



Nalibali

It starts with a story...

Spread the word!

Each year on 21 February, the world celebrates International Mother Language Day. This event shines the spotlight on just how important it is to preserve and protect *all* languages used by *all* groups of people throughout the world! And nothing could be more relevant for South Africa, as Carole Bloch, Director of PRAESA, explains.

“It’s normal to use our mother tongue every day, isn’t it? No, it’s not! It is actually only normal for mother tongue English speakers, and some Afrikaans speakers, to carry out their daily business in their mother tongue (or home language). Most people in South Africa do not have this privilege.

I am often asked why I think most school children in South Africa do so badly at reading and writing. Well, think about how shaky their foundations are – apart from anything else, most children have to switch to a language they barely know after only three years at school – usually English! That means doing all of their reading, writing, learning, tests and examinations in this language. Many people think that our children would be even more disadvantaged without English. But here’s the point: it’s not a matter of pitching English against African languages! It’s about using African languages as well as English, not one at the expense of the other. We have to use all of our languages, especially in print, to develop and value them.

To understand and communicate at school, you need to use a language you know. You need to be given the opportunity to see and understand the world through your own language so that you’re more likely to be motivated and inspired to learn new things. And then, to get to know a new language, you need teachers who are well-trained and language role models.

And, of course to learn to read, you need lots of books and stories. In South Africa, we have great children’s literature from around the world, including stories from Africa, but these stories are mainly in English. Don’t all children in 21st century South Africa deserve books and stories in their mother tongues so that they can be nurtured into the magic and wonder of reading?

This year, on 21 February, help spread the word about the importance of using your home language/s to grow children’s literacy.”

Ake niwuhlabe niwulawule!

Minyaka yonke mhla zingama-21 kuNhlolanja, umhlaba wonke ugubha Usuku Lomhlaba Lolimi Lwebele. Lo mcimbi ugqamisa ukuthi kubaluleke kangakanani ukugcina nokuvikela *zonke* izilimi ezisetshenziswa *yiwo wonke* amaqembu abantu emhlabeni wonke! Futhi ayikho enye into engena khaxa njengale eNingizimu Afrika, njengoba kuchaza uCarole Bloch, uMqondisi wakwa-PRAESA.

“Kuyinto eyejwayelekile ukusebenzisa ulimi lwakho lwebele nsuku zonke, angithi? Cha, akunjalo! Kuyinto eyejwayelekile kubantu abakhuluma isiNgisi, kanye nabanye abantu abakhuluma isiBhunu, abenza imisebenzi yabo ngolimi lwabo lwebele (noma ulimi lwasekhaya). Abantu abaningi eNingizimu Afrika abanayo le nhlamba.

Ngivame ukubuzwa ukuthi ngicabanga ukuthi kungani izingane zesikole eziningi zaseNingizimu Afrika zingenzi kahle ekufundeni okubhaliwe kanye nasekubhaleni. Empeleni, ungazicabangela nje ukuthi isisekelo sazo sixega kangakanani – okunye futhi ukuthi izingane eziningi kumele zishintshela olimini ezingalwazi kahle ngemva kokuba sesikoleni iminyaka emithathu – okuvame ukuba yisiNgisi! Lokhu kusho ukufunda, ukubhala, ubhala izivivinyo nokuhlolwa ngalolu limi. Abantu abaningi bacabanga ukuthi izingane zethu zizolahlekelwa amathuba uma zingasisebenzisi isiNgisi. Kodwa naku okubalulekile: akuyona nje indaba yokuqathanisa isiNgisi nezilimi zase-Afrika! Lokhu kumayelana nokusebenzisa izilimi zase-Afrika kanye nesiNgisi; alukho ulimi olungaphezu kolunye. Sonke sisebenzisa izilimi zethu, ikakhulukazi ezibhaliwe, ukuze sizithuthukise futhi sizazise.

Ukuze uqonde futhi ukwazi ukuxhumana nabanye esikoleni, kudingeka ukuthi usebenzise ulimi olwaziyo. Kumele unikezwe ithuba lokubona kanye nokuqonda umhlaba ngolimi lwakho, ukuze kukhule kuwe ukukhuthala nentshisekelo yokufunda izinto ezintsha. Kanti-ke ukuze ukwazi ukufunda ulimi olusha, udinga othisha abaqeqeshwe ngokwanele kanye nabantu abayisibonelo esihle kuwe.

Futhi, empeleni ukuze ufunde ukubhala, udinga izincwadi kanye nezindaba eziningi. ENingizimu Afrika sinezincwadi zezingane ezinhle kakhulu ezivela emhlabeni wonke, ezibandakanya izindaba ezivela e-Afrika, kodwa lezi zindaba zivame ukuba ngesiNgisi. Ngabe zonke izingane kunyakankulungwane wama-21 eNingizimu Afrika akufanele yini ukuthi zibe nezincwadi kanye nezindaba ngezilimi zazo zebele ukuze zikhuliswe ngomlingo kanye nesimangaliso sokufunda?

Kulo nyaka, ngomhla zingama-21 kuNhlolanja, siza uwuhlabe uwulawule umkhosi mayelana nokubaluleka kokusebenzisa ulimi lwakho noma izilimi zakho zasekhaya ukuze uthuthukise ukwazi ukufunda nokubhala ezinganeni.”



Drive your imagination

Story Power:
Bring it home.
Walethe ekhaya amandla endaba.





Story stars

Sharing stories in different ways

Zanele Ndlovu is the author of our cut-out-and-keep book on pages 3 to 6. She is also a storyteller, actress, song writer, musician, dancer and publisher. Zanele's inspiring work has taken her all over the African continent where she has performed at many different kinds of festivals. Recently we spent some time chatting to this talented and passionate Story Star about stories and reading.

Who told you stories when you were a child?

My aunts and cousins at my grandmother's house. They used to tell me my grandfather's story called *Xinyaragwegwe* which is Xitsonga.

When did you start telling stories? Who did you tell them to?

I started telling stories when I was twelve. I told them to my aunts and cousins during the school holidays.

What is your favourite story to tell?

I love "The boy who cried wolf". It has a good lesson: If you lie about being in trouble, when you really need help, no one will be there to help you because they won't believe you!

Where do you get your stories from?

From books and from storytellers on the radio and at live performances. I also make up my own stories.

What language/s do you tell and write stories in?

I tell my stories in my mother tongue, isiZulu, and also in English. I write my stories in isiZulu because I think it's important to preserve my mother tongue – many people can't read and write in isiZulu. Then I translate my stories into other languages.

How are stories that are told, different from written stories?

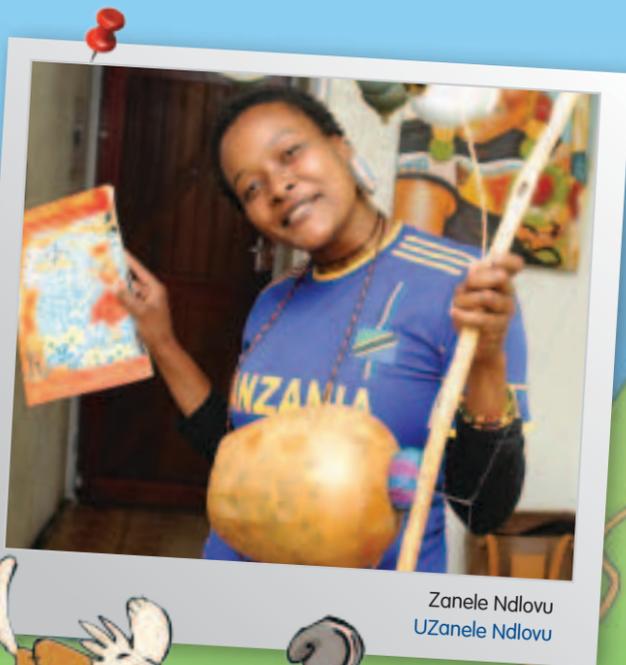
When you tell a story, it benefits only the people who are there at the time, unless they pass it on. When you write that story down, it will be there for generations to come.

Do you ever read a book more than once?

Yes! Some books can't be read only once!

My favourite place to read is ...

... in a tree!



Zanele Ndlovu
UZanele Ndlovu

Abavelele ezindabeni

Ukwabelana ngezindaba ngezindlela ezahlukene

UZanele Ndlovu ungumbhali wencwadi oyisika uyikhiphe bese uyigcina esekhasini lesi-3 ukuya kwele-6. Ungumxoxi wezindaba, umdlali weshashalazi, umbhali wamaculo, umculi, umdansi kanye nomshicileli. Umsebenzi kaZanele ohlaba umxhwele usumhambise kulo lonke izwekazi lase-Afrika lapho asedlale khona emikhosini eminingi enhlobonhlobo. Sisanda kuba nesikhathi sokuxoxa nalo Ovelele Ezindabeni onesiphiwo nentshisekelo ngezindaba kanye nokufunda.

Ubani owayekuxoxela izindaba lapho useyingane?

Ngo-anti kanye nabazala bami kwagogo. Babevame ukungixoxela indaba kamkhulu wami eyayibizwa ngokuthi *Xinyaragwegwe* ngesiTsonga.

Uqale nini ukuxoxa izindaba? Wawuzixoxela bani?

Ngaqala ukuxoxa izindaba ngineminyaka eyishumi nambili. Ngangizixoxela o-anti kanye nabazala bami ngamaholide ezikole.

Iyphi indaba othanda kakhulu ukuyixoxa?

Ngithanda ethi: "Umfana nempisi". Inesifundo esihle: Uma uqamba amanga ngokuthi usenkingeni, lapho usudinga usizo ngempela, akukho muntu ozokusiza ngoba akukho muntu ozokukholwa!

Uzitholaphi izindaba zakho?

Ezincwadini kanye nakubaxoxi bezindaba emsakazweni kanye nasemidlalweni ebukwa bukhoma. Ngiyazakhela nezami izindaba.

Ngabe iluphi ulimi noma iziphi izilimi oxoxa ubhale ngazo izindaba?

Ngixoxa izindaba zami ngolimi lwami lwebele, isiZulu, kanye nangesiNgesi. Ngibhala izindaba zami ngesiZulu ngoba ngicabanga ukuthi kubalulekile ukulondoloza ulimi lwami lwebele – abantu abaningi abakwazi ukufunda nokubhala isiZulu. Emva kwalokho ngihumushela izindaba zami kwezinye izilimi.

Zehluka kanjani izindaba ezixoxwayo kulezo ezibhalwe phansi?

Uma uxoxa indaba, kuzuzo kuphela labo bantu abakhona ngaleso sikhathi, ngaphandle kwalapho bezoyedlulisela kwabanye indaba. Uma ubhala leyo ndaba, izohlala ikhona, itholwa yizizukulwane ezizayo.

Ngabe uke uyifunde incwadi isikhathi esingaphezu kwesodwa?

Yebo! Kukhona izincwadi ongakwazi neze ukuzifunda kanye nje!

Indawo engithanda ukufundela kuyo ...

... esihlahleni!



Create 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.

Zakhele eyakho incwadi ozoyisika uyikhiphe bese uyigcina

1. Khipha ikhasi lesi-3 ukuya kwele-6 kulesi sithasiselo.
2. Asonge abe nguhhafu lapho kunomugqa (ulayini) wamachashaza amnyama khona.
3. Asonge abe nguhhafu futhi.
4. Sika lapho kunomugqa wamachashaza abomvu khona.



“Ngayabonga!” kusho uNozulu, wathi nyawo zami nake nangezela? Lapho wayegijima engasabheki emuva ephindela ekhayi! Wafika wapakisha isikhwanyana sezingane zakhe sokudla nezimpahla. Wathatha ibhayi wabaletha elinye iwele emhlane wase ebeka elinye esifubeni. Akatshelanga muntu ukuthi uyaphi. Wamikelela khona entabeni. Ngenkathi uNozulu ekhuluma nesihlahla sikakotapheya kwakukade kukhona inyoni eyayihleli esihlahleni lesogama layo kwakunguSiqophamithi. Wandiza njalo-ke uSiqophamithi eya kumngani wakhe uGog’ uBavikile eyomtshele ngezivakashi zakhe ezizayo. Inyoni yafica uGog’ uBavikile enza uMakhweyane omusha. “Mngani wami?” kusho uSiqophamithi, “kukhona umama nezingane zakhe abazokubona. Badinga usizo lwakho!” Ekugalemi uGog’ uBavikile wajabula kakhulu, kodwa wayesesheshwe eba nokungabaza. Kodwa kwathi lapho esekhumbula ukuthi le nyoni enhle yayikade yaba ngumngani wakhe, futhi ingakaze imkhohlise, wabuye wajabula futhi. Ngemva kwesikhahashana lapho uGog’ uBavikile ephuma endlini yakhe eyohlangukadeza izivakashi zakhe, wathola uNozulu ehleli phansi, ekhathazwe ukukhwelela intaba namawele akhe. Phela ayelokhu ekhale njalo: “Wa-a! Wa-a! Wa-a!” Uthe angabona uGog’ uBavikile, uNozulu wanethemba. “Sawubona Gogo”, esho ngokuzithoba. “Ngidinga usizo lwakho.”

Fold

“Thank you!” said Nozulu, running from the avocado tree without once looking back. At home, she packed food and clothes in her babies’ bag, and using a shawl, wrapped one baby onto her back and the other one onto her chest. Then, without telling anyone where she was going, she made her way up the mountain. Now, when Nozulu was talking to the avocado tree, a woodpecker had been sitting on one of its branches. This woodpecker flew to its friend Gogo Bavikile to tell her about the visitors that were on their way. The bird found Gogo making a new uMakhweyane. “My friend,” said the woodpecker, “a mother and her children are coming to see you. They need your help!” At first, Gogo Bavikile was very happy. Soon, though, she was overcome with doubt. But when she remembered that this beautiful bird had been her friend for many years, and had never lied to her before, she grew happy again. A while later, when Gogo Bavikile came out of her house to meet her visitors, she found Nozulu sitting on the ground, tired after climbing the mountain carrying her twins. Of course, they were crying again. “Wah! Wah! Wah! wah!” they cried, “Wah! Wah! Wah! wah!” As soon as she saw Gogo Bavikile, Nozulu’s hope was restored. “Hello, Gogo,” she said humbly. “I need your help.”

UMAKHWEYANE



Zanele Ndlovu
Charlotte Hill O’Neal



UMakhweyane is published by Izilimi Zase-Afrika which publishes books in the indigenous languages of Africa in order to help preserve them. Izilimi Zase-Afrika was started in 2014 by Zanele Ndlovu. Zanele is a social activist and artist – she is a storyteller and writer, and plays indigenous African musical instruments. As part of her work she visits schools, children’s homes and community centres where she runs creative writing workshops and tells stories.

UMakhweyane is currently available in isiZulu, but there are plans to make it available in other South African languages too. To order a copy, email izilimi.zaseafrika@gmail.com.

UMakhweyane ushicilelwe ngabashicileli: Izilimi Zase-Afrika, abashicileli bezincwadi ngezilimi zase-Afrika ukuze zigcinwe lezi zilimi. Abashicileli, Izilimi Zase-Afrika, basungulwa nguZanele Ndlovu ngowezi-2014. UZanele uyishoshovu sezimo zenhlalo kanye nongoti wezobuciko – ungumxoxi wezindaba kanye nombhali, futhi udlala izimfijoli zomculo womdabu wase-Afrika. Njengengxenywe yomsebenzi wakhe, uvakashela izikole, amakhaya ezintandane kanye nezikhungo zomphakathi nokuyilapho ebambela khona imihlangano yokucobelelana ngolwazi ngokubhala okuphathelene nezobuciko bese exoxa nezindaba futhi.

UMakhweyane okwamanje utholakala ngesiZulu, kodwa kukhona izinhlelo zokwenza ukuthi utholakale nangezinye izilimi zaseNingizimu Afrika futhi. Ukuze uthenge ikhophi yale ncwadi, thumela i-imeyli ku-izilimi.zaseafrika@gmail.com.

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



UNal’ibali umkhankaso wokufundela ukuzithokozisa kazwelonke wokokhela lokho okungenziwa yizingane ngokuxoxa nokufunda izindaba. Ukuze uthole eminye imininingwane, vakashela ku-www.nalibali.org noma ku-www.nalibali.mobi



Fold

Babula kakhulu oNozulu nomyeni wakhe uMlilo ngenzane zabo ezinhl, nomphekathi wabajabulela, kodwa inkanga kwakwukuthi amawele la ayekhala angathuli. Ayekhala athi, “Wa-a! Wa-a! Wa-a!” lapho ephiva ukudla. Ayekhala athi, “Wa-a! Wa-a! Wa-a!” noma sekumele alale. Ayekhala athi, “Wa-a! Wa-a! Wa-a!” ubusuku nemini. Lokho kwakumphelela kabi uNozulu futhi kumbangele nekhandla elibuhlungu. Wayengasabazi ubuthongo. Okwakumephula umoya kakhulu kunakho konke ukuthi wayengakuthokozeli ukuba umama. Umphekathi wase Tshopiya waphinda wasola yena belu uGog’ uBavikile! “Nguye lo mthakathi, ugallie ukuthakatha ngalo Makhweyane wakhe futhi. Akagquki noma sesimxoshi!” Kwathi ngeinye ianga ngehora lesithathu ekuseni uNozulu wawuka wayothandaza endle. Wayekhala kabuhlungu ethi: “Nkosi yami ngiyabonga ngokungibusisa ngamawele ami amahle. Ngiyathanda kakhulu, kodwa yinye nje inkanga, awakaze akuyeke ukukhala selokhu azalwai Angikaze ngwabone ehleki! Ngicela ungisize bandla Nkosi yami, ungtihliscle izingane zami!”

Dukuduku, kwezwakala izwi liphuma esihlahleni sikakotaphya esaphambi kwakhe. “Kwaze kwabuhlungu ukukubona ukhathazekile Nozulu ngane yami,” kusho izwi. “Ngiyezwelana nawe osizini oluzwayo. Okummandi nje ukuthi ikhona indlela yokukusiza. Mnywe vo umuntu ongakusiza ukuthulisa izingane zakho. Lowo uGog’ uBavikile lo ohlala phezulu eNtabeni Yezinyosi. Hambisa izingane zakho kuye.”

“Let’s go inside, and you can explain your problem to me,” said Gogo, picking up Nozulu’s bag.

“You know, Gogo, my children have cried day and night ever since they were born – even now you can see they’re crying!” explained Nozulu. “When I was praying in front of the avocado tree, a voice told me that you’re the only one who can help me with this problem.”

Gogo took the children from their mother and put one on her back and the other one on her chest, the same way their mother had. Then, she took her *uMakhweyane* and played it. While she played, she sang a nursery rhyme.

At this, something unbelievable happened. Nozulu and Mlilo’s children started smiling, wriggling about and laughing! Nozulu was amazed – for the first time since their birth seven months earlier, her children were happy! She laughed and cried at the same time. “This is amazing!” she said at last. “Thank you so much, Gogo. Never grow tired of doing good! How can I repay you for helping me?”

“I would be happy if you visited me at least once a week,” replied Gogo Bavikile. “I have no family and no human friends – my friends are the birds, the buck, the trees and the stars. You are the only human being I know.”

“Of course, Gogo,” replied Nozulu. “We will definitely visit you once a week.”

A long time ago, an old woman called Bavikile lived high up on the slopes of Mount Bees.

Although the village of Tshopiya was nearby, Gogo Bavikile wasn’t allowed to live there. The trouble was that she played an ancient African instrument called *uMakhweyane* – the love bow. Because the villagers didn’t know this instrument, or even the tree from which it was made, they thought Gogo Bavikile was a witch. So she lived all alone, with only the birds, the buck, the trees and the stars for company.

Kwesukesukela; ezweni laseTshopiya kwakukhona isalukazi igama laso okwakunguBavikile, owayehlala phezulu entabeni egama layo kwakuyiNtaba Yezinyosi.

Noma umuzi waseTshopiya wawuseduze, uGog’ uBavikile wayengavunyelwe ukuhlala lapho. Inkinga kwakungukuthi wayedlala imfijoli yesintu, uMakhweyane, imfijoli yomculo wothando. Ngenxa yokuthi babengayazi le mfijoli yakudala, kanye nokuthi yayakhiwe ngesihlahla esingejwayelekile, babecabanga ukuthi uGog’ uBavikile ungumthakathi. Ngakho-ke wayehlala yedwa nje, nezinyoni, izinyamazane, izihlahla nezinkanyezi.

At this, the people danced, sang and had a good time ... and so did the twins!

From that day onwards, the villagers never accused Gogo Bavikile of witchcraft again. Instead, they climbed Mount Bees to visit her, and learnt to play and make *uMakhweyane*. They were always happy, and they loved and had great respect for the instrument. Gogo was happy too, because she had people around her to teach. As for Nozulu and Mlilo’s children, they were the happiest of all. They grew up singing and playing the *uMakhweyane*, and calling Gogo Bavikile their great grandmother.

Cosi cosi iyaphela. And here I rest my story.

Abantu bagida, bacula kwaba mnandi ... namawele akhe enza kanjalol!

Kusukela ngalelo langa, abantu baseTshopiya abaphindanga basola uGog’ uBavikile ngokuthi uyathakatha. Kunalokho, babekhuphuka baye eNtabeni Yezinyosi beyomvakashela; futhi bayofunda nokudlala nokwakha uMakhweyane. Babehlale bethokozile, babeyithanda futhi beyazisa le mfijoli yomculo. Lokho kwamjabulisa kakhulu uGogo, ngoba wayehlale enabantu azobafundisa. Izingane zikaNozulu noMlilo zazithokoze ukudlula zonke. Zakhula zicula, zidlala uMakhweyane futhi zibiza noGog’ uBavikile ngogogo wazo.

Cosi cosi iyaphela.



Fold



“Masingene ngaphakathi, ukuze ungichazele inkinga yakho,” kusho uGogo, ethatha isikhwama sikaNozulu.

“Uyazi Gogo, izingane zami zikhala ubusuku nemini selokhu zazalwa – njengoba uzibona namanje zikhala. Ngitha ngisathandaza phambi kwesihlahla sikakotaphhey, ngezwa izwi lingitshela ukuthi nguwe kuphela ongangisiza ngale nkinga yami.”

Ugogo wathatha izingane kunina enye wayibeletha emhlane enye wayibeka esifubeni njengoba kwakwenze unina. Wase ethatha uMakhweyane wakhe, wawudlala. Ngasihathi ewudlala, wayecula umlolozelo.

Kwathi lapho enza lokhu, kwenzeka into engakhohlakali. Zaqala ukumamatheka izingane zikaNozulu noMlilo. Zanyakaza ngenjabulo zaze zahlaka. Lokhu kwamamanga za uNozulu - wayeqala ngqa ukubona izingane zakhe zihleka selokhu zazawla ezinyangeni ezizisikhombisa ezedlule; izingane zakhe zaziyabule Nakuye kwavele kwaxubana ukukhala nokuhleka. “Yisimanga phela lesi!” kusho yena ekugcineni. “Ngibonga kakhulu, Gogo. Ungadlwa nangomuso! Ngingakubonga ngami kodwa ngokungisiza kwakho?”

“Ngingajabula uma ningangivakashela okungenani kanye ngesonto,” kuphendula uGog’ uBavikile. “Anginamnden, futhi anginabo abangani abangabantu – abangani bami yizinyoni, izinyamazane, izihlahla kanye nezinkanyezi. Nguwe kuphela umuntu engimaziyayo manje.”

“Akunankinga, Gogo,” kuphendula uNozulu. “Sizoza makanjani sizovakashela kanye ngesonto.”

Nozulu and Mlilo were overjoyed with their beautiful children, and so was the community. There was only one problem – the twins cried non-stop! “Wahi wahi wahi wahi” they cried when they were fed. “Wahi wahi wahi wahi” they cried, even when they were supposed to be asleep.

“Wahi wahi wahi” they cried, day in and day out.

Nozulu was worried. She hadn’t slept for ages, and she wasn’t enjoying motherhood. And now, the villagers of Tshopiya suspected that Gogo Bavikile was behind this too. “That witch is at it again with her *uMakhweyane*!” they said. “Even though we chased her away, she hasn’t mended her ways!”

One morning, Nozulu again woke up at three o’clock, and went out to pray in the veld. “I give thanks for the blessing of my beautiful twins,” she said, sobbing bitterly. “I love them to bits, but there’s just one problem – they have not stopped crying since the day they were born! Never once have I seen them laughing! I need some help to make my children change!”

At that moment, Nozulu heard a voice from the avocado tree behind her. “It’s so sad to see you unhappy, Nozulu, my child,” said the voice. “I share your pain. The good thing is that I have a way to help you. Only one person can make your children stop crying. That person is Gogo Bavikile, who lives up on Mount Bees. Take your children and go see her.”

Fold



Down in the village of Tshopiya, Nozulu lived with her husband, Mlilo. They had been married for about ten years, but had no children. The people of Tshopiya suspected that Gogo Bavikile had bewitched this family, using her *uMakhweyane*.

But Nozulu didn't believe this. Every morning, she woke up at three o'clock and went to the veld to pray. "Creator of heaven and earth," she said each time, "please bless my family with children. People are gossiping about me and saying that I'm bewitched. May I be blessed, and these enemies be shamed."

Finally, Nozulu's prayers were answered, and she was blessed with twins.

Phansi emzini waseTshopiya kwakukhona inkosikazi egama layo linguNozulu. Wayehlala nomyeni wakhe uMlilo. Base Abantu baseTshopiya babesola ukuthi uGog uBavikile nguye othakathe lo mndeni esebenzisa uMakhweyane.

UNozulu yena wayengakukhohwa lokhu. Ngakho-ke wayevuka ekuseni ngehora lesithathu ayothandaza endle athi; "Nkosi yami, Simakade seZulu nomhlaba! Ngicela usizwele nomyeni wami bandla, usibusise ngenyane. Umndeni wami awuphlele ngaphandle komtwana, kanti nomshado wami uzophela uma ngingatholi bantwana. Abantu bayangihleba nabo bathi ngithakathawe. Ngiyakucela Nkosi, dumaza izitha zami ungbusise?"

Ngempela uMdali wayizwa imithandazo kaNozulu wamphendula wambusisa ngamawele.



Nozulu and the twins stayed with Gogo for several weeks. When Nozulu asked Gogo to teach her the nursery rhyme and how to play the *uMakhweyane*, Gogo even taught her how to make the instrument! Out of the goodness of her heart, she also gave Nozulu a beautiful *uMakhweyane*. She had many of them, because she made a new one every day.

From then onwards, Nozulu's twins were always singing, dancing and laughing. When they finally bid Gogo farewell and returned home, Mlilo and all the people of Tshopiya were amazed at the change in the twins. Nozulu explained to them how Gogo Bavikile had helped her, and that the *uMakhweyane* she held was not used for witchcraft, but rather to play ancient folk songs that instilled a love of culture.

UNozulu namawele akhe bahlala noGogo amasono amaningana impela. Lapho uNozulu esecela uGogo ukuthi amfundise umlozelo nokudlala uMakhweyane, uGogo waze wamfundisa nokuthi wakhiwa kanjani. Ngokhando olukhulu, uGogo wamupha uMakhweyane omhle. Wayesenabani ngoba wayakha owodwa ngosuku.

Kusukela ngalolo suku, amawele kaNozulu ayehlale ecula, egida, futhi ehleka. Lapho sebevulelisele kuGogo bebuyela ekhaya, uMlilo nabo bonke abantu baseTshopiya abazange bavuale umlomo ngenyanguko eyayenzeke emaweleni. UNozulu wabachazela ukuthi uGog uBavikile wayemsizela owothakatha, kodwa wayewusebenzisa ekuculeni amaculo omdabu nasekugxiliseni uthando lwamasiko.

Story corner

Here is the last part of the story about how a young boy helped Baboon and Monkey to learn an important lesson. Enjoy reading or retelling it!

Phindulo and the pumpkin (Part 2)

By Kai Tuomi

"Yes, Phindulo, but what are we going to do about the pumpkin?" asked Monkey.

"I don't know," said Phindulo. "But I can tell you what we did with the apples."

"What?" asked Monkey.

"We had a party," said Phindulo.

"A party?" asked Baboon.

"That's right," said Phindulo. "We had a big party. We invited everyone. There were friends and neighbours, gogos and grandpas, cousins, nieces and nephews. We decorated our little house with streamers and balloons. Mama made her special apple pies and tata squeezed the older apples into delicious, cool apple juice. We played games together and danced. It really was a lot of fun. And everyone ate until they were full and happy."

"I love parties," said Monkey

"Well, why don't we have a party?" suggested Baboon.

"Good idea," said Monkey. "We can share the pumpkin and eat it together!"

"That's wonderful!" said Phindulo, laughing.

Baboon gave Monkey a big hug.

"Will you come to our party?" Monkey asked Phindulo.

"I would love to," he said.

Baboon and Monkey smiled happily. And the three friends cooked the very big pumpkin. They each made different things to eat. Monkey baked a pie with a golden crust and gooey centre. Baboon made a spicy soup. Phindulo fried up sweet fritters with cinnamon and sugar!

They did not have any streamers or balloons, but they played games and sang songs and ate as much pumpkin as they wanted.

Soon, other animals arrived. Elephant brought sweet marulas and nuts. Giraffe came with bottles of bubbling spring water to wash down the delicious food. Even Warthog was there with delicious sweet potatoes.

Everyone shared their food and drink. They all laughed and sang and ate until the sun hung low in the sky, like a big ripe melon.



Illustration by Natalie and Tamsin Hinrichsen
Umdwebo wenziwe nguNatalie noTamsin

Ikhona lezindaba

Nansi ingxenye yokucina yendaba emayelana nokuthi umfanyana wamsiza kanjani uMfene noNkawu ukuba bafunde isifundo esibalulekile. Thokozela ukuyifunda noma ukuphinda uyixoxe!

UPhindulo nethanga (Ingxenye yesi-2)

Nguka Kai Tuomi

"Yebo, Phindulo, kodwa sizokwenzenjani ngethanga?" kubuza uNkawu.

"Angazi," kusho uPhindulo. "Kodwa nginganitshelela ukuthi sawenzenjani amahhabhula."

"Ini?" kubuza uNkawu.

"Senza idili," kusho uPhindulo.

"Idili?" kubuza uMfene.

"Kunjalo," kusho uPhindulo. "Saba nedili elikhulu. Samema wonke umuntu. Kwakukhona abangani kanye nomakhelwane, ogogo kanye nomkhulu, abazala kanye nabashana. Sahlobisa indlwana yethu ngezinsiza zokuhlobisa kanye namabhelunde. UMama wenza uphaya wakhe wamahhabhula okhethekile kanti ubaba yena wakhama amahhabhula wenza ujuzi wamahhabhula omnandi, obandayo. Sadlala imidlalo ndawonye sadansa futhi. Kwaba mnandi kakhulu. Kanti wonke umuntu wadla waze wasutha futhi wajabula."

"Ngiyawathanda amadili," kusho uNkawu.

"Empeleni, yini singabi nedili?" kusho uMfene.

"Umqondo omuhle lowo," kusho uNkawu. "Singabelana ngethanga bese silidla ndawonye!"

"Nazo-ke!" kusho uPhindulo, ehleka.

UMfene wawola, wasingatha uNkawu kakhulu.

"Ngabe uzoza kodwa edilini lethu?" kubuza uNkawu kuPhindulo.

"Ngingathanda impela," kusho yena.

UMfene noNkawu bamamatheka ngenjabulo. Kanti-ke abangani abathathu bapheka ithanga elikhulu kakhulu. Lowo nalowo wenza into eyehlukile ezodliwa. UNkawu wabhaka uphaya onoqweqwe olusagolide, othambe

kamnandi ngaphakathi. UMfene wenza isobho elinezinongo. UPhindulo wenza amagwinya amnandi anesinamoni noshukela!

Babengenayo imidweshu yokuhlobisa noma amabhelunde, kodwa badlala imidlalo, bacula namaculo, badla nethanga kakhulu ngendlela ababefuna ngayo.

Kusenjalo, kwafika ezinye izilwane. UNdllovu weza namaganu amnandi kanye nezinhlamvu zemithi ezidliwayo. UNdlulanithi weza namabhodlela amanzi esiphethu ahlwahlwazayo ukuze behlise ukudla okumnandi. NoNtibane wayelapho naye imbala nobhatata omnandi.

Yilowo nalowo wabelana nabanye ngokudla neziphuzo. Bonke bahleka, bacula baphinde badla ilanga laze lehla esibhakabhakeni, lanjengekhabe elikhulu elivuthiwe.

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