

Stories make you brainy!

More and more adults are beginning to wake up to what a difference they can make in children's lives when they read stories to them. They are offering them brain food!

Great stories weave magic. When we read a story in which the character suffers pain or hardship, our hearts beat as fast as when we listen to our real friends and family talking about something that is painful for them. We feel the story characters' pain and their glory. And we now know from research why this is.

We have known for some time that stories feed the language parts of our brains. But now, brain scans can show how stories stimulate many other parts of our brains too. For example, brain areas dealing with smell come alive when we read words that are linked to particular smells, like "jasmine" or "petrol". In laboratories, scientists have also seen what happens when we read phrases that describe different textures, such as, "his leathery hands" and "her velvet voice" – the part of our brain that allows us to experience touch lights up!

All of this suggests that our brains do not see any difference between our reading about an experience and us actually having it. Our basic brain functions can't tell the difference between a real event and one in a story! This means that the worlds that we read about in stories allow us to experience so much more than we ever could experience in our own lives.

With stories, we weigh up our values and think about what our actions would be if we were in the shoes of others. When we grow up with the great stories from here and around the world, it helps us to be stronger when we are afraid or in danger, because we have the decisions and actions of inspiring story characters and heroes to draw on.

Reading aloud to children will not magically rocket them to the top of the school ladder. But, there is a lot of research that shows that reading aloud to them will help them to develop excellent memories and vocabularies, to think critically and logically, and will help their comprehension skills to soar.

Dikanegelo di dira gore o be bohlale!

Batho ba bagolo ba bantši ba thoma go lemoga phapano yeo ba ka e dirago maphelong a bana ge ba ba balela dikanegelo. Ba ba fa dijo tša monagano!

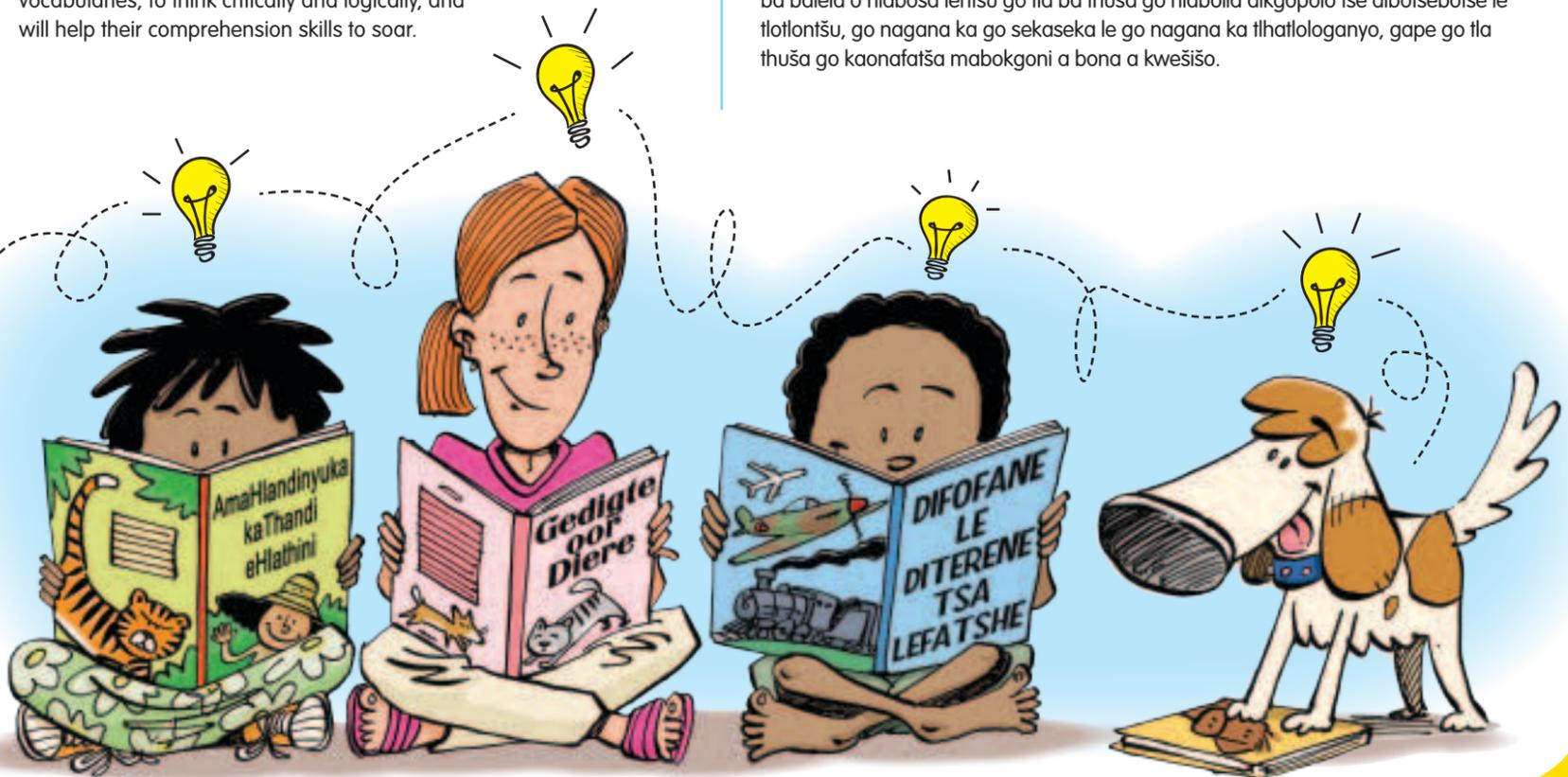
Dikanegelo tše botse di tšweletša maleatlana. Ge re bala kanegelo yeo go yona moanegwa a kwago bohloko goba a eba mathateng, dipelo tša rena di betha ka lebelo go swana le ge re theeditše bagwera ba rena ba nnete le maloko a lapa ge ba bolela ka seo se ba kwešago bohloko. Re kwa bohloko bja baanegwa ba ka kanegelong le katlego ya bona. Gomme bjale re a tseba go tšwa dinyakišišong gore ke ka lebaka la eng go le bjalo.

Ke sebaka re tseba gore dikanegelo di fepa dikarolo tša polelo tša mabjoko a rena. Efela gabjale, disekene tša bjoko di kgona go bontšha ka fao dikanegelo di hlabošago dikarolo tše dingwe gape tše dintši tša mabjoko a rena. Mohlala, ge re bala mantšu a go tswalana le menkgo e itšego, bjalo ka "jasmine" goba "peterolo", dikarolo tša bjoko tša go tswalana le monkgo di a tsoga. Ka dilaporatori, borasaense ba bone gore go direga eng ge re bala dikafoko tša go hlaloša diphopholego tša go fapana, tše bjalo ka, "diatla tša gagwe tša mokgopha" le "lentšu la gagwe la belebete" – karolo ya bjoko bja rena ya go re dumelela go itemogela go swara e a phafoga!

Tšohle tše di šišinya gore bjoko bja rena ga bo bone phapano le ye nnyane magareng ga go bala ga rena ka ga maitemogelo le go ba le maitemogelo ka nnete. Mešomo ya bjoko bja rena ya motheo e ka se fe phapano magareng ga tiragalo ya nnete le ya ka kanegelong! Se se ra gore mafase ao re balago ka ona ka kanegelong a re dumelela go itemogela go feta ka fao re ka itemogelago ka gona maphelong a rena.

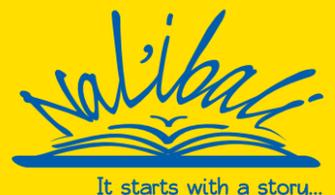
Ka dikanegelo, re kala maitshwaro a rena ra nagana gore ge nkabe re le ka dieteng tša ba bangwe re be re tlo dira bjang. Ge re gola ka dikanegelo tše dibotse tša fa le go dikologa lefase, di re thuša gore re fie ge re tšhoga goba re le bothateng, ka gobane re na le dipheho le ditiro tša baanegwa ba dikanegelo tša go ba le tutuetšo le bagale bao re ithutago ka bona.

Go balela bana ka go hlaboša lentšu go ka se ba fofišetše malekelekeng a llere la sekolo ka maleatlana. Efela, go na le dinyakišišo tše dintši tša go bontšha gore go ba balela o hlaboša lentšu go tla ba thuša go hlabolla dikgopolo tše dibotsebotse le tlofiontšu, go nagana ka go sekaseka le go nagana ka tlhatloganyo, gape go tla thuša go kaonafatša mabokgoni a bona a kwešišo.



Drive your imagination

Story Power.
Bring it home.
Tliša maatla a kanegelo ka gae.



Reading club corner

There are lots of days to celebrate in May. Rather than trying to focus on all of them, you could choose one or two and then plan reading club activities around them. Here are some ideas for the International Day of Families, which is celebrated on 15 May each year.

1. Invite the family members of the reading club children to join you at the reading club session closest to 15 May.
2. Read a story about families (for example, *The feast or It wasn't me* from last year's supplements) to everyone. Then ask if others would like to read or tell a story about families.
3. Allow some time for everyone to read stories and look at books together.
4. Offer some writing activities that let the children express what their families mean to them.
* Suggest that they write a poem about "My family" where each line of their poem starts with a letter from the word, "family". Here is an example of this type of poem. It is about "My mother".

Mom
Only loving and kind
Takes care of me
Home is wherever she is
Everything to me
Really loves me.

* Give younger children blank paper and crayons and ask them to draw pictures of themselves enjoying the International Day of Families celebration at your club. Display their pictures where it is easy for the children to look at them.

Dates to celebrate in May

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| 1 May | Workers' Day |
| 4 May | World Laughter Day |
| 10 May | Mother's Day (Look out for our special Nal'ibali Mother's Day card template and story in your next supplement.) |
| 15 May | International Day of Families |
| 25 May | Africa Day |
| 28 May | World Play Day |



Sekhutlwana sa sehlopha sa go bala

Go na le matšatši a mantši ao a ketekwago ka Mei. Go ena le go nepiša go ona ka moka, o ka kgetha le le tee goba a mabedi gomme wa beakanya mešongwana ya sehlopha sa go bala go ona. Dikgopolo tše dingwe ka ga Letšatši la Boditšhabatšhaba la Malapa, leo le ketekwago ka di 15 Mei ngwaga wo mongwe le wo mongwe ke tše.

1. Laleša maloko a malapa a bana ba sehlopha sa go bala go ba le lena tulong ya sehlopha sa go bala ya go batamela di 15 Mei.
2. Balela bohle kanegelo ka ga malapa (mohlala, Monyanya goba E be e se nna go tšwa ditlaleletšong tša ngwaga wa go feta). Ka morago o botšiše ge eba ba bangwe ba ka rata go bala goba go anega kanegelo ka ga malapa.
3. Efa bohle sebakanyana sa go bala dikanegelo le go lebelela dipuku mmogo.
4. Efa mešongwana ya go ngwala yeo e dirago gore bana ba laetše seo maloko a malapa e lego sona go bona.
* Šišinya gore ba ngwale sereto ka ga "Lapa la gešo" fao mothaladi wo mongwe le wo mongwe wa sereto o thomago ka tlhaka ya lentšu, "lapa". Fa ke mohuta wo wa sereto. Se ka ga "Motswadi wa ka".

Motswadi wa ka morategi
O nkgodišitše ka lerato
T ša lefase a itima tšona
S a bohlokwa go yena e le lesea la gagwe
W a go swana le yena ga a gona
A emaema ka nna bošego le mosegare
D iatleng tša gagwe ka hlekesetšwa
T ipethe dikgara lehono, o šomile motswadi wa ka.

* Efa bana ba bannyane pampiri ya go se ngwalwe selo le dikherayone gomme o ba kgopele go thala diswantšho tša bona ba ipshina ka go keteka Letšatši la Boditšhabatšhaba la Malapa sehlopheng sa lena. Laetša diswantšho tša bona moo ba di bonago gabonolo.

Matšatšikgwedi a go ketekwa ka Mei

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| 1 Mei | Letšatši la Bašomi |
| 4 Mei | Letšatši la Sesego la Lefase |
| 10 Mei | Letšatši la Bomma (O lebelele seswantšhi sa rena sa karata ya go kgethega ya Letšatši la Bomma la Nal'ibali le kanegelo ka tlaleletšong ya go latela.) |
| 15 Mei | Letšatši la Boditšhabatšhaba la Malapa |
| 25 Mei | Letšatši la Afrika |
| 28 Mei | Letšatši la go Bapala la Lefase |

DID YOU KNOW?

Does your young child like to:

- ★ drop objects?
- ★ push or pull objects?
- ★ jump, throw, climb and run?
- ★ open and close drawers and cupboards?
- ★ ride a bike fast?

Did you know that when children do these things, they are learning about height, speed, distance and how things move?



NAA O BE O TSEBA?

Naa ngwana wa gago yo monnyane o rata go:

- ★ wiša dilo?
- ★ kgarametša goba go goga dilo?
- ★ fofa, foša, namela le go kitima?
- ★ bula le go tswalela dilaike le diraka?
- ★ reila paesekele ka lebelo?

Naa o be o tseba gore ge bana ba dira dilo tše, ba ithuta ka ga bogodimo, lebelo, bokgole le ka fao dilo di sepelago ka gona?

NAL'IBALI ON RADIO!

Enjoy listening to stories in Sepedi and in English on Nal'ibali's radio show: Thobela FM on Saturday from 9.20 a.m. to 9.30 a.m. and on Sunday from 7.50 a.m. to 8.00 a.m. SAfm on Monday to Wednesday from 1.50 p.m. to 2.00 p.m.



NAL'IBALI DIYALEMOYENG!

Ipshine ka go theeletša dikanegelo ka Sepedi le Seisemane lenaneong la seyalemo ya la Nal'ibali: Thobela FM ka Mokibelo go thoma ka 9.20 a.m. go fihla ka 9.30 a.m. le ka Sontaga go thoma ka 7.50 a.m. go fihla ka 8.00 a.m. SAfm ka Mošupologo go fihla ka Laboraro go thoma ka 1.50 p.m. go fihla ka 2.00 p.m.

Your story

Here is a beautiful drawing and some writing sent in by two of our readers. We hope you enjoy them!



Kelebogile (aged 13) from Champions Reading Club in Bloemfontein (Free State) wrote to tell us more about herself. Look at how beautifully she decorated her writing!

Who am I?

I'm Kelebogile. I live in Tau and I was born in Bloemfontein. Reading is my hobby. I have two little sisters, Letshego and Amogelang. I'm in Grade 7 in Monyatsi Primary School. My teacher's name is Mrs Nkwale.

I am a really good friend to my friends. And I love helping other people. I'm a self-confident girl. My favourite sport is tennis and I love going out with friends, but I spend most of my time reading books.

When I grow up I want to be a doctor and also build an orphanage for children who their parents died of HIV and AIDS. I am a really forgiving person.

Kelebogile (wa mengwaga ye 13) wa Sehlopha sa go Bala sa Champions kua Bloemfontein (Free State) o ngwadile a re botša tše dintši ka ga yena mong. Lebelela gore o kgabišitše sengwalwa sa gagwe botse bjang!

Ke nna mang?

Ke nna Kelebogile. Ke dula Tau gomme ke beleetšwe Bloemfontein. Go bala ke setlošabodutu sa ka. Ke na le bana ba gešo ba basetsana ba babedi, Letshego le Amogelang. Ke ka go Kreiti ya 7 Sekolong sa Phoraemari sa Monyatsi. Leina la Morutišigadi wa ka ke Moh Nkwale.

Ke mogwera yo mobotse go bagwera ba ka. Gomme ke rata go thuša batho ba bangwe. Ke mosetsana wa go itshepha. Papadi yeo ke e ratago kudu ke thenise gomme ke rata go tšwa le bagwera, efela ke fetša nako ye ntši ke bala dipuku.

Ge ke gola ke nyaka go ba ngaka ke be ke agele bana ba go hlokoalelwa ke batswadi ka lebaka la HIV le AIDS bodulo bja ditšhiwana. Ke motho wa go swarela batho kudu.

Why don't you also send us your writing and drawings?

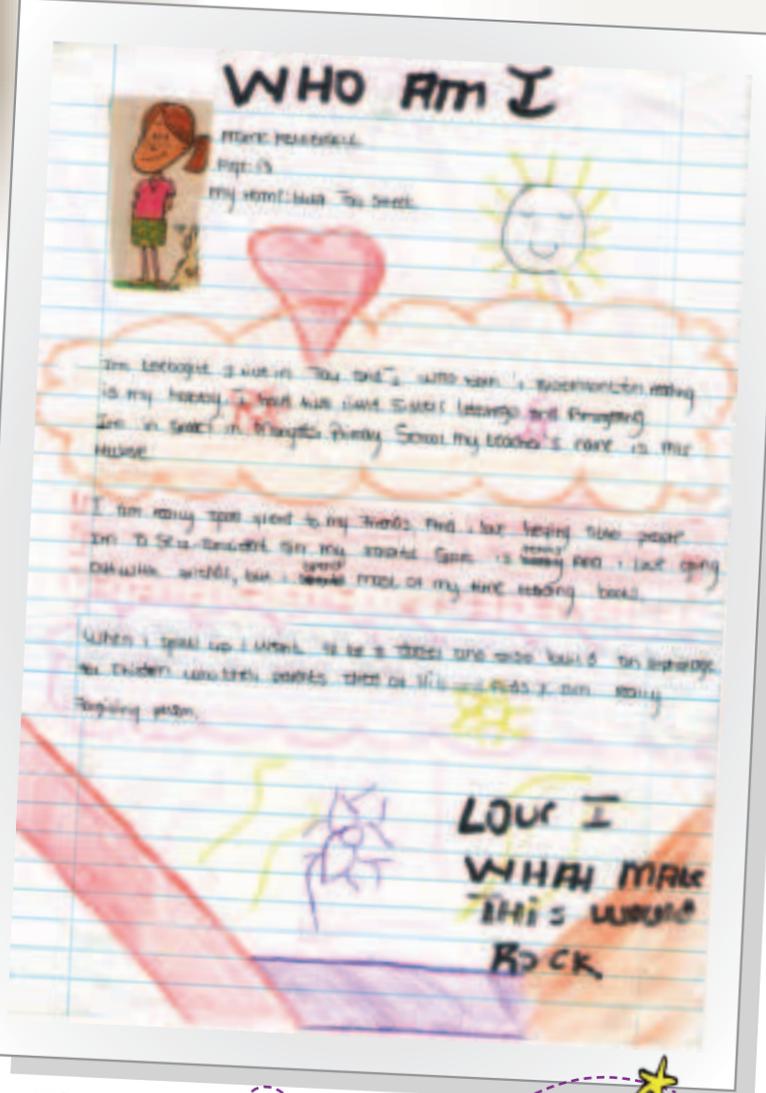
You'll stand a chance of having them published in the *Nal'ibali* supplement, or on the *Nal'ibali* website. (Remember: they have to be all your own work!) Send them to: info@nalibali.org, or PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wycroft Road, Mowbray, 7700. Don't forget to include your name and surname, age, reading club (if applicable) and address.

Kanegelo ya gago

Sethalwa sa botse ke se le sengwalwa sa go romelwa ke babadi ba rena ba babedi. Re holofela gore o tla ipshina ka tšona!

by Innocent Nape, Ikaneng Reading Club, Makubarate Primary School, Mamone, Limpopo

ka Innocent Nape, Sehlopha sa go Bala sa Ikaneng, Sekolo sa Phoraemari sa Makubarate, Mamone, Limpopo



Nkane le wena o sa re romele sengwalwa sa gago le dithalwa?

O ka ba le monyetla wa gore di phatlalatšwe ka tlaletšong ya *Nal'ibali*, goba mo wepsaeteng ya *Nal'ibali*. (Gopola: ka moka e swanetše go ba mošomo wa go dirwa ke wena!) Di romele go: info@nalibali.org, goba PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wycroft Road, Mowbray, 7700. O se le bale go tsenya leina la gago le sefane, mengwaga, sehlopha sa go bala, (ge se le gona) le aterese.

Nal'ibali news

During the December-January school break, Nal'ibali partnered with South African Airways (SAA) to inspire children and their families to read together and talk about stories – not only during the holiday, but throughout the year. Young SAA passengers were each given a copy of the *Your Story Power Magazine*, packed with stories, fun literacy activities and a holiday reading passport.

To help launch the magazine, Captain Eric Manentsa, SAA's chief pilot, shared a special storytelling morning at O.R Tambo International Airport with children from a Nal'ibali Reading Club in Soweto. Captain Manentsa shared his own success story with everyone. He explained how reading and writing had helped him along his journey to become SAA's first black chief pilot! Then, well-known poet, Lebogang Mashile, started the children off on their holiday reading adventure by reading the story, *The king of the birds*, from the magazine. (You can read this story too! It's on pages 14 and 15 of this supplement.)

SAA passengers were invited to send in photographs of their children's holiday reading moments for a chance to win two free flight tickets.

"Young people are the foundation of a talent pipeline we are building for the future, not only to benefit SAA, but also the entire country. We are proud to be partnering with Nal'ibali to promote their call to all South African adults to read to, and with their children, and thereby support their emotional and educational success," said SAA spokesperson, Tlali Tlali.

Tebatso Mabotsa, SAA



Nal'ibali takes Story Power to the skies with SAA! Children were invited to attend the launch of the *Your Story Power Magazine* at O.R. Tambo airport. Here they are listening to a story read by Lebogang Mashile. Pictured from left to right: SAA spokesperson, Tlali Tlali; Captain Eric Manentsa and Nal'ibali's Bongani Godide.

Nal'ibali e isa Maatla a Kanegelo lefaufang le SAA! Bana ba be ba laleditšwe go tsenela tlhomo ya *Your Story Power Magazine* kua boemafofane bja O.R. Tambo. Fa ba theleditše kanegelo ya go anegwa ke Lebogang Mashile. Go thoma go la ngele go ya go la goja seswantšhong ke: seboledi sa SAA, Tlali Tlali; Mokapotene Eric Manentsa le Bongani Godide wa Nal'ibali.

Ditaba tša Nal'ibali

Ka maikhušo a Desemere-Januware, Nal'ibali e dirišane le South African Airways (SAA) go tutuetša bana le ba malapa a bobona go bala mmogo le go bolela ka dikanegelo – e sego ka nako ya maikhušo fela, efela ngwaga ka moka. Yo mongwe le yo mongwe wa banamedi ba SAA ba bannyane o filwe khophi ya *Your Story Power Magazine*, o tletše dikanegelo, mešongwana ya tsebo ya go bala le go ngwala ya boithabišo le paseporoto ya go bala ya maikhušo.

Go thuša go tlhoma makasine, Mokapotene Eric Manentsa, Mofofišimogolo wa SAA, o abelane ka meso ya go kgethega ya go anegela bana ba sehlopha sa go bala sa Nal'ibali kua Soweto kanegelo, kua boemafofaneng bja Boditšhabatšhaba bja O.R Tambo. Mokapotene Manentsa o anegetše bohle ka ga kanegelo ya gagwe ya katlego. O hlalošitše ka fao go bala le go ngwala go mo thušitšego leetong la gagwe la go ba mofofišimogolo wa mathomo wa mothomoso wa SAA! Ka morago, sereti sa go tuma, Lebogang Mashile, a thoma bana ka bohlagahaga bja go bala ka maikhušo a bala kanegelo ya, *Kgoši ya dinyanya*, ka makasineng. (Le wena o ka bala kanegelo ye! E matlakaleng a 14 le 15 a tlaletšo ye.)

Banamedi ba SAA ba laleditšwe go romela dinepe tša bana ba bona tša sebaka sa go bala sa maikhušo gore ba be le monyetla wa go thopa ditekete tše pedi tša sefofane tša mahala.

"Baswa ke motheo wa molokoloko wa talente wo re o agelago bokamoso, e sego go hola SAA fela, efela naga ka bophara. Re ikgantšha ka go dirišana le Nal'ibali le go godiša boipiletšo bja bona go batho ba bagolo ba Afrika Borwa gore ba balele le go bala le bana, gomme ba tla be ba thekga katlego ya bona ya maikhušo le thuto," a realo seboledi sa SAA, Tlali Tlali.



The lucky winner of the Holiday Reading Moments competition was Hannah Green. She sent us this picture of her four-year-old daughter, Jemima, who is enjoying reading the *Your Story Power Magazine* while on holiday in Namibia. Hannah said, "Jemima loved sitting in our roof tent in the desert flicking through the magazine and asking me to read bits to her."

Mothopasefoka wa mahlatse wa phadišano ya Dibaka tša go Bala ka Maikhušo e be e le Hannah Green. O re rometše seswantšho se sa morwedi wa gagwe wa mengwaga ye mene, Jemima, wa go ipshina ka go bala *Your Story Power Magazine* ge a le maikhušong kua Namibia. Hannah o rile, "Jemima o be a rata go dula maruleleong a tente ya rena mo leganateng a phetla makasine ebile a nkgopela gore ke mmalele gannyane le gannyane."

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.

Itlhameleng dipuku tša ripa-o-boloke

1. Nišha matlakala a 5 go fiha ka 12 a tlaletšo ye.
2. Aroganya matlakala a 5, 6, 11 le 12 go a 7, 8, 9 le 10.
3. Latela ditaello tšeo di lego ka tlase go dira puku ye nngwe le ye nngwe.
 - a) Mena letlakala ka bogare go bapela le mothaladi wa marontho o moso.
 - b) Le mene ka bogare gape.
 - c) Ripa go bapela le mothaladi wa marontho a mahubedu.



Drive your imagination



Fold

“Thobela, Moh Makabela?” a realo, a myemyela ka myemyelo ye kgolokgolo, ya go taga kudu. Efela Moh Makabela a se myemyele.

seo a swanets'ego go se dira. thapile ebile a nyamile. Mokgalabje o be a tseba sephethephethe. O be a donala a ekwa phefo, a Moh Makabela wa go nyama, lephodisa la Kua go tshelago dipitsi, go be go eme

There, at the zebra crossing, stood grumpy Mrs Makabela, the traffic cop. She looked cold, and wet, and miserable. The old man knew just what to do.

“Morning, Mrs Makabela!” he called, and smiled his biggest, brightest smile. But Mrs Makabela did not smile back.

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



Nal'ibali ke lesolo la go-balela-boipshino la bosetšhaba la go utulla bokgoni bja bana ka go anega dikanegelo le go bala. Go hwetša tshedimošo ka botlalo, etela www.nalibali.org goba www.nalibali.mobi



Fold

Sizwe's smile

Myemyelo ya Sizwe



Vianne Venter
Genevieve Terblanche

A bent old man opened the door. "Oh, no! You can't come inside. You're all wet!" he told the dog. But right away, the smile beamed up at the old man. The old man stood a little straighter. "Eish," he said, "who cares if it's raining? Let's go for a walk, boy!" And off they went, splashing in the puddles.

Mokgalabje wa go kobega o ile a bula lebatl. "Aowa, hl! O ka se kgone go tseba ka mo gare. O thapile!" a boša mpša. Efela, ka nakwana myemyelo ya phadimela go mokgalabje.

Mokgalabje o ile e tlhophologanyana. "Eish," a na? Mošema, a re sepele!" Ba ile ba sepela ba hlaphuhla ka meetseng.



It had been raining for days, and everyone was grumpy. Everyone except Sizwe, who woke up with a smile every morning.

"Yoh! Sizwe! That smile is magic!" said Gogo. "Is it for me?"

Sizwe clapped his hand over his mouth. "But it's MY smile, Gogo," he whispered.



Ke matsatši a mantši pula e ena, gomme bohle ba ba ba sa iketle. Bohle kante le Sizwe, yo a tsogago ka myemyelo mesong ye mengwe le ye mengwe.

"Tjoo! Sizwe! Myemyelo yeo ke ya maleatlana!" a realo Koko. "O myemyelela nna?"

Sizwe o ile a phaphatha diatla a thiba molomo. "Efela ke myemyelo ya KA, Koko," a hebaheba.

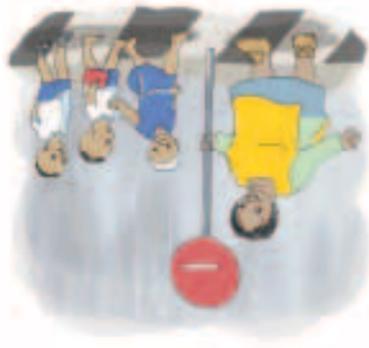
Go ema puleng matsatši a mantši go dira gore sefahlego se nyame, se be se nyame, se be se nyame. Efela myemyelo ke selo sa maleatlana gape, gabjale, myemyelo e be e matlafetše, e tagile kudu, go sa kgonegale go e swarelela ka mo gare. Ga se gwa direga ka bjako, efela ganyane ganyane, ya thoma go tšwela go fihlela, mafelolong ...!

Myemyelo ye botse ye kgolo ya tagiša sefahlego sa Moh Makabelai

Tšhipi ya sekolo e ile ya lla, gomme bana ka moka ba kitima ba tshela tšela. Moh Makabela o ile a emiša leswo la gagwe, a myemyela, a myemyela, a ba a myemyela go ngwana yo mongwe le yo mongwe.

A great, big smile lit up Mrs Makabela's face!

The school bell rang, and children ran to cross the road. Mrs Makabela put up her sign, and smiled, and smiled, at each and every child.



Standing in the rain for days can make a face sad, sad, sad. But a smile is a magical thing and, by now, the smile was so strong, and so bright, that it was very hard to keep inside. It didn't work right away, but bit by tiny bit, it began to creep out until, at last ...!





Motse o ile wa re tuu wa ba le khutšo sebakananya. E be e le nako ya go tonya ya go se be le pula mo ngwageng. Efela ka bjako ya ba nako ya go thoma go lokisa naga le go bjala dimela. Dipula di kgauswi le go na gape. Gwa thoma go fiša kudu le go ba bošidi gape.

“Go kaone ka gore Ram ga a gona,” yo mongwe wa badudi ba motse a realo, “gomme re ka se kwe mmagwe a hlabā lešata.”

For a while the village was quiet and peaceful. It was the time of the year when it was cool and there was no rain. But soon it was time to start preparing the land and plant crops. The rains would be coming again soon. It started to get quite hot and humid again.

“At least Ram is not here,” said one of the villagers, “and we won’t have to listen to his mother shouting either.”



Badudi ba motse ba swere kopano le kgoši. Ba ile ba re kgoši a dire se sengwe.

“Ga ba otlwei!” ba goeletša. “Koba Ram le mmagwe!” “Le tla sepela motse ng wa rena,” a realo kgoši.

“Tšeanng diporogwana tša lena gona bjale le sepele. Le ka se sa boya nageng ya rena gape.”

Gomme Ram a le mmagwe ba ya go dula ka ntle ga motse, ba le tee.

The villagers held a meeting with the king. They demanded that the king do something.

“Punish them!” they shouted. “Send Ram and his mother away!”

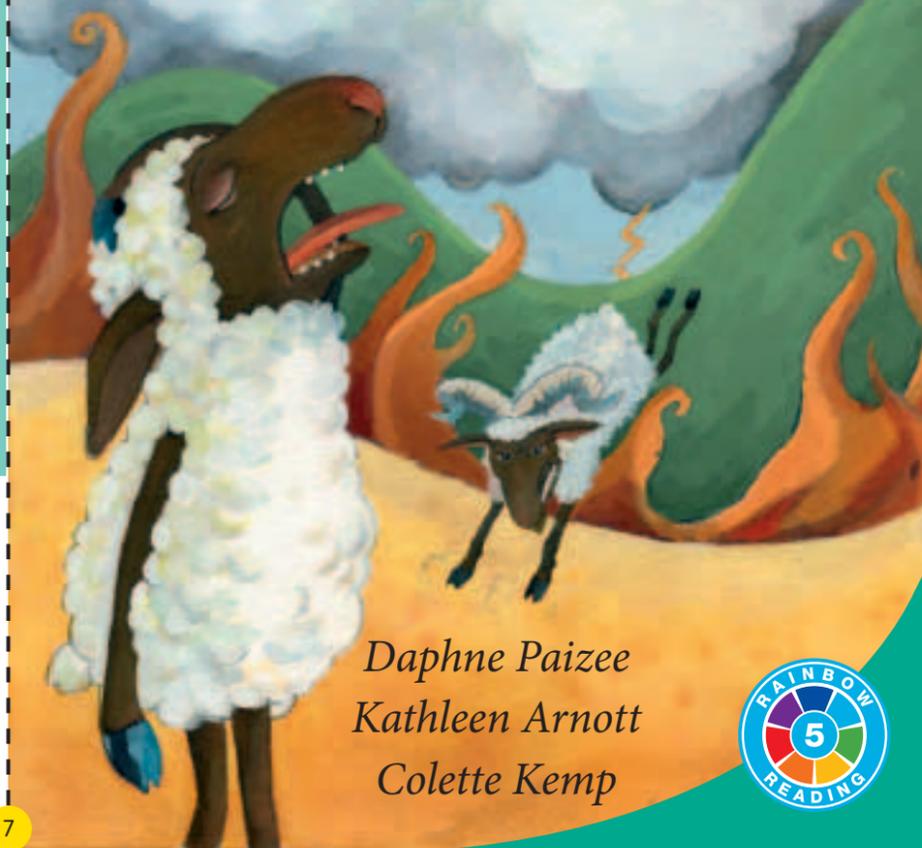
“You will leave our village,” said the king. “Take your things and go now. You may not set foot in our village again.”

So Ram and his mother went to live outside the village, by themselves.

CAMBRIDGE

Thunder and lightning

Modumo le legadima



Daphne Paizee
Kathleen Arnott
Colette Kemp



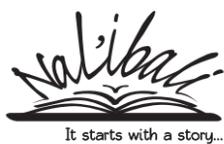
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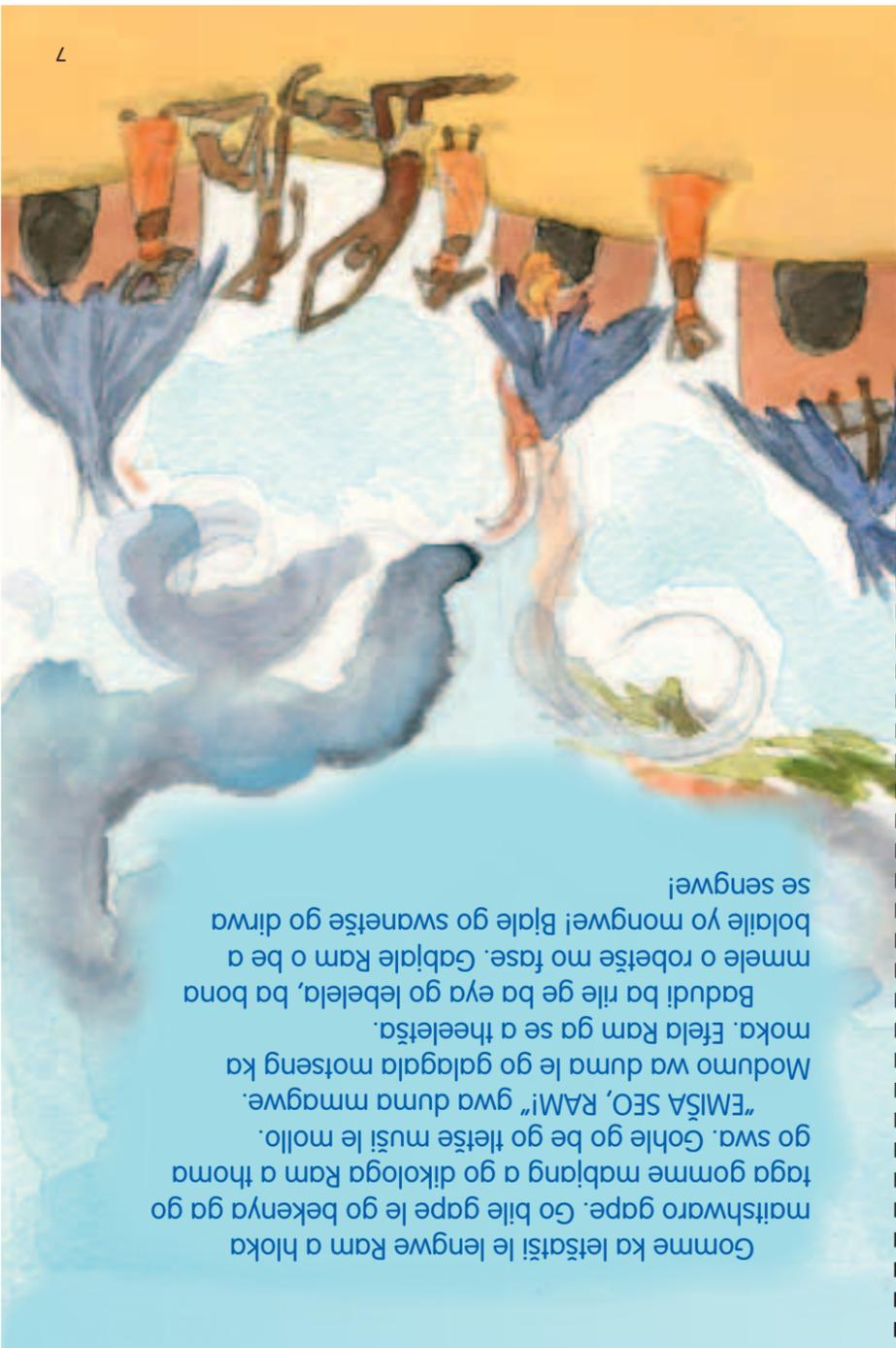
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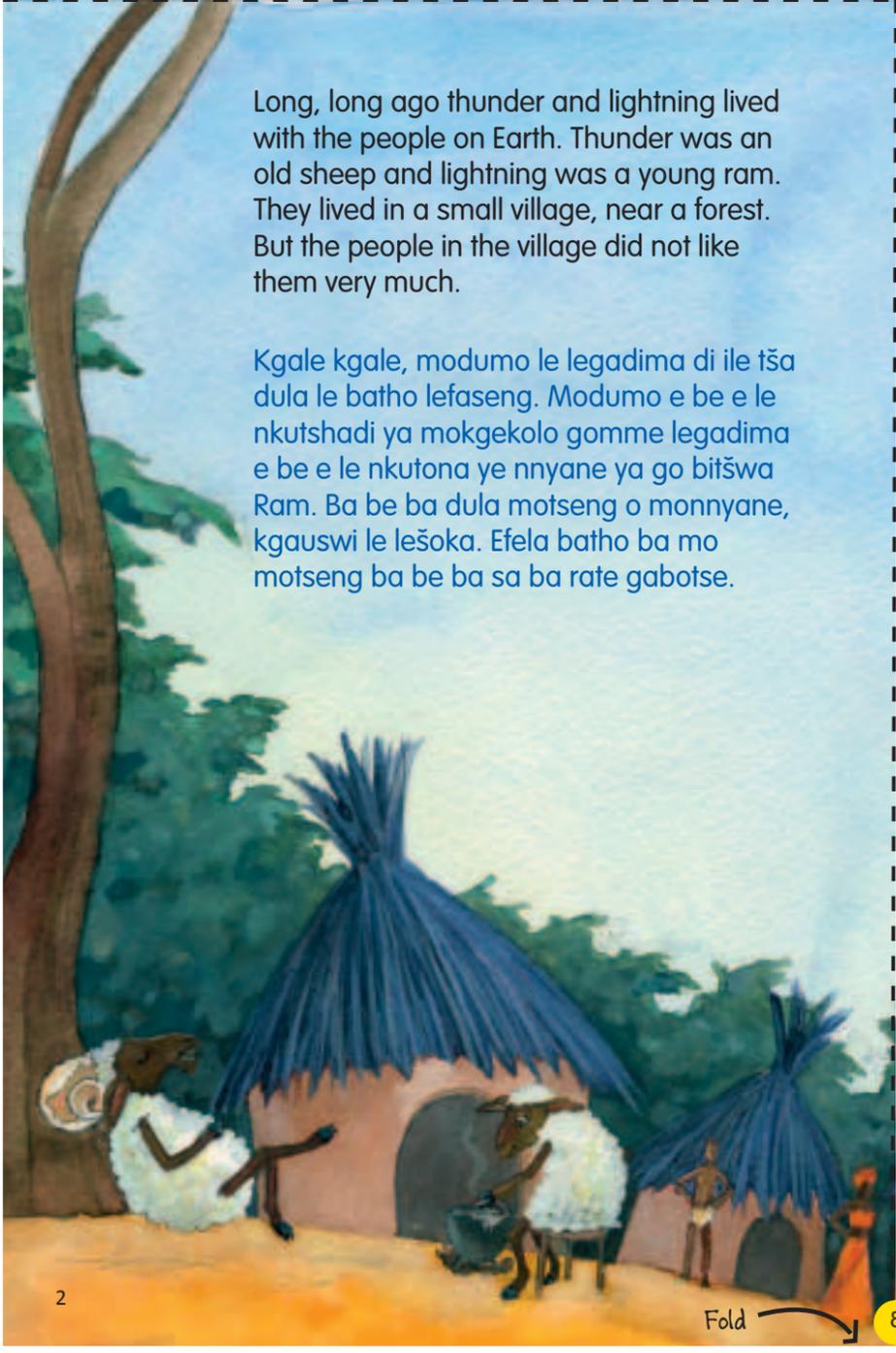
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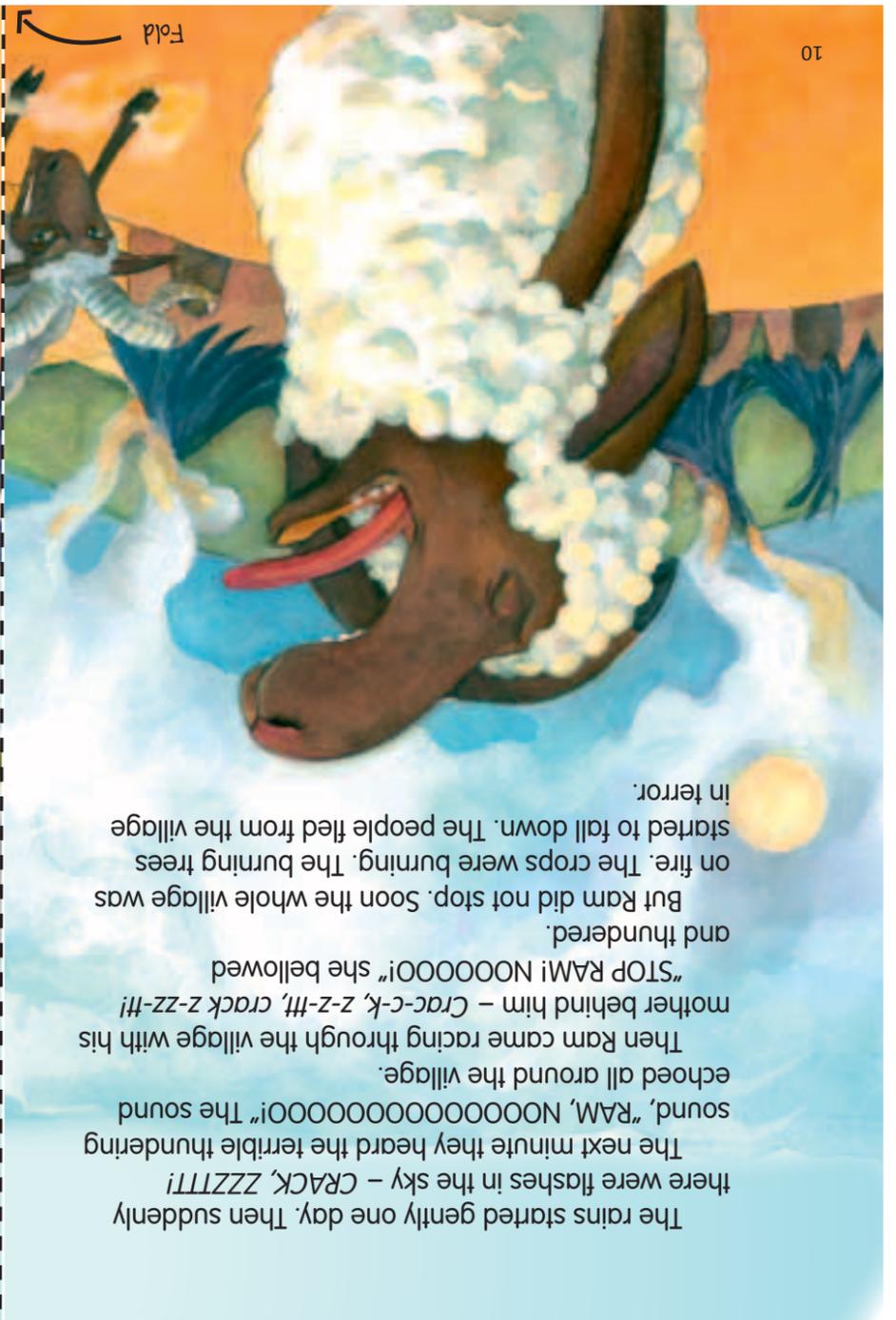


Gomme ka letšatši le lengwe Ram a hloka
 maitšwaro gape. Go bile gape le go bekenya ga go
 taga gomme mabjang a go dikologa Ram a thoma
 go swa. Gohle go be go tšetse muši le mollo.
 "EMISA SEO, RAM!" gwa dumma mmagwe.
 Modumo wa dumma le go galagala motseng ka
 moka. Efela Ram ga se a theeletša.
 Badudi ba rile ge ba eya go lebelela, ba bona
 mmele o robetše mo fase. Gabjale Ram o be a
 bolalle yo mongwe! Bjadle go swanetše go dirwa
 se sengwe!

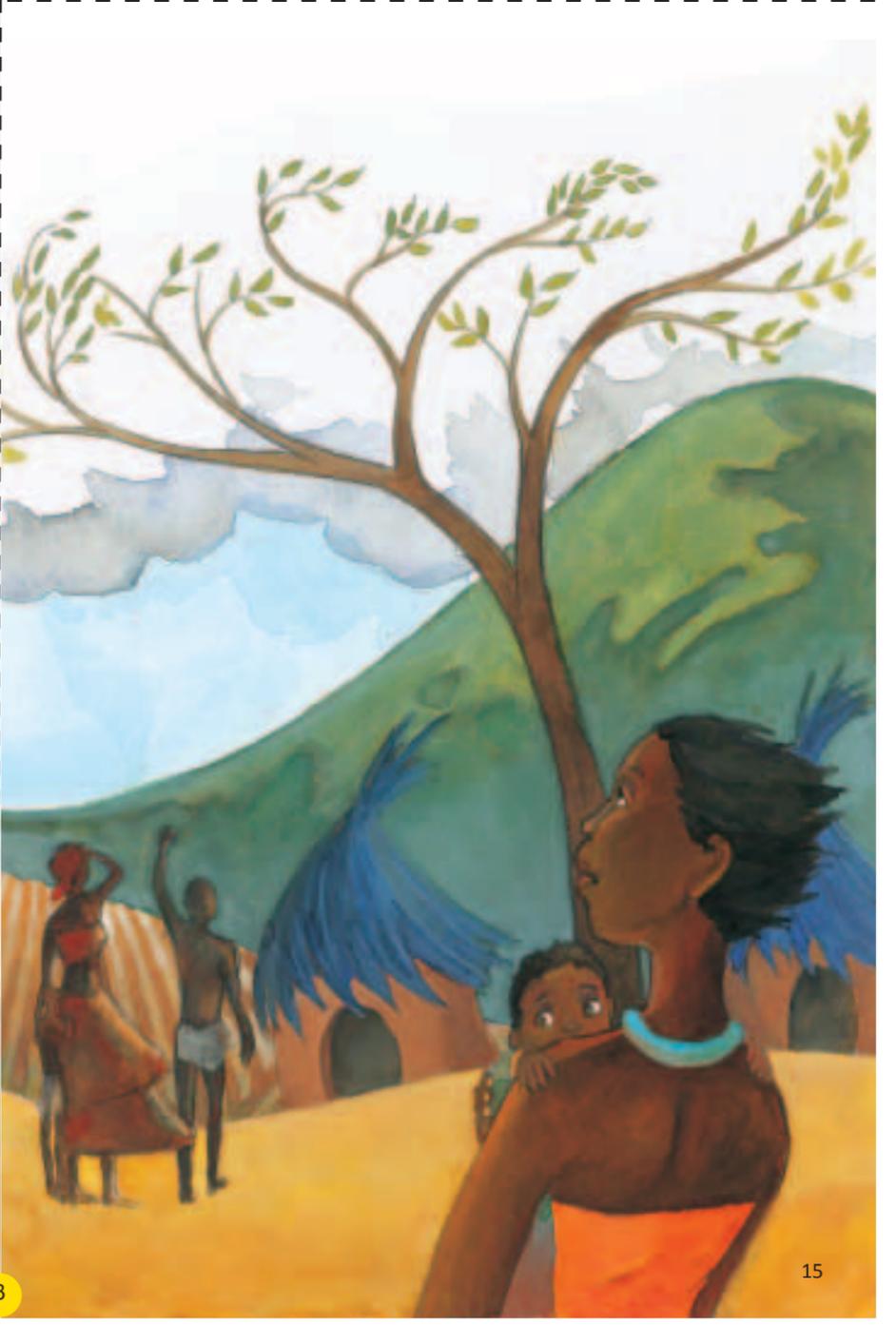


Long, long ago thunder and lightning lived
 with the people on Earth. Thunder was an
 old sheep and lightning was a young ram.
 They lived in a small village, near a forest.
 But the people in the village did not like
 them very much.

Kgale kgale, modumo le legadima di ile tša
 dula le batho lefaseng. Modumo e be e le
 nkutshadi ya mokgekolo gomme legadima
 e be e le nkutona ye nnyane ya go bitšwa
 Ram. Ba be ba dula motseng o monnyane,
 kgauswi le lešoka. Efela batho ba mo
 motseng ba be ba sa ba rate gabotse.

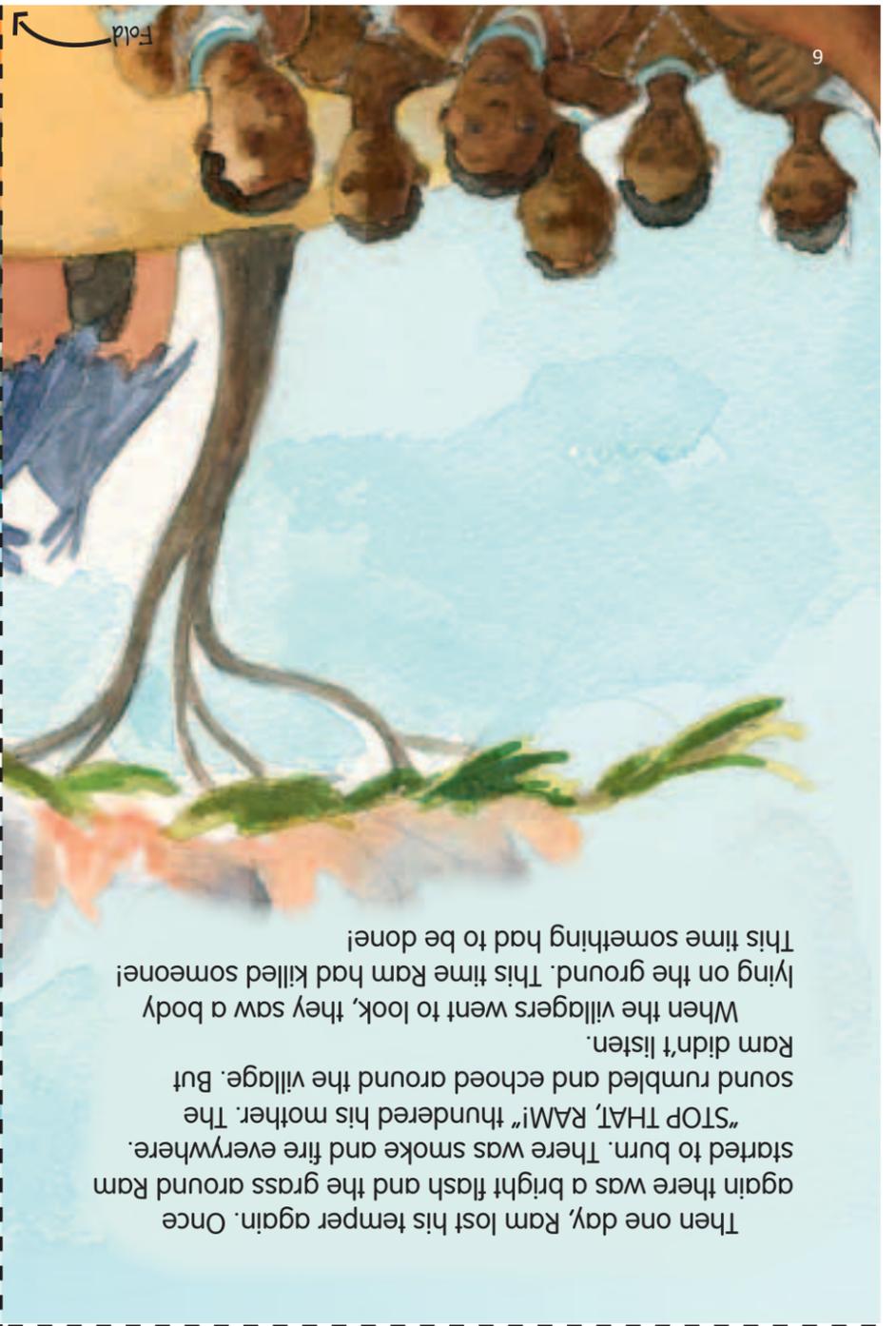


The rains started gently one day. Then suddenly
 there were flashes in the sky – CRACK, ZZZTTT!
 The next minute they heard the terrible thundering
 sound, "RAM, NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" The sound
 echoed all around the village.
 Then Ram came racing through the village with his
 mother behind him – Crac-c-k, z-z-z-th, crack z-z-th!
 "STOP RAM! NOOOOOOO!" she bellowed
 and thundered.
 But Ram did not stop. Soon the whole village was
 on fire. The crops were burning. The burning trees
 started to fall down. The people fled from the village
 in terror.





Ka letšatsi le lengwe pula ya thoma ka bolela. Ka bjako gwa ba le go bekenya lefaufaung – PHAA, RATHHTHTH. Motso wo o latelago ba kwa modumo wo mogolo, "RAM, AOOOWAAAI" Modumo wa galagala motšeng ka moka. Ka morago Ram le mmagwe ba tla ba kitima ba lebile motšeng – Pha-a-ra-th-th-th-th, th, pha-a-ra-th-th-th-th! "EMA RAM! AOOOWAAAI" a popoduma le go duma. Efela Ram ga se a ema. Ka pela motse ka moka wa tuka. Dimela di be di eswa. Mehla ya go tuka ya thoma go wa. Batho ba ile ba tšhaba motšeng ka letšhogo.



Then one day, Ram lost his temper again. Once again there was a bright flash and the grass around Ram started to burn. There was smoke and fire everywhere. "STOP THAT, RAM!" thundered his mother. The sound rumbled and echoed around the village. But Ram didn't listen. When the villagers went to look, they saw a body lying on the ground. This time Ram had killed someone! This time something had to be done!

So Ram and his mother went to live far, far away, up in the sky. And for a while, the village was peaceful again. The people built new houses and they prepared the ground to plant new crops. But when the rains came again ...

Well, you can guess what happened, can't you? There was thunder and lightning as usual.

Gomme Ram le mmagwe ba ya go dula kgolekgole, godimo lefaufaung. Motse o ile wa ba le khutšo gape sebakanyana. Batho ba ile ba aga dintlo tše diswa gomme ba lokiša naga gore ba bjale dimela gape. Efela e rile ge dipula di etla gape ...

Bjale, o ka akanya gore go diregile eng, o ka se akanye? Go bile le medumo le magadima bjale ka mehleng.



Every year, before the rains came, it got hot. And Ram got grumpy. He argued and fought with everyone, and he always lost his temper. When he lost his temper, he knocked things over and started fires.

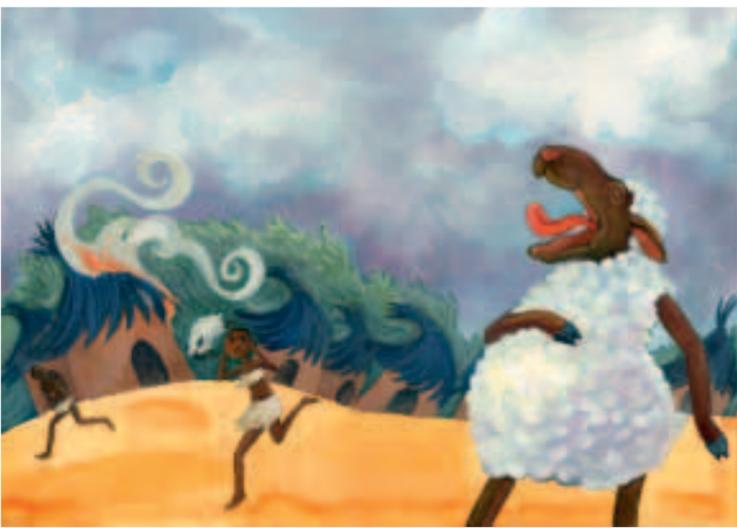
Ngwaga o mongwe le o mongwe pele dipula di ena, go be go fiša. Gomme Ram o ile a se sa iketla. O ile a nganga le go lwa le bohle, gomme ka mehla a palelwa ke go itshwara. Ge a be a palelwa ke go itshwara, o be a betha dilo tša wa le go thoma mello.

It was a terrible sound. It rumbled and echoed for a long time. The villagers were afraid. The houses shook. The villagers shook too. The king went to the king to complain, but the king was not sure what to do.

Ge Ram a be a palwara ke go itshwara, mmagwe o be a mo hlabela lešata. O be a hlabala lešata ka kudu, "RAM!" Batho bohle mo motseng ba be ba ekwa lešata. Lešata le be le duma, le go galagala motseng nako ye telele.

Ka letšatši le lengwe go be go fiša kudu gape go le bošidi. Ram o be a na le nwa ye mpe. Gomme, b'alo ka mehlang, a hloka matšhware. Go bile le go bekenya ga go taga, gomme n'ilo ya thoma go swa. N'ilo e ile ya swa ka lebelo ka ge e be e dirilwe ka b'ang.

Mmagwe o be a betšwe kudu. "RAAAAAMMMMMM!" a goeletša. "O DIRILE ENG?" E be e le modumo o mogolo kudu. Wa duma wa galagala nako ye telele. Badudi ba mo motseng ba be ba tšhogile. Dinto di ile tša s'ikinyega. Badudi ba motse le bona ba s'ikinyega. Badudi ba motse ba ile ba iša pelelo go kgoši, e'fela kgoši o be a sa tsebe gore a dire eng.



And when Ram lost his temper, his mother shouted at him. She shouted very loudly, "RAM!" Everyone in the village heard the shouting. The noise rumbled and echoed all over the village for a long time.

One day, it was very hot and humid. Ram was having a terrible fight. And, as usual, he lost his temper. Then there was a bright flash, and a house started to burn. Because the house was made of grass, it burned quickly.

His mother was very angry. "RAAAAAMMMMMM!" she thundered. "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

After the storm, the villagers gathered together. "He has destroyed everything," shouted one man. "We must destroy him."

"They must be punished," shouted another. The king called Ram and his mother to a meeting. "You will go and live far away," said the king. "You will go to a place that is further away than any other place."

"Where will we go?" asked Ram's mother. "You will go and live up in the sky," said the king. "And you will not come back to our village ever again."

The villagers nodded their heads. "Go up to the sky and don't bother us anymore," they shouted. "You have heard the king."



Morago ga ledimo, badudi ba motse ba ile ba kgobokana.

"O sentše tšohle," monna yo mongwe a goeletša. "Re swanetše go fetša ka yena."

"Ba swanetše go otlwa," yo mongwe a goeletša.

Kgoši o ile a bitša Ram le mmagwe kopanong. "Le tla sepela gomme la ya go dula kgolekgole," a realo kgoši. "Le tla ya lefelong la kgolekgole go feta mafelo ohle."

"Re tla ya kae?" mmago Ram a botšiša. "Le tla ya go dula lefaufang," a realo kgoši. "Gomme le se sa boya mo motseng wa rena gape."

Badudi ba motse ba dumela ka dihlogo. "Eyang lefaufang gomme le se sa re tshwenya gape," ba goeletša. "Le kwele kgoši."

Myemyelo ya fofa, ya taga, ya pshikologa ya phadima
go fhlela YO MONGWE LE YO MONGWE a
myemyela, a sega kudu puleng
myemyela meyara ...

Bana ba ile ba myemyela bommago bona le
botatago bona, le go bokoko ba bona le borakgolo ba
bona le bobut le bosesi. Ba myemyela mooledi wa
pase le go morekisi wa metogo, le go Mme Makau,
yo a ilego a myemyela mona wa gagwe, yo a ilego a
myemyela meyara ...



The children smiled at their moms and dads, and their
gogos and tatas and brothers and sisters. They smiled
at the bus driver and the greengrocer, and Mme Makau,
who went off to smile at her husband, who smiled at
the mayor ...

The smiles leapt and rolled and beamed and gleamed
until EVERYONE was smiling and giggling and
laughing out loud in the rain.

The smiles bounced around and beamed at Sizwe.
They warmed him, and tickled him, and crept up, up,
up from his toes ... to the TOP of his head. He was
so full of happiness that the smile burst out, brilliant
and beaming bright.

And something changed. The dark, gloomy, rainy
afternoon didn't seem so dark anymore. Could
it be ...?

YES! The clouds parted, and the warm sun shone
down on them, with the biggest, brightest, most
brilliant smile of all.

Dimyemyelo tša tshelatshela tša tagela Sizwe. Tša mo
tutetša, tša mo tsikiditla, tša thoma tlase, tlase, tlase
menwaneng ya maoto a gagwe ... go ya GODIMO
ga hlogo ya gagwe. O be a tletše lethabo kudu ka fao
myemyelo e ilego ya tšwa, e le botse, e phadima e tagile.

Selo se sengwe se ile sa fetoga. Mathapama a go
fifala, a go tlaa a pula a se ba bonala a fifetše gape.
E ka ba ...?

EE! Maru a phatlala, letšatši la ba hlabela, ka myemyelo
ye kgolokgolo, ya go taga kudu, ye botsebotse go di
feta ka moka.

Myemyelo ya Zanele e bile selo sa go taga kudu seo
raposo a se bonego mesong yohle. E mo tuteditše ge a
le gare a ngaya pula.

O ile nlong ye kgolo. Ka gare ga keiti, mpsa e be e
dikologa, e goba, ya ba ya goba. E be e segša
ke ka fao raposo a bego a ka se lese go myemyela.
Myemyelo e ile ya tšwa ka keiti e bekanya.

Mpsa e ile ya emiša go goba. E emišitše ditsebe ya
tšokotša mosela wa yona. Ka morago ya retologa
gomme ya kitimela morago ka nlong, ka myemyelo ye
botse, ya borutho.

Zanele's smile was the brightest thing the postman had
seen all morning. It kept him warm as he trudged off
through the rain.

He came to a big house. Inside the gate, a dog was
spinning around in circles, barking, barking, barking. He
was so silly, that the postman couldn't help smiling. The
smile bounced through the gate with a glitter of glee.

The dog stopped barking. He pricked up his ears and
wagged his tail. Then he turned and ran back to the
house with the precious, warm smile.



His mother laughed. "Sizwe! A smile is something
you can give away without losing it. Look!"

She lifted him up to the mirror. There was his smile,
just as bright as before.

Mmagwe o ile a sega. "Sizwe! Myemyelo ke selo seo
o ka fanago ka sona wa se lobe selo. Lebelela!"

O mo kuketše godimo seiponeng. O be a
myemyela, myemyelo ya go taga bjalo ka peleng.

As Sizwe walked away to the library, Zanele's doorbell rang. It was the postman, with a letter from her favourite cousin. Zanele was so happy, that the smile bounced up, and beamed out at the postman.

"Thank you, Mister Postman!" she said.

E rile ge Sizwe a e ya bokgobapukung, tšhipi ya lebatl'ha Zanele ya lla. E be e le raposo a swere lengwalo la go tšwa go motswala wa gagwe wa mmamoratwa. Zanele o be a thabile kudu fao myemyelo e ilego ya dala gomme ya phadimela go raposo.

"Ke a leboga, Morena Kaposo," o ile a realo.



It was time to go out. Mama buttoned up Sizwe's raincoat, and off they went, through the rain, to the library.

Down the street, Sizwe's best friend Zanele stood at the window of her house, looking sadly at the rain.



Sizwe felt his smile creeping, creeping up. Before he knew it, his smile LEAPT out, and flew across the garden to Zanele. Zanele held on tightly to the smile – it was far too precious to let it get away.

E be e le nako ya go tšwa. Mma o ile a konopetša jase ya Sizwe ya pula gomme ba ngaya pula ba ya bokgobapukung.

Mo mmileng, Zanele mogwera wa Sizwe wa mmamoratwa o be a eme lefasetereng a lebeletše pula ka go nyama.

Sizwe o ile a kwa myemyelo ya gagwe e kokotlela. Ka pejana, myemyelo ya TŠWELA ntle, ya fofa go putla tšhengwana ya ya go Zanele. Zanele o ile a kakatlela myemelo – e be e le selo se se botse kudu go ka tlogelwa.

In the library, everything was quiet except for the sound of the rain.

"It's time to go," said Sizwe's mother, closing her book.

"Aw, Mama!" said Sizwe, who had run out of smiles.

Ka bokgobapuku e be e le setu kandle ga modumo wa pula.

"Ke nako ya go sepele," a realo mmago Sizwe a tswaleda puku ya gagwe.

"Aa, Mama!" a realo Sizwe, ke mang yo a feletšwego ke myemyelo.



But as they stepped out into the street ... WHAT A SIGHT! Everyone in town was there! Everyone! And they were ALL smiling!



Efela ba rile ge ba tsena mmileng ... BA BONA ENG! Batho bohle ba toropo ye ba be ba le gona! Batho bohle! KA MOKA ba be ba myemyela!



Get story active!

After you and your children have read the cut-out-and-keep books in this supplement, you might like to try some of these ideas. Choose the ones that best suit your children's ages and interests.

Sizwe's smile

- ★ Look at the pictures again. Choose some of them to focus on and, with your children, talk about how the people might be feeling. Invite your children to talk about times when they felt like this too.
- ★ In the story, Gogo says that she thinks Sizwe's smile "is magic". Ask your children whether they think that Sizwe's smile really is magic. Can they suggest why Gogo says this?
- ★ Sizwe's mother says that a smile is something you can give away without losing it. Can your children think of other things that you can give away, but still keep?



Thunder and lightning

- ★ Ask your children to draw their own pictures of Ram and to then write the words that describe him around their picture. Help younger children by writing the words they tell you.
- ★ How about adding sound effects to the story? Read the story together again, but this time use pots, pans and other kitchen utensils as well as stamping your feet and clapping your hands to make the sounds in the story – for example, the sounds of the Ram knocking over things, or the rumbling noise of the thunder, or Ram's mother shouting.
- ★ The villagers in the story asked the king to send Ram and his mother away. Do your children think this punishment was fair? How else could Ram and his mother have been punished? Would that have been more fair?



Dira gore kanegelo e be le bophelo!



Morago ga ge wena le bana ba gago le badile dipuku tša ripa-o-boloke ka tlaletšong ye, o ka rata go leka tše dingwe tša dikgopolo tše. Kgetha tšeo di swanelago kudu mengwaga ya bana ba gago le dikgahlego tša bona.

Myemyelo ya Sizwe

- ★ Lebelela diswantšho gape. Kgetha tše dingwe o di nepiše gomme wena le bana ba gago le bolele ka ga maikutlo a batho. Laletša bana ba gago go bolela ka ga dinako tše ba be ba ikwa ka tsela ye.
- ★ Ka kanegelong, Koko o re o gopola gore myemyelo ya Sizwe "ke maleatlana". Botšiša bana ba gago ge e ba ba gopola gore myemyelo ya Sizwe ka nnete ke maleatlana. Naa ba ka šišinya gore ke ka lebaka la eng Koko a realo?
- ★ Mmago Sizwe o re myemyelo ke selo seo o ka fanago ka sona ntle le go se loba. Naa bana ba gago ba ka nagana ka selo se sengwe seo o ka fanago ka sona efela wa dula o na le sona?

Modumo le legadima

- ★ Kgopela bana gore ba thale diswantšho tša bona tša Ram gomme ba ngwale mantšu a go mo hlaloša go dikologa seswantšho sa bona. Thuša bana ba bannyane ka go ba ngwalela mantšu ao ba go botšago ona.
- ★ Go ka ba bjang ge o ka lokela modumo kanegelong? Balang kanegelo gape mmogo, efela gabjale le diriše dipitša, dipane le didirišwa tše dingwe tša ka moraleng le kibe le maoto a lena fase le phaphathe le diatla go dira modumo ka kanegelong – mohlala, modumo wa Ram a betha dilo di ewa, goba modumo wa go popoduma ga modumo, goba wa mmago Ram a goeletša.
- ★ Badudi ba motse ka kanegelong ba kgopetše kgoši gore a kobe Ram le mmagwe. Naa bana ba gago ba gopola gore kotlo ye e lokile? Ram le mmagwe ba ka be ba otlilwe bjang? Kotlo yeo e ka be e lokile ka kudu?

DID YOU KNOW?

1. Thunder and lightning happen a lot! Every second there are over 100 lightning strikes on Earth. And there are more than 1 800 thunderstorms every day.
2. Thunder and lightning work together! If you can hear thunder, lightning is nearby.
3. Lightning heats up the air around it. The air expands and vibrates, making thunder.
4. Lightning is most likely to hit tall objects, like trees, mountains and people – anything that stands up from the ground.
5. Lightning is very dangerous. Each year it kills about 2 000 people around the world.



NAA O BE O TSEBA?

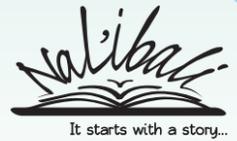
1. Modumo le legadima di ba gona gantši! Motsotswana wo mongwe le wo mongwe go betha magadima a go feta 100 mo Lefaseng. Letšatši le lengwe le le lengwe go ba le matlakadibe a go feta 1 800.
2. Modumo le legadima di šoma mmogo! Ge o ka kwa modumo, legadima le kgauswi.
3. Legadima le tutetša moya wa kgauswi le lona. Moya o a kokomoga wa thuthumela, gomme wa dira modumo.
4. Go na le kgonagalo ya go re legadima le ka betha dilo tše ditelele ka moka, bjalo ka mehlare, dithaba le batho – selo se sengwe le se sengwe sa go ema mobung.
5. Legadima le kotsi kudu. Ngwaga wo mongwe le wo mongwe le bolaya batho ba 2 000 lefaseng ka bophara.



Drive your imagination

The king of the birds

Retold by Joanne Bloch  Illustrations by Tamsin Hinrichsen



Long ago when the world was new, Nkwazi, the great fish eagle, called all the birds together.

"As you know," he said, "Bhubesi the lion is king of the beasts. But why should he speak for us birds? We need to chose our own king ... and as I am so majestic, I say it should be me!"

All the birds began to chirp and chatter until one voice rose above the others. "Nkwazi, you are majestic, it's true," said the giant eagle owl, Khova. "But my huge eyes see everything that happens. This makes me very wise – and a king really needs wisdom!"

Again the birds twittered loudly, until the kori bustard, Ngqithi spoke. "I think I should be king!" he said. "Kings need to be big and strong, and I am the largest bird of all."

The birds began arguing about who should be king. Then a shrill voice suddenly rose above the din, "Excuse me! Excuse me!" It was tiny Ncede, the Neddicky bird. Although the crowd laughed at his cheekiness, they allowed him to speak – but none of them could believe it when he said that HE should be king!



"And what exactly would make you a good king?" asked Nkwazi, after they had all stopped laughing.

"Nothing really," said Ncede, "but I should have as much chance as anyone else!"

"All right," said Nkwazi, "let's have a competition!" All the birds liked this idea. They agreed that on the first day after the full moon, when the sun touched the tip of the highest mountain peak, they would all take to the air to see who could fly the highest. The winner would become their king.

The big day arrived. The birds watched patiently as the sun rose. Though little Ncede was determined to prove he could be king, he knew his wings were too weak to fly very high.

So, just before the birds took off, he crept silently underneath Nkwazi's wing feathers. The fish eagle was so busy watching the sun that he didn't feel a thing.

The instant the sun touched the tip of the mountain, the birds rose high into the sky. Soon most of them grew tired, and only the fish eagle, the owl and the bustard were left in the race.

Khova was the first to drop out. As he sank to the earth, Nkwazi and Ngqithi flew up higher and higher ... but after five minutes, the heavy bustard could go no further. "Ah, Nkwazi," he called sadly as he swooped to the ground, "you win!"

"WHEEE-WHEEE-WHEEE!" shrieked the fish eagle triumphantly, gathering his last drop of strength and climbing a little higher. But suddenly he heard a taunting voice. "Not so fast, Nkwazi!" chirped Ncede, shooting out from under his wing and rising a little above him. "You haven't won yet!" Poor fish eagle! He was utterly exhausted, and could climb no further. With a groan he fell to the earth.



The birds were furious at Ncede's trickery. As he hit the ground, they rushed angrily at him – but before they could act, the quick little bird zipped into a deserted snake hole.

"Come out!" screeched the birds, "and get the prize you deserve!" But although they guarded the hole all night, Ncede stayed exactly where he was.

"Let's take turns to stand guard!" said Nkwazi in the morning. Khova agreed to take the first watch while the others went off to sleep or hunt. He waited for ages, but there was no sign of Ncede. "My eyes are so strong," he said to himself, "I only need one. I'll close my right eye and use my left." A while later he swapped, opening his right eye and closing his left. This went on for some time, until finally he forgot to keep one of his eyes open and fell fast asleep.

This was just what Ncede had been waiting for! Off he flew, straight into the forest. "You fool!" shouted Nkwazi, who had seen Ncede disappearing just as he came to relieve Khova, "YOU FELL ASLEEP!"

Khova was so embarrassed that he decided to hunt by night and sleep by day so that the other birds wouldn't have a chance to tease him. Meanwhile, Ncede flitters about in the forest, never stopping long enough to be caught. And who became king? Well, the truth is that the birds were so upset with Ncede that they never chose a king!



Kgale kgale nakong ya ge lefase e sa le le leswa, Nkwazi, lenong la dihlapu le legolo, o ile a bitša kgothe-kgothe ya dinonyana.

"Bjalo ka ge le tseba," a realo, "tau ya go bitšwa Bhubesi ke kgoši ya dibata. Efela ke ka lebaka la eng a swanetše go bolelela le rena dinonyana? Re nyaka go kgetha kgoši ya rena ... nna ke na le bogoš, ke re ga go kgethwe nna!"

Dinonyana ka moka tša thoma go lla go fihlela lentšu le lengwe le hlaboša go feta a mangwe. "Nkwazi, o na le bogoš, ke nnete," la realo leribiši la lenong le legolo, Khova. "Efela mahlo a ka a magolo a bona tšohle tše di diregago. Se se dira gore ke be bohlae – gomme kgoši e tloga e swanetše go ba bohlae!"

Dinonyana tša lla kudu gape, go fihlela go bolela, Ngqithi. "Ke nagana gore ke swanetše go ba kgoši!" a realo. "Dikgoši di swanetše go ba tše dikgolo tša go tia, gomme ke nna nonyana ye kgolokgolo."

Dinonyana tša thoma go ngangišana gore ke mang yo a ka bago kgoši. Ka pejana lentšu la bogale la kwagala ka godimo ga lešata, "Theeletšang! Theeletšang!" E be e le Ncedo yo monnyane, nonyana ya Neddicky. Le ge dinonyana tšohle di segile go ba le kgang ga gagwe, di mo dumeletše gore a bolele – efela ga go yo a mo tshepilego ge a re O swanetše go ba kgoši!



"E bang ke eng seo se tla dirago gore o be kgoši ye botse?" gwa botšiša Nkwazi, morago ga ge ka moka ba emišitše go sega.

"Ga go selo," a realo Ncedo, "efela le nna ke swanetše go ba le sebaka bjalo ka mang le mang!"

"Go lokile," a realo Nkwazi, "a re phadišaneng!" Dinonyana ka moka di ratile kgopolo ye. Di kwane gore letšatši la mathomo ka morago ga ngwedi o dutše, ge letšatši le kgomile ntlha ya thaba ye telelelele, ka moka dinonyana di tla ya moyeng go bona gore ke efe ye e ka fofelago godimodimo. Mothopasefoka e tla ba kgoši.

Letšatši le legolo le ile la fihla. Dinonyana di ile tša lebelela letšatši le hlaboša di sa fele pelo. Le ge Ncedo yo monnyane a be a swanetše go bontšha gore a ka ba kgoši, o be a tseba gore maphego a gagwe a bokoa go ka fofela godimo kudu.

Ka fao, e rile pele dinonyana di tloga, a khukhanela ka tšase ga mafafa a maphego a Nkwazi ka setu. Lenong la dihlapu le be le dutše le lebeletše letšatši le sa kwe le selo.

Letšatši le ile la kgoma ntlha ya thaba, dinonyana tša fofela godimo lefaufaug. Bontši bja tšona di ile tša lapa ka pela, gomme lenong la hlapu le le tee, leribiši le pastete tša tšwela pele ka phadišano.



Khova e bile wa mathomo wa go tlogela. O rile ge a theogela tšase, Nkwazi le Ngqithi ba fofela godimodimo ... efela morago ga metsotso ye mehlang, pastete wa boima a thoma go palelwa. "Aa, Nkwazi," a bolela ka go nyama a eya tšase, "o thopa sefoka!"

"WIII-WIII-WIII!" gwa lla lenong la dihlapu ka go thabela phenyo, a goga maatla a gagwe a mafelelo a namelela godingwana. Efela ka pejana a kwa lentšu la go kwera. "E sego ka lebelo le le kaaka, Nkwazi!" gwa lla Ncedo, a etšwa ka tšase ga lephego la gagwe a bile a fofela godingwana go mo feta. "Ga sešo o thopa sefoka!"

Lenong la dihlapu la go šokiša! Le be le lapile kudu, gomme le se sa kgona go namelela godimo. A wela lefaseng a tsetla.



Dinonyana di be di befedišitšwe ke botsotsi bja Ncedo. O rile ge a fihla mmung, tša mo kitimela ka pefelo – efela pele ba ka dira sengwe, nonyana ye nnyane ya mahlahla ya tšena moleteng wa noga leganateng.

"Etšwa!" gwa goeletša dinonyana, "o tle o tšeye sefoka sa gago sa go go swanela!" Efela le ge ba letše ba letile moletse bošego ka moka, Ncedo ga se a šutha.

"A re šielaneng ka go leta!" a realo Nkwazi mesong. Khova o dumetše go leta pele mola bangwe ba ile go robala goba go tsoma. O eme sebaka se se telele, efela Ncedo a se bonale. "Mahlo a ka a tiile kudu," a ipotšha bjalo, "Ke tla diriša le le tee fela. Ke tla tswalela leihlo la ka go la goja ka bula la ka go la ngele." Ka morago a šiedišana, a bula la ka go la goja a tswalela la ka go la ngele. A dira se nakonyana, go fihlela ge mafelelong a palelwa le ke go bula le le tee gomme a swarwa ke boroko.

Se ke seo Ncedo a bego a se emetše! O ile a fofa. A ya sethokgweng. "Setlaela towe!" gwa goeletša Nkwazi, yo a bonego Ncedo a nyamelela ge a etla go khutšiša Khova, "O ROBOTŠE!"

Khova o jelwe ke dihlong ka fao a ilego a thoma go tsoma bošego, a robala mosegare gore dinonyana tše dingwe di se ke tša ba le sebaka sa go mo kwera. Ka nako yeo, Ncedo o be a phela sethokgweng, a sa eme sebaka se se telele ka ge a sa nyake go swarwa. Ke mang yo a bilego kgoši? Ebang, nnete ke gore dinonyana di be di befedišitšwe ke Ncedo ka fao di sa kago tša kgetha kgoši!



