When Lesedi and I were speaking on the phone the other day, we happened to discuss the books we were reading. “I am following in your reading footsteps,” she said. I laughed because she had actually read ahead of me in a series of books that we were both reading.

I read children’s books so that I can have conversations about books with my daughter. It feels like our own little book club! Talking about the books we are reading has helped to deepen my relationship with Lesedi—and, of course, there isn’t a better way for me to spark a passion for literature in her life!

When I was a child, like most people, I came across books at my school. But it was a make-shift bookshelf at my grandmother’s house that sparked my curiosity. Discovering the books on that shelf eventually led me to the encyclopaedias in my parents’ home, and those books became an important place for me to do research, long before the days of Google!

It is important that as parents and caregivers we carry on the tradition of introducing our children to the wonder and amazement found in the world of books. It really doesn’t matter how well you read or which language/s you like to use, our homes are ripe with ways to make stories come alive. For example, you can help your children learn the alphabet if you play a game where you all search for objects that begin with a specific letter. Or, you can talk about how things you have experienced during the day link with the books you and your children are reading.

Be a reading role model for your children! Keep sharing your passion for books with them!

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Dear Nal'ibali

I have a 5-year-old son and a 3-year-old daughter. They look forward to your supplements and the short stories you provide. Every evening we read a story. I thoroughly enjoy the helpful hints you give as well. Thank you very, very much.

Kind regards
Reena Vassan, East London

Nal'ibali ya ratehang
Ka boikokobetho
Reena Vassan, East London

Dear Nal'ibali

I am a postgraduate student in African Studies and a founding member of the South African Young Feminist Activists (SAY-F). I am a firm believer in reading and storytelling. Reading has the capacity to expand your world. I grew up poor, but my mother used to take me to the library once a month to take out books. She would borrow a train ticket from neighbours and travel by train to fetch me at my primary school, and we would take out books and read them together. I developed my love of fiction from a very young age. Storytelling and other people’s stories have changed my life. I remember reading Steve Biko’s book, I Write What I Like and it changed the direction of my life.

Wanelisa Xaba, Langa, Cape Town

Nal'ibali ya ratehang
Ke maithuti ya seng a ena le lengolo la diketo ho tsa Dihuto tsa Setšēka mme ke setho se thehileng mokgatšo wa South African Young Feminist Activists (SAY-F). Ke motho ya dumelang ho baleng le ho pheteng dipale haholo. Ha bala ho na le bokògîna ba ha aholo lefatshe la motho. Ke holetse bultusangeng, empa mme wa ka o ne a rata ho niksa laeberaring ha ringwe ka kgwedli ho ya adima dibuka. O ne a ka adima tekete ya terene ha bashisani ba rona mme a palame terene ha ya riata sekalong sa ka sa panaeari, mme ebe re adima dibuka re di bale mmo ho.
Ke ile ka qala ha ba lereto la dipale tse qapilweng ho fofotha ke sa le monyenyane. Ho pheta dipale le dipale tsa balo ba bang di feto se bophelo ba ka. Ke hopola ke bala buka ya Steve Biko a bitswang / I Write What I Like Ke ngola se o se ratangi mme e le ya fetola tsela ya bophelo ba ka.

Wanelisa Xaba, Langa, Cape Town

Write to Nal‘ibali at
PRAESA, Suite 17–201, Building 17,
Waverley Business Park, Wycroft Road, Mowbray, 7700, or at
letters@nalibali.org.

Ngolla Nal’ibali ho
PRAESA, Suite 17–201, Building 17,
Waverley Business Park, Wycroft Road, Mowbray, 7700, kapa
letters@nalibali.org.

Here is some SMS feedback on our stories.

The boy and the jackal: It is a great story. My reading club children really enjoyed the story. It is so educational. We shared the lesson we learnt from this story. Thank you, Nal’ibali.
Vuyelwa

Lwazi and the go-kart: Oh yes, I loved the story. My son’s name is Lwazi. We laughed so hard when I read it to him. Thank you for making it such fun for my son.
Lizelle

Mr Shabalala’s garden: I like the story because in the beginning he was selfish, but in the end he learns to share.
Nothando Nkosi, Grade 4

Ena ke tlolehlo tsa dipale le dipale tsa rona.
Vuyelwa

Lizelle

Tshimo ya Mong Shabalala: Ke rata pale ena haholo qalang o ne a mahanele baqane se fela, empa qelittle o ne a se a nthutele ho abeleda le la bong.
Nothando Nkosi, Kereiti ya 4
Celebrating our mothers!

Each year on the second Sunday in May, we celebrate how important mothers are in our lives. Follow the instructions to make a card for your mom or the mother-figure in your life!

Make a Mother’s Day card
1. Cut out the card along the red line.
2. Fold the card along the dotted black line.
3. Glue the two parts together.
4. On the side with the picture, write a message to the person you will give the card to. Colour in the picture.
5. On the other side, draw a picture of you and this person together, or write a poem or longer message.

Re keteka bomme ba rona!

Selerno ka seng ka Sontaha sa bobedi kgweding ya Motsheanong, re keteka kamoo bomme ba leng bohlokwa ka teng mapeleng a rona. Latele ditaelo tsena bakeng sa ho etsetsa mme wa hao karete kapa motho eo o mo nkang jwalo ka mme bophelong ba hao!

Etsa karete ya Letsatsi la Bomme
1. Seha o ntshe karete hodima mola o mofubedu.
2. Mena karete hodima mola wa matheba a matsha.
4. Ka lehlakoreng le nang le setshwantsho, ngola molaetsa bakeng sa motho eo a llang ho mo la karete eo. Kena setshwantsho seo mebala.
5. Ka lehlakoreng le nang, taka setshwantsho sa hao le motho eo le le mmoho, kapa ngola thatokiso kapa molaetsa o meleletsana.

Enjoy listening to stories in Sesotho and in English on Nal’ibali’s radio show:
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.

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The hyena and the seven little kids

The hyena and the seven little kids is a story that children of all ages will enjoy. It is one of those stories that children often ask for again and again!

As you read, draw your children’s attention to some of the interesting details in the pictures. For example, what the kids are doing on pages 2 and 3.

Encourage your children to join in when you read the hyena’s words as he knocks on the door, as well as when you read the kids’ answers to him. Use different voices for each of the characters – for example: high voices for the kids, a gentle but firm voice for Gogo and the different voices that the hyena uses in the story.

This story offers lots to talk about with your children. Try discussing some of these questions:
- Gogo didn’t want to leave the kids on their own, but she did. What could she have done instead?
- Was the miller wrong to sprinkle flour on the hyena’s paws? Is there anything he could have done to help save the kids?
- What do you think might have happened if the kids hadn’t opened the door? Would the hyena have given up or would he have tried some other way of getting to them?
- Do you think it was right that Gogo and the kids played a trick on the hyena? Why? Why not?

Ask your children what they think might have happened when the hyena woke up at the end of the story. Encourage them to write this as a new ending for the story and to draw a picture to go with their writing.

The party

If you are using this story with very young children, you may want to read the story on your own first, and then retell it in your own words while showing them the pictures. You may even want to act out the eating of the cake together – smack your lips and enjoy the sweet icing just like Madoda did!

Before you start reading the story, think about any special family occasions that you have celebrated as a family. Discuss with your children what it was like to have to wait for a present, or the food, or for someone special to arrive.

Let’s talk about the story together by choosing some of these questions to discuss.
- What was Madoda tempted to do when one of the icing flowers slipped down the side of the cake?
- Why did Gogo give Madoda the first piece of cake?
- What do you think Madoda’s smile at the end of the story says about waiting for the right time?
- Think of something you have had to wait for. How did you feel when you had to wait? How did you feel when you finally got it?

Ask your children to write a list of some of the things they are still waiting to get and to do.

Encourage younger children to draw pictures of their dream birthday cake.

Get story active!

Here are some ideas for using the cut-out-and-keep stories on pages 5 to 12 of this supplement. Choose the ones that best suit your children’s ages and interests.

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:
   - Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.
   - Fold it in half again.
   - Cut along the red dotted lines.

Lefiritshwana le dipotsanyane tse supileng

Lefiritshwana le dipotsanyane tse supileng ka pale eo bana ba akanene. Dikgomo ya pale le tshekedi le bana ba lela ka sebokeng tla kopa ke lela. Kgaodi ea dipotsanyane tse hetshwe. Ne lebogeng a le bokwakgala ka leka la lela ka lela ka 7 lela ka 8.

1. Nka fumana feela leqhetswana le letsa le tla 2 lela 3.
2. Arola leqephe la 5, 6, 11 le la 12 ho maqephe a bontsha ho fabotsile ka jwalo.
3. Lette la 5 lela la 12 lela la 13 lela la 14 lela la 15 lela la 16 lela la 17 lela la 18 lela la 19 lela la 20.

Moketjana

Haeb, o sebodisa pale ena baneng ba banyenane haholo, o ka ma wa bafihla a bafa pale a etsa le bana ba bana ba lela ka bafihla. Bana ba baka bafihla ho batla ka amogadi e fihla a bafihla a baka bafihla. Ne le fihla a etsa le bana ba lela ka bafihla ho batla ka amogadi e fihla a bafihla a baka bafihla. Bana ba baka bafihla ho le bana ba lela ka bafihla ho batla ka amogadi e fihla a bafihla. Bana ba baka bafihla ho batla ka amogadi e fihla a bafihla. Bana ba baka bafihla ho batla ka amogadi e fihla a bafihla. Bana ba baka bafihla ho batla ka amogadi e fihla a bafihla. Bana ba baka bafihla ho batla ka amogadi e fihla a bafihla. Bana ba baka bafihla ho lela ka bafihla ho batla ka amogadi e fihla a bafihla.

“I have hurt my paws,” said Hyena fiercely. “Rub some dough over them for me.”

The poor baker was terrified and did what he was told. Then, Hyena ran quickly to the miller on his smooth, dough-covered paws.

Harshly he barked, “Sprinkle some white flour over my paws.”

The miller thought to himself, “This old hyena is up to no good. He wants to trick someone.” Bravely, he said, “No, Mr Hyena, I will not.”


Ralebenkele eo o ne a tshohile haholo, mme a etsa jwaloka ha a laelwa. Lefiritshwana jwale la mathela lelwaleng, ka maro a lona a boreledi, a neng a kupeditswe ke hlama ya ho baka.

“Fafatsa folouru e tshweu menwaneng ya ka.”

Ralelwala o ile a nahana a re, “Lefiritshwana lena le qadile ka masene a lona, le ho qhekanyetsa ba bang.” A iteta sefuba a re, “Tjhe, Monghadi Lefiritshwana, ha ke batle.”

But then Hyena growled at him. “If you will not do it, I will eat you up. RIGHT NOW!”

So the miller argued no more and Hyena got what he wanted.

For the third time Hyena went to the house and knocked on the door. In his new soft voice, he said, “Open the door, dear children, it’s me your gogo, back from the forest with some food for you.”

By now the little kids were very hungry. “First show us your hoofs so that we are sure it’s really you, Gogo.” They called through the keyhole.

Hyena knelt at the doorstep and held out a floury white paw. “It is Gogo,” cried the little kids. They opened the door and … who came in?

Empa Lefiritshwana le ile la mo kgaruma la re, “Ke tla o harola ke o je, ha o sa phethe taelo ya ka HONA TJENA!”

Ka hoo Ralelwalwa ha a ka a hlola a ngangisana le lona, a etsa feela seo le se batlang.

Lefiritshwana le ile la kgutlela ntlong eo lekgetlo la boraro, la kokota monyako, mme la re, “Bulang monyako bana ba ka, ke nna nkgono wa lona, ke kgutlile morung mme ke le tletse le dijo tse hlabosang.”

Jwale tjena dipotsanyane di ne di lapile haholo. “Re bontshe ditlhako tsa hao pele, re be le bonnete ba hore o Nkgono wa rona.” Ke dipotsanyane di hweleditse le lesobaneng la senotlolo, monyako. Lefiritshwana le ile la kgumama fatshe, la phahamisa tlhako e le nngwe e boreledi ke folouru. “Ke Nkgono!” ha hweletsa dipotsanyane ka thabo. Di ile tsa bula monyako, empa … ke mang jwale ya kenang?

**The hyena and the seven little kids**

**Lefiritshwana le Dipotsanyane tse Supileng**

This is an adapted version of The hyena and the seven little kids, published by Jacana Media and available in bookstores and online from www.jacana.co.za. This story is available in English, isiZulu, isiXhosa, Afrikaans, Siswati, Sepedi, Sesotho, Setswana and Xitsonga. Jacana publishes books for young readers in all eleven official South African languages. To find out more about Jacana titles go to www.jacana.co.za.

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Once upon a time, there was an old granny goat who looked after seven little kids. She loved them with all her heart and they were a very happy family.

Hyena returned to the house and knocked on the door again. "Open the door, dear children. It's me your gogo, back from the forest with some food for you."

It sounded just like Gogo's soft voice. The kids were about to open the door when they spotted the hyena's four-toed paws through the key hole. The little kids looked at each other with wide eyes.

"Oh no, you are not our gogo and we will not open the door," they cried. "Gogo has hoofs, not four-toed paws. You are the crafty old hyena. Go away!"

Again Hyena knew just what to do. He ran straight to the baker.

The seven kids trotted off and soon came back with seven big stones. One by one they placed the stones into the belly of the sleeping hyena. Then Gogo sewed him up.

"Who's tricking who now, Mr Hyena?" laughed Gogo. And with that, they left the old rascal lying there, snoring loudly and went home to cook a delicious meal.

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"Who's tricking who now, Mr Hyena?" laughed Gogo. And with that, they left the old rascal lying there, snoring loudly and went home to cook a delicious meal.
Then the cake arrived. It was the biggest cake they had ever seen. Two people had to carry it into the house! The candles were of three different colours – twenty candles in each colour. The men put the cake in the bedroom to keep it safe.

Madoda and Lunga stayed with the cake for a long time. Madoda could feel a grumble start in his tummy.

"Can I have just one piece of cake?" asked Madoda.

"No! We will get into trouble," said Lunga.

"Then just one piece of icing?" begged Madoda.

"No!" said Lunga. "Wait. It will be much better if you wait.

Then Gogo arrived by car with Madoda's father and other relatives from Kimberley. They were all tired after the long journey. The children ran out to Gogo. She looked lovely. She had new glasses.

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

For copies of Heartlines' Stories that Talk (in all 11 languages), and Stories that Talk 2 (English only) please email orders@heartlines.org.za or phone (011) 771 2540.

Gcina Mhlophe
Arnold Birungi

The party
Moketjana
On Friday Lunga and Madoda helped to pick the vegetables from the garden. They picked pumpkins and sweet potatoes and beans and spinach. They helped with the baking and they put the sweets into bowls.

Finally, the sun rose on the long-awaited day. The sky was a clear blue and the cock crowed to wake them up: "Cock a doodle do-o-o! Cock a doodle do-o-o!"

The cooking started in the early morning. Slowly, the delicious smells filled the air as the meat and other good foods cooked in big pots.

Lunga and Madoda were cousins and very good friends. They played football together and enjoyed themselves a lot. They raced each other home after school to see who was the fastest. Lunga often laughed at Madoda because he was always complaining of being hungry.

Lunga le Madoda e ne e le bomotswala mme e le e le metswalle e meholo. Ba ne ba bapala bolo ya maoto mme ba ithabisana haholo. Ba ne ba hlodisana ka bobona ka mora sekolo ha bona hore ke mang ya lebolo ho feta. Ka nako e ngwe Lunga o ne a Isheha Madoda hobane ka mehlo o ne a fletleba ka hore o lapile.

Qetellong, Nkgono a seha kuku. A nka leqhetswana la pele mme a sheba bana ba mo politeng. "Leqhetswana la pele," a rialo, "ke le tshwaela Madoda- hobane o shebahala eka o tla phetloha ho a ka lokela ho ema ho feta mona!"

Kuku e ne e latsewa ha monate- ho feta kamoo Madoda a neng a nahana ka teng! Sekgabisa sa ishwareletsa molomong wa hae, ba bohane bo bonolo, ba tsewerekeng ko robella ka lehanong la hae. Lunga a sheba ka ho motswala. "E jwang, Madoda? Molomo wa Madoda a ne o tletse haholo; ho a ka kgona ho bua lelo! Empa ho bososela ha hae ha bua ditlaba. Sena e ne e le seo molho a ka se emelang!"
At last, Gogo cut the cake. She picked up the first slice and looked at the children around her. “The first slice,” she said, “is for Madoda – because he looks as though he’ll burst if he has to wait any longer!”

The cake tasted delicious – better than Madoda had ever imagined! The icing stuck to his lips as the soft, sweet inside crumbled in his mouth.

Lunga looked at his cousin. “How is it, Madoda?”

Madoda’s mouth was too full; he couldn’t say a word! But his smile did the talking. Now that was worth waiting for!

One day, Uncle brought a letter from the post office. It was good news! Grandmother was coming to visit from Kimberley. It was her 60th birthday. They had not seen Gogo for a long time.

The boys were excited. The whole family would be there, as well as friends and neighbours. And there would be lots of food – delicious food for the special occasion!

“Close your eyes, Madoda. Can you see it all laid out on a big table? Imagine the sweets, the jellies and the cake. Imagine the cake, Madoda!” said Lunga with his face to the sun.

Ka tsatsi le leng, Malome a tla le lengolo ho tswa posong. E ne e le ditaba tse monate! Nkgono ya dulang Kimberley o ne a tla ba etela. E ne e le lesatsi la hae la tsuapa la bo-60. E ne e se le le nako e telele ba sa bone Nkgono.

Bashanyana ba ne ba thabile, Lelapa kaotela le ne le tla ba mnhoho, hammoho le metswalle le baahisani. Mme ho ne ho tla ba le dijoe tse ngata- dijoe tse monate Isa kebakhale e Ikefelang! “Kwala mahlo a hoo, Madoda. Na a bona tshole di adibe ho dima tshafele e kgolo? Nahana ka dipompong, dijel le dikuku. Nahana ka kuku, Madoda!” ha ralo Lunga ka sefolehelo se shebisaitsweng letsatsing.
Then everyone came inside to change into their best clothes for the party. The first people arrived. More and more people arrived. Someone turned up the music. Everyone was talking and laughing and eating.

At last Mother and Aunt fetched the cake. The children ran to the big table outside. Gogo tried to blow out the candles, but there were too many. So the children helped her. “Hurry, Gogo, hurry up!”

They couldn’t wait to taste the pink icing, and the soft cake inside. The flowers around the edge seemed to be singing, “Eat us, eat us!”

The next week there was a shopping trip to town. The boys went along to help the grown-ups. They needed rice, flour for baking, custard, jelly, balloons, decorations and lots of sweets.

“Can we have some sweets now?” asked Madoda.

“No!” said Mother. “You must wait for the party. You will spoil the party if you eat the sweets now.”

“Just one, ple-e-ease?” begged Madoda.

“No!” said Aunt. “You must learn to wait. Things are much nicer if you have waited for them.”

At last Mother and Aunt fetched the cake. The children ran to the big table outside. Gogo tried to blow out the candles, but there were too many. So the children helped her. “Hurry, Gogo, hurry up!”

They couldn’t wait to taste the pink icing, and the soft cake inside. The flowers around the edge seemed to be singing, “Eat us, eat us!”

Getellong Mme le Rakgadi ba ya lata kuku. Bana ba mathela tafoleng e kgolo e ka ntse. Nkongo a leka ho butswela dikereke, empa di ne di le ngata haholo. Jwale he bana ba mo thusa. “Pollah, Nkongo, pollaka!”

Ba re ba se ba sa kgone ho ema pele ba ka latwa sekhabisi se sepinki, le kuku e bonanaka e ka hare. Dipalesa tse maphakong e ne e ka di ntse di bina di re “Re je, re je!”
The fourth and fifth crept behind the curtains.

Ya bone le ya bohlano tsa ipata kamora dikgaretene.

The sixth hid in a dust bin.

... and the seventh jumped into the oven.

Ba re kgalekgale ho ne ho ena le Nkgono Podi ya neng a dula le dipotsanyane tse supileng, a di hlokomela. O ne a di rata ka pelo ya hae kaofela, e ne e le lelapa le thabileng haholo. Ee, ba ne ba nepile. E ne e hlile e le lefiritshwana le masene. Mme le ne le tseba hantle hore le lokela ho etsang. Le ile la leba mabenkeleng moo le ileng la reka tjhoko e ngata. Tjhoko ena e tla leotsa lentswe la ka mme ke tla kgona ho qhekanyetsa dipotsanyane tsane tse hlabosang. Hii hii hii. Ke tla jella beke kaofela! Ha tsheha Lefiritshwana le ntse le metsa tjhoko.

Before long, they spotted the sleeping hyena. Something was moving and struggling in his great, big belly.

"Run home and fetch some scissors, and a needle and thread," whispered Gogo. Quick as a flash the youngest kid did what Gogo asked.

Ha ho a nka le nako e kae ba be ba se ba bona lefiritshwana le robemeng. Ho ne ho ena le mho e nseng e kunyakunya mpeng ya lona e kgothadi.

"Mathela lapeng o le le sekere, naletse le kgareng," ke Nkgono eo a sebela potsanyane ya hae. Potsanyane eo e ile ya nka ka sekaia, ya phetha thomo ya Nkgono wa yona.

Snip! went the scissors. Out popped one little head, then another. In no time at all, six kids tumbled onto the ground.

"Shh," whispered Gogo. "Quickly, go and fetch some big stones so that we can fill up his belly!"

Seh! ke sekere seo. Mpa ya bulha, ha tswa blooobonyana ya pele, ya latelwa ke e mpeng. Mme kapele feela ke ha dipotsanyane tse tsheletseng di tswele kaofela ka mpeng, di weše fatshe.

"Shhh," ha hweshetsa Nkgona. "Potlakang le late majwe a maholo bore re a lene ka mpeng ya lefiritshwana!"
It was not long before there was a knock at the door. A rough voice called, "Open the door, dear children. It's me your gogo, back from the forest with some food for you."

The little kids looked at each other with wide eyes. "Oh no, you're not our gogo and we will not open the door," they cried bravely. "Gogo has a soft voice and yours is rough. You are the crafty old hyena. Go away!"

One day there was nothing to eat. The kids looked at their granny and bleated, "We're hungry, Gogo."

So, even though a grandmother never wants to leave her kids alone, Gogo decided to go into the forest to find some food. "Dear children, don't open the door to anyone. There is a crafty old hyena who will gobble you up if you let him in," warned Gogo. "He might try to trick you and disguise himself, but you will know him by his rough voice and dark, four-toed paws."

The kids said, "Don't worry, Gogo. We will be careful."

When Gogo Goat came hurrying home from the forest, what did she see? Everything was upside down. "Where are you my little kids?" she called to her precious children. Only the youngest answered, in a tiny, quavering voice, "Gogo, here I am – in the oven."

The youngest kid told Gogo how they had been tricked by the wicked hyena that had gobbled up her brothers and sisters one by one. "We will find him," said Gogo. "I know exactly where that rascal is."

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The kids said, "Don't worry, Gogo. We will be careful."

Ka lesatsi le leng ho ne ho se dijo ka tlung. Dipotsanyane di ile tsa sheba nkgono wa tsona ka mahlo a saretsweng tsa re, "Nkgono, re laatl bele!"

Nkgono o ile a lamcha ho siya dipotsanyane tsoo di le ding keha a ne a sa rate, kaha o ne a lokela ho leba le ka morung, ho ya di batela dijo.

"Bana ka ba, le se le ka bula lema mang kapa mang monyalo. Ho na le ketsireiswa le tsoferseng, le maneng. Le ka le ketsira kaofela, ha le ka ka bula manyalo horo le ka," ke Nkgono e, a ba lemosa. "Le ka mma ka leka ho le qhakanyesta, ka ho kheteloa sê e seng sona, empa le tla le ellowa ka lentswe le makgerehla le tsoana e mene e mene e marong."

Dipotsanyane tsa re, "O se le ka kgathatseba Nkgono, re tla ithokomela."
10 tips for sharing books with babies and toddlers

1. There’s no right or wrong way to use books with babies and toddlers. Just enjoy the time you spend together.
2. Choose books in your child’s home language, wherever possible.
3. Choose a variety of books. Include some stories that have other children in them and some that are about familiar everyday experiences. Rhyme and flap-books are very popular with toddlers.
4. Relax and sit comfortably with your child on your lap or next to you.
5. It doesn’t matter for how long you read – and you don’t have to finish the book! Just share a book together for as long as you both want to.
6. Draw your children’s attention to the pictures and talk about the concepts, characters and what is happening in the book. Point to someone or something and say what or who they are and what they are doing.
7. Be playful with books! Make the sounds and noises of the characters or objects in the book.
8. Ask questions about what is happening in the book. Answer them yourself or allow your child to answer, if she or he can and wants to.
9. Point to the words as you read them. This helps your child learn what words are and where the words you are saying come from.
10. Don’t give up if your child seems disinterested! Try again later or in another way – or try another book.

The Nal’ibali bookshelf

If you enjoyed reading The hyena and the seven little kids, then you might enjoy some of the other stories in Jacana’s series called: Best Loved Tales for Africa. The stories in this series come from other parts of the world, but have been retold in African settings. The storybooks are available in a variety of South African languages, including isiXhosa, isiZulu, Sesotho, Sepedi, Afrikaans and English. So, if you are looking for traditional tales with a local flavour, why not try one of the titles below?

- The hyena and the seven little kids
- The magic fish
- The three Billy Goats Gruff
- The little girl who didn’t want to grow up
- The ugly duckling
- The little red hen
- Relife

Shelofo ya dibuka ya Nal’ibali

Haeba o ile wa natefelwa ke ho bala Lefiritshwane le dipotsanyane tse supieng, mohlomong o ka natefelwa ke tse ding tsa dipale tse letotong la Jacana le bitswang: Best Loved Tales for Africa. Dipale tse letotong lena di tswa dikarolong tse ding tsa lefatshie, empa di phetwa hape jwaloaka haeka di etshalang Afrika. Dibuka tse dipale di fumaneha ka dipuo tse fapaneng tse Afrika Bonwa, tse kanyeletshang isiXhosa, isiZulu, Sesotho, Sepedi, Afrikaans le English. Kahoo, haeba o ntse o batlana le ditshomo tsa kgoale tse tswakiweng ka setaele sa lapeng mona, hobaneng o sa leke se seng sa diholo ho tse ka tlase moo?

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Ngwananamya ya neng a sa batle ho holu

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Mama gets muddled

By Nicky Webb  Illustrations by Jiggs Snaddon-Wood

Mama dumped her shopping bags on the floor and flopped down onto a kitchen chair. “Phew, but I am tired,” she said wiping sweat from her forehead. “And I still have so much baking to do for Reverend Dumisani’s birthday tea at the church this afternoon.”

“Are you making pancakes, Mama?” said Unathi excitedly. “I can help you.”

“No,” said Mama. “This is a special birthday tea for Reverend Dumisani. All the ministers from our church are coming, as well as Reverend Dumisani’s close friend, Reverend Buso. I have heard that Reverend Buso likes cheese scones, so I bought a scone mix for those. Reverend Dumisani likes sugar biscuits, so I bought a biscuit mix for those.”

Unathi looked sad, “I think you should make pancakes, Mama. Everyone loves those. And if you make them, I can help you.”

“No, thank you, Unathi,” said Mama. “I want everyone to see how good my baking is. I am baking scones and biscuits and I am in a hurry. I need to do these on my own.” Mama started unpacking the packets of scone mix and biscuit mix and getting out butter and bowls.

Unathi watched Mama as she opened one of the packets and poured it into a bowl. She dropped little squares of butter into the mixture and rubbed them with her fingertips. “Are those the scones or the biscuits, Mama?” asked Unathi.

“The scones,” said Mama adding cheese to the mixture and stirring it all together.

Unathi looked at the empty packet on the table. It had a picture of delicious looking biscuits on the front of it.

“When I was a little girl, I always made my own biscuits,” said Mama. “But I don’t have time to make them now.”

Unathi looked sad, “I think you should make pancakes, Mama. Everyone loves those. And if you make them, I can help you.”

“No, thank you, Unathi,” said Mama. “I want everyone to see how good my baking is. I am baking scones and biscuits and I am in a hurry. I need to do these on my own.” Mama started unpacking the packets of scone mix and biscuit mix and getting out butter and bowls.

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“The scones,” said Mama adding cheese to the mixture and stirring it all together.

Unathi looked at the empty packet on the table. It had a picture of delicious looking biscuits on the front of it.

“Mama, are you sure you have the right packet?” asked Unathi.

Mama looked up from pouring milk into a measuring cup. “Unathi, I am sorry,” she said crossly, “but I have told you that I am in a hurry. Please go and play.”

“But …” started Unathi.

“Off you go,” said Mama firmly.

Unathi felt like she wanted to cry. She was only trying to help. It seemed like Mama wasn’t very nice when she was trying to impress other people.

Unathi went and sat in the big tree in the garden. She watched Mama through the kitchen window.

When Mama had finished rolling and cutting the last of the dough, she wiped her hands on a cloth and looked out the window. She saw Unathi sitting in the tree and waved at her to come down.

Unathi was pleased. Maybe Mama was no longer cross with her and would let her lick the bowls.

Mama smiled at Unathi when she came into the kitchen. “My baking is done. I am sorry that I was so cross, but I had a lot to do. I have saved you a small spoonful of biscuit dough to taste,” said Mama.

Unathi smiled back at her and popped the blob of biscuit dough into her mouth. She closed her eyes as she waited for the delicious sweetness to reach her taste buds.

“Ughh, yuk!” cried Unathi, spitting the ball of dough back into her hand. “These fancy biscuits are horrible. I don’t like them at all.”

Mama raised her eyebrows in surprise, “What do you mean, Unathi? You are being very rude.”

“Sorry, Mama, but you should taste this,” said Unathi. “It’s not nice at all.”

Mama pinched off a small piece of dough and put it into her mouth. Her nose wrinkled in disgust. “That is terrible,” she said. “But what could have gone wrong?” Suddenly she cupped her hands over her eyes. “Oh, no!” she moaned. “I’ve mixed up the scone mix and the biscuit mix! I’ve made very sweet scones and cheesy sugar biscuits!”

Mama sat at the table and put her head in her hands. “What am I going to do now? I have no more scone or biscuit mix, and there’s not much time left anyway. What am I going to make for Reverend Dumisani’s birthday tea?”

Unathi suddenly had a great idea. “There is enough time to make pancakes, Mama! And all we need is flour, eggs, oil and milk. We always have those. AND I can help you!”

Mama hugged Unathi. “You’re right. I should have listened to you in the first place. Pancakes will be perfect.”

Mama and Unathi got to work straight away. They made a big batch of pancakes. Unathi ate five while she was helping!

The birthday tea that afternoon was a great success and it turned out that both the ministers loved pancakes!
Mme o kopakopanya dintho

Cut out the beginning of the story The giant cabbage and paste it on a sheet of lined paper.

Use your imagination to complete this story.

You might also want to draw pictures to go with your story.

Read your story to someone else. (You could read it to your mother as a Mother's Day treat!)

One day Zinthle's mother sat and watched Zinthle picking tomatoes in their garden.

"Here, Mommy, taste this," said Zinthle handing her mother a round, red tomato. "I grew it myself!"

"Thank you, Zinthle, you really have green fingers," said Mom. Zinthle laughed. "I don't think so. I just use Granny's growing recipe."

"Oh yes," said Mom. "Your grandmother is very proud of her recipe! Have I ever told you the story of her giant cabbage?"

"No," answered Zinthle. "Can you tell me now?"

"All right," replied Mom. "One Saturday morning Granny bought a packet of cabbage seeds…"

Ka tsatsi le leng mme wa Zinthle o ne a dutse a shebelletse Zinthle ha a ntse a ekga ditamati tjhita ya habo.