Tell us a story!

How often have your children said, “Tell us a story, please!”? If you were lucky enough to grow up with adults telling you stories, then you will probably remember what it feels like to be completely wrapped up in a story – it’s like everything around you disappears and you are part of the story!

Children love hearing stories and they are a great way to stimulate their imagination and their use of language. Here are some tips to help you be a magical storyteller for your children:

- **Get going.** It’s always easiest to start with what you know, so start by telling stories that you know well.
- **Find more stories.** Keep adding to the number of stories you can tell by finding new ones. Look in books and on the Internet. Translate stories that are only available in one language into the language(s) you are comfortable telling stories in.
- **Match with your audience.** Choose a story to tell that you think will interest your listeners and is appropriate for their ages. For example, most children enjoy stories that have animals in them, but stories with evil spirits in them may scare very young children.
- **Choose your words.** Try to choose interesting and expressive words that help your listeners build a picture in their heads as they listen to the story.
- **Use expression.** Tell the story with expression in your voice and give the characters different sounding voices, like a squeaky voice for a little mouse and a deep, booming voice for a lion.
- **Use your whole body.** Use your face to show the expressions of different characters in the story. For example, frown when a character is shaking and cross about something. Use body gestures, like swaying gently from side to side to show how a tree moved in a gentle breeze and then using bigger movements to show how it moved as the wind got stronger.
- **Practise.** If you are telling a story to a group of children, practise in advance so that you know the story well.
- **Enjoy yourself.** If you enjoy telling a story, then it is likely that your children will enjoy listening to it too! So, relax and have fun!

Re phetele pale!

Ke haka e mo bana ba hao ba kileng ba re, “Re phetele pale, hle”? Haeba o bile lehlohono la ho hodiwa ke batho ba bano le ngaka pale, o bapela dipile, mohlomang o ka hopola hore ho zwang ho ikutlha o hopola maitlutho ka pale - ekare dintho tsahi di a nyamela mm a wena o ba karolo ya pale eo!

Bana ba rata ho utlwa dipile mme ke tsela e rile haholo ya ho tsoesela bonoaha le bana le hlaholisi ya bana ya puo. Dikeletsu tse rima ka tse tsa tsa o thausang ha ba mophety ya hiwalwa wa dipile bakeng sa bana ba hao.

- **Qala.** Kamehla ho borelo haholo ho aqalo ka seo o se tsangang. Kamehla ho aqalo ka se ho pheto dipile tse o di tsangang hantle.
- **Batla dipile tse rgata.** Dula o ritse o eketsa lenane di dipile tse o ka di pheteng ka ho batla tse ding tse ntfh. Di batla abukeng ho le ithanetha. Fetsela dipile tse ngatsa tsetse ho ka puo a le ngeng mme o di ngole ka di/pu o tsa o kongang ha pheto dipile ka tsona.
- **Ipapise le bontsho ba hao.** Kgetha pale eo o fio a pheto mme ebe eo o nahanang hore a tiya kgaqha bama ndi le bana ba hao mm e e le katelele bama ndi le bana ba hao. Ho ects mohlola, bana ba bangle ba natafela ke dipile tse nang le dyhoseta ka haute, empa dipile tse nang le meya e mebe ho tsona di ka tshosa bana ba banyenhane haholo.
- **Kgetha mantswa a hao.** Leka ho kgetha mantswa e kgaqha le o bontsho maitlutho a thausang bama ndi le hao ho papa le setshwane diketwela le bana ba hao ha ho ritse ba bama ndi le bana ba hao.
- **Sebodisa dipinto ho tsatla.** Pheto pale ke ho hlahola makutlile ketlengweng le bana ba hao le baphetha medumo a fapanang ya mantswa a bana, e kag le ntswe le le sesang bakeng sa twesemono a la kweng le le le tsebileleng, le letenyana bakeng tau.

Sebodisa mmele wa hao wole. Sebodisa sefahleho sa hao o bontsha maitlutho a baphethwa ba fapanang paleng eo. Ho ects mohlola, sosobanya sefahleho ha mophetya a omana mme a hafetse ho itseg. Sebodisa dipinto ho tsatla, se ho a hong Helvetica hong kwenane ho kwenane ha bontsha kamoo se telefe se telang ho ena le moya o fokang ho sesane le ho sebodisa metsamao a meleho ho bontsha kamoo se tsukefeho ho moya o ritse o eba malafi.

- **Ikweletse.** Haeba o pheto sefahleho sa bana pale, o lokela ho ikweletse pale le hore o fiele o tsetse pale eo hantle.
- **Natafela.** Haeba o natafela ke ho pheto pale, ho ba le kgonahalo ya hore bana ba hao le bana ba tla natafela ke ho e mame! Kamehla, kette mme o natafela!

- **Use your body language.** Use your face to show the expressions of different characters in the story.
- **Practise.** If you are telling a story to a group of children, practise in advance so that you know the story well.
- **Enjoy yourself.** If you enjoy telling a story, then it is likely that your children will enjoy listening to it too! So, relax and have fun!
Hi Nal’ibali

I must that you are doing well. I’m 29 years old and a mother of a 7-year-old girl in Grade 1 at a Xhosa-speaking school. I’m so glad to finally know you. My daughter is struggling to read and sometimes it’s hard for her to write double consonants in Xhosa – that’s what her teacher told me. I believe that if I guide her, it will help her a lot. I need you to help me with tips. I would appreciate this a lot. I want only the best for her future.

Kind regards

Nobuntu M

Dear Nobuntu

You can help your daughter most by continuing to read to her in isiXhosa – that’s the best way to get her reading on her own. Help her with her reading homework, but make sure that you read her the stories in our supplements as well as the ones on our website. Also, that you read her the stories in the library in isiXhosa. Just keep her story reading in isiXhosa – every day!

The Editor

Nal’ibali on radio!

Enjoy listening to stories in Sesotho and in English on Nal’ibali’s radio show:

Lesedi FM on Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 9.45 a.m. to 10.00 a.m.

SAfm on Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 1.50 p.m. to 2.00 p.m.

Nal’ibali radioyong!

Natefelwa ka ho manela dipale ka Sesotho le Senyesemane leneneong la radiyo la Nal’ibali:

Lesedi FM ka Mantaha, Laboraro le Labohlano ho tloha ka Laingsburg

SAfm ka Mantaha, Laboraro le Labohlano ho tloha ka Laingsburg

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 packet to protect it.

Lokisetsa ho balwa ho pale!

1. Nhla ‘lepepe le 3 ho rino le lo 6 fihlela hela.
2. Ho aralo ‘lepepe ao, seha boharing ba ‘lepepe le 4 le lo 5.

Di-SMS


Mohlophisi
Once upon a time in India, there lived a trader. All the villagers bought their supplies from him and he was a very rich man.

One day on his way to town, the trader met a poor farmer. The farmer had to pay a debt he owed to the moneylender. The farmer's great-grandfather had borrowed 50 rupees from the moneylender 50 years ago. He had not been able to repay it. The moneylender added interest to the amount and now the poor farmer owed the moneylender 500 rupees. He wondered if he would ever be able to repay it.

"Good day to you, Chowdhri," said the trader. "I see you are going to pay some of your debt."

The farmer nodded. "That debt is too big," the trader continued. "Soon, you will have no more money, and you will have to give your land to the moneylender. Can't you do something to save your land?"

"It is too late to do anything," the farmer said sadly. "Well, let's forget our worries and pass the time telling stories," said the trader.

"That's a good idea, Shahji!" said the farmer. "But let's make one rule. No matter how silly the story, we must not say it is not true. Whoever says the story is not true, must pay the other one 500 rupees."

"Agreed!" laughed the trader. "I will tell my story first."

"My great-grandfather was the greatest of traders. He was very rich. He sailed to China and came back with many precious things. One of these things was a statue of pure gold. The statue could answer any question you asked it," said the trader.

"True, oh Shahji, true," said the farmer.

"And every grain of corn was as big as your head. My great-grandfather took the village back to its proper place and put it down.

"At that time, your great-grandfather was a very poor man. My great-grandfather employed him as his servant. His job was to weigh out grain for the customers. Your great-grandfather was very stupid and often made mistakes. My great-grandfather would thrash him for his mistakes."

"True, oh Chowdhri, true!" said the trader. He was angry at the farmer, but he didn't want to lose the bet. They had reached the outskirts of the town, but the farmer hadn't finished his story yet.

They reached the moneylender's shop and went inside.

"Well," the farmer carried on, "after my great-grandfather sold his harvest, there was no more work for your great-grandfather. He had to leave, but first, he asked my great-grandfather to lend him 50 rupees."

"True, oh Chowdhri, true!" said the trader.

"Very good," said the farmer loudly so the moneylender could hear. "Your great-grandfather did not repay the debt, nor did your grandfather, nor your father. And you haven't repaid the debt either. Now that 50 rupees, plus interest, amounts to exactly 500 rupees. That is the amount you owe me!"

"True, oh Chowdhri, true!" said the trader.

"You have admitted to the debt before the moneylender," said the farmer. "Now, kindly pay him the money so that I can keep my land."

The trader was trapped. If he said the story was true, he had to pay the moneylender 500 rupees. If he said it was not true, he had to pay the farmer 500 rupees. So he paid up, and never again did he say the farmer was stupid.
“One day your great-grandfather came to ask the statue a question,” the trader said. “He asked who the wisest man was. The statue answered that the trader was the wisest. Then he asked who the most stupid man was. ‘Why you are, of course,’ the statue answered.”

“True, oh Shahji, true,” said the farmer, although he did not agree.

The trader carried on with his story. “My father was also a great traveller. One day on his travels, a mosquito landed on his ear. My father asked the mosquito, very politely, to leave him alone. The mosquito was very impressed by my father’s good manners. He said he would like to do something for him. The mosquito opened its mouth wide. Inside, my father saw a huge palace with golden doors and windows.

“At one of the windows stood the most beautiful princess in the world. But behind the princess he saw a peasant about to attack her with a knife. My father jumped into the mouth of the mosquito to rescue the princess.”

“True, oh Shahji, true!” said the farmer.

“My father leapt onto the peasant, who happened to be your father,” said the trader. “My father and your father fought for a year in the stomach of the mosquito. At last, my father won the fight and your father became his servant. My father married the princess, and I was born.”

“True, oh Shahji, true!” said the farmer.

“But when I was 15,” the trader went on, “a heavy rain of boiling water fell on the palace. The whole building collapsed. We landed up in a hot sea, but we managed to swim ashore. Suddenly, we were in a kitchen. In front of us stood a woman shaking with fear!”

“True, oh Shahji, true!” said the farmer.

“When the woman realised we were men and not ghosts, she started shouting at us. ‘You have spoilt my soup!’ We apologised and told her we had been living in the stomach of a mosquito for 16 years. She said she remembered that a mosquito had bitten her on the arm and she had squeezed out the poison. A big drop of blood had fallen into her cooking pot, and we must have been in it.”

“True, oh Shahji, true!” said the farmer.

“Well, we left the kitchen and found ourselves in another country. That country is the village we now live in. We opened a store in the village. My mother, the princess, died many years ago. That is my story. Let’s see if you do better!”

“A very true story,” said the farmer. “My story is not as wonderful, but every word of it is true. My great-grandfather was the richest farmer in the village. He was very wise and very handsome. When he settled arguments, no one questioned his decisions. He was also very strong and bad people were terrified of him. He was always given the best seat at village meetings.”

“True, oh Chowdhri, true!” said the trader.

“One day a terrible drought came to our village,” the farmer continued. “Birds and animals died by the thousands. The village supplies were finished and the people were starving. My great-grandfather knew he had to do something.

“He called together all the farmers in the village. ‘God Indra is angry with us for some reason and has stopped the rain,’ he said. ‘But if you give me your fields for six months, I will give you all food until the drought is over.’

“The farmers all agreed and gave their fields to my great-grandfather. Then, with one great heave, he picked up the whole village and put it on his head.”

“True, oh Chowdhri, true!” said the trader.

“My great-grandfather carried the village wherever there was rain. The raindrops fell on the fields and collected in the wells. He told all the farmers, who were still in the fields on my great-grandfather’s head, to plough the land and sow their seeds.”

“True, oh Chowdhri, true!” said the trader.

“The crops that came up had never been so wonderful,” the farmer said. “The wheat grew so tall it touched the clouds
Mehleng ya kgale kwana Indiya, ho ne ho dula mohwebi e mong tjena. Baahi bohle ba motse ba ne ba reka ditlhoko tsa bona ho yena mme o ne a ruile haholo.

Ka tsatsi le leng ha a le tseleng e yang toropong, mohwebi enwa a kopana le molemi ya futsanehileng. Molemi o ne a lokela ho lefa sekoloto sa hae ho moadimisani wa ditjhelete. ... mme jwale molemi enwa wa mofutsana o ne a se a kolota moadimisani di-rupees tse 500. O ne a sa tsebe le hore o tla be a kgone ho e lefa kapa tjhe.

"Dumela, Chowdhiri," ha rialo mohwebi. "Ke a bona hore o ilo lefa tse ding tsa dikoloto tsa hao."Molemi a dumela ka hlooho feela."Sekoloto seo se seholo haholo," ho tswela pele mohwebi. "Ese kgale o tla be o felletswe ke tjhelete kaofela, mme o tla tlameha ho fana ka naha ya hao ho moadimisani wa ditjhelete. Na ha ho seo o ka se etsang ho pholosa naha ya hao?"

"Nako e se e mphetile hore nka etsa ho hong, Shahji," molemi a bua ka pelo e bohloko.

"Tjhe, kwana ha re lebale mathata a rona mme re tsamaise nako ka ho pheta dipale," ha bua mohwebi.

"Oo ke mohopolo o motle, Shahji!" ha rialo molemi.

"Empa ha re etse molawana o le mong feela. Le ha pale e ka ba bothoto hakae, ha re a lokela ho re ha se nnete. Ya ka reng pale eo ha se nnete, o lokela ho lefa e mong di-rupees tse 500."

"Ho lokile!" mohwebi a tsheha. "Ke tla pheta pale ya kele."
“Ke nnete, oho Shahji, ke nnete!” ha rialo molemi.

“Ntate wa ka a tlolela ho mosebeletsi eo, eo e neng e le ntatao,” ha rialo mohwebi. “Ntate le ntatao ba lwana selemo kaofela ka hara mpa ya monwang. Qetellong, ntate wa ka a hlola ntwa mme ntatao ya eba mosebeletsi wa hae. Ntate wa ka a nyala kgosatsana eo, mme yaba ke a tswalwa.”

“Ke nnete, oho Chowdihiri, ke nnete!” ha rialo molemi.

“Jwale he, ra tloha moo kitjhineng ya hae mme ra iphumana re se re le naheng e nngwe. Naha eo ke motse oo re phelang ho ona hona jwale. Ra bula lebenkele motseng. Mme wa ka, eo e neng e le kgosatsana, o ile a shwa dilemong tse ngata tse fetileng. Eo ke pale ya ka. Ha re bone he hore ebe wena o ka tla le e fetang eo na!”

“Ehlile ke pale eo e leng mete,” mohwebi a tswela pele, “ha ralo mokwed. ‘Ntate le ka le yena o ne a rata ho maka ka ho hahola,’ ha rialo. ‘Empa ka le ka hahola ho etsa ho hong. Ntate le ka le yena o ne a rata ho maka ka ho hahola.’”

“Dijalo tse ileng tsa mela moo di ne di le ka ho fetisisa,” ha rialo molemi. “Koro ya hola ya eba telele hoo e neng e thetsa marung mme thollo e nngwe le e nngwe ya poone e le kgolo jwaloka hlooho ya hao. Ntatemoholo-holo wa ka a kgutlisetsa motse morao sebakeng sa ona se loketseng mme a o bea fatshe.”
Here is a fun storytelling activity to use to celebrate World Storytelling Day on 20 March 2014. Introduce your children to how they can use specially-created story bags to tell their own stories!

You will need:
- pictures from old magazines and newspapers
- small objects
- scissors and glue
- cardboard or cardboard boxes
- a cloth bag or shopping packet

What to do:
1. Prepare for the activity by cutting out pictures and words from magazines and newspapers that might make a story interesting. Paste them onto cardboard. Also look for small objects, like a feather or small toy that you could include in a story bag.
2. Place the pictures, words and objects into a cloth bag or large plastic or paper packet that is not see-through.
3. If you are doing the activity with one child, ask them to close their eyes and to take out five items from the story bag. They must then use these items to build their own story. You can write down the story your child tells you and then read it together afterwards.
4. If you are doing the activity with a group of children, let them sit in a circle. Give one of the children the bag and ask them to select an item from the bag to begin the story with. Pass the bag around the circle so that each child has a chance to choose an item and add to the story. Write down the story that the children tell and then read it back to the group afterwards.

Get creative!

“Ke takatso ya ha baka le tswa la mophethi wa dipale Afrika le se shwe le kgale; horo bana bole ba tse ba ikutswelo dimakatso tsa dibuka.”
Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela

Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela

“Haeba o etsa mosebetsi ona le sehlotshwana sa bana, ba dudise ka mokolokong hore bana bohle ba tse ba ihle ba tle ba tse ya ba sebedisa dintho tsa ho itseng paleng. Ngola pale eo bana ba e phetang mme o balle se bale, gore bana bohle ba tse ba sebebedisa tsa ho eketsa ho itseng paleng. Ngola pale eo bana hao a e phetang mme kamora moo le e bale mmoho. Ho e phetang mme o leke dia ho e phetang mme o e ratang, mme o leke ba lepho ho o e phetang mme o e amanya le bokomo ya bohlo,”
Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela

Reading club corner

April gives us plenty of opportunities to celebrate stories and words! Choose one or two of these days and then plan reading club activities around them.

2 April International Children’s Book Day, Hans Christian Andersen’s birthday
5 April World Book Day
30 April World Book Day (South Africa)
22 April Earth Day
23 April World Scrabble Day
27 April Freedom Day

Hans Christian Andersen, a Danish author born in 1805, wrote many fairytales that are still retold today – for example, The Ugly Duckling and The Princess and the Pea. Many of his stories are in libraries and on the Internet. Find one you like, and try retelling it with a South African flavour!
Here are some fun poems about animals to celebrate World Poetry Day on 21 March 2014. Enjoy reading them aloud with friends and family! Which one do you like the best?

**The owl***

A wise old owl lived in an oak.
The more he saw the less he spoke.
The less he spoke the more he heard.
Why can’t we all be like that wise old bird?

*Thotokiso ena e mabapi le kamoo sephooko se bohlale se neng se itshwere ka teng.*

**The worm***

A tiny, tiny worm wriggled along the ground
It wriggled along like this without making a sound.
It came to a tiny hole – a tiny hole in the ground
And it wriggled right inside, without making a sound.

*Thotokiso ena e hlalosa kamoo seboko se ikgarang ka teng mokolo.*

**Butterfly***

Fly, fly butterfly
So beautiful.
We love you so.
So colourful.
What a sight,
So very, very bright.

Try writing your own poem about your favourite animal and then send it to us! You can post it to us: Nal’ibali at PRAESA, Suite 17−201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wyecroft Road, Mowbray, 7700. Or you can email it to us: letters@nalibali.org. We’ll publish the best poems in one of our future supplements.

Leka ho ngola thotokiso ya hao e mabapi le phofofo eo o e ratang mme o re romelle yona. O ka e posetsa ho rona: Nal’ibali at PRAESA, Suite 17−201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wyecroft Road, Mowbray, 7700. Kapa o ka e imeilela ho rona: letters@nalibali.org. Re tla phatlalatsa dithotokiso tse monate ho feta ho e ngwe ya diltatseto tsa rona tse tloei.