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.

Dipale di etsa hore o be bohla! 

Dipole tse monate di hlaho sa mhloko ya aho. Ha re bala pole eo ho yona mophethwa a ufwang bohloko kapa a fetaing mathatheng, dipole tsa rona di ota ka matla jwalo feela ka ha re memetse metswale ya rona ya mme le ba malapa a rona ba bua ka ho hong ha ba ufwatsang bohloko haholo. Re ufwla bohloko bo ufwang ke mophethwa wa paleng le monate oe o a ufwang. Mme jwale ka lebaka la dipatlisiso re a tseba hore ke hoboang hla le jwalo.

E se le la koko jwalo re tseba hore dipale di fepa karolo ya pu e bakong ba rona. Empe jwalo, disekene tsa boko di bontsha kamos dipale di tsoalosang le dikaro le tse ding tse ngatla tsa boko ba rona. Ho etsa mohlala, dikaro le tsa boko la sebetsanang le monko di a tsahola ha re bala mantswe a tsamelaanang le monko a itseng, jwaloaka “jasmine” kapa “petrol”. Diaboratoring, borasense le bona ba bo se e tsa ka hloko ha re bala dipale le tsa tsoalosang fuphaholo a lo fapaneng, jwaloaka, “matscho a hae a mabone hile” le “lentswe la hae le boreledi” – karolo ya boko ba rona e dumellang ho ufwla boamo a a tsahola!

Tsena tschile di hlahlola hore boko ba rona ha ho boko phaphung eka efe pakeng tsa ho re bala ka ketsaholo e itseng le ho re hile re feta ketsahalang e ka borona. Mesebetsi ya motho ya boko ba rona ha ha kgone ho ufwla phaphung pakeng tsa ketsahalo ya mme le e paleng? Sena se belela hore mafatshe ao re balang ka ona dipatlisi a re de ufwla bohoang ho kapano le dintho tse ngatla ho feta tse re ka hlang ra kapano le tsoana maphelang a rona a mme.

Ka dipale, re lekola makgabane a rona mme re nothang ka se re neng re tla se etsa hoja re re re le maemoeng a batho ba bang. Ha re hala ka dipale tse monate tsa mona le tsa lefatsheng lohle, ha re thusa ho liya matla ha re lutlwa re tshaba kapa re le kotseng, hobane re sa re le dipale re bokselebo a le fana ka tsoa le bohoang ho le bokgaki re dipale ba re lutsho tseang tse re ka nkang ho tsana.

RAISING YOUR CHILD'S IMAGINATION

Drive your imagination

Does your young child like to:

★ measure the height, speed, distance and how things move?
★ ride a bike fast?
★ open and close drawers and cupboards?
★ jump, throw, climb and run?
★ push or pull objects?
★ drop objects?

DID YOU KNOW?

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 supplement(s) to everyone. Then ask if others would like to read or tell a story about books together.
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
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.

Dates to celebrate in May

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 May</td>
<td>Workers’ Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 May</td>
<td>World Laughter Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 May</td>
<td>Mother’s Day (Look out for our special Nal’ibali Mother’s Day card template and story in your next supplement.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15 May</td>
<td>International Day of Families</td>
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<tr>
<td>25 May</td>
<td>Africa Day</td>
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<tr>
<td>28 May</td>
<td>World Play Day</td>
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**Matsotsa a ketekweng ka Motshoane ng:**

1. Motshoane
2. Motshoane
3. Motshoane
4. Motshoane
5. Motshoane
6. Motshoane
7. Motshoane
8. Motshoane
9. Motshoane
10. Motshoane

**Dates to celebrate in May**

1. Mmena
2. Motšetsi
3. Motšetsi
4. Motšetsi
5. Motšetsi
6. Motšetsi
7. Motšetsi
8. Motšetsi
9. Motšetsi
10. Motšetsi

**Matsotsa a ketekweng ka Motshoane:**

1. Lebetsile la Malapa
2. Lebetsile la Tseb pdo Malapa
3. Lebetsile la Tseb pdo Tseb pdo Malapa
4. Lebetsile la Thotokiso
5. Lebetsile la Malapa
6. Lebetsile la Malapa
7. Lebetsile la Malapa
8. Lebetsile la Malapa
9. Lebetsile la Malapa
10. Lebetsile la Malapa

**NA O NE O TSEBA?**

Na nywana wa hoo e moyenyane o rata ho:
★ diha dintho?
★ sututsa kopa ha hula dintho?
★ qhoma, akgela, palama le ho matha?
★ bula le ho kwaletsele la dikhabate?
★ palama basekele ka lebelo?

Na o ne o tseba hore ka hana ba etsa dintho tsee, ba rihutha ka bophahame, lebelo, bohole le kamo dintho di tsaoyang ka teng?

**NAL’IBALI ON RADIO!**

Enjoy listening to stories in Sesotho and in English on Nal’ibali’s radio show on Lesedi FM on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday from 9.45 a.m. to 10.00 a.m. SAFm on Monday to Wednesday from 1.50 p.m. to 2.00 p.m.

**NAL’IBALI RADIYONG!**

Notelele ka ho mamele dipale ka Sesotho le English lemelele ka radyo ka Nal’ibali
Lesedi FM ka Mantsha, Labobedi le Lebone ka Thoha ka 9.45 a.m. ho Efihle ka 10.00 a.m.
SAfm ka Mantsha ho thea ka Laborero ka Thoha ka 1.50 p.m. ho Efihle ka 2.00 p.m.

**HUKUNG YA TLELAPO YA HO BALA**

Ho na le matsotsa a mangata a ketekweng kgwedinyo Motshoane ng. Ho ena le ho leka ho tsepassa makoito ho ana kafoe, o ka nna wa keketha le le leng kopa a mabedi mme wa ho hapisea dikotshalo tsa tlelapo ya ho bala bakeng sa matsoti ao. Ena ke mehopolo e itseng bakeng sa Letsatsi la Matjhaba la Malapa, le ketekweng ka ia 15 Motshoane selemo le selemo.

1. Mmena ditla tsu malapa a bana ba tlelapo ya ho bala ho ba le lona kapanong ya tlelapo ya ho bala e hau le leetsatsi la ia 15 Motshoane.
2. Bella bohle pale e mabapi le malapa ho esa etsetse, Mokete kapa Ha se nna ha tswa ikeletsang ya selemo se feletleng. Iwole bota le ebe ba bang ba ka ibhange ho bala hela ho pheta pale e buang ka malapa na.
3. Dunella bohle ho luma na noko e itseng ya ho bala dipale le ho sheba dibuka mmoa.
4. Fana ka diketsahalo tsa ho ngola tse etsang hore bana ba hiakase a botebo kamoso a malapa a bana ba leng bohlwaka ho bana ka teng.
5. Hiakase hore ba ngole thatokiso e mabapi le “Lapa lesa” mola mola ka mong wa thatokiso o qaling ka thlako na tswang letsweng lela, “false”. Ona ke ho tshabe wa mola moa ona wa thatokiso. E mabapi le “Mafaladi wa ka”.
6. Mme
7. Motsi
8. Tsietsi
9. Seo o mphang sona ke lerato
10. Wana mme wa ka
11. Nke ke o leboho
12. Dintho tiong o nketsetsang tsena
13. Ikutlwe a le motlatsi.

* Nea bana ba banyenyane leqephe le sa ngollang le dikerayone mme o ba kope ho taka ditshwankwetho tsa bana moa moa ba nateletsweng ke mokete ya Letsatsi la Matjhaba la Malapa le tlelapo ya ho bala. Mamanisa ditshwankwetho tsa bana moo ho leng bobebe ho bana ho di sheba.
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 (ya dilemo di 13) wa Champions Reading Club mane Bloemfontein (Free State) o re ngoletse ho re bolela ka yena. Sheba kamoo a kgabisitseng mongolo wa hae hantle ka teng!

Ke mang?


Ke botswalle ya lokieng ho botswalle ya ka. Mme ke rata ho thusa batho. Ke ngwana ya feteerang haholo. Papadi ea ke e rata 0 ka ho fetsa se ke tene se ekele ke rata ho intsha le botswalle, empa ke qeta nako e ngata ke bala dibuka.

Ha ke hala ke batla ho ba ngaka mme ke ahe lehla la dikgutsana bakeng sa bana ba Nhlohaletsweeng ke botswadi ka lebaka la HIV le Aids. Ke motho ya tsengang ha tshwariela ba bang.

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.

Pale ya hao

Tsena ke ditshwantsho tse ntle tse takilweng le mengolo e itseng tse rometsweng ke ba babedi ba babadi ba rona. Re tsepha hore di tla o natefela!

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

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Hobaneng le wena o sa re romelle sengolwa sa hao le metako ya hao?

O tla ba le moyetla wa hore di phatlalatswe botsang ya Nal’ibali, kapa websaeteng ya Nal’ibali. (Kopola: tshole di lokela hore e be mosibeetsi wa hao!) Di ronke ho: info@nalibali.org, kopa PRAESA, Suite 17−201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wycroft Road, Mowbray, 7700. O se ke wa lebala ho kenyelela lebotsi le fare ya hao, dilemo tsa hao, tlelapo ya hao ya ho bala (haeba e le teng) le aterese.
Na’libali news

During the December-January school break, Na’libali 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 Na’libali 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 Na’libali 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.

Na’libali and SAA are asking people to send in photos of their children reading during the holiday, but throughout the year.

Na’libali 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 Na’libali’s Bongani Godisa.

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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 room tent in the desert, riding through the magazine and asking me to read bits to her.”

Mohaile ya lehlohonolo wa thosodano ya Holiday Reading Moments e ne e le Hannah Green. O ile o le ramota setshwathano sa maradi wa hae ya dilo di nine. Jemima, ya nentlelweng o ho bala Your Story Power Magazine ha o mita le matstatising o phomola. Hannah o ile a re: “Jemima o ne a nentlelwao ke ho ditas tenting ya rona o Holmkile ho ho hana lebheko a mita a pheto maqepho a makasine mme a nkipa hore ke ne ke mmale hanyane hanyane.”

Kotsetse dibuka tse sehlangwele-ke-lopolokela

1. Nhlo ho fana ho leqephe le 5 ha sa ho leqephe le 12 fetsetsong ena.
2. Araka leqephe le 5, 6, 7 le 12 ha makaqeha ama, le 7, 8, 9 le 10.
3. Letsoa diketo ke ka fise mma ha etsa bukan ka ngwe:
   a. Mena leqephe ka halofa hodima mola
   b. Le mene ka halofa haphe
   c. Seha hodima mola ya mabatho a malabadu.

Get involved at www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi

Bakeng sa ho thusa ho thakgola makasine, Mokapotele Eric Manentsa, Mofolisifisa ya ka Sehlohoang wa SAA, o ile a aralomela le batho hoseng ho kgateleleleleng ka ho phete dipale mane Boemafolaeng beno Mofiiha ya O R Tambo mmale le bana ba Telope ya ha Bala ya Na’libali ya kwana Soweto. Mokapotele Manentsa a ile a phetele bohle pale ya hae ya kamma a afeleng ka teng. O ile a hilaako kamos ho bala le ha hoga ho ma thuisaeng leetlang ia hae hore a lethele mofolisifisa wa pele ya ka sehlohoang wa SAA wa mofo le mthogo. Yaba, seholohekise se tummeng, Lebogang Mashile, a bulela bana tsele le lebisa ho tshibilolang ya ha bala nakong ya matsatsi a phomola ho ka ho bala pale ya Morena wa dinonyane, e tsawng makasine. (O ka bala pale le e le wena! En leqephelega la 14 le 15 fetsetsong ena.)

Bapalami ba SAA ba ile a bongwa ho romela dinepe tsa bana ba bona dinakong tsee ba balang ka nako ya phomola ya dikolo bakeng sa monyetla ya ho kgakepela dikete tse pedi tsa masha le seholohekise.

“Batho ba batjha ke motheo wa mofo wa talented o o a re anang bakeng sa bakano, a sehla feela ho twela SAA makalo, empa naha ya yohle. Raho mofo ho kena selekaneng le Na’libali le ho phahamisa bopela ba bana ho Maofinka Bonwa otho a baha ba hahlo hore ba balle bana ba bona le ho bala mmahla le bona, mme kahoes a ha be ba tshehehetsa kigo ya bana makufungo le thutong.” Ha rilo sebetsi sa SAA, Tlali Tlali.

Na’libali and SAA are asking people to send in photographs of their children’s holiday reading moments for a chance to win two free flight tickets.

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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

Sizwe’s smile
Pososelo ya Sizwe

Vianne Venter
Genevieve Terblanche
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.

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 …!

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.

Pula e ne e se e nele matsatsi a mangata, mime bohle ha ne ha tenehile. Bohle ntle le Sizwe, ya neng a tsoha a bososela hoseng ho hong le ho hong.

“Kgele! Sizwe! Pososelo eno e ntle haholo!” ha rialo Nkgono. “Na ke ya ka?”

Sizwe a ikwahele molomo ka letsoho. “Empa ke pososelo ya KA, Nkgono,” a hweshetsa.
Thunder and lightning is from the Rainbow Reading series by Cambridge University Press. Rainbow Reading is a graded series for primary schools. It provides a wealth of original stories and factual texts, which will help learners to develop the reading skills and vocabulary they need to meet the requirements of the curriculum – in all learning areas. Rainbow Reading consists of 350 titles which are grouped by level and theme. For further information, visit www.cup.co.za

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

Daphne Paizee
Kathleen Arnott
Colette Kemp
Yaba ka tsatsi le leng, Ramo o a teneha hape. Mme le kajeno ho ile ha ba le ho benya ha kganya mme jwang bo potapotileng Ramo ba qala ho tjha. Ho ne ho ena le mosi le mollo hohle. “AKO EMISE, RAMO!” ha thwathwaretsa mmae. Modumo oo wa thothomela wa utlwahala ho pota motseng. Empa Ramo a se ke a mamela. Ha baahi ba eya ho ya sheba, ba bona setopo sa motho fatshe. Kgetlong lena Ramo o ne a bolaile motho! Kgetlong lena ho ne ho tshwanetse hore ho etswe ho hong!

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.

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, NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” The sound echoed all around the village.

Then Ram came racing through the village with his mother behind him − Crac-c-k, z-z-ttt, crack z-zz-tt! “STOP RAM! NOOOOOO!” she bellowed and thundered.

But Ram did not stop. Soon the whole village was red from the fire. The crops were burning. The burning trees started to fall. The people fled in terror.

Kgalekgale kwana, letolo le lehadima di ne di dula le batho Lefatsheng. Letolo e ne e le nku e tsofetseng mme lehadima e ne e le ramo e nyane. Di di di dula motsaneng o monyane, hauti le moru. Empa batho ba motseng ba ne ba sa di ratisise hohang.
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.

Yaba Ramo le mmae ba tsamaya ba ya ho dula hole, hole kwana, hodimo marung. Mme ka nako e seng kae, ha eba le kgotso motseng hape. Batho ba aha mallo a matjha mme ba lokisa masimo ho jala dijaloe tse njhla. Empa ha pula e tla hape …

Jo, a ka hla wa inahanele hore ho ile ha etsahalang, akere? Ho ile ha ba le diaduma le lehadimo jwaloka tlwaelo.

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.

Selemo le selemo, pele dipula di etla, ho ne ho tlhesa. Mme Ramo a ne a teneha. O ne a dula a ngangisana le ho lwana le motlho e mong le e mong, mme e ne e le sefelapelwana. Ho a ne a fela pelo, o ne a diha dintho mme a hotetsa mello.
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 and live in 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."

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 villagers went to the king to complain, but the king was not sure what to do.

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. "RAAAAAAAAMMMMMM!" she thundered. "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"
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.

Pososelo ya Zanele e ne e kganya ho feta ntho tsohle tseo motsamaisi wa poso a di boneng haesale ho tloha hoseng. E ile ya dula e mo futhumaditse ha a ntse a hahlaula le motse ka hara pula.

Yaba o tla tlung e nngwe e kgolo. Ka hare ho heke, ntja e ne e ntse e potoloha e etsa didikadikwe, e bohola, e bohola, e bohola. E ne e qabola hoo motsamaisi wa poso a hlolehileng ho ithiba yaba o a bososela. Pososelo ya tlolela ka nqane ho heke e tletse kganya ya thabo.

Ntja ya tlohela ho bohola. Ya phahamisa ditsebe yaba ya tsoka mohatla. Ya thinya mme a matha ho kgutlela ka tlung ka pososelo e ntle e mofuthu.

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.

Dipososelo tsa potoloha mme tsa kganyetsa Sizwe. Tsa mo futhumetsa, tsa mo tsikinyetsa, mme tsa nyoloha ho tloha menwaneng ya maoto ho ya hodimo … ho isa KA HODIMA klooho ya hae. O ne a tlethe tabo hona hoo pososelo e ileng ya tswele ka ntle, e kganya ebile e benya.

Mme ho hong ha fetoha. Motsheare o neng o le lefifi, o kwahete, o na pula wa se hilele o shebahala o le lefifi. Na ebe e ne e le …?

El Maru a arohana, mme letsatsi le futhumetseng la ba kganyetsa, ka pososelo ya loma e kgolo, e kganyang e ntle ka ho feisisa.

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.

Mmae a tsheha. “Sizwe! Pososelo ke ntho eo o fanang ka yona feela o sa lalelelewa ke letho. Sheba!”

A mo phahamisetsa hodimo seiponeng. A bona pososelo ya hae, e ntle e kganya feela jwaloka pele.
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.

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 hare ho laeboraring, tsohle di ne di kgutsitse ntle feela le modumo wa pula ka ntle.”

“Ke nako ya ho tsamaya,” ha rialo mme wa Sizwe, a kwala buka ya hae. “Ao, Mme!” ha rialo Sizwe, ya neng a se a feletswe ke dipososelo.

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.

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

Empa eitse ha ba tswela ka ntle seterateng feela … BA BONA MOHLOLO! Bohle hara mothe ba ne ba le moo! Batho bohle! Mme KAOFELA ha bona ba ne ba bososela!
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 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?

Letolo le lehadima

Kopa bana ba hao ho taka ditshwantsho tse o leng tsa bona tsa Ramo mme ebe ba ngola mantwe a ma Nkgoa sa bona. Thusa bana ba banyenyane ka ho ngola mantwe ao ba o bolelang ana.

Ho ka ba jwang ha o ka kenelela medumo e tseng paleng? Ba ngola pale mmoa ho, empa kgatlhong lena sebediseng dipitsa, dipane le dintho tse ding tsa ka kjihienh eisenan le ho ti la maolile ho ea a bana ba ka hore ka dintho, kapa ho dalogo ba le makatse. Botsa bana ba ho se fela ba hore ka dintho ba lefutsa, leho la lehlobo le hore e o ka hore ka dintho, kapa ho dalogo ba le makatse.

Letolo le lehadima di etsahala hangata! Ha le safetsa lela lela ka di sa hore le tsebe. Ka letolo ba hore na sa mme le le salo le mbetse, hore kapha ho le a le dina ka ka tselo leho la lehlobo le hore e o ka hore ka dintho.

Basha ba motse paleng ena ba le ba kopa morena ho leka Lehloes Ramo le mmae. Na bana ba hao ba nahana hore k沽 fe e e le loikel? Na Ramo le mmae ba ne ba ka fuwa k沽 ka tsele efe e ngwwe? Na tsele eo e e tla be e loikel?
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.

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.

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!
Mehleng ya kgalekgale ha lefatšhe le sa le lethja, Nkwazi, ntsu e kgola, ya bitho dinonyana tshošho ho bokana mmoa ho.

“Jwaloaka ha le tseba,” a riao. “Shubesu eo e leng tau, ke morena wa diphoohofo. Empa ke habaneng a lokela ho buela le rona dinonyana? Re lokela ho ikgethela morena eo e leng ha rona … mme kha ke le maholo ka mmlele, ke hlahisa hore e be nna!”

Dinonyana kaofela tsa qedila ho buela fatšhe le ho honotha ho fihlela lentsewe le le leng le hlahilela hodima mantswe chile. “Nkwazi, o mokholohadi ka mmlele, ke nna;” ha riao sephoko se seholo, Khova. “Empa mahlo ho ka a maholo a kgaona ha bona nito tsohle tse efaolahang. Sena se efa hore ke be bohale hohale – mme morena wa nnete ntsu Ntsoho bohale!”

Yaba dinonyana di boe le fihlela Lenong, ho fihlela Lenong Ngqithi a bua. “Ke nanna hore ke nna ya lokelang ho bo moreno!” a riao. “Marena a hloka ho ba maholo a be matla, mme nna ke nonyana e kgorohadi ho feta tsohle.”


Leha ba bang ba ile ba mo tsehla ho a bua ka botshepo bo jwalo, ba mo dumella ho bua – empa ho ne ho se ya kgolwang ha a re ke YENA ya lokelang ho bo morena!

“Ebe ke eng e kaolo e ka o eetsang hore e be morena ya kgabane?” ha bene Nkwazi, ba ha se ba qetile ho tsehla.

“Ha ho letho, kwana,” ha riao Ncedie, “empa le nna ke lekelo ho fimana sebaka jwaloaka mang kopa mngi!”


“Ha ho letho, kwana!” ha riao Ncedie, “empa le se ka le letsehla ka tloha la Ncedie. “Ho tla jwaloaka, “ke kgoro ka lela tsohle!” ha riao Ncedie, “lelela lela tla le be lela tsehla, a lelela lela tsehla, a lelela lela tsehla, a lelela lela tsehla.”

Letse tsehla ka la tloha. Dinonyana tsa shebelo ka mamello la letse tsehla ka tsho. Leha Ncedie e monyane a ne a lelela kgoro ere bonya hore le ye na e ka bo morena, o ne a tseba hantle ho fimana ka lela tloha ka Nkwazi. Lenong le ne le lelela morena ka lela le sa ka lau la ujwalo.

Etsie hang ha letse tsehla ka tsho. Dinonyana tsa shebelo ka kemagadi ho tsho. Ha se le sa ka lau la ujwalo.

“Tswa!” ha dikelo dinonyana, “a tla phutso le lela tla phutso!” Empa leba le bue le lela hofela mo basi bohale, Ncedie a lelela lela ya tla lelela lela, a lelela lela, a lelela lela, a lelela lela.


“Ebe ke lela tloha ka” ha lela tloha ka Ncedie, “empa le se ka le lela tloha ka Ncedie.”

Sen e ka se Ncedie a nen se be a betsie! Ke eka ho a lela tloha ka, a lela tloha ka, a lela tloha ka, a lela tloha ka, a lela tloha ka, a lela tloha ka. "Sephako tsehle!” ha riao Nkwazi, Ntsu e ka lela tloha ka Ncedie a nna kgoro lohang, a lela tloha ka, a lela tloha ka!

Etsie hang ha letse tsehla ka tsho. Dinonyana tsa shebelo ka kemagadi ho tsho. Ha se le sa ka lau la ujwalo.
One rainy break time, all the children had to stay inside the classroom. After they had finished eating, some of the children decided to make up a new hip hop dance together. It was fun until Tara said, “Hey, I know, let’s dance on the desks!” She jumped onto a desk and … slipped right off onto the floor!

“Oh, ow, my ankle,” cried Tara. “It’s burning!”

Tara’s friends ran off quickly to find their teacher.

How much do you know about Bella? Choose the correct word from each pair of red words to complete the information about her.

Bella is ten/five years old. She has a pet fish/dog that she adopted when he was a puppy. She named him Noodle/Blossom. Her best friend is Neo and they play together every day after Neo comes home from school. Bella loves listening to stories/songs being told or read to her. She loves all animals so she likes stories about animals. But she also likes stories about queens and witches, even though they make her a little happy/scared sometimes!