The power of books

Books are powerful! They can shape the way we think and feel. They inspire us, and allow us to dream and to imagine. Books also help people to share what they know and understand with people they have never met. Books have the power to change lives!

Every year on 23 April, South Africa celebrates World Book Day, which was created by UNESCO as a worldwide celebration of books and reading. It is celebrated in over 100 countries around the globe. World Book Day is a partnership between everyone who is passionate about getting children to love books and reading – authors, illustrators, publishers, literacy organisations, parents and other caregivers, teachers and librarians. We can all use this opportunity to make everyone more aware of how reading can be a satisfying and enjoyable activity – and of course, to invest in our children’s literacy.

At Nal’ibali we believe that all children should:

- read regularly, purely for enjoyment
- have access to a wide variety of books, from the moment they are born right through to adulthood
- be allowed to use reading and writing in ways that are meaningful to them
- have the opportunity to become literate in their home language and other languages
- be inspired by the ways in which the adults around them use literacy on a daily basis
- be encouraged and supported by all of us – at home and school, and in our libraries – as they travel on their literacy journey.

Last year on World Book Day, we launched our Children’s Literacy Charter. This guide for adults describes the literacy experiences all our children should have if we want them to be able to use reading and writing successfully in their lives and to grow up full of curiosity and confidence, and aware of what they need to help them grow a love of reading, writing and books. Find a bilingual version of the Children’s Literacy Rights poster inside this supplement – or download a version in another language from our website: www.nalibali.org.

This year we are launching a version of this charter especially for children so that they become more aware of what they need to help them grow a love of reading, writing and books. Find a bilingual version of the Children’s Literacy Rights poster inside this supplement – or download a version in another language from our website!

INSIDE:
- Children’s Literacy Rights poster
- Three new stories
- Ideas for celebrating World Book Day

KAHARE:
- Phousetara ya Ditokelo tsa Bana tsa Tsebo ya ho Ballo le ho Ngola
- Dipale tse tharo tse etjha
- Mophopelokong sa ho keletaLetsatsi la Lefa tsa Bana

Story Power.
Bring it home.
Tsela matla a pale ka lapeng.

Matla a dibuka

Dibuka di na le matla! Di ka bopa tsela eo re nahanang le ho Ilhuma ka yona. Di re suunyetsa, mme di re dumella ho lora le ho hana ka ditho tseo re baleng ka tona.

Dibuka hape di thusa batho abehlana le batho bao ba esokang ba kopana le bona ka seo ba se tsengang ho se otswa. Sela ba se le hloko ho tshutsha ho tsa batho boho ba se lelebelo le le mafeto.

Dibuka di na le matla a ho fetola maphelo!

Selemo le selemo ka la 23 Mmesa, Afrika Botswana e keteka Letsatsi la Lefa tsa Bana, le neng le tlolewe le UNESCO wotlaka ho keleka ho dibuka le ho balo le fobotelo le ho leso le - bangadi, boraditshwantsho, baphatlatliso, mekgatlo ya tseo ya ho bala le ho ngola, bhatswadi le bahlokomedi ba bang, matjhaire le boraditsho.

Bote re ka sebedisa moyelisa ona ho eletiweisa batho boho kamoso ho bala e ka bang ketso e kgotsofatsang le e natefelo ka teng – mme e tleho, le ho tsela se tshoeng ya ho bala le ho ngola ba mafelo ba rona.

Mona Nal’ibali re dumela hore bana boho le lokela ho:
- duka ba bala boithabi fësela.
- ba le pheitlho mofukela e lapangang ya dibuka, ho lasha matsotseang o le ba tswangang ka ona ho ya fihlela boho ba bana.
- dumela ho sebedisa ho bala e le ho ngola ka tseo tse tswelaling bana.
- ba le mopho o wa ho tseo ho bala le ho ngola ka puo ya bana ya ho papeng le dipuo tse ding.
- kgotsetliso tse tseo eo batho ba bhalo le phelang le bana ba sebedisang ho bala le ho ngola ka khotla mefuteng a balelo.
- kgotsetliso le ho tshetho le se rona boho – lapangang le sekeloang, le dilaseboring tsa rona – ho ba nthe ba le leetong la tseo ya ho bala le ho ngola.

Selempeng se fetileng ka Letselela la Lefa tsa Bana, re le ra tshogang Tšhoa ya Bana ya ho Bala le ho Ngola. Tšhoa ena ya batho ba boho ba fihlela ho tshoang a le khalomo ho kopana le tshoang ya tseo ya ho bala le ho ngola haebao re bala bore le khalomo ho be ho sebedisa ho bala le ho ngola ka khotla mefuteng a balelo a ho le ho bora ba fetsela ho nyerelwa tseo le le ho tsha boho ba boho ba boho ba boho.

Selempeng se fetileng, phothe ho tšo ho Bolisang ho Tšhoa ya Bana ya ho Tšhoa ya Bana ya ho Tšhoa ya ho Bala le ho Ngola ka dipuo dife kapa dife tse tsoho ho tsotse ho fihlela boho.

Selempeng lena ra le tlo re sa Leho, le Tšhoa ya Bana ya ho Tšhoa ya Bana ya ho Tšhoa ya ho Tšhoa ya ho Bala le ho Ngola ka dipuo dife kapa dife tse tsoho ho tsotse ho fihlela boho.
Children's Literacy Rights

Ditokelo tsa Bana tsa Tsebo ya ho Bala le ho Ngola

All children can be powerful readers and writers! These are our literacy rights.

1. To listen to hundreds and even thousands of wonderful stories, and tell our own stories too.
   Ho mamela makgolokgolo esitana le diketekete tsa dipale tse thabisang, mme re be re phe be dipale tseo e leng tsa rona.

2. To use our own languages and learn other languages.
   Ho sebedisa dipuo tseo e leng tsa rona le ho ithuta tse ding.

3. To talk about stories and books with our friends, families and teachers.
   Ho buisana mmoho le metswalle ya rona, ba malapa a rona le matitjhere ka dipale le dibuka.

4. To be given opportunities to explore different types of writing – like stories, poems and information – from home and around the world.
   Ho fuwa menyetla ya ho sibolla mefuta e fapaneng ya dingolwa – jwaloka dipale, dithotokiso le thahisoleseding – tse tswang lapeng mona le lefatsheng ho pula.

5. To spend time drawing, painting and playing with stories.
   Ho qeta nako e itseng re taka, re penta re bile re bapala ka dipale.

6. To get help from adults with our reading and writing, and with choosing interesting books to read.
   Ho etela laeboraring bakeng sa ho fumana dibuka tseo re bafang ho di bala le ho eketsa pokello ya dibuka malapeng a borona.

7. To visit the library to find the books we want to read, and to grow collections of books at home.
   Ho arolelana menahano, ditoro le dipale tsa rona mabapi le tseo reingoletseng tsona.

8. To share our thoughts, dreams and stories through our own writing.
   Ho arolelana menahano, ditoro le dipale tsa rona mabapi le tseo re lematla a le ho.
Here are some ideas for ways in which you can celebrate books and stories on World Book Day and long after the day itself!

1. Cut out the Children’s Literacy Rights poster on page 2. Talk about it with your children and then display it in your classroom, in your library or on your fridge at home. Remember to talk about it again from time to time.

2. Nursery rhymes and songs are a great way to get very young children involved in World Book Day. Find books that have traditional rhymes and songs for babies and children in your home language and share them with your children – and don’t forget to also share the ones you were taught as a child!

3. Read a story to your children and then suggest that they use playdough or clay to make models of the characters. Let them use their models to retell the story or tell their own stories. (If you are a teacher or librarian, you can divide the children into groups and let each child make a model of a different character from the story.)

4. Talk to primary- or high school-aged children about how having books in your life makes a difference. Then ask them to draw a picture, create a poster or a song or dance, or write a poem or rap to share their ideas with others. Remember to find an opportunity to display the children’s pictures, posters, or rap performances.

5. Ask the children to make a small donation for the right to come to school or your reading club dressed up as a favourite character from a book or story. Use the money raised to buy some new books for your school or club!

6. Provide some paper, pencil crayons and pens, and get older children to create their own picture books. Then set up a time for them to read their books to a group of younger children.

7. At the top of a large sheet of paper, write: **Books I think you would enjoy**. Under it create columns like this:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Book title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>My name</th>
<th>Age</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Display the sheet of paper in your home, reading club, classroom, school or library, and encourage everyone to write up the names of books they have enjoyed reading. If you leave it up for long enough, you might have to add another sheet!

8. Have a readathon and see how many books each of you can read in a week! Or, encourage your children to see how many of each other’s favourite books they can read in a week.

9. Get everyone to draw a picture of a character from one of the stories in this supplement or from a book they have enjoyed. Ask them to draw speech bubbles around the character and to then write questions they would like to ask the character in these bubbles.

10. Take photographs of you and your children enjoying one of the above activities (or any other World Book Day activity) and send it to us at info@nalibali.org, or post them on Facebook or Twitter using the hashtag #WorldBookDay. We’d love to share what you did with others on our Facebook page or in the Nal’ibali supplement!
1. Fold the sheet in half along cut-out-and-keep books imagination the black dotted line. Make each book.

2. Othokisoe le dipna tsa sekologo sa bana ba banyenye ka tsea a ntile ka ho etsa hare bana ba banyenye ba be le sebobo ka Letsatsi ka Lefatshe ka Dibuka. Ballo dibuka tse nang le othokisoe le dipna tsa kgale bokeng sa masea le bana ka pue ya lona mme mi o di etse mmoho le bana bao hao – mme hape o se ke wa lebala ba etsetso tse wena o neng o di ruteb ha sa o sa le ngwana!

3. Balla bana ba ho pale mme o etse ihlosiho ya hore ba etse hloama ya ho bapala kela letsopa ha etsa dibophe ho baphetha. E re ba bebedise dibophe ho tse bana ho pheta pale hape kopa ho pheta dipale te eeng tsa bana. (Haoso a le tihere kopa le o mosebetsi wa leboring, ka o nna wa arlo bana ka dihlopha mme o re ngwana ka mong a etse sebophe sa mophetwa ya fapanang ha tswa paleng eo.)

4. Bele le bana ba dilmang tse porani mi kopa sekolo so phohameng mabapi le kamoo ba be le dibuka bopheleleng ba hao ho tiising phetsha ka teng. Jwale ba kape ho takha setshweshwe ho etsa phoesterata kopa pina kopa motshwana kopa be ngale othokisoe kopa pina ya repe bokeng ha sa abelana mehopolo ya bana le ba bang. Hopolo ho fumana monyelto wa ho maneha diihlopha ho diphoesterata tsa bana, kopa re be bine dipina tsa bana, ba tshitso, ba etse othokisoe le direpe tsa bana!

5. Kopa bana ho etsa nnyehelo e nanye bokeng sa tokelo ya ho fia sekologo kopa ftelepang ya hao ya ho bala ba apo jwalela mophetwa eo ba mo ratang ya tsuwing bokeng kopa paleng. Sebedisa teletse e bokengsetsweng moo ho reka dibuka tse nthlha bokeng sa sekolo sa hao kopa ftelepang ya hao ya ho bala!

6. Fana ka pamphile, dikeryane tse dipintsethele le dipnne, mme o re bana ba bahotlanyane ba ketsetse dibuka tsa bana tsa ditswetshwetso. Jwale a o bea nako a inseg ea be ka balang dihlopha tsa bana ba banyenye dibuka tsa bana ka yona.

7. Hodimodimo leqephele ka thwala, ngola: Dibuka tse ke nhanang hore o ka di thabela: Ka lla bana etse akholomo tse kong bana:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sehlooho sa baka</th>
<th>Mongadi</th>
<th>Lebeto la ka</th>
<th>Dilemo</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Manamisa leqephe la pamphile leboteng lapeng la hao, ftelepang ya ho bala, tlelaung, sekologo kopa leboring, mme o kgholetsa e mong le e mong ho ngola mabiiso a dibuka tse ntefetseng. Ho e ka tsholetse lebong nako a telele ho lekaeng, a ka nna wa framecha ho manamisa pamphile e ngwana!

8. Etsa lhosando ya ho bala mme o bane hore e mong le e mong a la bala dibuka tse ka ke ka beke! Kopa, kgaleletsa bana ba hao ho bana hore na ke dibuka tse ka bana tsa ratwane hahalo tseb o ka di balang ka beke.

9. E re e mong le e mong a take setshweshwe ho mophetwa ya. Tswuwa bokong e ho fupelalese kopa kaya ya tsuwing bokeng e ka ntefetseng. Ba kope hore ba take dipulutana tsa pue haosi le mophetwa mme ebe a ngola dipato tseb o neng o ka rata ho dihlopha mophetwa e ka ho bokong dipulutana tseb.

10. Nka direpe tsa hao le bana ba hao le ntile le natefela ka e ngwana ya diketsahelo tse ka ho diketsha kopa ketshikolo efe kopa efe e ngwape ya Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Lefatshe la Dibuka. Ba hale bana mme o re nomatse tsana ho info@nalibali.org, kopa o di pose ha Facebook kopa Twitter o sebedisa hashtag #WorldBookDay! Bele ka thabela ba abalana se o se entseng le ba bang leqephele la rana la Facebook kopa ka hana flattened ya Nalibali!

Create your own cut-out-and-keep books
1. Take out pages 5 to 12 of this supplement.
2. Separate pages 5, 6, 11 and 12 from pages 7, 8, 9 and 10.
3. Follow the instructions below to make each book:
   a) Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.
   b) Fold it in half again.
   c) Cut along the red dotted lines.

Ketsetse dibuka tse sehwang-keho-hipokelwa
2. Arolo leqephe la 5, 6, 11 le la 12 ho maqephe ena, la 7, 8, 9 le la 10.
3. Letsha dikela tse ka rale bana hore ho etsa bukana ka ngwane:
   a) Mena leqephe ka halalo hodima mela wa ma hebe o matsha
   b) Le mene ka halalo haphe.
   c) Seha hodima mela ya ma hebe o matlucceed.
We believe every child should own a hundred books by the age of five.

Become a book-sponsor and help change the world.

Get involved at bookdash.org

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

Maya Fowler
Katrin Coetzer

Tortoise finds his home

Kgudu o fumuna lehae la hae
One day Tortoise was walking through the veld. He was looking and looking. He gazed into the distance and squinted at the grass.

Then he walked past Snail.

“Are you looking for something?” asked Snail.

“Yes, Snail, I’m looking for my house. Have you seen it, by any chance?” asked Tortoise.

“Are you looking for something?” asked Snail.

“No, where is Tortoise’s house?” asked Snail.

“Hello, where is Tortoise’s house?” asked Snail.

“Hello, where is Tortoise’s house?” asked Snail.

“Hello, where is Tortoise’s house?” asked Snail.

“Hello, where is Tortoise’s house?” asked Snail.
When the old yellowwood tree blows down, Joseph carves a beautiful cradle from it for his new baby daughter, Sisi. The cradle passes from baby to baby in their village, and each baby’s name is carved on its sides. Then a fire sweeps through the village, and kills Joseph. Years later when Sisi is expecting her first grandchild, she looks for the cradle, but can’t find it. She fears that it has also been destroyed ... but she’s in for a wonderful surprise.

When the cradle had a hundred names on it and Joseph was an old man, a veld fire that was driven by terrific winds threatened the village. The men battled the flames while the women got all the children and the elderly to safety. All but Joseph, it was too late by the time they reached him. His death touched everyone.

Na’libali 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

Joseph’s cradle
Bethenyana ya Josefa

Jude Daly
Magriet Brink
Shortly before Sisi was born, a terrific wind brought down the old yellowwood tree that had, it seemed, stood in the village forever. The loss was felt by everyone. Never again would children swing from its branches and never again would people find shelter from the hot sun in its dappled shade.

Like the rest of the village, Sisi spent her time re-building, fixing and cleaning up after the fire. So it was a while before she thought of her father’s cradle. Where was it? Was it being used? But no one in the village had it. Sadly, it too must have been lost to the fire. Now Sisi’s grandchild, due by the next full moon, would never sleep in it.

Jwaloka baadi bohle ba motseng, Sisi a qeta nako ya hae a aha botha, a lokisa le ho hlwekisa tsheyo e entsweng ke moll. Kahoo ho ile ho mo nka nako pele a nahana ka bethe e neng e entswe ke ntatae. E ne e le hokae? Ebe e ne e sebediswa? Empa ho he ho se na motho ya e tshwereng motseng moo. Ka bomadimabe, le yona e ne e lokela hore e be e tshelletse mollong. Jwale sehololo sa Sisi, se lokelang ho tswalwa ha kgwedi ena e toloka, a ke a kgona ho robala ho yona.

Ebe, ka tlhokomelo e kgolo, o kenya lebitso la lesea leo lenaneng la a neng a ngotswe mahlakoreng a yona moo.
That night Sisi stood and watched as an almost full moon rose high in the sky. Soon a newborn baby, Joseph’s first great-grandchild, would be rocked to an African lullaby in a beautiful yellowwood cradle. “Thula thul, Thula baba, Thula sana.”

Bosiung boo Sisi a ema le ho shebella ha kgwedi e toloka hodimo marung. Ho so ye kae lesea le ketla, selotholwana so pele sa Josefa, se ne se tlou be se koletswa ka pina ya Seafrika ka hara bethenyana e ntle ya sofate sa Thupatshehla. “Tu-tutu nana, Ngwana wa lla, O tlou petjwa ke mang ntsu, Ka dithakeng tsaa mang ntsu.”

All too soon, Sisi outgrew the cradle and it was passed to a neighbour for his newborn baby. A tradition had begun. Each newborn baby in the village slept in Joseph’s cradle. Then, with great care, he would add their name to the growing list carved on its sides.

In a neighbouring village, Themba’s baby son was growing fast. Already he had outgrown the very cradle that Themba had once slept in. So, for the last time, he rocked his son to sleep in it. It had been kind of Joseph to let him take the cradle out of the village. But in the end, when the time came to hand it back, he did not want to part with the very last cradle that Themba had once slept in. He returned it to Joseph with great care.

In his is dies, on his is dies, in the morning, the cradle was passed to a neighbour for the newborn baby’s use. The tradition had begun. Each newborn baby in the village slept in Joseph’s cradle. Then, with great care, his name was added to the growing list carved on its sides.

Pelenyana ho hoba Sisi a tswalwe, moya o tshabehang o ile wa dina sofate sa Thupatshehla se neng se shebahala eko se ne se eme maseeng moo ka dilemolemo. Batho bohle ba ne ba ikutla ba lahlheletswe. Bana ba ne ba sa tlo hlola ba lekella makaleng a sona hape mme batho ba ne ba sa tlo hlola ba fumana seitsibreletseng letsaotse le tthesang ha ba dutse moriting wa sona o phodileng.
But Sisi’s father, Joseph, was determined that the old tree should not be forgotten and so he set about carving a cradle from its beautiful wood.

Empa ntate wa Sisi, Josefa, o ne o a ikemiseditse ho etsa hore sefate sa kgale se se ke sa lebalwa mme kahoo a qala ho beta bethenyana ya ngwana ka patsi ya sono e ntle.

The next day, to the sounds of ululating and the stamping of feet, Themba returned the cradle to the village, and to Sisi. On its sides, there were now a hundred and one babies’ names and on the headboard, carved with great care, just one name ... Joseph.

And when Sisi was born, it was in this cradle that she was rocked to an African lullaby, “Thula thul, Thula baba, Thula sana.”

Mme ha Sisi a hlaha o ne a binelwa pina ya Seafrika, “Tu-tutu nana, Ngwana wa lla, O tla petjwa ke mang ntsu, Ka dithakeng tsa mang ntsu.”
And then came the hail, tip-tip-tip. Tortoise got such a fright he shrank into his shell. It was warm and cosy there. “Oh, here is my house!” he said.


Ka tsatsi le leng Kgudu o ne a ntse a tsamaya thoteng. O ne a ntse a batala, O ile a sheba hole mane mme a penya mahlo a shebile hara jwang. Yaba o feta Kgofu tseleng. “Na ho na le seo o se bafang?” ha botsa Kgofu. “Ee, Kgofu, ke hatlana le ntlo ya ka. Na o kile wa e bona mohlomong?” ha botsa Kgudu.
A little later they passed Sparrow.

"Are you looking for something?" asked Sparrow.

"Yes, Sparrow, I'm looking for my house. Have you seen it, by any chance?" asked Tortoise.

Sparrow said, "No, I haven't, but I'll help you look!"

She climbed onto Tortoise's shell. Tortoise walked on with Snail on his back. They looked and looked, but there was no sign of a house. The sun was high in the sky.

Snail said, "No, I haven't, but I'll help you look!"

She climbed onto Tortoise's shell. Tortoise walked on with Snail on his back. They looked and looked, but there was no sign of a house. The sun was high in the sky.

Kgofu a re, "Tjhe, ha ke so e bone, empa ke tla o thusa ho e batala!"

A palama mokokotlong wa Kgudu. Kgudu a tsamaya jwalo Kgofu a dutse mokokotlong wa hae. Ba sheba ba sheba, empa ho ne ho se le lethwaanya feela la ntlo. Letsatsi le ne le le hloohong tsa mengala.
Get story active!

After you and your children have read the storybooks in this supplement, you might like to try some of these ideas. Choose the ones that best suit your children’s ages and interests.

**Tortoise finds his home**
- Discuss different homes with your children. What does their home look like? How is this the same and different from a tortoise’s home?
- Go through the story again, but this time pay attention to how the weather changes as part of the story. Find the words in the story that describe this and then ask your children to help you look for clues for these weather changes in the pictures.
- Throughout the story, the animals try to help tortoise. Look at page 15 together and ask your children how they think Tortoise repaid their kindess at the end of the story.

**DID YOU KNOW?**

Here are ten interesting facts about tortoises. How many of them did you already know?

1. Tortoises are reptiles and have scales all over their skin.
2. Many people think that tortoises only have a shell on top, but their protective shells actually go right around their bodies.
3. Tortoises’ shells are bones that have grown outside their bodies to make a suit of armour for the tortoise.
4. Tortoises protect themselves from being eaten by pulling their heads, legs and tails into their shell.
5. Tortoises are vegetarians – they eat only plants!
6. They can live for as long as people do. Some of them live for over 50 years!
7. There are about 40 different types of tortoises living in different parts of the world.
8. South Africa has 12 different types of tortoises. This is the largest number of different tortoises in the world.
9. The smallest tortoise on earth lives in Namaqualand.
10. Tortoises lived on Earth even before dinosaurs lived here!

**NA O NE O TSEBA?**


**Bethenyana ya Josefà**

Shebisa di shishwathi howisi mme le bau le ka tsona le bau le bau. Botsa dipotsatso tse koe se tso see. 1. Leepohe la 6 le 7; Na o bau Sisi? O etshang? 2. Leepohe la 8 le 9; Botsa dipotsatso tse koe se tso see. 3. Leepohe la 10 le 11; Na o bau ditseka? O etshang? 4. Leepohe la 12 le 13; Botsa dipotsatso tse koe se tso see. 5. Leepohe la 14 le 15; Botsa dipotsatso tse koe se tso see. 6. Leepohe la 16 le 17; Botsa dipotsatso tse koe se tso see.
Many years ago there was a hare that could run faster than any other animal on the farm. He was very, very proud that he could run so fast. He could not help reminding the other animals what a fine runner he was.

“I am faster than the wind,” he boasted again and again to his friend, Hedgehog.

One morning Hare and Hedgehog met at the gate leading to a field on the farm. It did not take Hare long to boast, “I am the best runner in the world. I am faster than the wind.”

“I don’t think so,” said Hedgehog firmly. “I think even I could run faster than you.”

“A slowcoach like you?” Hare laughed nastily. “You don’t have a hope of running faster than me.”

Hedgehog thought for a bit. Then he spoke quietly, “All right. Let’s see who’s faster. We can race against each other tomorrow. We will run from this gate to the bottom of the field and back again.”

“Fine,” said Hare. “I won’t even have to run to beat you, old Short Legs.”

“You’ll see,” said Hedgehog. “You don’t have to have long legs to win a race, you know. I’ll meet you at this gate tomorrow, just after sunrise. I will win the race. You must promise me that when I do you will never call me Short Legs or Slowcoach again.”

“All right,” agreed Hare, very sure of himself. “If you really want to race me, you can. I promise I will not call you Slowcoach or Short Legs − if you win. Of course, that’s never going to happen. I am faster than the wind. I will get to the bottom of the field and back while you are still thinking about starting. Then I will be able to call you Short Legs or Slowcoach as often as I like. Ha! Ha!”

Hedgehog thought for a bit. Then he spoke quietly, “All right. Let’s see who’s faster. We can race against each other tomorrow. We will run from this gate to the bottom of the field and back again.”

“Fine,” said Hare. “I won’t even have to run to beat you, old Short Legs.”

“You’ll see,” said Hedgehog. “You don’t have to have long legs to win a race, you know. I’ll meet you at this gate tomorrow, just after sunrise. I will win the race. You must promise me that when I do you will never call me Short Legs or Slowcoach again.”

“All right,” agreed Hare, very sure of himself. “If you really want to race me, you can. I promise I will not call you Slowcoach or Short Legs − if you win. Of course, that’s never going to happen. I am faster than the wind. I will get to the bottom of the field and back while you are still thinking about starting. Then I will be able to call you Short Legs or Slowcoach as often as I like. Ha! Ha!”

Hedgehog told his older brother about the race, “Oh dear,” said his brother, “you have made a terrible mistake. Whatever made you take on something so impossible? Hare is faster than the wind. Now he will be able to call you Slowcoach and Short Legs for the rest of your life.”

“Don’t worry,” said Hedgehog. “I have a plan. A very clever plan. If you help me, we can teach Hare a lesson. He will have to stop boasting − and he will never be able to call me Slowcoach or Short Legs again!”

The next day Hedgehog got to the gate long before Hare. As usual, it took Hedgehog a long time to get there, but he was waiting with a smile on his face when Hare bounded up just before the sun peeped over the hill.

“Good morning, Short Legs. Are you sure you still want to race me? You know you haven’t the slightest chance of winning. Are you ready to be beaten? Remember, I can run faster than the wind,” said Hare.

Hare was so sure that he was going to win that he had even been thinking up some new names to call Hedgehog after the race. This was going to be fun.

Hedgehog just smiled quietly. He stood calmly waiting at the starting line. “Let’s just make sure of the rules,” he said. “We’re going to race to the bottom of the field, and then back to this gate, right?”

“Yes,” said Hare. Then he shouted, “Ready! Steady! Go!” and bounded away as fast as he could.

As he got near to the bottom of the field, he couldn’t help chuckling to himself. “Hedgehog is probably still trying to get started. Oh, he is such a slowcoach.”

Imagine his surprise, then, when Hedgehog popped up cheerfully at the bottom of the field and cried out, “Got here before you!”

Hare stopped for a moment. Then he turned and ran back faster than he had ever run before. He didn’t usually puff and pant, but he was puffing and panting and sweating by the time he touched the gate. He looked over his shoulder. There was no sign of Hedgehog. This time, he was sure he had won. Then a happy voice came from the other side of the gate. “Once again, I got here before you!” It was impossible! But there was Hedgehog, smiling sweetly at him.

Hare could not believe his eyes. Hedgehog had beaten him. He turned away and walked slowly home with his head hanging down.

But how had Hedgehog managed to beat Hare? The truth is that he didn’t run at all. When Hare set off for the bottom of the field, Hedgehog hid near the gate. His brother was already hiding at the bottom of the field. When Hare reached the bottom of the field, it was the brother who popped up and said, “Got here before you!” Hare was so surprised that he didn’t even notice that it was a different hedgehog. When Hare reached the finish, puffing and panting and sweating, all Hedgehog had to do was to come quietly out of his hiding place and say, “Once again, I got here before you!”

Hare never boasted again – at least not to Hedgehog. He became a much nicer friend. He never called Hedgehog nasty names again. And he never found out how Hedgehog had won the race.
Mmutla le Noko

E phethwa hape ke Elaine Ridge

Ditshwantsho ka Mieke van der Merwe

Mehleng ya kgalekgale ho ne ho ena le mmotla o neng o kgona ho matha ka lebelo le fetang phefela efe ka lele palasing. O ne o le motlatlo haholo ka ho ba le lebelo le lekaolo. O ne o dula o hopotsa diphopotsa tse ding kamoa ona o leng lebelo ka teng.

"Ke lebelo le ka feta moya," o a dula o ahloha zwalo ho motswaile wa hae Noko.


"Ho ke dumel," ha riilo Noko a tilie. "Hantlentse ke nohane hore le nna nika matha ka lebelo le lebele.

"Lenama le kang wena tse?" Mmutfle a tshete ka ho phoqa. "Ha o kqolwe hore o ka matha ka lebelo le fetang ka ka."
Neo and Bella love books! Can you find book words in the wordsearch block below?

Can you find six differences between these two pictures?

We hope you have enjoyed this Nal'ibali supplement! Remember it comes out every fortnight during school terms. Your next reading-for-enjoyment supplement will appear in the newspaper during the week of 26 April 2015.