Welcome to your special World Read Aloud Day edition of the Nal'ibali supplement! Each year in the first week of March, we celebrate World Read Aloud Day together with people from all over the world who are passionate about children’s books and reading. So why do we make such a fuss about reading aloud to children? Apart from just being fun, reading aloud is an easy way to make a big difference in a child’s life.

1. Reading aloud to your children gives you things to talk about. It also helps you get to know each other and builds a bond between you.
2. When you read aloud and children enjoy the story, they see reading as an interesting and satisfying activity, and they realise why they should learn to read for themselves. Motivation is a very important part of becoming – and remaining – a reader. To make reading a habit, children have to want to read regularly.
3. Reading aloud shows children how we read and how books work. This knowledge makes it much easier for them to learn to read for themselves.
4. Children are able to understand and enjoy stories that are far beyond their own reading ability when they hear them read aloud.
5. Hearing new words and expressions used in stories develops children’s vocabulary and gives them a rich language to draw from when they read and write on their own.

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**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 hodimo mola wa matheba a mafubedu bakeng sa ho ntsha betjhe.
2. Kenya mebala setshwantshong.
3. Seha sedikadikwe se bohola bo lekanang le betjhe sa khoteboto e tshesane, ho etsa mohlola, lebokoso la serale.
4. Sebedisa selgomoaretsi ho kgomaretsa betjhe eo hodimo khatheboto.
5. Sebedisa thepi e kgomarelang kapa masking thepi ho hokela sepelete bomoraong ba betjhe. Kopa o etse lesoba hodimo mme o ke nyene ulu kapa kgwele ho lona horo o fe o kgone ho e fanyeha molaleng wa hao.

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**What have you read?**

1. Cut out the reading record sheet below and write your name on it.
2. Find the stories on [www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org) or [www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi). Ask an older child or an adult for help if necessary.
3. Download the stories and read them with the person who usually reads to you.
4. Complete your “Look at what I read” sheet to show how much you enjoyed each story.

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**Look at what I read!**

Name: ……………………………

---

**Sheba seo ke se badileng!**

Lebitso: ………………………………………

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Nal’ibali story</th>
<th>How much I liked the story</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pale ya Nal’ibali</td>
<td>Kamoo ke ratileng pale ka teng</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*</td>
<td>**</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feleng learns to read</td>
<td>Felleng o ithuta ho bala</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Mini Meerkat makes a friend</strong></td>
<td><strong>Mini Mosha o fumana motswalle</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The squirrel and the sun</td>
<td>Motjhalla le Letsatsi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haruki’s tail</td>
<td>Mohatla wa Haruki</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The smell thief</td>
<td>Leshodu la monko</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The rain bird</td>
<td>Nonyana ya pula</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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* 3 stars with a story.
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, where 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!"

One day, the woman decided to ask her husband if he had any stories to tell. He said, "Sorry, I can’t. I’m not a storyteller."

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.

"No-o-o," they shook their heads. "No stories for help."

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

"Do you have any stories?" she asked them. "No-o-o," they shook their heads. "No stories to tell."

But her husband had a suggestion to make. "Why don’t you go look for stories?" he said. "If you find any, you can bring them back."

"Yes -and- do!" said the woman. She held the shell and said, "Tell us a story!"

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

The woman smiled. She held the shell and said, "Nal’ibali ... here is the story. Ssshhh.

"Mother, tell a story," the children asked her.

And this was how the first story began.
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 *thump-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.

“Whooo … are … yooou 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 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.

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

“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.”

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.”
Ho no ea dipale Ho no aso Ho no ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya dipale Ya 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“Mmutla!” a hoeletsa. “Na ho na le dipale tseo o nang le tsonga?”

“Dipale?” ha botsa Mmutla. “Oho, ke na le tsonga ka makolokgolo, diketekete, tje bo, ke bolela dimilione.”

“Mmutla, ke kopa hore o mpho tse ding tsa dipale tseo hore ke tle ke yo thabisa bana ba ka le.”

“Ehh...” ha rialo Mmutla. “Ha ke na nako. Ebile ... dipale motsheare? ... Tjhe!” yaba tshethe, tshethe, tshethe a itsamaela.

Kamora moo a kopana le sephooko. Yare ha a mo kopa dipale eo a phukalatsa mapheo a hae ka bohale.

“O maaumang ... wena ... ya ntoosang? Ha ke na dipale. Eya ho lenong tlahip. Ke yena feela ya dulang a shebile le motsheare. Botsa yena.”

Yaba mosadi eo o leba molomong wa Noka ya Tugela moo lenong tlahip a neng a tsonga teng. Yare ha a mmona o hoeletsa lebitso la hae.

Lenong tlahip e moholo a mo kgaruma. “KOW! kow-kow-kow! Hobaneng ha o nkagathsa ke ntse ke tsonga?”

“Oho, Lenong Tlahip ya bohlale”, ha rialo mosadi, “Ke ntse ke batlana le dipale. Na o tseba moo nka di fumanang?”

“Ee,” ha rialo Lenong Tlahip, “Ke tseba motho ya ka o thusang. Eya moo mafika a kopanang le lewatle teng. Ema moo mme o hoeletse Kgudu e kgoelo ya lewatle”

Mosadi a mo leboha mme a theoetsa ka lewatleng. O ne a sa ntse a hoeleditsse Kgudu e kgoelo ya lewatle habedi feela ha e tswa ka tlaa Metsi ka modumo o moholo wo ho kgaphatsa metsi.

“O se ke wa tshoha,” ha rialo Kgudu ya Lewatle.
Get story active!

How stories began is a traditional African story that has been retold for Nal’ibali by award-winning South African author, Wendy Hartmann. Read the story on pages 3 and 4 of this supplement a few times and then read it aloud to your children and others.

Here are some story reading ideas for you to try.

Before you read aloud
- Introduce the story by reading the title of the story. Ask the children, “How do you think stories began?” Let them share their ideas with you.
- Tell the children that this story is a myth – a story that is told to explain something. Nowadays we have more accurate scientific explanations, but we can still enjoy the many creative stories that tell how things in nature came to be.
- Help develop empathy by making comments like, “I wonder how the woman felt when leaving her family behind as she set off on her journey to find stories.”

While you are reading aloud
- Put lots of expression into your voice as you read the story – especially when you read the sound words like, “thump, thump, thump”.
- Help develop children’s prediction skills by asking, “What do you think the king and queen will give the woman their stories?” later in the story.
- Help develop empathy by making comments like, “I wonder how the woman felt when leaving her family behind as she set off on her exciting adventure.”

After you have read aloud
- Invite the children to ask questions or make comments about the story.
- Talk about whether it matters if the story is “true” or not.
- Retell the story together. Use the words from the story and/or the children’s own words to do this.
- Encourage the children to interpret the story by asking them to draw or paint a picture of their favourite part.
- Ask children to draw a map of the area in which the story takes place. Suggest that they show the woman’s village, the place where the king and queen of the sea live and the route the woman takes on her journey to find stories.

Neo’s dad
Utata
ka-Neo

Eba mahlahahlahale bakeng sa pale!

Kamoo dipale di neng di pale ka teng ka tshomo ya kgale ya Seafrika e le gafe ya phetelwa Nal’ibali ke mongodi wa Afrika Borwa ya klenge a hapa kgaos, Wendy Hartmann. Bala pale e leqephekg ka 5 le la 6 flatsetsong ena makefele o mmatlwa mme ebe o e balla hodimo bakeng sa bana ba holo le batho ba bang.

Ena ke mehopolo e meng ya ho bala pale e ka e lekang.

Pele o balla hodimo
- Bolella bana hore pale ena ke kgopoloboko fee la – pale e phetwang bakeng sa ho hlalosa nitsa e leseg. Matsatsing ana se se re e ne la ditlhakosaloe tsa saense tse npeleheng, empa re ntse re ka nna ra natefelwa ke dipale tse ngota tsa boipapeloe tse re boileleang kamoo ditho tsa thaho di blingen ajwalo, ho etsa mohlala, kamoo pela e nene e hloke mohalaita ka teng ka hobaeneng ha lekati le kgwedi di le hodimo morena. Na wena le bana ho na le dipale tsoe le di tsebang tse kang tsee?

Ha o ntse o balla hodimo
- Fetola lentswe la hao hangata ha o ntse o bala pale – haholoholo ha o bala mantswae a medumo e kng. “Nhsethe, Nhsethe, Nhsethe.”
- Ba thuse ho be le kuthwelo bokganki ka ho etsa dintjwela tse kung. “Ke a ipotsa hore ebe mosadi e o ile a ikutla jwanga ha o siya ba lelapa la hae mme a nka leeto le lebile lela boe ya ba lelapa le dipale.”

Kamora ho balla hodimo
- Memra bana hore ba botse dipotsa kapa ho hshwaela mabapi le pale eo.
- Buisanang ka hore ebe ho bohloknwa hore pale ke “mnete” kapa tje.
- Phetlang pale hape mmiho. Sebedisang mantswae a towang paleng le/kapa mantswae ao e leng a bana ho etsa sena.
- Kgathelseta bana ho hlalosa pale ka ha ba kapa ho taka kapa ho peta setshwantsho sa karolo eo ba e ratiing ka ho fetisa.
- Kopa bana ho taka mmpa wa sebaka seo pale e eetsahang ho sona. Hlahisa hore ba bontshe moise le mosadi eo, sebaka seo morena le mosumahendi ba kwalale ba dulang ho sona le tsele eo mosadi a tsmayang ka yona leatong la hae la ho ya bafana le dipale.

Nal’ibali on radio!

Get the story ready to read!
1. Take out pages 3 to 6 of this supplement.
2. To separate the pages, cut down the middle of pages 4 and 5.
3. Fold along the red dotted line.
4. If possible, keep the story in a plastic pocket to protect it.

Lokisetsa ho balwa ha pale!
1. Ntsha leqephe la 3 ho isa ha la 6 flatsetsong ena.
2. Ha aralo maqephe ao, seha bohanele ba maqephe ao 4 le 5.
3. Memra hodimo mola wa motsele a hobudere.
4. Ha ho kgoneha, baloka pale ena ka hara mokotlana wa polasetikho e o seletsa.
I get there just in time − the Bed Monster’s mouth is wide open. It’s about to swallow Zandi. “Go away, monster!” I shout. Then I throw the water all over my sister. “Shame on you, Malusi!” says the Bath Monster. “That’s right. I saved Zandi from the Bed Monster! And this is exactly what the Bath Monster does. The only monster who does like to eat children is the Bed Monster. But don’t worry, Malusi, it never eats clean children − only dirty ones, who go straight to bed without taking a bath!”

Oh, no! What about Zandi! I tell the Bath Monster all about my sister.

“There’s no time to waste,” says the Bath Monster. “Scoop up a glass of water and run as fast as you can to Zandi’s room.”

I get there just in time − the Bed Monster’s mouth is wide open. It’s about to swallow Zandi. “Go away, monster!” I shout. Then I throw the water all over my sister.

“Hooray!” shouts the Bath Monster. “Now she’s clean and safe.”

That’s right! I saved Zandi from the Bed Monster! And this is exactly what I tell Mama when she asks me why I threw a glass of water on my sister. I don’t know if she believes me. But every word of it is true − I promise. Cross my heart that I won’t lie, and if I do I’ll eat a fly!

Tell us if you liked the story, Malusi and the Bath Monster − SMS “Bookmark” with your name and your comments to 32545. R1.00 per SMS.

In your next Nal’ibali supplement:

- Why having books to explore is important
- Days to celebrate in March
- Story Star: journalist and award-winning story writer, Zukiswa Wanner
- A new Story Corner story, Kamuzu’s voice

Need help coming up with ideas to help your children’s literacy grow? Visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi for our growing collection of reading and writing tips!

Hukung ya dipale

Ena ke karolo ya ho qetela ya pale e mabapi le Malusi, kgaisedi ya hae le setshosa se tshajwang sa ka bating eo o ka e ballang hodimo kapa wa e qoqa.

Malusi le Setshosa sa Bateng

(Karolo ya 2)

leo Daly

“O se ka wa tshababo, Malusi,” ka ipolela ywa. “Ha ho na ntshe e bitswang Setshosa sa Bateng mana.”

Yaba hang ho a etshatsha! Ka qala ka ho uka modumu o fise wa dudpulana. Hang ho se ene le ema modumo e kag ika baling ho le ntshe se e chalagathetsang. Mme qetellong ba le ka re e ho thunyho ho ya homdin o e wa lesöleunga bale. SETSHOSA SA BATEG!

Pele mka etsa eng kapa eng. Setshosa sa Bateng ka panywa ka mahlo a sono a mahlo a mme mme se re ka ketsele le tshemebang, le tšepeng metsi, “Ha o ditsela wena. Ke kgaisedi se hae e ditshe, akhe! O dikeleka re ntshe, me ka re kake. Mme ka se netse. Ha ho Ditselosa tsa Bateng se ratang ho ja bane.”

“Ha a je bana?” ka nalo, letswalo le tsotse kokoloko.


Ka phlaa moa hamile ka nako – Setshosa sa Betheng se se se olamiselwa malomo wa sono hahlo. Se se se le kwenya Zandi. “Sama, wena setshosa!” ka heolela. Yaba ka hasa metsi ao ho hohla homdin kgatla ya ka.

“Kure! Ha heolela Setshosa sa Bateng.” “Jwale o le boko mme mme e bokho hale.”

Ke metse. Ke phalatsie Zandi ho Setshosa sa Betheng! Mme seno se se se bokhelela se le limone, mme ka ha o setsho se ka bateng – le boko metsi a le bo setsho, le boko metsi a le bo setsho, le boko metsi a le bo setsho.

“Kure!” ka le bokho ho bokho. “Ha ho khotlagono.”

Ke metse. Ke phalatsie Zandi ho Setshosa sa Betheng! Mme seno se se se bokhelela se le limone, mme ka ha o setsho se ka bateng – le boko metsi a le bo setsho, le boko metsi a le bo setsho, le boko metsi a le bo setsho.

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