Speel met boeke

Om jong kinders te help om te leer lees en skryf, is ‘n onmisbare enk te leer lees en skryf. Maar ons moet ook onthou dat ons nie aktief vir kinders oor boeke en lees hoef te vertel. Ons moet eerder ons kinders toelaat om oor boeke te leer deur hulle te verken. Ene van die maniere waarop ons dit kan doen, is om vir hulle geleentheid te gee om met boeke te speel. As kinders toelaat om met boeke te speel, help dit hulle om geleter te word.

Hier is van die maniere waarop kinders in verskillende fases van ontwikkeling met boeke kan “speel”:

• Babas hou daarvan om boeke te verken deur daaraan te vat, dit te strooi, te stuk en selfs te kou! Hulle is ook goeie luisteraars en naboosters. Hulle maak dikwels geluide en klip hulle hande om te wys hoe hulle dit geniet wanneer ons vir hulle lees. Probeer vir babas korties en lippies gee wanneer jy wil hul boeke moet boeke op hulle eie hanteer, byvoorbeeld wanneer jy ‘n doek ruil. Hierdie soort boeke is soft en brek nie maklik nie.

• Ouer babas geniet boeke met rippies, spopprente en knoppies wat hulle kan druk om geluide te maak. Hulle hou ook daarvan om na dinge op die bladsy te wys of om die bladsy te probeer omblaaie.

• Babas kan ook geniet van boeke wat hulle aan te lees styfhebbend en boeke aan te lees. Hierdie soort boeke gee hulle geleentheid om te vertel. Ons moet kinders toelaat om oor boeke te leer deur hulle hardop te lees, en ouer kinders hulle dikwels daarom om te lees of te maak of hulle “die onderwyser” is en dan vir die klas te lees. Hulle blaai dikwels deur die bladsy van ‘n boekaank en vertel: hulle kan dit self doen of vir die kinders te leer die boekaank en vertel.”

• Jong kinders voer dikwels stories wat hulle kon op, of skop hul eie stories deur bekende storiekarakter te gebruik. Tydens hierdie verbeeldingspel leer kinders van simbole – wanneer hulle ’n soorsluiting of oorligting gebruik, of ’n boks as ’n kar, belet hulle dit verstaan hoe en dié ding vir iets anders “kan staan.” Dit is belangrik vir die ontwikkeling van geleterheid. Moedig jou kinders se verbeeldingspel aan deur vir hulle boeke verskillende soorte stories te lees.

Om met boeke te speel geef kinders geleentheid om belangrike geleterheidskies te leer en – die beste van alles – dit self kinders natuurlik doen wanneer ons vir hulle lees en boeke in hulle omgewing het waaruit hulle kan kies.

Enjoy a special story from Africa in celebration of Africa Day on 25 May! You can find it on pages 3 to 8.

Geniet ‘n spesiale storie uit Afrika ter viering van Afrikadag op 25 Mei! Jy sal dit op bladsye 3 tot 8 vind.

This supplement is available during term times in the following Times Media newspapers: Sunday Times Express in the Western Cape; Sunday World in the Free State, Gauteng and KwaZulu-Natal; Daily Dispatch and The Herald in the Eastern Cape.

It starts with a story...
Create your own cut-out-and-keep book

1. Take out pages 3 to 8 of this supplement. Keep the pages together.
2. Fold them in half along the black dotted line.
3. Fold them in half again.
4. Cut along the red dotted lines.

Maak jou eie knip-uit-en-bêreboekie

1. Haal bladsye 3 tot 8 van hierdie bylae uit. Hou die bladsye by mekaar.
2. Vou dit op die swart stippellyn.
3. Vou dit weer in die helfte.
4. Knip dit uit op die rooi stippellyne.

In your next Nal’ibali supplement:

- How playing helps children’s literacy development
- Your story: our readers’ own writing
- A cut-out-and-keep book, Touch
- To celebrate the storyteller Aesop’s birthday, a new Story Corner story, The boy and the jackal

Looking for activities for your children? Visit the “Resource” section at www.nalibali.org for printables such as bookmarks, cards and postcards.

Find us on Facebook:
www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA
Vind ons op Facebook:
www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA

In jou volgende Nal’ibali-bylae:

- Hoe kinders se getetterheid ontwikkel deur te speel
- Jou storie: ons lesers se eie stryfwerk
- ‘n Knip-uit-en-bêreboekie, Dis my liggaam
- Om die storieverteller Esopus se verjaardag te vier, is daar ‘n nuwe storie in die Storiehoekie, Die seun en die jakkals


Supplement produced by The Project for the Study of Alternative Education in South Africa (PRAESA) and Times Media Education. Translated by Anita van Zyl. Nal’ibali character illustrations by Rico.
The singing chameleon is from the SONGOLOLO list – a range of books celebrating both the common and diverse interests and experiences in childhood, featuring stories from Africa and beyond.

Shuter & Shooter Publishers acquired the award-winning children’s picture book imprint, SONGOLOLO in 2008. SONGOLOLO is a quality list, featuring books by some of South Africa’s foremost authors and illustrators, including Niki Daly, Gcina Mhlophe, Joan Rankin and Jude Daly. The list features several bestsellers, including Niki Daly’s Mama, Papa and Baby Joe, and Joan Rankin’s Wow! It’s Great Being a Duck and other numerous award-winning titles.

For further information, visit www.shuters.com

Die singende verkleurmannetjie
’n Tradisionele verhaal uit Malawi

The singing chameleon
A traditional story from Malawi

Hy was verbaas toe hy opkyk en al die verskillende diere wat by die rivier woon, daar sien. (Leeurik is ook daar.) Hulle het geluister hoe hy sing. Verkleurmannetjie glimlag skaam, en weet glad nie wat om te sê nie.

Die diere skree: “Moenie ophou nie! Sing weer! Ons is mal oor jou liedjie!”

Hy is baie verbaas toe hy opkyk en al die verskillende diere wat by die rivier woon, daar sien. (Leeurik is ook daar.) Hulle het geluister hoe hy sing. Verkleurmannetjie glimlag skaam, en weet glad nie wat om te sê nie.

Hy is baie verbaas toe hy opkyk en al die verskillende diere wat by die rivier woon, daar sien. (Leeurik is ook daar.) Hulle het geluister hoe hy sing. Verkleurmannetjie glimlag skaam, en weet glad nie wat om te sê nie.

Hy is baie verbaas toe hy opkyk en al die verskillende diere wat by die rivier woon, daar sien. (Leeurik is ook daar.) Hulle het geluister hoe hy sing. Verkleurmannetjie glimlag skaam, en weet glad nie wat om te sê nie.

Hy is baie verbaas toe hy opkyk en al die verskillende diere wat by die rivier woon, daar sien. (Leeurik is ook daar.) Hulle het geluister hoe hy sing. Verkleurmannetjie glimlag skaam, en weet glad nie wat om te sê nie.

He looked around and was surprised to see all the different creatures of the river community. (Lark was there too.) They had been listening to him singing.

Chameleon smiled shyly, not knowing what to say.

They shouted, “Don’t stop! Sing it again! We love your song!”

What a wonderful change. The same creatures that used to criticise him, were smiling at him.

Chameleon picked up his instrument and began again:

“They say that I am ugly. Everyone agrees with this. But when I sing my song, I can do this thing called music – Heh, heh!”

On and on he sang, enjoying himself. For the first time ever, he felt as if he had friends. He felt as if he belonged somewhere.
A very long time ago there was a big river in which there lived a great many animals. There were crocodiles, hippopotamuses, water buffalo, ducks, crabs, birds, fish of all kinds and frogs of all sizes. The animals were happy and most of them were really good friends. But there was one animal they all criticized.

The animals were always saying to the chameleon, “Chameleon, you are so ugly!”

The proud hippo said, “Because of you, this river is no longer beautiful.”

For days and days, Chameleon tried to make music. Finally he began to sing a song he had made up:

“They say that I am ugly
Everyone agrees with this
But when I sing my song,
I can do this thing called music –
Heh, heh!”

Excitedly he sang this song over and over again. He couldn’t believe that he could compose a song!

Loud and louder he sang. When he finally stopped to take a break, he heard the sound of clapping.

Just then the river otter came up to Chameleon and said, “Oh, you’re just the one I’ve been looking for. I desperately need your help. There is a village nearby which is being tortured by Python. This snake has been eating young calves and goats, and terrifying the children. The villagers can’t work in their fields. They don’t know what to do so they have locked themselves in their homes. Even the chief is powerless. Please come and help!”

Chameleon looked puzzled and asked, “Me? Help with a python? How could I do anything like that?”

“Of course you can help,” said Otter.

“Please understand,” said Chameleon. “I have just learned to play a song. That’s all.”

But Otter insisted, “There is a lot you can do with your music! Let me take you to the village where you can sing for the people. It will help them to forget how terrible life is right now.”

“Alright, I’ll try,” said Chameleon, remembering his promise to the old man.

At last Chameleon felt beautiful and special. He had found a home where the animals and people loved and appreciated him. He lived happily in the village by the waterfall and his music brought joy to all those who heard him sing.
“What’s wrong with your eyes, anyway?” questioned Bull Frog. “They’re always looking forwards, looking backwards, looking everywhere.”

And Crocodile criticised, “Why can’t you decide what you want to look like? Precisely what colour are you? Are you green or brown or yellow? Which is it?”

Together they shouted, “You’re so ugly! You’re a disgrace to the river community!”

How very unkind they were.

Eventually Chameleon began to believe their cruel words. He tried to hide and to be as quiet as he could so that no one would notice him.

“The chief was so impressed by this brave little creature that he made the chameleon a special symbol of good luck and good fortune in his village. He asked a well-respected sculptor to make him a walking stick with the head of a chameleon carved at the top and, at the entrance to his home, he had chameleons carved on the tops of the gate posts. For many years after that the villagers honoured chameleons as a sign of good luck. They believed that you would attract good fortune if you had something carved in the shape of a chameleon in your home. The chief was so impressed by this brave little creature that he made the chameleon a special symbol of good luck and good fortune in his village. He asked a well-respected sculptor to make him a walking stick with the head of a chameleon carved at the top and, at the entrance to his home, he had chameleons carved on the tops of the gate posts. For many years after that the villagers honoured chameleons as a sign of good luck. They believed that you would attract good fortune if you had something carved in the shape of a chameleon in your home. Verkleurmannetjie bedank die ou man en beloof om sy bes te doen. Stadig – maar nou nog stadiger as gewoonlik, want hy dra die imbengwe – kruip Verkleurmannetjie terug na die rivier. toe hy weer in sy wegkruipplek is, neem hy die instrument en stilletjies probeer hy oor en oor om daarop te speel. Almal by die rivier is besig. Die paddas kwaak, die voëls fladder rond en die seekoei gaap met ‘n groot lawaai. Niemand hoor die verkleurmannetjie nie. Hulle dink nie eens daaraan om hom te soek nie.

“En wat maak jy oue?” vra Brulpadda. “Hulle draai eers vorentoe, dan agter toe en partyeer sommer al in die rondte.”


Maar Otter luister nie na hom nie. “Jou musiek kan baie doen om te help! Kom ek neem jou na die dorpie toe, dan kan jy vir die mense sing. Dit sal hulle help om te vergeet hoe swaar hulle op die oomblik kry.”

“Nou goed, ek sal probeer,” sê Verkleurmannetjie, want hy onthou wat hy die ou man belowe het.
Chameleon would sit sadly in his hiding place waiting for flies and other flying insects to come past. Even though he moved slowly, when he wanted to grab an insect, his tongue was like lightning, striking out – TACK!

Watching him, Frog said, “That makes you even more disgusting!”

“You should talk!” thought Chameleon. “You also like flies and mosquitoes.”

For a long time Chameleon lived like this. He was so sad. Most days he just wished he could travel far away from the river.

Then, one day, as Chameleon was sitting close to the water’s edge looking at his reflection, he saw a bird.

People slowly came out of their homes. They looked at each other wondering whether they had heard correctly.

“What are you talking about?” demanded the chief.

“I am telling you the truth,” said Otter. “Python is dead. He has been killed by my good friend here, Chameleon!”

The chief couldn’t believe it. Nobody could. So Otter said, “Come with us. We’ll show you!”

The friends took the villagers to the waterfall and they told them the whole story exactly as it had happened. The villagers were so happy! They wanted to hear the song that had crept into Python’s heart and led him to his death. Everyone sat at the waterfall listening to Chameleon sing his lovely song, and when he had finished, they cheered.

Mense kom stadig en versigtig uit hul huise. Hulle kyk na mekaar en wonder of hulle reg gehoor het.

“Waarvan praat jy, Otter?” vra die hoofman.


Verkleurmannetjie, my goeie vriend hier langs my, het hom doodgemaak!”


Die twee maats neem die dorpemense na die waterval en vertel vir hulle die hele storie. Hulle is baie bly! Nuwe liedjies word gesing en musiek gespel. Die dorpsmense is baie bly! Nou wil hulle ook vir hulle liedjies hoort.

“Hoe kan ek vir jou dankie sê?” vra Verkleurmannetjie.

“The only way to repay me is by playing well,” answered the old man.

“Relax!” he said. “You’ll see, soon you’ll be so good that people will come to listen to you playing at the river. Music can bring joy to many hearts. I’d teach you to make great music in no time.”
Lark came flying down and landed on the rock right next to him. He drank some water and started singing a lovely song. He hadn’t even noticed Chameleon who had camouflaged himself so well.

Chameleon surprised Lark, “Ah, you’re so lucky to be able to fly wherever you want and to be able to sing so beautifully. Look at me. Everyone says I’m ugly. Nobody likes me.”

Lark looked at Chameleon and then he said, “Who told you that? You are not at all ugly!”

Leeurik vlieg af en land op die klip reg langs Verkleurmannetjie. Leeurik drink ‘n bietjie water en begin dan ‘n pragtige lied sing. Verkleurmannetjie het homself so goed gekamoefleer dat Leeurik hom nie eens raaksien nie.

Leeurik skryf haie groot toe Verkleurmannetjie skielik praat: “Al jy is haie gelukkig dat jy kan vlieg waar jy wil en so mooi kan sing. Kyk hoe lyk ek. Almal sê ek is lelik. Niemand hou van my nie.”

Leeurik kyk na Verkleurmannetjie en toe vra hy: “Wie het vir jou dit gesê? Jy is glad nie lelik nie!”
“Every single animal here at the river says I’m ugly,” answered Chameleon.

“You know what? If you believe you’re ugly, then do something that will make others see you differently. Why don’t you surprise them and learn to sing?” suggested Lark before he swooped off into the sky, singing merrily.

“Maybe I could learn to sing,” thought Chameleon. “Hmm, I don’t think I’ve ever heard of a singing chameleon before.” He thought about this for many hours and then suddenly smiled to himself and said, “Maybe I could learn to play a musical instrument.”

With this in mind, he crawled slowly to the house of an old man who was an instrument maker. He made all kinds of musical instruments but he was particularly famous for the imbengwe, an instrument made of flat wood with long strings tied at the top of its neck.

Still singing and playing, Chameleon began to walk backwards towards the bridge as if to cross it. Python followed him, his eyes rolling and shining just as if he was in love. He swayed from side to side, moving to the beat of the song. Chameleon kept singing and walking backwards very slowly. Python kept following him with his smiling lovey-dovey eyes, getting closer and closer all the time.

Chameleon had almost reached the other side of the bridge when suddenly he felt it beginning to snap. He realised he was in danger. Out of nowhere, Otter grabbed Chameleon and pulled his friend to safety.