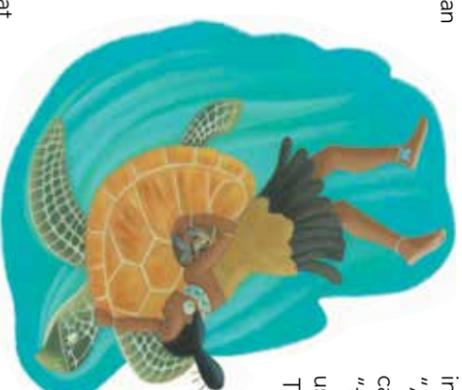
They had made an enormous fire that crackled and spat in the darkness.

"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 ... Na'ibali ... here is the story. Sssh. 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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Where are you?

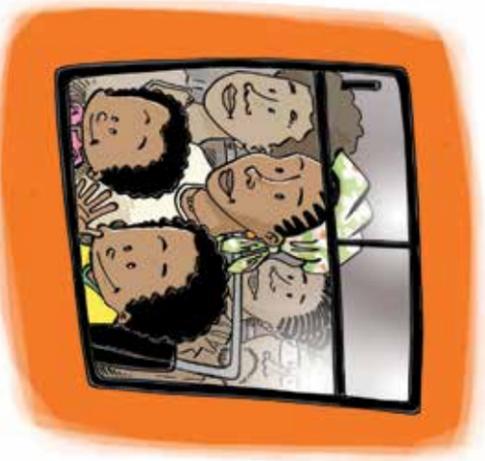
Story by Ann Walton

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.



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.



"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



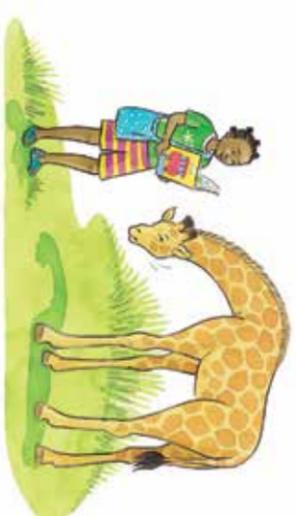
Share a story today!



"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.



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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 dabbled. 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.



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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.

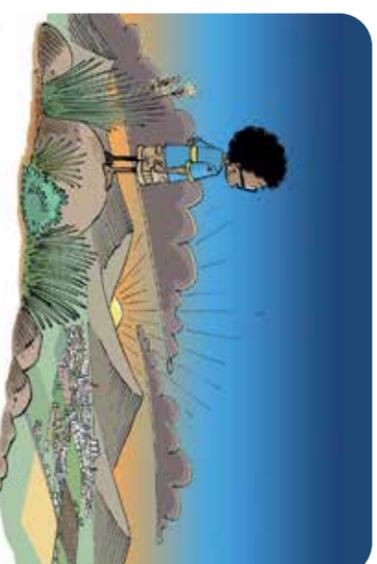
The water splashed at his feet and giggled. "I am a river. I roam

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!



"Aaaaaarh! 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!

"Aaaaaarh! 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?

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Nal'ibali e molemong wa malapai!

Kanella leetong la lelapa la Nal'ibali la ho bala mme o fumane dipale tse eketsehang hammoho le malebela le dithahiso tsa hore na o ka bala le bana ba hao iwang selemo ho pota.

Ho qoqa ka dibuka le dipale

Ho bala hodimo ho re fa monyella wa ho qoqa le bana ba rona ka dibuka le dipale. Ho qoqa ka dipale ke ntho ya bohlokwa iwalo ka ho bala mantswa a ho tsona! Qoqang ka:

* dithswantsho le bao ho buuwang ka bona paleng
* se etsahalang paleng.

Tse latelang ke dintho tse mmalwa tseo le ka qoqang ka tsona. Kamehla o dule o hopola hore sepheo ke ho thabela ho bala buka le ngwana wa hao e seng ho "hahloba" kuliwiso ya hoe ka seo o se badleng.

* **O nahana hore ho tlo etsahalang ka mora moo?** Boisa polso ena dibkeng tse sa tshwaneng ha o nise o bala pale. Sena se thusa ngwana hore a nahane ka se ka mang sa etsahlala ho latela seo a seng a se tseba – e leng bokgoni bo sebediswang ka dinako tsohle ke babadi ba hwahlwa.

* **Sheba mona. O bonang?** Nka nako o shebile dithswantsho tse dibukeng ka hloko le ho di thabela.

** Supa dikarolo tse sa tshwaneng tsa setshwantsho.

** Qoqa ka seo o se bonang.

** E re ngwana wa hao a fumane batho kapa dintho tse setshwantshong.

** Qoqa ka tsela eo mantswa a ngotsweng ka yona. Na a manyenyane kapa a maholo? Hobaneng o filho iwalo?

* **Pale ena e etsa hore o nahane eng kapa o ikulilwe iwang?** Dipale di ka thusa bana hore ba utlwisisa ba ba ba kgone ho sebesana le dintho tse etsahalang bophelong ba bona. Bua dintho tse kang:

** Pale ena e nkgopotisa hore na ke ntho ya bohlokwa hakakang ho tshwara batho ba bang hanthe. Wena e o hopotsa eng?

** Ke thabisitse ke ha batho ba moiseng ba pholosa diphoofolo. Wena o ile wa ikulilwa iwang?

* **O nahana hore sena se etsahetse hobaneng?** Boisa bana ba hao dipotso ho ba thusa hore ba fumane hore na ke hobaneng dintho tse iseng di etsahetse paleng le hore na ke hobaneng ha motho ya itseng a ikulilwe ka tsela e itseng kapa a entse dintho ka tseo eo.

* **O nahanang ka ...? ... o entse hore o ikulilwe iwang?**

** Na o thabetse pale eng?

** Motho eo o mo rirang haholo paleng ena ke mang?

** Ke karolo efe eo o e ralieng ka ho feletsisa kapa eo o sa e rirang paleng eng?

** Pale ena e entse hore o ikulilwe iwang?

** O nahana hore qetello ya pale ena e iwang?

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Kgatiso ya Sepopotso sa Selemo sa bo 10

Pokello ya Dipale tsa Letsatsi la

Lefatsho la ho Balla

Hodimo

Ha wena le bana ba hao le thabela pale letsatsi le letsatsi, seo:

- ★ se ba bonisha hore o nahana hore dibuka le ho bala ke dintho tsa bohlokwa.
- ★ se le fa dintho tseo le ka qoqang ka tsona iwalo ka lelapa.
- ★ se hahna dikamano tse matla pakeng tsa lona.
- ★ se ba thusa ho bona hore ho bala ho monthe ehlile ke mosebeisi o pulsang.
- ★ se ba bonisha hore na re bala iwang le hore na dibuka di sebetsa iwang.
- ★ se ba fa monyella wa ho thabela dipale tseo ba sa kgoneng ho di bala ba le bang.
- ★ se ba kgothalletsa ho ithuta ho ipadla le ho tswela pele ba bala.
- ★ se thusa ho dha tsebo ya ho bala le ho laola makululo e le hore ba ka kgona ho sebesa hanthe sekolong le sefihleng.

SESOTHO

Thoko o fuwa naleledi ya kgauta o bile o a sunwa

Pale le ditshwantsho ka by Niki Daly

Labohlano haesale e le letsatsi le lehloho la "Dikgau tsa Dinaledi".

Ho fihlela jwale, Thoko o ne a se a fumane naleledi e tshela bakeng sa dipalo tsa Mmetse, naleledi e kgubedu bakeng sa mongolo o makgethe le naleledi e bolouu bakeng sa "matsoho a hlwekileng". Dinaledi tse tala e ne e le tsa ho thusa Mof McKensie ho kuka mokotlana wa hae o moholo ho toha koloiing ho ya ka phaposing ya borutelo. O fumane naleledi ya kgauta bakeng sa ho bala. Dinaledi tsa kgauta di tswa pele!



Dinaledi di ne di dula di ntshwa pele tshepe ya ho tswa ha sekolo e lla mme bohle ba tswa ba potlakile ho ya kopana le bomma bona, bontata bona, bonkgonwa bona kapa borakgadla bona lebaleng la dipapadi. Bohle, kantie ho Thoko, ba neng ba dula haufi, ba ne ba kgona ho otolla maoto ba ya lapeng. Thoko o ne a dula le mmae kamora lebenkele la ho roka diaparo la Nkgonwae.

Labohlano e ne e boetse e le letsatsi le monate hobane Thoko o ne a fuwa tjehele ya ho ithekela dimonamone tseleng ha a ya hae. Labohlano lena e ne e le Labohlano la lehlohonolo ka ho fetisisa hobane Thoko o ile a finyella pakeng ya makoloi hantle ka nako e nepahetseng, bakeng sa ho thusa Mof McKensie ho jara mokotlana wa hae o moholo ho o isa phaposing ya borutelo. Mohlomong o ne a tla fumana naleledi e tala. Naledi ya kgauta bakeng sa ho bala le yona e ne e tla ba betere, ehlile.

Morao tjena, Thoko o ne a ile a etsa matsapa a ho ntlatfatsa ho bala ha hae – ho bala ka bokgabane, ho kgefutsa kamora feelwane le ho emisa ho letshwao la kgutlo bakeng sa ho kga moya. Mmadi ya ipabotseng e bile Brendan, eo bana ba neng ba mmitisa "Mahlo a Mehara" hobane o ne a bala dibuka tse ngata ho feta.

Thoko o ile a thusa Mof McKensie ho fana ka maqephe a mosebetsi. Maqephe a mosebetsi a Labohlano e ne e le feela a nako – mme nako e ne e dieha haholo bakeng sa Thoko. Ha fela a ne a ka kgona ho etsa hore matsoho ane a tshupanakong e takilweng a potolohle mme a emise ha a filia Nakong ya Dikgau tsa Dinaledi! Ka nako ya mmimo, o ne a se a sa ipatle, a tatetse hore mola wa ho qetela wa pina e ntjha o fihle. Jo, ho emela Dikgau tsa Dinaledi ho ne ho le bohloko hle.

Nakathuto ya ho qetela ya letsatsi la sekolo e ne e le e se nang thuto, kahoo Thoko a ikemisetsa ho bala. Yare ha a ntse a bala, a qetella a lebetse ka nako – a qala ka buka ya pele, yaba ho tla e nngwe, le e nngwe hape. Ka nako eo a seng a ekeditse dihlooho tsa dibuka lenaneng la hae la ho bala, Mof McKensie e ne e se e le malalaatswe ho tsebisa bahlodi ba dinaledi.

Shane, Rapelang, Thabang le Lebohlang, bohle ba ile ba fumana dinaledi tse tshelha. Gift, Gaswin, Palesa, Lefaso le Kay-Lee ba fumana dinaledi tse kgubedu. Babiki, Dineo le Miska ba fumana dinaledi tse tala. Mme Nthabeleng, ya ileng a kgona ho hiatswa mabenyanane a neng a le matsohong a hae ka nako ya kgefutso, a fumana naleledi e bolouu. Yaba Thoko o utiwa lebitso la hae le bitswa.

"Thoko le Brendan," Mof McKensie a hoa jwalo, a shebile manane a ho bala. Brendan o ne a badile dibuka tse hlano, mme Thoko yena a badile tse tshelatseng! Yaka a ka qhibidiha ke thabo ha Mof McKensie a maneha naleledi ya kgauta phatleng ya hae.

"Kete-kete-kete!" tshepe ya sekolo ya lla mme Thoko a nka sekaja ho ya tswa ka diheke tsa sekolo. O ne a se a tatetse ho ya bontsha Mmae le Nkgonwae naleledi ya hae ya kgauta. Ha

"Jwale he, ha re etseng tlhodisa ya difofane tsa pampiri," ha rialo Afrika mme a ntsha motako wa hae wa sefofane sa pampiri.

"Helang, ke nifo e nile," ha rialo Josh. "Ke batla ho ba motofisi wa difofane ka tsatsi le leng. Empa butle! Ke tla o bontsha hore o fofe iwang. Eisa jwalo ka nna," a hoelisa.

Josh a phahamisa diphaka tsa hae mme a bina: "Thinyetsa ho le letshetadi, thinyetsa ho le letona. Thinyetsa ho le letona, thinyetsa ho le letshetadi."

Phahamisisa diphaka tsa hao mme o tutubale. Le letshetadi, le letona, hodimo, ilase. Re ita fofela hohle."

Afrika, Neo, Bella le Hope le bona ba kenella. Ha Josh a ntse a potoloha ka setuwana sa hae sa mabidi, ba bang ba maitha ba phukaladitse diphaka ba ntse ba bina ba tsheha. Mme he, Noodle a kenella le yendi. Baile ba emisa feela ha ba se ba kgathitse ba hema ka ithata.



"Butle! Neo, emat! O ya hokae?" ha botsa Afrika.

"Lapeng," Neo a tsheha, "Ke lapile!"

"Le nna," ha rialo Bella.

"Habu habu!" ha bohola Noodle.

Hope a sheba tshupanako ya hae. "Re fetwa ke nako ya dijo tsa motshoare," a rialo. "Ha re matheng."

"Tjhe," ha rialo Josh. "Ha re fofeng!" Bohle ba tsheha, ba phukalatsa diphaka tsa bona ... mme ba fofela lapeng.

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

"Ke lakatsa eka ba ka be ba re ruta nifo tsena sekolong," ha rialo Hope a ntse a setse ditaelo tsa Afrika morao.

Hang ha bohle ba qetile, Afrika a re, "Pele o fofisa sefofane sa hao, o lokela ho etsa qeto ya hore o batla ho ya kae. Ha o akgela sefofane sa hao moyeng, o hoelise lebitso la nahao eo o se romelang ho yona. Nngwe, pedi, itharo – FOFAI!" Kaofela ha bona ba akgela difofane tsa bona tsa pampiri moyeng.

"Ke romela sa ka Zimbabwe!" ha rialo Neo.

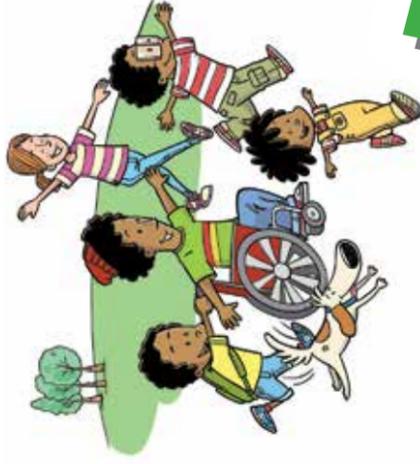
"Sa ka se ya England!" Bella le Hope ba buela hang.

"Brazil!" ha rialo Afrika.

"Japani!" ha rialo Josh.

Bana ba tsheha ha ba ntse ba shebellese difofane tsa bona di fofa sepakapakang. Noodle a matha a ntse a bohola a leka ho tshwara difofane tsa pampiri!

"Jwale le a tseba hore ha le hloke ho ba ka hara sefofane sa nnete ho kgona ho fofa," ha rialo Josh.



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Fofang, bohle, fofang!

Pale ka Sihle Nontshokweni ■ Dithwanisho ka Magriet Brink le Leo Daly
 ■ Phetolelo ka Hilda Mohale

Afrika, Dintle le Mme wa Afrika ba ne ba le ka beseng tseleng e lebong ha Nkgono. "Haidi! Matsisi a phomolo a ba a fihla!" ha rido Afrika a phomqhoma selulong.



"Sshhi! O itla tsosa kgatisedya hao," ha hweshetsa Mme wa Afrika.

"Tshwarelo, Mme," ha hweshetsa Afrika.

Afrika a leka ho kgutsa, empa a hlaleha. "Ekaru bese ena ya kgale e ka be e le sefofane," a rido a otlola matsoho iwabika hoeka ke mapho a sefofane. "Hoja re ne re tola, e kabe e le kgale re le ha Nkgono."

"Ke a tseba," ha rido Mme, "empa a ko theole matsoho a hao hile pele o kenya mwanana ka lehlolong la motho e mong."

"Oho, bese ena e lenama," Afrika a fahelwa. "Re keke ra fihla moo."

Ho ile ha nka dihora tse ngata, empa qetellong bese e ile ya emma mme ba bona Nkgono a ba emetse a nise a tsoka leiso ho. "Ke ne ke thabile haholo ho fihla pele ho nako mona," Nkgono a rido a nise a ba hoka a bile a ba sura koofela.

Re ntle nako e telele re podame bese ena e kgetshemelang, e lerata, ya kgale Nkgono, "ha rido Afrika. "Ke a tseba," Nkgono a bososela. "Iwde, ha re yang hae. Ho na le teye le kuku tse le emetse mme Neo le Mboali ba hla fihla haufinyane." Seo sa thabiso Afrika mme a bososela tselo yohle ho ya ha Nkgono.



Ha Nkgono a nise a seha kuku a re, "Ho ke ne kele monyenyane, re ne re se na dibese. Hona iwde ho na le dikoloi, dikeksi, dibese, diferene ..."

"... le difofane," ha rido Neo a kena ka tlung le Mboali. Afrika a hlalela hodimo ho ya dumedisela matsivalle ya hae. O ne a thabeise ho ba bona hape.

Mboali a sheba kwana le kwana. "Yam, yam," a rido a supile kuku.

Nkgono a isheha mme a ba fa selae motho ka mong. "Josh, Hope le Bella ba itla eta hosane," a rido.

"Le Noodle," ha rido Mboali.



"Le Noodle," Nkgono a dumela.

Leitsateng le hlalohang bohle ba isohlile e sa le kameso. "Haeba ke tseba matsivalle ya hao," ha rido Mme wa Afrika, "ba itla fihla mona le pele o qeta ho ja dijo tsa hao tsa hoseng." Ho sa le iwalo bohle ba utlwa ho bohloki.

"Noodle, bulle pele!" Bella a hoelisa, a nise a latela Noodle ho kena ka phaposing. Noodle o ne a thabeise ho bona batho bohle.

Hanghang Josh le Hope ba fihla mme bohle ba qala ho bua ka nako e le ngywe. Nkgono a ikwala diseba. "Qetang ho ja, mme le tsamaye!" Nkgono a rido mme a re bona ba bohlokwanyane ba ye ka ntle le Noodle ho ya bapala.

"Josh," ha rido Afrika, a nise a sutjisa setlhwana sa mabidi ho ya mabaling, "o a hopola ha ke ne ke le moo nakong e feliang o ile wa hida thadisanano ya dikhxae?"

"E," Josh a isheha. "Nkeke ka e lebala eo toba."

a feta setendeng sa Mof Ismail sa makwenya a monate, sefahleho sa hae se ne se tshesa ke ho matha. Moradinyana wa Mof Ismail, Sharifa, o ne a ikgantse eka ke monga lebenkele. A nea Thoko lekwenya le nang le senoko se monate le le ka mokotlanyaneng wa pampiri a nto bososela ha monate. "Ke a leboha", a rido Thoko a bile a nka ka sekaja.

"Mme! Nkgono!" a hoelisa a se a ishohlometsa ka monyako wa ka pele, "shebang hore ke fumane eng?"

Nkgono a inamoloha moo a ntseng a roka teng yaba Mme yena o nyarela hukung.

"Dumela, Thoko!" ba ralo. "Ho ne ho le jwang sekolong?"

"Shebang!" ho ralo Thoko. Mme le Nkgono ba sheba moo Thoko a supileng teng phateng ya hae.

"Re shebe eng, Thoko?" ho botsa Nkgono.

"Naledi ya ka ya kgauta!" ho ralo Thoko a se a teneha.

"Naledi efe ya kgauta?" ha botsa Mme.

"Ena," ho ralo Thoko, a phopholetsa ka mwanana phateng ya hae. Empa a utlwa letlalo le boreledi feela! Naledi ya Kgauta e ne e ile! Thoko a bokolla ha a ntsa a hlalosa kamoo a ileng a fumana naledi ya kgauta ka teng bakeng sa ho bala.

"O getetse neng ho e bona?" ho botsa Mme.

"Sekolong," Thoko a araba.

"O ile wa etsang ha sekolo se etswa?" ha botsa Nkgono. A ntsa alla, Thoko a bolela tselo yohle eo a e tsamaileng ho tswa sekolong.

"The bo, kwana e ne mpa e le naledi ya pampiri feela," ho ralo Mme. Empa ha ho jwalo. E ne e le naledi e ikgethleng haholo ya kgauta.

"Hlakola meokgo he, re tla ya re lilo batlana le naledi ya hao ya kgauta," ho ralo Nkgono.

Nkgono a thusa Thoko ho menahana le mehlala ka tselo eo a tlieng ka yona ho toha hukung ho ya mmileng o lebang sekolong. Mme ha ba fihla ha Mof Ismail moo ho rekiswang makwenya ba fumana naledi ya kgauta ya Thoko – e maname phateng ya moradinyana wa Mof Ismail! Ha Mof Ismail a utlwa pale e bohloko ya Thoko, a re, "Sharifa rato la ka, naledi eno eo o e thotseng fatshe ke ya Thoko." Empa Sharifa o ne a se a rata naledi ya kgauta ya Thoko haholo. Eitse ha Mof Ismail a leka ho e tlosa, a bokolla haholo hoo bafeta ka tselo ba ileng ba nahana hore o a fenehwa.

Nkgono a sheba Thoko. "Sharifa o monyane haholo ho ka utwisisa se lokileng. Empa wena o se o le moholo hoo o ka gyanang ho mo nahanela. Mo tlohele a inkele naledi ya hao ya kgauta," a ralo. Thoko a e nahaniisa metsotswana e se mekae. Dihuku tsa naledi ya kgauta di ne di se di kobehile, mme e ne e shebahala eka e ka tlaha e wa hape. "Ho lokile" ha ralo Thoko, "Sharifa a ka nna a e nka." Empa ka hare o ne a ntsa a hlokoitse. Ho ne ho se bonolo jwalo ho hapa dinaledi tsa kgauta.



Yaba ka nako ya ho robala, Nkgono o tlišetsa Thoko ho hong ho kgethehleng hoo a ho entseng – naledi e phatsimang ya kgauta e tlelipping ya moriri. "Sena ke bakeng la hobane o le mmadi ya hlwahlwa," ho ralo Nkgono. Yaba

o suna Thoko phateng mme a hweshetsa, "Epile ke ka lebaka la hobane o le ngwanana ya mosa ya bohlae." Thoko a ishwara phateng mme a nahana hahlokwanyane ha a ntsa e aya le sephume sa boroko. Dinaledi tsa kgauta di a kobe ha di be di wele fatshe. Atho ho suna ho na le moelelo wa nako e telele!"



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Ho qala ka pale...

Kamoo tshomo e qadileng kateng

Pale ka Wendy Hartmann
Ditshwanitsho ka Tamsin Hinrichsen

Kgale kwana, ho ne ho na le mosadi ya neng a dula le lelapa la hae motseng o itseng Mmusong wa Zululand. Ka sontata se seng le se seng lelapa le ne le theohela lewatlang.

Bana ba ne ba tihaka lelabatheng mme ba bapalla maqhubung. Mosadi enwa o ne a pheha dijo mollong wa fatshe ha monna wa hae a ntse a batla patsi e hohotsweng ke lewatle bakeng

beta dintho tse ntle: dinonyana, batho le mefuta yohle ya diphoofolo. Hara beke lelapa lohle le ne le sebetsa ka thata mme mantsiboya le ne le ora mollo. Ho ne ho le lefifi haholo bakeng sa ho sebetsa kapa ho bapala kapa ho betla dintho, empa le teng nako ya ho robala e ne e so fihle. Jwale ke yona nako eo ka yona bana ba ileng ba kopa mme wa bona hore a ba phetele tshomo.

Ba ile ba kopa ba re, "Mama, re batla ho mamela ditshomo. Re kopa o re phetele e le nngwe."

Empa ho sa tsotellehe hore na o ne a leka ka matla hakae ho hopola ditshomo, o ne a sa hopole letho. Yena le monna wa hae ba ne ba se na ditshomo tseo ba ka di phetang.

Ka letsatsi le leng, mosadi eo o ile a etsa qeto ya ho kopa thuso ho baahisane ba hae. O ile a ba botsa a re, "Na le tseba ditshomo leha e le dife?"

Ba sisinya dihlooho tsa bona ba re, "Tjhe-ee-ee, ho hang."

Ho ne ho se na ditshomo. Ho ne ho se ditoro ... ebile ho ne ho se na ditshomo tsa boselamose. Monna wa hae o ile a etsa tlhahiso a re, "Mohatsaka, ke nahana hore o tsamaye o ilo batla ditshomo. Ke tla hlakomela bana le ntlo. Fumana ditshomo tse itseng ebe wa kgutla."



Yaba mosadi eo o sadisa ba lelapa la hae hantle mme wa tsamaya. O ile a etsa qeto ya ho botsa sebopuwa se seng le se seng seo a neng a tla kopana le sona hore na ba na le ditshomo tseo ba ka di phetang. Phoofofo ya pele eo a ileng a kopana le yona ke mmutla. O ile wa tla o nise o re qothoqotho ka maoto a yona a maholo.

A mmitsa a re, "Mmutlali, na ha o na ditshomo?" "Ditshomo?" ho botsa Mmutla. "Oh, ke na le tse makgolo, tse dikete, a-e, hantle ... di dimilione." A re, "Mmutla, ke kopa o mphe tse itseng hore ke tsebe ho thabisa bana ba ka."

Mmutla a re "jooo... , ha ke na nako. Ntle le moo ... ditshomo motshehare tjee? ... Ho hang!" Yaba wa qothomaqothoma wa tsamaya.

Hamorao a bona sephooko. Ha a se botsa ka ditshomo sa phukalatsa masiba a sona se halefife. Sa re, "Wena ... o ... o ntsosa? Ha ke na ditshomo. E ya ho ntsu e kgolo e jang ditlhapi. Ke yena ya tsohileng motshehare tjena. O mo

botse."

Kahoo mosadi eo a ya moo Noka ya Tugela e kopanang le lewatle moo ntsu e jang ditlhapi e neng e tsoma teng. Eitse ha a e bona a e bitsa ka lebitso. Ntsu e jang ditlhapi ya mo etsetsa lerata ya re. "KOW! kow-kow-kow! Ke hobaneng ha o ntshitisa ke ntse ke tsoma?"



Ba apesa sebopuwa seo ka diaparo tsa Hope tsa karate le katiba ya Neo ya diphaerete le petjhe ya leihlo. Josh a faseletsa sebopuwa seo khaeteng ya hae. Mme jwale ba ne ba lokile!

Bana ba ipata kamora sehlahla mme ba fasolla



kgwele ya khaete. Moya o matla wa pheulela sebopuwa seo hodimo marung. Ke sela se leba hodimo-dimo kwana, se fofela hodimo marung hole le bona.

Ka nako eo, Bella le mmae ba ne ba fihlile phakeng ho ya tsamaisa Noodle. Ha Noodle a bona sebopuwa se leketlile hodimo sepakapakeng, a qala ho bohola le ho hula lebanta le molaleng wa hae. Bella a leka ho tshwara lebanta la Noodle ka thata, empa Noodle o ne a hula ka matla hoo a ileng a tlameha ho mo tlhela. Yaba Noodle o mathela kwana ho ya ka nqane ho phaka. Bella le mmae ba mo lelekisa.

Yaba sebopuwa seo se qalella ho fofela tiase ho ya hloohong ya majoro ha a ntse a fana ka puo ya hae! Noodle o ne a mathela ho yena a ntse a bohola sebopuwa seo – mme Bella le mmae ba ne ba se hole ba mo setse morao.

Josh a hula kgwele ya khaete, a leka ho nyollela sebopuwa hodimo marung, empa ho ne ho se ho le morao. Noodle a qhomela hodimo sebopuweng, a thesela majoro. Dikgetjhana tsa pampiri tse nang le puo ya majoro tsa fofela hohle phakeng, mme batho ba qalella ho matha ba phasalla ba ya kwana le kwana.

Neo, Josh, Hope, Bella le mmae ba matha ho ya thusa. Ba fumana majoro a wetse fatshe pela sebopuwa sane mme Noodle a ntse a se bohola. Bana ba thusa ho thodisa Noodle ha mme wa Bella



yena a thusa majoro ho ema.

Yaba Hope o hilosa morero wa hae le kamoo o sa tsamayang hantle ka teng. Majoro a mamela, mme yare ha Hope a qeta, a mo sheba ... yaba o qalella ho tsheha. "Tjhe, jwale o ka ngola pale ya hao e buang ka sebopuwa se tshosang," majoro a



etsa tlhahiso.

Leha morero wa Hope o ne o sa tswella hantle, leo e bile letsatsi leo bohle ba tlang ho dula ba le hopola!



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Letsatsi leo re nang ho le hopola

Pale ka Lorato Trok
Dishwanstsho ka Rico
Pheolelo ka Hilda Mohale

"Phakisa, Neo, re siluwe ke nako!" ha riolo Hope a bea mokotlana wa hae o boima fatshe. Hope le Josh ba ne ba emetse Neo. Kaofela ha bona ba ne ba eya phakeng ele karolo ya morero wa Hope!

Haesale Hope a qadile ho rera taba ena kamora hoba a badile buka e ntha eo mmae a neng a mo rekete yona. E ne e le mabapi le ngwananyana ya ileng a pholosa motse wa habo ka sebete ditleneng tsa sebopuwa se tshosang. Hope o ne a ile a natelwa ke buka eo haholo hoo a ileng a geta ho e bala ka letsatsi le le leng feela mme a ba a lora ka sebopuwa seo se tshosang hona boaiung booi!

"Ke tshapa hore seo o re lokiseditseng sona se tla re natelwa. O tateditseng hakaele?" Neo a botsa Hope a bile a kwala lemali la ka pele. Neo o ne a nwetse katiba ya hae eo a e ratang ya diphaerete le peithe leihlong.

"Le ma ke lefifing jwaloka wena feela, Neo. Hope o nkopile feela hore ke tle le khaete ya ka phakeng," ha riolo Josh a supa khaete ya hae.

"Ntshapeng, le tlo natelwa ke sena!" ha riolo Hope a tsamaya ka pela metswalle ya hae. Neo le Josh ba mo latela, ba leka ho phakisa le yena.

Ha ba fihla phakeng, ba bona majoro a potapotiwe ke letshwele la batho. "Ho etsahala eng?" Josh a botsa mosadi ya neng a eme haufi le moo.

"Haesale ho tloha kgale, majoro a ntse a fumana ditlitlebo tse ngata ka lebaka la hobane ho ne ho se na moriti o lekaneng phakeng," a riolo. "Kahoo, o ile a etsa bonnete ba hore ho jalwa difate tse ngata tse ntha mme he kaleno o tlike mona ho tla keteka sena mmoho le batho bohle."

"Jowe! Phaka ena e tletse haholo hore morero

wa ka o ka phethahala," ha riolo Hope, a swabile. "Morero wa eng?" ha botsa Neo le Josh ka nako e le mngwe, ba shebane.

"Na le hopola pale eo ke e badileng e mabapi le ngwananyana ya sebete ya ileng a pholosa motse wa habo?" ha botsa Hope. "Kwana, ke ne ke hopotse hore re tla etsa sebopuwa se tshosang, re se tiamelle khaeteng ya Josh mme ebe re e fofisa ka hodima phaka. Empa iwale sheba!" ha riolo Hope a supile batho ba thabileng ba bokanetseng majoro.

Neo a bona kamoo Hope a hlomameng ka teng. "Ke morero o motle, Hope!" a riolo. "Ha re yeng mane ka mora dihlahla tsela tse kgolo. Ha ho na motho ya tiang ho re bona moo." Josh le Hope ba oma dihlooho ba dumellana le yena mme yaba kaofela ba a tsamaya.

"Josh, tsamaya o ilo batla dithupa. Neo, wena rola katiba ya hao ya diphaerete le peithe ya leihlo," ha laela Hope a ntha diparo tsa hae tsa karate le balunu ka mokotlaneng wa hae.

Josh a fumana dithupa tse tshesane haufi le moqomo wa matlakala mme metswalle ena e meraro ya dula kamora sehlahla ba sebedisa kgwele e tswang mokotlaneng wa Hope bakeng sa ho di tiamella mmoho ba di entse sefapano bakeng sa mmele wa sebopuwa. Yaba Hope o buetswele balunu mme a e tiamella ho etsa hlooho ya sebopuwa.



Mosadi eo a re, "Oho, Ntsu e bohale, ke ntshe ke batla ditshomo. Na o tseba moo nka di fumang teng?" Ntsu e jang Dithapi ya re, "E, ke tseba motho ya ka o thusang. E ya moo mafika a kopanang le lewatle. O eme moo ebe o hweletsa sekolopata sa lewatle se sehlohadi."

Mosadi eo o ile a mo leboha mme a theohela lewatleng. Ka mora ho hweletsa sekolopata sa lewatle se sehlohadi ka makgetlo a mabedi feela se ile sa tswa se kgaphatsa metsi:

Sekolopata sa Lewatle sa re, "O se ke wa tshoha, ishwaralletse hodima kgetla ya ka. Ke tla o isa ho batho ba lewatle ba tsebang diritho tsohle le ditshomo tsohle."

Ba ile ba kena ka lewatleng, ba theohela tshetase botebong ba lona ho fihlela ba fihla fatshe, moo ho nang le morena le mofumahadi wa lewatle.

Morena a botsa a re, "Ke mang enwa?" Mofumahadi a hweshetsa a re, "Ke mosadi ya tswang ka ntle ho metsi."

Mofumahadi a botsa a re, "o batlang mosadi ya tswang ka ntle ho metsi?"

A re, "ditshomo, Mofumahadi ya Hlomphehang. Na ho na le tseo nka yang le tsona ho batho ba heso?"

Mofumahadi a re, "di teng, empa wena o tla re fa eng ha re o fa ditshomo tsena?"

Mosadi eo a botsa a re, "Le ka thabela eng?"

Morena le mofumahadi ba bososela. "Re ke ke ra kgona ho tswela ka ntle ho metsi moo le dulang. Re lakatsa ho bona hore na ho jwang. Re tlietse ho itseng ho re bontsha hore na ho na le diphoofolo le batho ba

mofuta ofe."

Mosadi eo a re, "Ke tla etsa jwalo."

Sekolopata sa lewatle se sehlohadi sa mo nshetsa ka ntle ho metsi mme sa mo emela nakong eo a ileng lapeng ho ya bolella monna wa hae diritho tsohle.

A thabile a re, "haol, ke betlile diphoofolo tse ngata le dironyana le batho. O ka di nka kaofela."

Ka mora nako eso fediseng pelo, mosadi eo o ne a se a kgyutitse lewatleng a tshwere seshoba sa diritho tse betlilweng. Sekolopata sa lewatleng sa boela sa mo isa tshetase botebong ba lewatle le tsona.

Eitse ha morena le mofumahadi ba bona diritho tseo tse betlilweng, ba thaba haholo mme ba mo fa kgetla e ntle haholo.

Ba re, "re fa wena le batho ba heno mpho ena ya ditshomo. Neng kapa neng ha o batla tshomo, e tshwarelle haufi le tsebe ya hao mme o mamele."

Yaba morena wa mo sebelo o re, "empa hopola hore, tshomo ya hao ya pele e qadile ha o ne o nka leeto le tiang tlase mona."

Qetellong ha mosadi eo a kgyutlela lebopong la lewatle, monna wa hae, bana ba hae le batho bohle ba motse ba ne ba mo emetse. Ba ne ba besitse mollo o entseng kganare e kgolo lefifing leo.

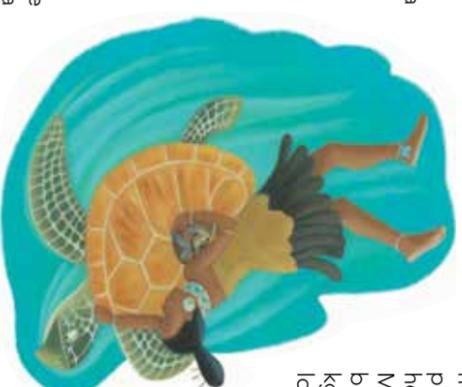
Yaba ba a mo hweletsa ba re, "re phelele tshomo hee!"

Mosadi eo a bososela. A tshwara kgetla yaba o re, "Ho lokile ... Nal'ibai (Bare enere) ... tshomo ke ena. Sshhh.

Mamelang hee."

Jwale ke kamoo tshomo ya pele e ileng ya pheywa kateng.

Ka mora moo mosadi eo a phahamisetsa kgetla eo tsebenng ya hae mme a phetha ditshomo tse ding tse eketselileng. Jwale haeba ena ke tshomo ya pele eo o qalang ho e utlwa, hopola hore ho na le tse ding tse ngata tse tiang.



Hlo utolla bokgoni ba bana ka ho pheta dipale le ho bala



Mpho ya Sisanda

Pale ka Gcina Mhlophe Ditshwantsho ka Jiggs Snaddon-Wood Phetolelo ka Hilda Mohale

Kamehla ha Sisanda ya dilemo di robedi a fihla lapeng ho tswa sekolong, o hlobola diaparo tsa hae tsa sekolo, a je dijo tsa motsheare mme a bapale papadi ya morabaraba le ntatemoholo wa hae.

Ba natefelwa haholo ke ho tsamaisa "dikgomo" tsa bona ho potoloha letlapa hoo a qetellang a sa batle ho emisa. Empa ntatemoholo a mo hopotse hore o batla ho ba motsamaisi wa banka ka tsatsi le leng ha a se a hodile.

"O tla ba yena jwang ha o sa ye sekolong se phahameng?" ho rialo ntatemoholo wa hae a swaswa. Sisanda o

itshela feela. "Ke tla ya sekolong se phahameng ke be ke ye le yunivesiting. Ke kahoo ke sebetlang ka thata tjena sekolong!"

Sisanda o molelele ho feta dilemo tsa hae – o futsitse ntatae. Sefahleho sa hae se tshitiya le pososelo ya hae e ntle ke tsa mmae. Ka bobedi batswadi ba hae ba tsoha ka matjeke kamehla ho ya mosebetsing polokelong ya diphoofolo tse hlaha e haufi le moo. Ka nako eo Sisanda

le metswalle ya hae ba qalang sekolo ka yona, ho be ho se ho tllile dihlopha ka dihlopha tsa bahahlaudi ho tla bona diphoofolo tse kgahlisang ka ho fetisisa tsa Afrika.

Bakeng sa letsatsi la hae la tswalo le fetileng, Sisanda o ile a fumana mpho e ikgethang – batswadi ba hae ba ile ba fumana tumello ya

hore a ka tshwarela mokejiana wa hae serapeng sa diphoofolo. Dithuhlo tsa moo di ne di makaletse sehlopha sena sa batho. Di ne di otlolla melala ya tsona e melelele ho bona mokejiana hantle mme e ne eka di kgaletse le

kuku ya letsatsi la tswalo! Sisanda o ne a rata dithuhlo tseo. Kaofela diphoofolo di ne di kgethehile ho yena, empa e ne e le dithuhlo tse kgutsitseng le tse bonolo tse hapileng pelo ya hae. O ne a ka qeta letsatsi lohle a di shebelletse.

Ka tsatsi le leng ka Labohlano, ntate wa Sisanda a fihla hae pele ho nako a etswa mosebetsing. O ne a shebahala a saetswe haholo.

"Molato ke eng, Ntate?" ha botsa Sisanda.

"Kajeno sehlopha sa dimotshi se ile sa loma mme thuhlo," ha hlalosa ntata

Sisanda. "Hlooho ya hae e ne e ruruhile hohle ka lebaka la ho longwa hoo mahlo a hae a matle a neng a kwalehile. Re lekile tsohle ho mo thusa, empa ho ne ho sa thusa letho – o ile

a shwa. Mme taba e bohloko ka ho fetisisa ke hore o ne a ena le namane e nyane e ntseng e mo hloka."

"Tjhe bo!" ha rialo Sisanda a qala ho lla. "Ekare ho ka be ho ena le ho hong hoo nka ho etsang. Ledinyane la thuhlo le lona ke a kgoliwa le ntse le lla jwalo ka nna tjena."

Sisanda a lla, a lla. Mmae o ile a leka ho mo tshedisa. O bile a ba a balla Sisanda pale ya bobedi ka nako ya ho robala ho mo thusa ho lebala kamoo a utlwiweng bohloko ka teng bakeng sa ledinyane la thuhlo. Qetellong, Sisanda a kgaleha a ntse a mametse lentsewe la mmae.

Tsatsing le hlahlamang hoseng Sisanda a tsoha a ena le mohopolo o itsengi!

"Na nka ya le lona mosebetsing kajeno?" a botsa ntatae. "Ke na le mpho bakeng sa ledinyane la thuhlo."

Batswadi ba hae ba shebana, ba bososela mme ba re, "Ee, ho lokile o ka tla le rona."



a phahamisitse mahetla jwalo ka kgosatsana e motlotlo.

"Kgele!" ha rialo Afrika, ho a kgahlisa. "Lebitso la hao o mang?"

"Ke nna Asanda," a rialo.

"Nna ke Afrika. O ithutile kae ho etsa jwalo?" Afrika a botsa.

"Ke ile ka qala ka ho leka ho tsamaya ke rwetse dibuka hloohong," a rialo. "O lokela ho dula o tiisitse hlooho ya hao ha o tsamaya." A bea botlolo ya senomaphodi hape hodima hlooho ya Afrika.

"Tsamaya butle jwale, o phahamisitse mahetla, jwalo ka kgosana."

Afrika a potoloha Asanda butle butle, a tiisitse hlooho ya hae mme a phahamisitse mahetla. Mme botlolo ya dula hloohong!

"Sheba, Mme! Ntjhebe ..." ha rialo Afrika, empa o ne a sa bone mme wa hae! Mtho e mong a thula Afrika mme botlolo ya senomaphodi ya wa hloohong ya hae. Empa o ne a lebetse ka botlolo eo – o ne a batla ho tseba hore mme wa hae o hokae!

"O hokae, Mme?" a hoeletsa. Ho ne ho se karabo. "Mme!" a hoeletsa haholwanyane. Empa ho ne ho ntse ho se karabo.

"Mme wa ka o lahlehile!" ha rialo Afrika ho Asanda. "Re ne re eya setolong sa dibuka hukung mane, empa jwale o nyametse!"

"Le nna ke ya setolong sa dibuka! Ke ilo reka buka ya dipale ka tjelele eo ke ipoloketseng yona. Mohlomong mme wa hao o setolong sa dibuka. Ha re ye re ilo mmatala!" ha araba Asanda.

Asanda le Afrika ba tsamaya mmoho ka hara matshwele a batho. Hanghang Afrika a utlwa lebitso la hae! "Afrika! Afrika! O hokae?"



"Ke lentsewe la mme wa ka leo," ha rialo Afrika. "Ao bathong, o lahlehile! Ke a utlwa hore o tenehile. O utlwahala eka o pela setolo sa dibuka. Tloo re mathe, Asanda!"

Bana bao ba matha mmoho ho leba setolong sa dibuka, mme moo, hantle ka pela sona, ho ne ho eme Mme wa Afrika le Dintle. Mme a phahamisa diphaka tsa hae mme Afrika a mathela ka hara tsona. "Dumela Mme, na o hantle?" ha botsa Afrika.

"O se ke wa kgathatseha jwale, re o fumane wena le Dintle. Ha le sa lahlehile."

Dintle o ne a thabetse ho bona moholwane wa hae haholo. Afrika a inama mme a mo haka.

"Mme, enwa ke Asanda, motswalle wa ka e motjha," ha rialo Afrika. "O nthutile ho rwala botlolo ya senomaphodi hloohong e sa we. O batla ho reka buka."

"Dumela, Asanda, ke thabetse ho o tseba," ha rialo Mme wa Afrika a bososela. "Jwale, ha re shebeng dibuka mme re bone

hore re ka fumana dife!

Afrika, o a hopola

hore o ne o batla

ho ithuta ho

etsa ntlo ya

nonyana."

Bohle ba qeta

nako e itseng

ba ntse ba

sheba dibuka

mme Mme

a fumana e

nngwe e o

bontshang

mekgwa ya ho

etsa dintho

tse fapaneng

ka patsi.

"Ke a kopa

mme, na nka e nka?"

Afrika a kopa mme wa hae.

"Ee, haeba o a rata," ha rialo Mme.

Jwale e ne e le nako ya ho tsamaya. "Sheba,

Asanda! Ke ya hae ke rwetse buka ya ka hloohong!" ha rialo Afrika, a rwetse buka ya hae e ntjha hloohong ya hae mme e tsitsitse.

"O se ke wa lebala ho dula o phahamisitse mahetla, jwalo feela ka kgosana!" ha tsheha Asanda.



O hokae?

Pale ka Ann Walton
Dishwantsho ka Rico
Phetolelo ka Hilda Mohale

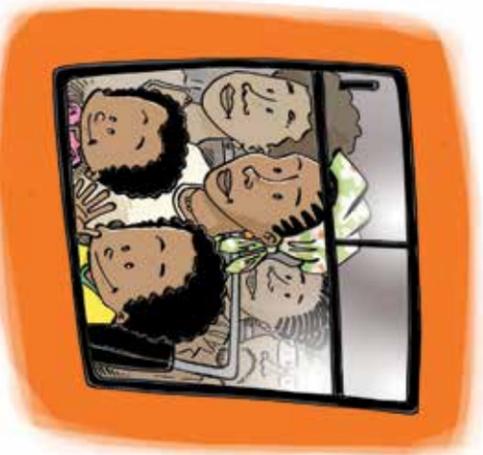
“Re ya mabenkelengi! Re ya mabenkelengi!” Afrika a tloatlola ka pela Dintle. Mme wa hae, Mme wa Afrika, a bososela, mme Dintle yena a opa matsoho.

“Ee,” ha rialo Mme wa Afrika, “kahoo rwala dieta tsa hao ha. Re lokela ho potlaka. Re sa ntse re tla tsamaya ka maoto ho ya setopong sa basee.”

Setopong sa basee, ho ne ho ena le batho ba bangata ba emetseng basee. Mme yare ha bohle ba palame basee, ya tla hoo ba neng ba petetsane.

Mme wa Afrika a kuka Dintle hodima hae. Mme ha dula mme e mong pela hae. Afrika a dula ka lehlakoreng le leng la mme wa hae, a ipeteditse fensetereng. Empa hohang o ne a sa kgathalle hobane hoo ho ne ho bolela hore o tla kgona ho sheba ka ntle ka fensetere.

Qetellong mokganni a hoeletsa, “Setopo sa ho qetela!”



“Tloo, Afrika. Re theoha mona,” ha rialo mme wa hae.

Ha ba geta ho theoha beseng, Mme wa Afrika a pepa Dintle. “O tsamaye pela ka mona,” a bolella Afrika. “Sebaka sena se phethesela batho ba bangata.”

Ho ne ho phethesela. Ho ne ho ena le batho ba tshwereng mekotlana mme ba sututsa diteroli tse tletseng dintho tse rekilweng. Hape ho ne ho ena le mme ya wetseng dintho tseo a di rekileng hloohong mme di tsitsitse.



“Mme, na o ka etsa jwalo le wena?” Afrika a botsa mme wa hae.

“Ka etsa jwang?” ha botsa Mme wa Afrika.

“Wa rwala dintho jwalo hloohong ya hao,” ha rialo Afrika.

“Ehlike nka kgona. Ho bonolo,” ha araba mme wa hae.

Afrika a shebella ha mme eo a tsamaya ho fihlela a nyamela ka hara letshwele la batho ba emeng pakeng tsa disetolo tsa mmara.

“Ke a hlapanya le nna nka rwala dintho hloohong ya kai!” Afrika a ipolella jwalo. A bona botlolo ya senomaphodi ya polasetiki e sa tshelang letho e le fatshe. A e thonaka mme a e beha hodima hlooho ya hae, empa o ile a tlamoha ho dula a e tshwere hobane e ne e dula e ewa.

“Eishi!” ha rialo ngwananyana ya neng a le pela hae. “Ke tla o bontsha hore ho etsuwa jwang!” A nka botlolo ya senomaphodi, a e bea hodima hlooho ya hae, mme a sasanka a ntse a potoloha Afrika,



E ne e le letsatsi le futhumetseng empa maru a kwahetse. Dintho tsohle tse serapeng sa diphoofolo di ne di kgutitsise ka tsela e sa tswaelhang.

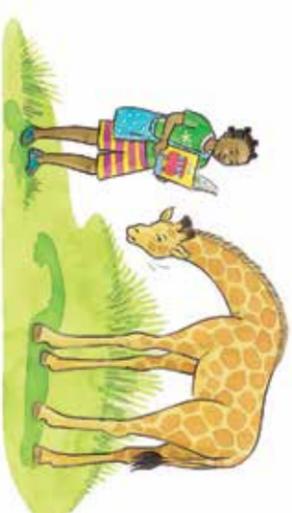
“Ke nahana hore letsatsi ha le a tshaba kajeno hobane le utwisitswe bohloko ke ledinyane la thuhlo,” ha rialo Sisanda.

Tlou e kgolohadi ya tjamela ba lelapa ba fetang moo.

“Mohlomong e makaletse hore ke hobaneng ha ngwananyana eo a tlike mosebetsing le batswadi ba hae,” ha rialo mma Sisanda.

Sisanda a oma ka hlooho. “E tla makala ha e fumana lebaka,” a nahana jwalo.

Ba fumana ledinyane la thuhlo le eme le le leng. Molala wa lona o kebeselang o ne o lekethylile mme mahlo a lona a maholo a sootho a ne a shebahala a



le bodutu. Sisanda a atamela ho lona haholo kamoo a ka kgonang. A bula mokotlana wa hae o monyane mme a ntsa buka. Mme batswadi ba hae ba makala ha a qala ho balla ledinyane la thuhlo. La thirntsha hlooho ya lona la sheba kamoo lenswe le tswang ka teng mme la mamela jwaloka haeka le utlwisisa ditaba kaofela. Qalong batswadi ba Sisanda ba ne ba nahame hore ho balla thuhlo e ne e le ntho e sa tswaelhang, empa ba fetola mehopollo ya bona ha ba bona kamoo e shebahalang e ena le kgotso ka teng – mahlo a yona a bonolo a shebile Sisanda.

“Pale ya ka e ile ya etsa hore le ikutlwe betere,” Sisanda a bolella ntemoholo wa hae ha a filha lapeng.

Sisanda o ile a nna a etela ledinyane la thuhlo matsatsi a mang kamora sekolo le mafelong a boke. Mme nako le nako ha a ya teng, o ne a nka pale e nngwe ho ya le balla yona. Metswalle ena e mmedi e mefha e ne e shebahala hanle mmoho hoo bahahlaudi ba fetang ba neng ba bile ba ba nka dishwantsho.

Butlebutle thuhlo e nyane ya nna ya hola ya eba le matla. Batho ba serapeng sa diphoofolo ba ne ba hlile ba e hlakometse hanle mme le lerato lohle le tswang ho motswalle wa yona, Sisanda, le ne le

sebetisa mehloho.

Ka tsatsi le leng motsamaisi wa polokelo ya diphoofolo a kopa Sisanda hore a fe motswalle wa hae e motjha lebitso.

“Ke nahana hore Thokozani ke lebitso le monate,” ha rialo Sisanda.

Letsatsing le hlahlang motsamaisi wa polokelo ya diphoofolo a letsatsa tifihere ya Sisanda mohala. A mema bomphato ba Sisanda kaofela ho tla kopana le Thokozani. Thuhlo e bohelang e ne e se e hodile e le telele mme e le matla ho feta dikgwedding tse tharo ho toha ketelong ya pele ya Sisanda.

Ka letsatsi la leeto, bana ba mashome a mane ba Kereiti ya 3 ba ne ba eme hekeng ya polokelo ya diphoofolo ba se ba taretse hore e bulwe. Yaba ka motlotlo Sisanda o etella bohle pele ho ya ho Thokozani. Bana ba bang ba ne ba shebile thuhlo e telele ka ho makala ho hoholo. Ba bang ba ne ba tshaha empa ba tshohile. Tifihere ya bona yena, Mofetsa Khanyile, o ne a bososela feela.

“Motswalle wa hao o motle, Sisanda. O bile mosa ho yena,” a rialo ka bonolo.

“Lebitso la hae ke mang?” ha botsa e mong wa bashanyana.

“Thokozani,” ha araba Sisanda.

“Thokozani e bolela ‘thabang,’” ha hlalosa Mofetsa Khanyile.

Bana ba dula fatshe ho mamela ha Sisanda a bala pale eo a e balatseng Thokozani ka letsatsi leo ba kopaneng kgetlo la pele ka lona. Motsamaisi wa polokelong ya diphoofolo a nka dishwantsho. Bahahlaudi ba neng ba feta moo ba nka dishwantsho le bona. Esitana le radisthwantsho ya neng a etswa phatlatsong ya

koranta ya lehae a tanyatsa ka khemera le yena. O ile a tshepisana hore setshwantsho sa bona se tla be se le koranteng haufinyane. Bohle ba etsa ditlatse le mahofi.

A, mphe e ntle ruri! Ho balla motswalle.



Abelana ka pale kajeno!

Ho qala ka pale...

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Neo le lefatshe le leholo, le batsi

Pale ka Vianne Venter
Ditshwantsho ka Rico
Phetolelo ka Hilda Mohale

Neo a sheba ka ntle ho fensetere ya phaposi ya hae boputswa ba seterata se metsi, le batho ba metsi ba baputswa ba potlakeng ka hara pula e putswa e tsholohang. O ne a sa kgone ho tswela ka ntle, mme o ne a se a qetile ho balla Mbali dibuka tsa hae tsohle.

Ka yona nako eo, Nkgono a kena ka moriri wa hao o kamolotsweng ke moya o ka ntle. O ne a tshwere ho hong. Neo o ile a elelwa hore ke ntho e sepharanyana, e kgutlonnenyana, le e mebala e kganyang ... mme e ne e kgona ho buleha – jwalo feela ka lebokoso la letlotlo!

"Ena e ne e le buka eo ke neng ke e rata ka ho fetisisa ha ke ne ke sa le monyenyanane jwaloka wena tjena," Nkgono a bolella Neo. "E ne e le monyako o ntebisang lefatshe le leholo, le batsi."

Yaba o bula buka eo.

Leqepheng la pele ho ne ho ena le setshwantsho sa sebaka sa mehloho, holehale le letsatsi le leputswaputswa. Naha e ne e le tala le mmala wa kgauta le o mosootho, ho ena le lehodimo le lehlohadi, le botala ba lehodimo ka hodimo, le letsatsi le mofuthu le lesehla, le tjhesang lefatshe.

"Kgele! Na hoo ke hwa nnete?" Neo a makala. Nkgono a bososela. "Ha o tsebe? Dipale tsohle ke tsa nnete, ha feela o dumela ho tsona," a rialo. Yaba o supa sebakeng se



leqepheng moo moshanyana e monyenyanane, ya ka lekanang le Neo ka bohlo, a neng a tsamaya thoteng.

Ha Nkgono a ntse a bala, Neo a kwala mahlo a hae mme a lahleha ka monahano, a nyolosa ka hodima dithaba ... a parola lefatshe le lehlohadi, le sootho ... a leba lefatshe le leholo, le batsi.

A utlwa mantswa a tswang naheng.

"Tswaa! Tswaa!" ha bina nonyana e nyane.

"Ke letsatsi le letle!" ha rialo letjekejane.

"Tloo kwano, tloo re tlo bapala," ha hweshetsa moya ka hara jwang bo bolelele.

Neo a hopola pula e putswa e tsholohang, mme a ipotsa hore ebe ha a tshwanela ho ba ka ntle ka kwana na. Empa paleng, o ka etsa eng kapa eng. Ho ne ho se na pula mona. Kahoo, Neo a tswa a tsamaya a parola thota.

Ntho ya pele eo a ileng a e bona e ne e le telele, e le sootho e ena le mmele o matla, wa patsi. E ne e le telele, e ena le matsoho a masootho a neng a filha lehodimong, le hlooho e kgolo e tletseng makala a moriri o motala ba mahlaku o neng o ntse o eya kwana le kwana moyeng o phodileng.

"Dumela," ha rialo Neo, a tonne mahlo. "O eng?"



"Ke sefate. Ke kgona ho bona ka nqane ho dithota tsane tse kgolo, tsa kgauta. Nyolohela mona, mme o shebe le nna." Sefate sa mo amohela, mme Neo a se palama.

Ha a le hodimo makaleng, Neo a kgona ho bona ho fihlela qetellong ya lefatshe. Mme ho ne ho ena le ho hong ho hongata kaekae ka ntle kwana, hoo ho batlileng ho mo tshosa ho nahana ka hona.

Empa sefate sa mmoloka a bolokehile, sa hweshetsa, "Tsamaya o ilo sibolla. O se ke wa tshaba. Ho na le lefatshe le letlehadi, le leholo, le batsi ntle kwana."

Yaba Neo o theoha sefateng mme a tswela pele tseleng ya hae thoteng.

bapetseng ka yona ... ho fihlela ho setse motsotso o le mong feela!

Neo o ne a tshwere bolo. A sheba kwana le kwana ho bona hore ebe ho na le wa Diamond Football Club ya haufi le yena. Tjhe, o ne a le mong. A mathela pele a tswapetsa

bolo. Hanghang sebapadi sa Diamond Football Club sa hlhella.

Neo a mo sheba hantle ka mahlong mme a rahela bolo pakeng tsa maoto a sebapadi seo. Babohi ba hoeletsa ke thabo.

Sebapadi se seng sa Diamond Football Club sa atamela ho Neo ho ya mo hlotha bolo. Ka potlako, Neo a fetsetsa bolo ho Priya.

Bohle ba hula moya ha Priya a nka bolo mme a e raha haholo. LADUMA! Sethibathibane sa Diamond ha se a ka sa bona letho! Priya o ne a hlabile ntho.

Mme ka motsotswana feela. Eitse moo a reng o a fetoha ho keteka ntho, moletsaphala a letsa phala ya ho qetela! Maqhawe a ne a hlotse papadi!

Neo o ne a thabile hoo a ileng a mathela ho Priya mme a mo phahamisetsa hodimo!

Mmoho ba mathela ho bomphato ba bona le mokwetlisi wa bona ka lehlakoreng la lebala, mme kaofela ha bona ba deba. Yaba Priya le Neo ba

mathela ho ntata Neo. Rahul o ne a letsetsa vuvuzela hodimo.

"Tjhe, eo e bile papadi e loketseng aesekerimi, Priya le Neo," ha rialo ntata Neo. "Na bahale ba rona ba babedi ba tla thabela seo?"

"Eh!le! Re rata aesekerimi," Mbali a ba arabella. Bohle ba tsheha.



Neo a kuka Mbali mme a ya le yena ho ya reka aesekerimi. Lehla a sa ka hlabla dintha tse pedi tseo a neng a di batla, feela o ne a thusitse motswalle wa hae wa hlooho ya kgomo ho hlaba ntho ya tlhola! Mme Priya? O ne a thabile hobane eo e ne e le ntho ya hae ya pele ya Maqhawe. Modumo wa vuvuzela ya Rahul o ne o tshwana le mmimo o monate o neng o bapallwa yena feela.



Motsotso wa ho qetela

Pale ka Zukiswa Wanner
Ditshwantsho ka Rico
Phelele ka Hilda Mohale

"Kajeno ke ilo hlaba dintlha tse pedi, Ntate," ha rialo Neo a ntse a wala dieta tsa hae tsa bolo ya maoto.

"Mme nna ke tla thusa ka ho eketsa ka dintlha tse tharo, Malome," ha rialo Priya ya neng a qeta ho filha habo Neo le moenanyana wa hae, Rahul. Rahul o ne a tshwere vuuzela ya hae e mmala o bofubedu bo kganyang.

Ntata Neo a tsheha. "Tjhe, ke se ke tartetse ho ya le thoholetsa makgetlo a mahlano hei!"

"Le nna, Malome! Na le nna nka ya ba thoholetsa?" ha botsa Rahul.

"Eh!le, moshanyana ka," ha rialo ntata Neo a ntse a thusa Mbali ho wala dieta tsa hae. "Jwale, ha re tsamayang!"

Ba kena ka koloing kaofela. Neo a dula ka pele. O ne a se a kile a dula moo ka makgetlo a mangata. O ne a ena le bonnete ba hore haeba ntatae a ne a ka mo dumella, hang ha menoto ya hae e se e le melelele hantle, o tla kgona ho kganna koloi. Ho ne ho shebahala ho le bonolo. Rahul le Priya ba dula kamorao mahlakoreng a mabedi a Mbali. Ba ne ba mo tsikinyetsa mme yena a tsheha.

Kamora nako e seng kae feela, ke ha ba se ba le mabaleng a bolo ya maoto. Ba ne ba fililile hantle ka nako hore Priya le Neo ba ilo ema le bomphato ba bona ba tswang sehlopheng sa Maqhawe Football Club bakeng sa ho iphuthumetsa ka boikwetliso. Ba ne ba bapala kgahlanong le Diamond Football Club kajeno.

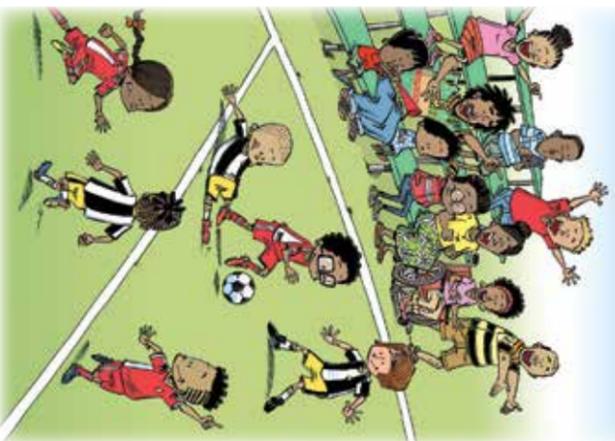


"Hopola ho netefatsa hore o thethafatsa ho benya ha Diamond hore kamora papadi ba tlamehe ho fetola lebitso la bona ho ba Coal Football Club," ha rialo mokwetlisi.

Jwale e ne e se e le nako ya hore dibapadi di mathele ka lebaleng. Moletsaphala a letsa phala ya hae mme papadi ya qala.

Dintha di ile tsa qala ka lenama, empa ka nako e seng kae ba phahamisa dieta. Ho ne ho tletse lerata ha ba malapa a bana ba dihlapha tse pedi ba ba thoholetsa. Bolo e ne e le ka lehlakoreng le leng la lebalala hanyane, mme e re ha ba shebahala jwaloka haeka ba tla e lebisisa lehlakoreng le leng hape, e mong wa dibapadi tsa bona o ne a hlotha bolo eoi! Papadi e ile ya tswela pele ka tsela ena ho filhela nakong ya kgetliso.

"Ke tenehile! Le ne le tshepisitse hore le tla hlaba dintlha," Rahul a bolella Neo le Priya ha ba



tille lehlakoreng.

"Ee. Mbali o batla nthla. Mbali o batla nthla," ha pheta Mbali. "Mbali o a otsela," a eketsa ka ho idimola. Neo le Priya ba tsheha feela mme ba kgutlela ho ditlo tsa sehlopha sa bona.

Phala ya lla mme dibapadi tsa mathela ka lebaleng bakeng sa haloto ya bobedi. Papadi ya tswela pele ka yona tsela eo haloto ya pele e

Ho e so ye kae, a kopana le gubu ya lehlabaathe le thata le nang le mekoti e menyane, jwaloka menyako e menyanyane. O ne a utlwa mantswa a maphathaphathe a milione ka hare, le diqinyana tsa maoto a manyane a dimilione tse tshelletseng a ntseng a matha.

"Dumela! Wena o mang?" Neo a botsa ka hara o mong wa menyako.

"Dumela!" ha araba lentswenyana le lenyane. "Re bohwa. Re pheta dipale tsa lefatše ka mona. Na o batla ho di utlwa?"

Neo o ne a rata dipale, kahoo a dula fatshe a mamela. Bohwa ba pheta dipale tsa bona tsa thota le moru, le tsa ditlhaba le ditroppo tse ka ngane.

"Dipale tse ngata hakana?" Neo a botsa.

"Ho na le dipale tse ngata jwaloka dinaledi tse kganyang marung," bohwa ba araba.

Neo a sadisa ka letsoho, mme a tswela pele ho ya ka ngane ho thota.

Oetellong, Neo

a filha moo ho

nang le metsi a

mangata a neng a

phalla thoteng ho

tloha hoseng ho

filhela bosiu. Neo

a kena ka hara

ona ho phodisa

maoto a hae a fihesang.

Metsi a mo hasa maotong mme a keketeha, "Ke noka, ke phalla ho tloha dithabeng ho ya lewate. Tlooo, ntatele. Ke tla o isa lapeng leno."

Neo a nahana kamoo ho ka bang monate ka teng. Kahoo a latela noka ho parola le thota le dipakeng tsa dithaba. Mmoho ba tsamaya hohle

motsheare wa mantšiboya ho filhela ka phirimana, ho filhela qetellong ha ba filha ka hodima leralla. Ho tloha moo, Neo o ne a bona torotswana, e

hlwekistsweng ke dipula mme e benya ke kganya



ya letsatsi le dikelang.

Yaba noka e tshikgunya hanyane, "Tswela pele, e ya hae. Ho na le batho ba o ratang moo, ba emetseng ho tla o phetela dipale."

Neo a theosa ka hara toropo. A bona diterata tse tletseng batho ba nyololang ba theosa ka hara toropo, jwalo feela ka noka. A bona matlo, a futhumetseng kganyeng ya mantšiboya. Ka hare ho ona, batho ba ne ba le maphathephathe, feela jwalo ka dikokonyana.

Oetellong, Neo a nyarela fensetereng eo ho yona ho neng ho ena le nkgono ya tsofetseng, ya nang le matsoho a matla le moriri o harelaneng jwaloka makala a sefate se seholo, a kwala buka mme a inama ho suna moshanyana e monyane a



mo fonanisa.

Neo a nahana ka thota le sefate le bohwa le noka. Mme yare ha a ntse a shebile nkgono, mookodi wa bonesa ntlongyana eo ka mebalala e kganyang hoo e neng e shebahala jwaloka setshwantsho se bukeng ya pale. Neo a nahana ka tshibollo ya hae e kgolo ka hara mapephe a buka ya dipale eo nkgono a e ratang, mme a nahana ka yena le Mbali lapeng.

Yaba Neo o tswa ka hara buka, a kena betheng ya hae e mofuthu, ka hara phaposi ya hae e mofuthu, ntlonganeng ya habo.

Ke kahoo, kamehla ha lefatše le shebahala le le leputswa, mme phaposi ya hae e bonahala eka e nyane haholo, Neo o bula buka. O kena monyakong o pakeng tsa mapephe, mme o ikela lefatsheng le leholo, le batsi.



Ho utolla bokgoni ba bana ka ho
pheta dipale le ho bala



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Ho qala ka pale...

Abelana ka pale kajeno!



Modumo o monate ka ho fetisisa lefatsheng

Pale ka Niki Daly
Diitshwantsho ka Rico
Phetolelo ka Hilda Mohale

Bella o ne a tshwerwe ke bodutu mme Mme o ne a ena le mosebetsi wa ho hlwekisa lelapa.

"Nka Noodle le ke le yo otlwa ke moya ka ntle," ha rialo Mme.

Noodle a latela Bella ho ya ka ntle mme a dula pela hae pela tsela. Bella a fehelwa mme a fofonela moya. O ne o sa nkgae fofeshe. O ne o nkgae sephethephe the se nkgang hamphe.



Vuum! koloi ya feta. Pepe! ha feta e nngwe. Thoro, thoro! ha feta sethuthuthu. Khujuhu-kgotjho kgotjho! ha feta baki ya kgale ka mabidi a yona a tsofetseng le mmele wa yona wa kgale o rusitseng. Bella a qala ho bala modumo e mo potlileng. E ne e se le modumo e mene kaofela!

Kgofo, kgofo, kgofo! ha utlwahala terili e tshiekang tsela. Grrrrrrrrrr! ha rora Noodle a rorela terili. Tufo, tufo, tufo! ha utlwahala mmimo o phahameng o tswa ka hara tekisi.

Hanna, hanna, hanna! ho pepeta mosadi ya buelang hodimo selefounong ya hae. Kwatla, kwatla, kwatla! ke ditopo tsa hae ha a tsamaya ka thoko ho tsela. Thwitihi, thwitihi, thwitihi! ha feta semathi pela Bella. Habu, habu, habu! ha bohola Noodle a bohola semathi. Tswii, tswii, tswii! moshemane a letsa molodi a feta ka baesekele.

"Medumo e LESHOME LE METSO E MMEDI!" ha rialo Bella.

Empa marata ana kaofela a ne a se a qala ho tsekedisa hlooho ya Bella, kahoo a tlohela ho bala mme a re, "Tloo, Noodle, ha re ye kamora ntle moo ho kgutsitseng ha monate."

Kamora ntle sephethephe the se ne se utlwahala se le hole kwana. Ba ne ba kgona le ho utlwa pina e monate ya nonyana ha e re tswii-tswii. Bella a kwala mahlo mme a pholla Noodle. Mme ka bobedi ba tlolela hodimo!

"Itihuu! Jowee! Itihuuu!" Modumo o mobe



ka ho fetisisa o ne o tswa tlong ya Nkgono ka lehlakoreng le leng la lebota. Kapele, Bella a matha ho ya bolella mmae seo a se utlwieng.

"Ho na le modumo e tshabehang e tswang ntlong ya Nkgono!" ho hoeletsa Bella ka hodima modumo wa vrrrrr, vrrrrr! wa motjhinne o hlwekisang. Mme a o tima.

"Ha ke a utlwa letho," ha rialo Mme.

"Mamela!" ha rialo Bella. Yaba Mme o a o utlwa!

"Itihuu! Jowee! Itihuuu!"



"Ke Nkgono," ha rialo Mme. "Potlakal! Ha re tsamaye re ilo utlwa hore molato ke eng."

Mme, Bella le Noodle ba theosa tsela ka potlako ba potela ka huku ho ya ha Nkgono. Ba fumana Nkgono ka kitheneng ya hae a ntse a butswela letsoho la hae.

"Itihuu! Ke itihesitse letsoho ka pitsa yane e



tjhesang!" ha rialo Nkgono.

"Le kenye ka tlasa metsi a batang ha ke sa ilo lata khiti ya thuso ya pele," ha rialo Mme, mme a mathela ha hae - phaqa, phaqa, phaqa.

Ka potlako Mme o ne a se a kgutlile, a tshwere lebokosana le lesweu le nang le setapano se sefubedu sekwaheleng. A tloisa salofo letsohong la Nkgono mme a tlama ka bandetjhe.

"Nkgono, o keke wa kgona ho pheha ka letsoho le bohloko," ha rialo Mme. "Wena le ba lelapa la hao le lokela ho tla ha ka le tlo ja le rona dijo tsa mantsiboya."

"Ke a leboha," ha araba Nkgono. "Ka kopo nka pitsa eno ya dinawa o tle o eketse dijong tsa rona."

Ka nako ya dijo tsa mantsiboya, Nkgono le lelapa la hae ba filha.

Yam, yam! - oo ke modumo oo ba neng ba o etsa ha ba utlwa monko o monate wa khari ya mme wa Bella mmoho le dinawa tsa Nkgono. Noodle le yena o ile a fuwa sekotlolwana sa hae. Hlwatho, hlwatho! A di ja kaofela. Kgapu, kgapu, yaba o nwa sekotlolwana sohle sa metsi!

"Ke thabile ha e le mona o ile wa nkutlwa ha ke hoeletsa," ha rialo Nkgono ho Bella.

"Ke ne ke ntse ke ipalla modumo e mpotlileng," ha rialo Bella.

"Ha ho le jwalo, o mong ke ona he," ha rialo Nkgono a inamela ka ho Bella. Mbaa! A tjho a mo suna haholo lerameng. Bela o ne a lebetse hore ke modumo e mekae eo a e badileng, empa oo o ne o e feta kaofela!

"Oo ke modumo oo ke o ratang ka ho fetisisa!" a rialo a bososele.



Ka nako ya ho robala, Mme a botsa Bella, "Na o a tseba hore modumo oo nna ke o ratang ke ofe?"

"Ke ofe?" ha botsa Bella.

"Ke ona!" ha rialo Mme, a tsikinyetsa Bella haholo mpeng.

Ha, ha, hee, hee, ha, ha, hee, hee! Bella a tsheha haholo.

Ehlile! Ditsheho ruri ke ona modumo o monate ho feta lefatsheng lohle. Wena o nahananq?



Ho rotloetsa bokgoni ba bana ka ho ba phetela dipale le ho ba balla



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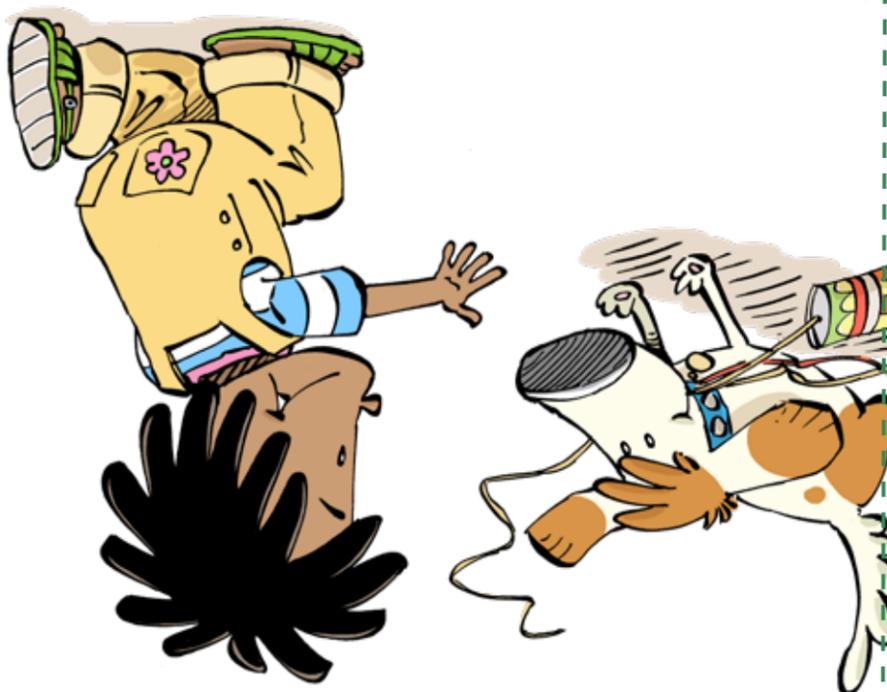
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Neo grabbed Hope's arm. "Look," he said. "Tin's on stage! But where is the We Can Band?"

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.

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!"

Ho eso ye kae moketjana ke ha o loela. Tin a bina dipina tsa hae ha Neo, Hope, Josh le Bella ba ne ba letsa diletswa. Noodle le yena o ne a nka karolo ka ho bohola nako le nako!

Yaba dibini tse ding le tsona di bina dipina tsa habo tsona. Letshwele la hlaba ditlatse le ho opa mahofi. Bohle ba ne ba natefetswe!

"Le a bona he," ha rialo Tin ho Bente ya Re Ka Kgona, "sehlotshwana sena se entse hore toro ya ka e phethahale! Ke le leboha haholo ka bone ba lona ... le wena Noodle, motho e mong le e mong o natefetswe moketjaneng ona o monate!"



"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.

"O utlwile Nkgono?" ha rialo Neo. "Ho thwe motho e mong le e mong a ka ya. Na re ka ya Nkgono? Re a kopa hle!"

Nkgono a sheba Neo yaba o a bososela. "Haeba Josh le Hope ba dumellwa ho ya, le wena o ka ya," a rialo. Ka ho panya ha leihlo Josh le Hope ba ne ba se ba betsehile ho tswa monyako ho ya kopa batswadi ba bona tumello ya ho ya moketjaneng o phakeng.

Ha ba kgutla ho tla lata Neo, Hope a bolella Nkgono hore Bella le mme wa hae le bona ba tlo ya.

"Ho lokile he, ipetseng. Le se ke be la lahlehelana," ha rialo Nkgono.





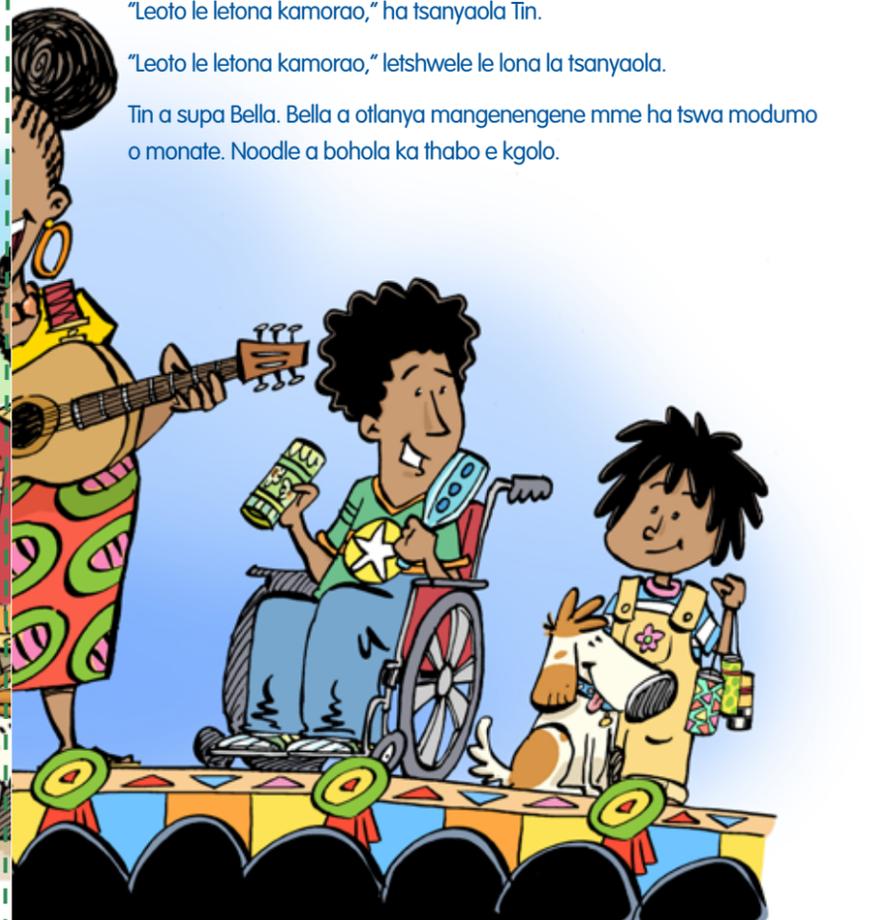
Ha ba le phakeng, Neo a bona Bella le mme wa hae, e bile Noodle le yena o ne a tlele! "Ke bona eka motheo e mong le e mong motseng wa rona o tlele," ha ralo Neo. "Ho bile ho na le batho bao re sa ba tsebeng."
 "Uhwang ...," ha ralo Josh. "Ho na le batho ba buang Sefora?"
 "E, ba teng," ha ralo Hope. "E bile ke ulhwa le ba buang 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 letsa katara ya hae mme a re, "MMINO HA O QALE!"
 Ha Tin a supa Neo le Hope, ba tidinya meropo ya bona. Yaba jwale Tin o a bina, "Leoto la leqele kamorao," mme a supa letshwele.
 "Leoto la leqele kamorao," ha tsanyaola letshwele.
 Jwale Tin a supa Josh yaba o hlokohla mashwehleshwehle a hae ho tsamaisana le morehetho.
 "Leoto le letona kamorao," ha tsanyaola Tin.
 "Leoto le letona kamorao," letshwele le lona la tsanyaola.
 Tin a supa Bella. Bella a otlanya mangelengene mme ha tswa modumo o monate. Noodle a bohola ka thabo e kgolo.



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.

Eba mahlahlaha ka pale!

Diketsahalo tse ding ke tse na bakeng sa hao tseo o ka di lekang le ba lelapa la hao. Di theilwe ho dipale tsohle tse kgatisong ena ya Tlatsetso ya Nal'ibali: *Moketjana phakeng* (maqephe 5, 6, 27 le 28) le *Letholopje le lenyane le ratang ho ithorisa* (leqephe la 31).

Moketjana phakeng

Pele o bala pale

- ★ Kopa bana ba hao ho abelana ka mehopollo ya bona le wena mabapi le konsarete eo ba ka ratang ho ya ho yona. Ba botse hore ke eng eo ba ka thabelang ho e bona ka ho fetisisa le hore ba ka thabela ho ya le mang.

Kamora hoba o badile pale

- ★ Buisanang ka diletswa tse fapaneng tsa mmino, medumo eo di e etsang le moo di tswang teng. Buang ka hore ke dintho dife tsa ka tlung tse ka bang diletswa tse lokileng (mohl. kotikoti e sa tshelang ya kofi bakeng sa moropa kapa dibotlolo tse sa tshelang bakeng sa xylophone).
- ★ Kgethang seletswa se le seng kapa tse pedi tseo le buileng ka tsona, bokellang tseo le di hlokanang ho di etsa mme le mamele medumo e hlahellang ha le di bapala.
- ★ Ere bana ba banyenyane ba take karolo eo ba e ratang ho feta paleng. Bana ba baholwanyane ba ka ngola mabapi le moketjana oo ba ka ratang ho ba le ona, se ka etsahalang moketjaneng oo le hore ke bomang ba ka bang teng moo.
- ★ Ka hara pudulana kang ya monahano, ngola seo o nahanang hore mophetwa o a se nahana. Ebe o kenya mmala setshwantshong.



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?



Letholopje le lenyane le ratang ho ithorisa

- ★ Sebedisa letsopa, hlama ya ho bapala kapa leha e le Prestik ho bopa baphetwa ba paleng, kapa o take ditshwantsho tsa bona mme o di sehe o di ntshe. Sebedisa baphetwa ba hao ho pheta pale hape ka tsela ya hao!
- ★ Na ho na le dipale tse ding tseo o di tsebang tse nang le dinoha le dinonyana ho tsona? Ho etsahala eng dipaleng tseo? Na ho na le dintho tse tshwanang le paleng ena?



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.





Letholopje le lenyane le ratang ho ithorisa

E ngotswe ke Nicky Webb ■ E tshwantshitswe ke Vian Oelofson



Ho kile ha eba le letholopje le lenyane le neng e ikgantsha haholo ka masiba a lona a masehla a matle le molomo o motsho o benyang. E ne e dula lehlakeng haufi le noka e hoeleditse ho mang kapa mang ya ka e utlwang. Ntjhebeng! Na ha ke motle? Shebang masiba a ka a kganyang a masehla! Bonang kamoo molomo wa ka o benyang ka teng letsatsing!”

Dinonyana le diphoofolo tse ding di ne di sa rate letholopje le lenyane. E ne e se feela hobane e ne e ithorisa, hape e ne e le lonya.

“Hela, Kwena!” ha hoeletsa Letholopje, “O na le meno a mabe e le ka nnete. A maholo a diketsepa ebile a masehla, ebile o na le ditukula tsa dinama menong! Pho! Ke na le bonnete ba hore o lakatsa eka o ka be o ena le molomo o motle o tshwanang le wa ka!”

Kwena a holobela ka metsing a inahanela kamoo ho ka bang monate ha a ka hlafuna Letholopje ka meno a hae!

Eitse ha ho fihla nako ya hore Letholopje le ahe sehlahla sa yona, ya etsa seo ka tsela ya yona ya boikgantsho le ho ithorisa. Ho ena le hore a kgethe majwang le mahlaka le masiba jwalo ka dinonyana tse ding, a kgetha dikgetjhana tsa pampiri e benyang le diphuthelwana tsa dipompong tse phatsimang, tseo a ileng a di lohella sehlaheng sa hae. Ha a qeta, sehlahla sa hae se ne se benya se phatsima letsatsing. “Helang, lona kaofela,” ha hoeletsa Letholopje. “Shebang sehlahla sa ka! Na ha se makatse e le ka nnete? Bonang kamoo se benyang ka teng letsatsing!”



Kgudu ya feta e totoba lehlakeng moo mme ya emisa ho sheba sehlahla se makatsang sa Letholopje. “Na ha o lakatse eka o ka be o ena le ntlo e ntle jwaloka ena ya ka, Kgudu?” Letholopje la tswibila jwalo. “Ya hao e mpe ebile ha e kgahlise. Bona feela kamoo ya ka e phatsimang ka teng.”

Kgudu a sisinya hlooho ya hae, “Ke kgotsofetse nna ka kgaketla ya ka, Letholopje. E a ntshireletsa, mme seo ke sona sa bohlokwa ho nna.”

Kamora moo, tweba ya thoteng ya hlahisa hlooho hara mahlaku a ommeng. Sekgetjhana sa foile se sehlaheng sa Letholopje sa mo kgahla. “Kgele, Letholopje, sehlahla sa hao se kganya haholo,” ya rialo e tsetsela.

Letholopje la kokomosa masiba a lona, “E ntle akere?” a rialo ka motlotlo, “Na wena ha o kgathale, Tweba, ke ho dula mahlakung le diihupeng tse sootho? Ntlo ya hao e haula le ho ba mpe hakaakang.”

“Tjhe, Letholopje,” ha rialo Tweba. “Ha o lekana le nna tjena ka bonyane, o ba dijo tsa diphoofolo tse ding. Ha ke ipata harehare ka tlasa qubu ya mahlaku, ha ho moitho ya ka mponang mme seo se etsa hore ke se ke ka jewa. Nka mpa ka dula ke bolokehile ho ena le ho ikwahlaya.”

“Ke nahana hore o mpa o le mona feela,” ha rialo Letholopje a shebisitse molomo wa yona hodimo moyeng.

Jwale ho ne ho ena le noka e kgolo haufi le noka moo e neng e ntse e ithobaleitse mariha kaofela. Ha e tsoha, ya utlwa e lapile haholo, yaba e tsamaya ho ya batlana le se hlabosang se ka tlatsang mpa ya yona. Yaba e kopana le kgudu e orile letsatsi. Kgudu ya sheba leleme la Noha hang feela le mahlo a yona a tshosang mme ya ikgula ya honyela ka hara kgaketla ya yona. Noha ya kobola Kgudu makgetlo a mmalwa, empa ha bonahala eka ntho eo ke kgaketla e thata feela, kahoo noha ya tswela pele ho ya batla ntho e nngwe eo e ka kgonang ho kenya meno ho yona.

Hanghang Noha ya bona Tweba, ya neng a ntse a bokella diihootse le dinthwana tse ding tse monate bakeng sa dijo tsa motsheare. Noha ya hwasha ho ya ho yona, e leka ho se etse lerata hohang, empa mala a yona a lapileng a e senola. Tweba a tjhopho ka potlako kamoo maotwana a hae a neng a ka mo jara ka teng mme a tjhobela tlatselase ka hara qubu ya mahlaku. A dula moo a kgutsitse, a sa sisinyehle le hanyane feela. Noha a leka ho bula mahlaku nakwana, empa mala a hae a ne a korotla le ho feta jwale. O ne a lapile haholo hore a ka tjhoka hara mahlaku a makalo ho batlana le dijo tse nyane jwaloka Tweba, kahoo a fetela pele.

Ese neng a iphumana a le tlase nokeng. Moo he, a bona ntho e makatsang. E ne e shebahala jwaloka sehlahla, empa e benya e phatsima letsatsing le kganyang. Noha a bona Letholopje a fofela sehlaheng sa hae. “Ho a makatsa hore nonyana ela ha e leke le ho pata sehlahla sa yona ho noha e lapileng,” ha rialo Noha a ipuela a le mong.

A nyenyelepa a kgutsitse ho ya nokeng mme a nyolosa mahlaka ho ya sehlaheng sa Letholopje. Ka lehlohonolo, eitse hang ha a re o kenya hlooho ya hae ka sehlaheng mme a je nonyana e nyane eo, o ile a bonwa ke dinonyana tse ding, tse ileng tsa tlatlarietsa mme tsa lemosa e nngwe. Letholopje a fofa ho tswa sehlaheng sa hae ka yona nako eo mme a kgona ho baleha, empa Noha a dihela sehlahla sa hae se setle fatshe, moo se ileng sa kgaoha dikoto.



“Seo se tla o ruta, Letholopje, hore o se ke wa dula o ithorisa hakana,” ha tswibila dinonyana tse ding.

“Sheba!” ha hoeletsa ledinyane la nonyana, “Masiba a hao a fetohile a masootho!”

Letholopje la iijheba mapheo le tshohile haholo. Ka nnete a ne a le sootho ka ho phethahala. O ile a utlwa a swabile haholo. O ne a sa batla a jewa ke noha feela, empa le ntlo ya hae e ne e heleditse mme masiba a hae a matle a masehla a le sootho a tswaelehile, jwalo feela ka a dinonyana tse ding.

Letholopje o ne a ithutile. O ile a tlhela ho tsamaya a ithorisa mme a qala ho ba mosa ho diphoofolo tse ding. Le ha mapheo a hae a ile a ba masehla hape, ho fihlela kajeno, mariha a mang le a mang, a fetoha a masootho hape ho mo hopotsa ka bomaumau ba hae.

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.

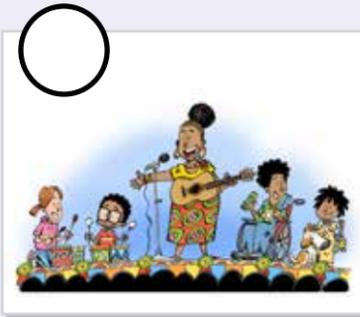
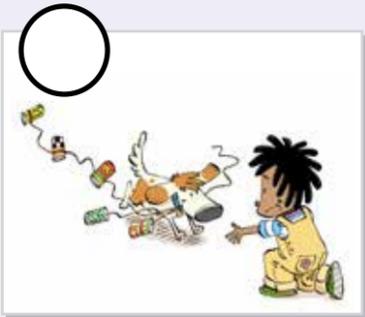
Etsa betjhe

1. Seha hodima mola wa matheba a mafubedu mme o ntsho betjhe.
2. Kenya setshwantsho mebala.
3. Seha sedikadikwe se boholo bo lekanang le betjhe khatebotong e tshesane, ho etsa mohlala, lebokoso la sereale.
4. Sebedisa sekgomaretsi ho manamisa betjhe hodima khateboto.
5. Sebedisa theipi e kgomarelang kapa masking theipi ho konopela sepelete bokamoraong ba betjhe. Kapa o etse lesoba hodimo mme o kenye ulu kapa kgwele lesobeng leo e le hore o tle o e hake molaleng wa hao.
6. Natefelwa ke ho rwala betjhe ya hao ha o ntse o bala le ho mamela dipale ka Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Balla Hodimo.



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.

Sheba ditshwantsho tse na ho tswa ho *Moketjana phakeng*. Di behe dinomoro ele hore di nyalane le tatelano eo dintho di etsahetseng ka yona paleng. Jwale sebedisa ditshwantsho tseo ho pheta pale hape.



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

Qhaqholla diithaku tse na ho fumana diletswa tsa mmimo tse hlano ho tswa ho *Moketjana phakeng*.

scirkudmts _____

agruti _____

srudm _____

mecihs _____

skrahes _____

thudinatswa _____

akatra _____

pormea _____

emditjeha _____

hleweshehlewdis _____

Answers: 2. 13, 1, 4, 2; 3. drumsticks, guitar, drums, chimes, shakers
Dikarabo: 2. 3, 1, 4, 2; 3. diithutswana, katara, meropa, ditlhaeme, dishweheshwehle

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

Nal'ibali e mona ho tla o kgothatsa le ho o tshehetsa. Ikopanye le rona kapa ka e nngwe ya ditsela tse lateng:

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Drive your imagination

