Here's the story...

by Gcina Mhlophe

For as long as there have been people in the world, we’ve had stories. Long before we knew about all the great, respectable sciences, the sun and the moon were already important in a way more special than we can imagine today.

Stories were like firestones, always at hand to start up fires in the minds and hearts of people. When one person would tell a story, it would revive a memory of a different story in the listener. People got to know many stories, and stories were at the centre of people’s lives. People taught one another important lessons through stories. Stories entertained and educated − they still do.

Here in Africa, the art of storytelling has managed to survive for so long, in spite of all the other difficulties people have had to face over the past few hundred years. The different cultures developed and survived with the great help of storytelling in all its forms. There are many wisdoms hidden inside the stories that have managed to survive up to this day, and we continue to learn from them. This is our proud heritage.

Today there are still some storytellers in our country, but not enough to reach the millions of young audiences who would love to hear a good story. Enter the book. In the past one hundred years, many books have been written and we have reason to be proud. But are we also making sure that the right books and stories are in places where families can access them? Do we pay the same amount of attention to what the stories are about and how they are told as we do what the books look like? After all, these books should be seen as our revered storytellers and they come in so many languages.

We have little books, medium-sized and big books! They are there for all book lovers to enjoy, but we need to ensure that our young people are set up with the conditions and resources they need to hear and enjoy these stories and become readers themselves. We need to work together to make reading part of a common South African heritage.

Pale ke ena...

ka Gcina Mhlophe

Ho tlho haesaile ho eba le batho lefatshe, re ntse re ena le dipale. Kgale, pale re tseba ka dihitutamahole tse kgolo, tse hlophehlang, letsetsi le kgwedi di re di ntse re di le bohlokwa ka tselo a ikgethango ho feta kamoo re ka nahanang ka jenjo.

Dipale di ne di tshwana le mejwe a morall, kamehla a dula a le teng ho tukiso moffa diketleleleng le dipetong tsa batho. Ho moltho a le mong a ne a ka pheta pale, ne e te sosetela le ho kopotsa momamed ka pale e ngwane e fapangwane le yona. Batho ba ne ba ditlhalo dipale tse ngata, mme dipale di ne di le bohlokwhadi mapheleng a batho. Batho ba ne ba rata a dihitu tsa bohlokwa ka dipale. Dipale di ne di natefisa le ha rata – le ka jenjo di ntse di etsa jwalo.

Mona Afrika, bonona bo ha pheta dipale ba kgomo ho pheta nako e telele, le ha ho ne ho ena le mahlata a mangata ao batho ba ile a lefale le lamhela ho shebeha le oana dilemang tse mapholo a mmoso a mmpangwana tse feteletheng. Ditso tse fapaneng di le tsela tswela pale le ho pheta ka thuoa e kgole ya ho pheta dipale ka kwekgwane e fapaneng. Ho na le mahola a mangata a pateleheng ka hano dipale tse kgomo a huto di le teng ho fihlela basitla ka jenjo, mme re tseba pale ho ihuto ba rata. Sana ke bohlokwa ba rona bao re teng mofitho ka bona.

Kajeno ho ntse ho ena le baphethi ba dipale nahaneng ena ya rona, empa ha ba a lekana ho ka fihlela dimilwane tsa bamamedi ba sa leng bathi ba neng ba ka rata ho mamede pale e monate. Ho tshana buka he. Ka dileme tse lekgolo tse fetiletheng, ho ngwwele dibuka tse ngata mme kacho re mofitho. Empe na re echa bonene tse bonene dibuka tse nepahetseng le dipale le dibakeng tse ho tsana malap a ka kgomo ho di fihlela? Na re mamedisoo a kloko se dipale di bau ka rona ka le mamedisoo a lingu, empe ha fihlela le di fihlela. Batho ba ho moso le kwen kgomo ka bapheto ka fihlela. Re ka fihlela fihlela, dibuka tse kajeno ho mpe a ngotswe dibuka tse hloko ka nahaneng tseフケンウ.

Re ne le dibuka tse nyane, tse namaneng le dibuka tse kgolo! Di eseditswe ho natelela botlhak bale ka dibuka, empa re lekela ho netafatsa hone bana ba rona ba ho le tselela tsa makhetha le dipale ka lekela ho dipale ka ke teleng ka phetwa ho bana ka oana. Ho tshana ka kwen kgomo ka lekela ho dipale re ka ke lekela ho dipale ba le fihlela lese le. Re ka mpane ho tloha le fihlela, mme di dipale ka lefale ka fihlela.

Mona Afrika, bonona bo ha pheta dipale ba kgomo ho pheta nako e telele, le ha ho ne ho ena le mahlata a mangata ao batho ba ile a lefale le lamhela ho shebeha le oana dilemang tse mapholo a mmoso a mmpangwana tse feteletheng. Ditso tse fapaneng di le tsela tswela pale le ho pheta ka thuoa e kgole ya ho pheta dipale ka kwekgwane e fapaneng. Ho na le mahola a mangata a pateleheng ka hano dipale tse kgomo a huto di le teng ho fihlela basitla ka jenjo, mme re tseba pale ho ihuto ba rata. Sana ke bohlokwa ba rona bao re teng mofitho ka bona.

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We will be taking a break until the week of 19 October 2014. Join us then for more Nal’ibali reading magic!

Re hlo kgefutsa ho fihlela bekgeng ya la 19 Mphalane 2014. Eba le rona nokong ea bekgeng ka mphilo e meng hape ya ho bala ya Nal’ibali.
Bonnie Henna is an actress, Survivor contestant and author of an autobiography, Eyebags and Dimples. She shared her storytelling secrets with Nal’ibali and explained why she thinks reading aloud is the best way of spending quality time with her two children.

What stories do your children enjoy?

They like stories with characters they can relate to and who are going through things they have gone through or are going through. They also love it when I tell them stories in a lively way using lots of expression and actions! I love the look on their little faces when I read to them in different voices, and so I make it as exciting as possible for them.

Give us a tip for reading aloud to children.

When I read to my children, I don't focus on myself and my opinions of the story because then it's easy for me to get bored or distracted.

What book should everyone read to their children?

The book that they ask you to read! Every child has their favourite book. It's important that we acknowledge and respect what they enjoy. We should avoid judging their choices.

What do you enjoy about being a parent?

Watching my children learn to speak is so exciting. I don't know where they learn half the things they say. Watching them form ideas and sentences as they speak is so fascinating to me. They are also so funny!

Did you enjoy writing your book?

Writing my own story has allowed me to experience a freedom I have never had before.

Which book changed your life?

I don't think there is only one book that changed my life. It's more like a combination of ideas I've read over the years from many different books. It's not always about taking in everything you read in a book, rather take what is meaningful to you and leave the rest!

Finish the sentence: A life without stories would be …

… lonely.

Bonnie Henna

Bonnie Henna ke sebapadi sa kolana, monakoake wa tlhodisana ya Survivor le mongodi wa buka ya bophelo ba hae, Eyebags and Dimples. O ile a arolelana le Nal’ibali makunutu a ho pheta dipale mme a halaleho hore ke hohaneng a nahana hore ho balsa hodimo ke mopilo o mafane ka ho fetisisa wa ho qeta nako ya bohlokwa a ena le bana ba hae ba babedi.

Ke dipole dife tseo bana ba hae ba netefelweng ke tsona?

Bo rata dipole tse nang le baphetwa bao ba ka itswelwa tlo kgopa tlo bana le b a kopanang le dintho tseo bana ba kilele le kopana le tsona kapa ba kopanang le tsona. Hape ba a rata ho ka ba phetela dipole ka tlela e mahlahahlaha ke sebedisa dipontsho le diketswe tse ngata! Ke rata kamos ditša letšhanganisa tsa bana di shebela ka tse nang ha ka ba balsa ka mantwse a fapaneng, kahoo ke dula ke etsha hore e ba ntelele kamos nika kgonang.

Ako se fe le ketsole bokang sa ho balsa hodimo bokeng sa bana.

Ha ka balsa bana ba ka, ha ka tsepamse makulisla a ka ho nna le kamos a nakanang ka teng ka pale eo hobane ha ho etsha hore ha bo bana le tlela he lo shebele he no sitshohe.

Ke buka e jwang ea batho bohle ba lokela ho e balsa bana ba bana?

Buka eo ba a kopang hore a ba balse yano! Nkare e Mohammed le mong e mong o a ke buka ea a e ratlhe haholo. Ho bohlokwa ha amadela le te le Ntlohitla se ba netefelwang ka se le balelo a ho ngaka go bohlo a le kopaletla a diktsho tsa bana.

Ke eng a no tse tselela ka ho ha bo motsawadi?

Ho shebela bana ba ka ba itlhakong ho ba bane ke reho e nthabisang. Ha ka tseba hore ke hokeo moo ba lapha tlo hale ho tlo tse tse ho di bantu. Ha ba shebela ba ipapela mopholo le dipolelo ho ba nite ba bane ke reho e nthabisang haholo. Ebile ba qabola e le ka mnete!

Na o ile wa netefelwa ke ho ngola buka ya hao?

Ho nqebu buka eo a le ng lo ka ke sa hatlulatse ho tseba tokoloho eo ke neng ke esa ka ke e ba ke yona pete.

Ke buka efie e fetotseng bophelo ba hae?

Ha ke kgobole hore ho na le buka e le ngwe e fetetseng bophelo ba ka. Nkare ke motswakwa wa mophelo e ke baseleng ka yona dilo le bokeng e le fapaneng. Ha sa hore o limphi sa ho nka ho ntho e le ngwe e o a e baso le kerentse, empho a ka mapo wa ake sa nang le molopo ho beene moon e foetele te ding!

Qetella polelo ena: bophelo ntle le dipole bo ne bo fisa …

… ba bodutu.
The following day the two naughty dogs went to Mother Hen’s house to thank her for her help. Just then, Mother Hen’s husband, Mr Cock, arrived home from work. He was a fierce-looking fellow who made it clear that he did not enjoy the company of the two dog-chaps at all. When they had gone he said to Mother Hen, “Why did you allow those two dirty dogs into the house? They might have eaten our little chickens or stolen our eggs!”

“I felt sorry for them,” Mother Hen replied. “Yesterday they came all the way from Grasslands, so I thought I should show them where they could stay.”

“Did they tell you what pushed them out of Grasslands?” Mr Cock squawked crossly. “Why did those suspicious-looking swines come to Porcupine Hills when they don’t know anybody here?”

“You are always too hard on strangers, my dear,” Mother Hen scolded. “If those rascals ever put their dirty paws in this house again,” said Mr Cock, “I will take my shirt off, open up my wings very wide, and jump on them one at a time, pecking them with my beak very fiercely. I will even peck their eyes out!” Mr Cock spread out his wings as far as they could go and started to jump up and down, making an almighty racket. “Squaaaaaawk, squawkeeeee! Squaaaaaawk, squaaawkoooo!”
Once upon a time there were two notorious dog-chaps called Shorty and Billy Boy. They lived in a small village called Grasslands, where they were known to be the worst thieves in town. They would steal anything they could get their paws on, but most of all they enjoyed stealing eggs, which they would gobble up greedily.

Night and day Shorty and Billy Boy would scamp up from one house to another, sniffing around for something to steal. There were always things to pinch from the villagers' houses or from the lush green wheat fields surrounding the town. Often they sneakily stole oranges and naartjies from the trees growing in their neighbours' gardens. The troublesome pair made sure that no-one was ever around to witness their crimes, but sometimes Mr Pig or Mama Goat would see them and chase them across the village.

Occasionally the two devious dogs were chased by the farmer himself. But Shorty and Billy Boy were young and strong, and they always managed to get away. So they carried on pouncing on things that did not belong to them.

The pair was doing so much damage that everyone in the village demanded they be punished. When the two naughty friends realised how angry the villagers were, they decided to leave Grasslands. They boarded the next train to the far-away town of Porcupine Hills, paying for their train tickets with money they had stolen from their friends.
Suddenly, Billy Boy was awakened by the prison warden's voice. He ordered Billy Boy to change his clothes and prepare for his release from jail. As the young dog got dressed, he thought about the kindness Mrs Cow had shown him in his dream. He remembered the days when he and Shorty had scampered from one place to the next, stealing eggs, oranges, naartjies, mealies and money despite being chased by the farmer, Mr Pig, Mama Goat and the other villagers. He thought about all the damage they had done, and how they had upset everyone in Grasslands and Porcupine Hills.

As Billy Boy walked out of the prison gates and into the street, he decided never again to steal from anyone. He decided that when he met up with Shorty, they would say sorry to all their friends in Grasslands and Porcupine Hills. Billy Boy took a deep breath of fresh morning air, and with a smile he scampered into the wide open space of the world.

Mr Cock heard of the dogs' promise to stop thieving, he pulled off his coat in celebration. Flapping his wings, he opened his beak wide and cried, "Squaaaaawk, squawkeeee! Squaaaaawk, squaaawkoooo! Cock a doodle doooooo!"

When Shorty and Billy Boy arrived at Porcupine Hills, they set off for the outskirts of town. They knew they had to find a place far away from Mr Cow, the policeman.

The two dogs were surprised to see that the country was dry and barren, unlike their green, fertile hometown of Grasslands. There were dried-up dongas in the road, and the fields were dusty and bare. It seemed like not a drop of rain had fallen in years.

Shorty and Billy Boy wondered if there would be anything in Porcupine Hills to steal – there wasn't even a measly mealie in sight! But the young dogs were cunning. They knew they'd be able to sniff something out.

On their way out of town, the mischievous pair passed Mother Hen. They explained where they'd come from and asked her if she knew of a place where they could live.

"Hmmmmmm," clucked the hen thoughtfully. Then, waving her wings, she gave them directions to a suburb not far from where they stood. Before the little group parted company, Shorty and Billy Boy asked Mother Hen for her address, which she readily gave them. The dogs hurried off in the right direction and soon came across an abandoned kennel, where they settled in for the night.
On the train they sat next to Miss Piggy and Mrs Cow. Neither the pretty piglet nor the grand old cow recognised Shorty and Billy Boy.

"Which station are you stopping at?" Shorty asked Miss Piggy.

"I'm getting off at Mamba Ridge, just one stop before Porcupine Hills," snorted the piglet, blushing.

"Oh!" exclaimed Shorty. "We'll be almost neighbours then, as we're getting off at Porcupine Hills. We're going to look for a place to live there."

Billy Boy asked Mrs Cow how far she was travelling.

"I'm getting off at Mamba Ridge, just one stop before Porcupine Hills," moo-ed Mrs Cow, peering down her nose at them. "I'm on my way to visit my husband. He is a policeman in Porcupine Hills, you know."

"That's a pity for you," snorted the piglet, blushing. "I'm getting off at Porcupine Hills station," moo-ed Mrs Cow, peering down her nose at them. "I'm on my way to visit my husband. He is a policeman in Porcupine Hills, you know."
Shelofo ya dibuka ya Nal’ibali

Buka e sehlang-te-ho-ipolokela kgatseng ena ya tlasetso ya Nal’ibali e ne e ngotswe le ho tshehlasela go Gerard Sekoto. O ne a tweetswa ka selemo sa 1913 mme o ne a le dilemo tse 90 ha a Hlokahate. Gerard e ne e le mophethi wa dipolpe ya Ntshwati – o ne a pheta pale ya Afrika Borwa le Maafrika Borwa a thwalelehieng ka tshebebedi ya ditshwannerho tse rifle tseo a neng o di pentse. Ka jeneke ditshwannerho tseo a di pentileng di temo ke lehlohloko ka Ntshwamang ka bophurana mme o ditsebo “nhata wa bonano ba matsatsing ena ba Afrika Borwa”. Re lehloloholo habane ke karolo ya botlhokwa ba rona!

Did you know?
- Although Gerard Sekoto didn’t have art lessons as a young boy, he taught himself to draw and paint well enough to win second prize in an art competition when he was 25 years old.
- He trained as a teacher and taught at a high school in Limpopo for a while before becoming a full-time artist when he was 26 years old.
- The system of apartheid forced him to leave South Africa in 1947.
- When he left South Africa, he moved to France, where he stayed for nearly 45 years.
- He also lived and worked in the African country Senegal for about a year.
- Apart from being such a gifted artist, Gerard Sekoto was also a talented musician. In fact, he earned money by playing the piano in nightclubs in Paris. Sometimes he even played music and songs that he had written and made recordings of them.
- Exhibitions of Gerard Sekoto’s paintings have been held all over the world.

Another famous artist
Frida is a beautiful picture book about another famous artist called Frida Kahlo. It is the inspiring story of how a young girl born in Mexico learned to draw and paint, and how painting saved her life! Frida led a life filled with illness and physical pain, but she used art to escape this and to express it together with her joys and her loves. Unfortunately, this book was only published in Spanish and English. Read it to your children in English and translate the text for them as you read, if their home language is not English.

Senono se seng se tshebhalang
Frida's book ya ditshwannerho tse rifle e mabapi le seseng le se seng se tshebhalang se bitswng Frida Kahlo. Ke pale e kegathatlheng ya kamoso ngwanyana ya neng o Hlahlhetse Mexico a le mme a iluta ho taka le ho pentse, le ka moo setshwantsho se pentlweu se ilieng sa pholsa baphelo ba hae ka teng! Frida o ne a pheta baphelo ba tsetseng ho kula le mmele a opong, empaa o ne a sebedisa bonono ho bhalagadi – ena le ho bontsha mpho sa nyakallo ya hae le ditshwannerho tseo a di ratang. Ka bomoledimo, buka ena o le ya photlhalotho ya mabapi le dipolpe ya puo ya Spanish le ya Senyesemane. E bale bana ba hae ka Senyesemane mme o ba tsona ya ngotsweng moo ha o nitse a bala, haeba puo ya bona ya tapang e se Senyesemane.

Collect the Nal’ibali characters
Cut out and keep all your favourite Nal’ibali characters and then use them to create your own pictures, posters, stories or anything else you can think of! You can also cut this picture of Dintle and add a speech bubble to show what she is “saying” as she “reads” her book!

About Dintle
Age: 9 months old
Lives with: her mother and brother, Afrika
Speaks: doesn’t speak yet but understands Sesotho and she kicks her feet and gurgles when her mom reads to her!
Books she likes: books about animals and babies
Also likes to: listening to Sesotho rhymes that Afrika says to her

Mabapi le Dintle
Dilema: dikgwedi tse 9
O dula le: mme wa hae la kgatltsedi ya hae, Afrika
O boa: ho a se bume empaa a othwasa
Sesotho mme a raharaha ka maseo a kekelelo ba misho a nitse a mmatlal
Dibuka tseo a di ratang: dibuka tse mabapi le dipholoilo le masea
Hape o rata ho: mamela ditlholo lo ba Sesotho tseo Afrika a mo etsetsa tsong!
Lwazi and the go-kart (Part 2) By Helen Brain

“What are you making?” asked his cousin, Lulu, coming outside.

“I’m making a go-kart,” explained Lwazi.

“Can I have a ride on it when it’s finished?” asked Lulu.

“If you help me sand it,” said Lwazi.

So Lulu took the sandpaper and began to make the sides nice and smooth.

Lwazi’s two friends, Ismail and McKenzie came by on their way to the shop.

“What are you making?” they asked.

“We’re making a go-kart,” said Lwazi and Lulu.

“Can we have a turn when it’s finished?”

“If you help us,” they answered.

So the boys took more sandpaper and made the inside, the front and the back nice and smooth. At last the go-kart was finished.

“I’m having the first ride,” said Lwazi, dragging the go-kart to the top of the hill.

“That’s not fair,” said Lulu. “You said I could have a turn.”

“And us,” said Ismail and McKenzie. “You said we could all ride in it.”

“We all want our turns!” shouted Lulu and Ismail and McKenzie.

So when they reached the top of the hill they all piled on – Lulu and Ismail and McKenzie all sitting on top of the go-kart and holding on tight. “Here we go!” shouted Lwazi, giving the go-kart a shove and jumping on the back.

Faster and faster they went, rattling and rumbling and screaming and laughing until suddenly Lulu shouted, “Hey, there’s the vlei! How do we make it stop?”

“Ooops,” said Lwazi, “I forgot to make BRAKES!!!”

Crash, thump, thwack, splash!

The go-kart hit the wire fence, and the children flew over the fence and into the vlei.

“Oh, ow, ow!” cried McKenzie, coming up for air. “My nose hurts.”

“Eina!” screeched Lulu, rubbing her backside. “Oh, oh, oh, my backside hurts.”

“Where’s Lwazi?” cried Lulu.

“Has he drowned?” cried Ismail.

“No, he’s just under the water.”

“Where’s Lwazi?” cried Ismail and McKenzie.

“Ooops,” said Lwazi, “I forgot to make BRAKES!!!”

Tell us if you liked the story, Lwazi and the go-kart – SMS “Bookmark” with your name and your comments to 32545. R1,00 per SMS.

Hukung ya Dipale
Ena ke karolo ya ho qetela ya pale e mabapi le moshanyana le kolotsana ya hae e rite e o ka natefelwang ke ho e balla hodimo kopa ho e pheta hape.

Lwazi le kolotsana (Karolo ya 2) Ka Helen Brain

“O etsa eng?” ha botsa motswala wa hae, Lulu, a tswela ka rite.

“Ke etsa kolotsana,” ha hlalosa Lwazi.

“Na nka e palama ha o se o e qetela?” ha botsa Lulu.

“Ha feela o ka nhusha ho a e hohlha,” Lwazi a arabla.

Yabo Lulu o nka pumpiri e hohlha mme a qala ho hohlha mahlakore hore a be mafle a be boreledi.

Metswalle ya Lwazi e mmedi e leng Ismail le McKenzie ba feta le mae ba eoya lebakelele. “Le etsang!” ba botsa.

“Re etsa kolotsana,” ha ralo Lwazi le Lulu.

“Ha le rona re ka fumana sebaka so ho palama ha e feditse?”

“Ha le ka re thusa,” ba arabla.

Yabo boshemane bao ba nika pumpiri e ningwe ya ho hohlha mme a hohlha ka hare, ka pele le ka morao ha ebo hatse le boreledi. Qeteling kolotsana e ne e qetlewe.

“Ke nna ka palamaang pele,” ha ralo Lwazi, a huletse kolotsana ka hodima lerela.

“Ha se hanle,” ha ralo Lulu. “O etsa le mae ka fana lemaga e be metsa.”

“Le rona,” ha ralo Ismail le McKenzie. “O etsa kaefela ha rona re fana palama.”

“Koefela ha rona re ba fumana ho palama!” ha huletse Lulu le Ismail le McKenzie.

Kahlo yore ha ba thlo ka hodima lerela ba palama kaefela ha bona – Lulu le Ismail le McKenzie kaefela ba ditswe hodima kolotsana ba ka fihlelelese le fanele ka thata. “Ha re yeng!” ha huletse Lulu, a qele ka hulela kolotsana mme a fetela ho yona ka morao.

Ba rona ba eketla lebelo jwalo jwalo, ba solohuma ba qhombakwe mme ba huletse ba bide ba bide ka bheha ho fihlele hanghang Lulu a huletse, “Jwaju, ha na le qanitha! Re e emisa jwaju!”

“Joo,” ha ralo Lwazi, “Ke lebele ha hetsa MARK!!!”

“Jheu, twatla, hwalakoha, phaikga!”

Kolotsana ya thula fense ya ha ka fumana sebaka, mme bana ba fetela ka qanitha ho terata ka hame qanitha.

“Njho, njho, njho!” ha ifa McKenzie, a phahamisa hlalo ho lga moya, “nka ya ka e bohloko.”

“Eina!” ha bokolla Ismail, a tlolela tsa qanitha sefahlehong sa hae.

“Hlalo ya ka e bohloko.”

“Jo, jo, jo, disanatho tska ka di bohloko!” ha ifa Lulu a thekesela ka rite ho qanitha.

“Lwazi a ka?” ha botsa Lulu. “Na o ka fetsa matsi?”

“O qanangwe ke metsi?” ha ifa Ismail le McKenzie.

“Ke nna enwa!” ha ralo Lwazi a shibele ka le ka qanITHA ho terata. “Ako shibele kolotsana ya thutho hle!” ha ifa Lwazi a thetsa ho ne ho nabatekibana mme, mapholankia a mamese, khaphe a dimakare se tedi le qubu ya dipokere le didite.

“Ao butha,” ha ralo Lwazi. “Re tla fana ho qala qalo.”

“Nakong ena!” ha ralo Lulu a pikitla disanatho tska hae. “Ke kopa a mpe a qapela ho keng a.”

Koefela ba tsheha.

Re bolelle haeba o rattle pale ena, Lwazi le kolotsana – SMSa “Bookmark” mmoho le lebileo la hao le ditshwaelo tsa hao ho 32545. R1,00 SMS ka ningwe.