Many people believe that reading to children should start at a certain age, but research shows that it is better to start reading to children from birth.

Doctors recommend that parents start reading to their babies immediately and keep reading to them. Why? Studies show that children's brains develop the most from two weeks after birth to three months. Reading to babies under three helps them meet important brain development milestones.

Reading regularly to babies and children is important for their development and future reading skills.
Celebrate our mothers!

Each year on the second Sunday in May, we celebrate how important mothers are in our lives. Follow the instructions to make a card for your mom or the mother-figure in your life!

Make a Mother’s Day card

1. Cut out the card along the red line.
2. Fold the card along the dotted black line.
3. Glue the two parts together.
4. On the side with the picture, write a message to the person you will give the card to. Colour in the picture.
5. On the other side, draw a picture of you and this person together, or write a poem or longer message.

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 on radio!

Make your own cut-out-and-keep book

1. Take out pages 3 to 6 of this supplement.
2. Fold it in half along the black dotted line.
3. Fold it in half again.
4. Cut along the red dotted lines.

Iketsetse bukana e-sehwang-le-ho-hipolokelwa

1. Ntsha leqephe ka 3 ho isa ho ka 6 bukaneng ena ya ifatsetso.
2. Le mene ka haloko hadima mola wa matheba a matsha.
3. Le mene ka haloko hope.
4. Seha hodima mela ya matheba a matloubedu.

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

Nal’ibali radyiyong!

Nal’ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign to spark children’s potential through storytelling and reading. For more information, visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi

For copies of Heartlines’ Stories that Talk (in all 11 languages), and Stories that Talk 2 (English only) please email orders@heartlines.org.za or phone (011) 771 2540.
Can Little Pig fly?

“I knew it was a stupid plan,” said the cow.

“I told him he would get hurt,” said the hen.

“Who is going to pick up those feathers?” complained the old goat.

Later in the day, the animals once again stood around and watched at Little Pig found a packet and dragged it up onto the roof. They watched him struggle to get his front legs into the handles.

“Could you help me?” called Little Pig. “I’m finding this packet a bit difficult.”

“I can’t,” said the cow. “I’m busy.”

“No,” said the hen. “Too dangerous.”

“Don’t look at me,” said the old goat. “It’s just too crazy.”

Little Pig had to keep struggling all on his own. Eventually, he got his front legs into the packet. Once again he ran and … Jumped off the roof.

“Na ke le se tsebile hore ke morero wa bothoto,” ha rialo kgomo.

“Ke mo jwetsitse hore o tla tswa kotsi,” ha rialo kgoho.

“Ke mang ya tla phutha masiba ao?” ha tletleba podi e tsofetseng.

Ha morao hona letsatsing leo, diphoofolo tsa boela tsa ema haufi ho tla shebella ha Kolobe e Nyane a tshwere mokotlana o kang sephuthelwana mme a se hulela ka hodimo marulelong. Tsa mme ka pele ka hare ma boela a boela a … TLOLA ho tla shebella.
"Good morning!" shouted Little Pig to all the sleeping animals on the farm. It was still very early and he was the first one awake. "Hello? Hello? Is anyone awake?" he called. But no one answered him. They all pretended to be asleep.

CRASH! Little Pig landed on the ground with a big bump.

He stood up and shook his head. He wiggled each of his legs and found that nothing was broken. Then he saw his wings lying on the ground beside him. They were in pieces.

"Oh well," he said bravely, "I'll have to make another plan." And he set off to look for a new idea, thinking to himself, "All things are possible if you believe and have hope."

There was a loud WHOOSHING noise as the wind caught the packet which billowed out behind him. Then there was a loud CRASH as Little Pig hit the ground hard. This time he landed on his snout. It hurt a lot and he began to cry.

"It's no use crying," said the cow. "I told you that this was a silly idea. But you didn't want to listen."

"I'm not crying," pretended Little Pig. "This bump on my snout is just making my eyes water." And he walked away, sniffing. He held his head up high and blinked back the tears.
A while later, the animals were surprised to see Little Pig dragging two big branches towards the roof. He tried and tried but he was not strong enough to lift them up and they kept falling on top of him.

"He's very stupid if he thinks that he can fly with those branches," said the cow.

They all turned to look at Little Pig. He was crying. "It's too hard!" he sobbed. "I can't do this." Big tears rolled down his cheeks and fell into the dust.

The animals were quiet. They looked at Little Pig. They looked at each other. They felt very uncomfortable. "Little Pig..." said the hen slowly. "I'm sorry we didn't help you. Please don't give up."

Suddenly, over the hill, came the cow. She was running as fast as she could. And holding tightly onto her horns, with beautiful wings streaming out behind him, was... Little Pig!

He was flying at last!

"Yes," said the cow. "You must always have hope, Little Pig. Life without hope is very … empty. And sad."

"And boring," said the old goat.

"So if you really, really want to fly, we will help you," said the hen.

Little Pig sniffed and wiped away his tears. "Really?" he asked. "Will you help me?"

"Yes. We will!" Suddenly all the animals had ideas about how to help Little Pig fly.

"Where are those guinea fowl feathers?"

"I'll get some more …"

"And bring those branches!"

"I think we might need that packet too."

"No! Find a bigger packet. That one's too small."

They rushed around the farm collecting all the things they needed.

That evening the animals all gathered in the field to watch Little Pig fly.

There was a sound like distant thunder. It got louder and louder.

"What are you doing?" asked the cow.

"I'm trying …" panted Little Pig, "… to climb up onto this roof. I've made some wings, you see, and I'm hoping to fly. Could you help and pass me those feathers?"

"No," said the cow. "That sounds like a very bad plan, and I don't want anything to do with it."

"You'll hurt yourself," warned the hen.

"And you are making a mess," complained the old goat.

"Well," said Little Pig, "I have things to do."

And off he trotted.

"Thank goodness he's gone," muttered the old goat. "It's just too early for his nonsense."

Eventually the animals got up and did what they always do. Stand around. Chew. Scratch. Moan. Scratch a bit more. Moan. Only Little Pig was busy. All morning he ran around the farm, humming a little hum. The other animals watched as he rushed backwards and forwards with things in his mouth.

"Ho lokile," ha rialo Kolobe e Nyane, "ke na le dintho tseo ke lokelang ho di etsa." Yaba o a tsamaya.

"Re lebwa hakaakang ha a ile," ha honotha podi e tsotetseng.


Ke Kolobe e Nyane feela ya neng a ntse a etsa ho hong. Hoseng hono kaosela eale a potoloha polasi, a ntse a kgerehla mokgerehlo o monyane. Diphoofolo tse ding di re di lebelletshe ha a ntse a eya morao le pele, a momme dintho ka molomo wa hae.


"Ehile bo bodutu," ha rialo podi e tsotetseng.

"Kahoo, haeba ka mete o hile o lakatsa ho fofo, re tla o thusa," ha bua kgoho.

Kolobe e Nyane a hlephethsa a ba a hlakola dikgapha. "Ka mete?" a botsa. "Le tla nthusa?"

"Ehilele. Re tla o thusa?" Hanghang diphoofolo tsolho tsa ba le mehopololo ya hore di tla etsa jwang hore di thuse Kolobe e Nyane ho fofo.

"A ka masiba ale a kgaka?"

"Ke tla tla le a mang …"

"O be o tle le makala ao!"

"Ke nahana hore re ka mma ra hloko le mokotla wane hape."

"Tjie! Batla mokotlana o moholwanyane. Wane o ne o le monyane haholo."

Ba potlakela hohlle polasing ba ntse ba bokella dintho tsolho tseoa di dlokang. Mantshoeng e diphoofolo tsolho tsa bokana lepatlelong ho ya shebella Kolobe e Nyane ha fofo. Ho ne ho ena le modumo o rorang jwalo ka lehadima le hole. O ne o ntse o phahama ho ya hodimo.
Sawubona! Good news, our first supplement for this year arrived on Friday! We had an opportunity to go through it with the reading club team on Friday and we were all inspired by the content of this edition. I guess the word “inspiration” sums up the whole edition. The elders at the door. This story poem (well done!) to our favourite story. The elders at the door. This story connects with us in different ways and we believe it will do the same for our children as we share it this week in our clubs.

I recently met a parent of one of our reading club children. She told me about how her five-year-old child, Kwanele Nxusa, had recently started to share things with his siblings without her having to ask him to do this. When she asked him why he had started sharing more, he said that he didn’t want to be like the little monkey he’d read about in a story by his reading club – Baby Monkey’s Bananas by Sue Hepker and Graeme Viljoen (supplement 42). He told his mother how the monkey landed up lonely and surrounded by dangerous animals because of his greediness!

This scenario made me realise that stories go a long way in children’s lives. They are not only about fun, but they shape them in a mysterious way! Ngiyabonga.

Gcinumzi Radebe, Nal’ibali Cluster Mentor

Dear Nal’ibali...

Write to Nal’ibali at
PRAESA, Suite 17–201, Building 17,
Waverley Business Park, Wyecroft Road, Mowbray, 7700, or at
letters@nalibali.org.

Get story active!

After you and your children have read Can Little Pig fly? try discussing some of these things.

- Why do you think Little Pig didn’t give up trying to fly?
- Is there something that you really want to do? What is it?
- Ask open-ended questions (questions that have no right or wrong answer and instead, can be answered in different ways). For example:
  - Do you think the animals treated Little Pig well? Why or why not?
  - Are hope and having dreams the same thing? Why or why not?
  - Do you agree with the cow that we should always have hope? Why or why not?

Eba mahlahahlaha bakeng sa pale!

Ha wena le bana le hloko le hloko Na Kolobe e Nyane a ka Fofa? Lekang ho buisana ka tse ding tsa dintho tsema.

- O nahana hore ke habaneng ha Kolobe e Nyane a sa ka a nyahama ho leka ha folo?
- Na ha na le nhlo eo a hlokena o lahateng sa e sa! Ke eng?
- Botse dipotso tse bulehileng diphotse tse sa nang karabo e nepahetseng kapa e fosahetseng, empa di ka aqwa ka ditsela tse fapaneng! Ho etso mohloa:
  - Na o nahana hore diphotso tse sa nang karabo e nepahetseng kapa e fosahetseng, empa di ka aqwa ka ditsela tse fapaneng! Ho etso mohloa:
    - Na o nahana hore diphotso tse sa nang karabo e nepahetseng kapa e fosahetseng, empa di ka aqwa ka ditsela tse fapaneng! Ho etso mohloa:
  - Na o nahana hore diphotso tse sa nang karabo e nepahetseng kapa e fosahetseng, empa di ka aqwa ka ditsela tse fapaneng! Ho etso mohloa:
  - Na o nahana hore diphotso tse sa nang karabo e nepahetseng kapa e fosahetseng, empa di ka aqwa ka ditsela tse fapaneng! Ho etso mohloa:
  - Na o nahana hore diphotso tse sa nang karabo e nepahetseng kapa e fosahetseng, empa di ka aqwa ka ditsela tse fapaneng! Ho etso mohloa:
  - Na o nahana hore diphotso tse sa nang karabo e nepahetseng kapa e fosahetseng, empa di ka aqwa ka ditsela tse fapaneng! Ho etso mohloa:
In your next Nal'ibali supplement:

- Easy ways to inspire children to read
- Story Star: Judith Sephuma talks to us about reading to her children
- Collect the Nal’ibali characters: Gogo
- A cut-out-and-keep book: Perfectly me
- The final part of the Story Corner story, Whatzit

Looking for audio stories for your children? Visit www.nalibali.mobi and go to the “Downloads” section for audio stories in a range of South African languages to play from your mobile phone!

Story corner

Here is the first part of the story about Amina and her special toy-friend, Whatzit, for you to enjoy reading aloud or telling.

Whatzit (Part 1)
by Jude Daly

Amina lay on her bed. And she stood on her head. Then she put on her fairy wings and started to dance. Amina twirled and whirled. She scurried and flurried. She even rocked and rolled. Then she flopped back on her bed. Nothing helped. She was still fed up and she was still lonely.

So Amina unpacked her toys. Most of them were hand-me-downs from her big sisters, even the toy box was a hand-me-down. She put Eli, Dassie, Rabbit and Mouse on her bed. They were going to have a tea party as soon as she found the teapot.

She searched the toy box again and that’s when Amina found Whatzit. It was lying forgotten at the bottom of a sewing basket, at the bottom of the toy box.

Amina turned Whatzit over to see its face, but it didn’t have one. Poor forgotten Whatzit! It had a shape, sort of roundish-squarish, but no face or arms or legs or wings or tail or anything.

Amina propped Whatzit up on the bed between Eli and Dassie and opposite Rabbit and Mouse. She found the tea pot and poured the tea. Eli, Dassie, Rabbit and Mouse finished their tea in no time, so did Amina. But Whatzit didn’t. Well, how could it without a mouth!

So, Amina took Whatzit and the sewing basket and went to find her granny.

“What’s that?” asked her granny.

“Whatzit,” said Amina. “Whatzit needs a mouth.”

“Okay,” said Amina’s granny, “but we must be quick, I am very busy and still have so much to do.”

Amina’s granny helped her sew a mouth for Whatzit; a nice smiley mouth.

“And Whatzit needs a nose,” said Amina. But already her granny was not listening.

Will Amina find someone to help her give Whatzit all the things he needs? Find out next week – and discover where Whatzit comes from!

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Tlatsetsong ya hae e latelang ya Nal’ibali:

- Melgwana enolo ho ya kgotholetsa bana ho balo
- Naledi ya Dipale: Judith Sephuma o bushana le rona ka ho ballo bana ba hae
- Bokella baphetha ba Nal’ibali: Gogo
- Buka ya ho sehwo-le-ho-ipolokela, Nna ka ho phetha halana
- Karolo ya ho qetela ya pale ya Hukung ya Dipale, Whatzit

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Hukung ya dipale

Ena ke karolo ya pale ya pale e mabapi le Amina le motswale wa hae ya ikgethanga wa sebapadiswa, Whatzit, bakeng sa ho o natelela ha o e ballo hadimo kopa e e pheta.

Whatzit (Karolo ya 1)
ka Jude Daly

Pula e ne e ena, e Ntle e tshihlo, mme Amina e ne e o tenele a tshwenne ka boditlou. Ho ne ho se na metswale ya hae e ka flangi ho tla balancing le yena mme bohle bohle ba neng ba le ka flangi ba ne bo phathahane. Bahlo bohle bohle ba ne ba dula ba phathahane! Ho ne ho se mona ho ba e meneanye ho bohle lapeng.


Jwale Amina a pokololo dipabosiswa tsa hae. Bongangana tsa tsa tsa a di luweng ka bahokwane ba hae, esitana la lebokoso la dipabosiswa a e ne e le le a le fane. O ile a ba Ei, Dassie, Mmutla le Tweba hodi ho hidimo hale ya hae. Ba ne ba tla ba le moketjana wa teye hang feela ho ne a na a kua fumana ketele ya teye.

O ile a ballo a ka hloho lebokoso la dipabosiswa hape mme yaba Amina o fumana Whatzit. Ena e ne e rebote kaqama e lebokose la foma a hae ke hla ka mani era ho roka, fisehela lebokose la dipabosiswa.


“Ke eng e?” ha botsa ngakho wa hae.

“Whatzit,” ha ralo Amina. “Whatzit a hloko molomo.”

“Ho lokile,” ha ara ba NGAKHO wa Amina, “empe re telo leka ho potlakoa, ke phathahane hloko mme ho sa la le ho hanga ho ke leloang ho ho e lela.”

Ngakho wa Amina a o multsa ho roka molomo bakeng sa Whatzit, molomo a metle o bosa sebalhelo.

“Mme Whatzit o balla le noko,” Amina a ralo. Empe, ngakho wa hae e ne e a sa a sa a sa a sa a sa.

Na Amina o tla fumana metho ya ka mo thung ho nea Whatzit dintho tsho ho di hlokang. Fumana karabo bekeng a tlango – mme o łuwa ho nako le na o e Whatzit o tswa hokae!

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