It's our second birthday! Yes, that's right, on 5 June 2014 the Nal'ibali supplement has been around for two years! We’re the only bilingual reading-for-enjoyment supplement in South Africa dedicated to bringing you stories to enjoy with the children in your life, as well as information and support, ideas for reading clubs and story activities!

Just like you, at Nal’ibali we are passionate about bringing stories and children together. Just like you, we look for opportunities to support our children on their literacy journeys to help make sure that they develop into lifelong readers. In a world where being able to use reading and writing effectively is so important, together with you we are helping to make sure that no child misses out on the magical pleasure that reading can give!

The isiXhosa word Nal’ibali means “Here’s the story”. So, here’s the story of Nal’ibali’s first two years.

**2 116** parents, teachers, librarians, NGO practitioners and reading club volunteers, as well as **426** reading clubs have joined the Nal’ibali network. (You can too at www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi.)

**136** reading clubs across the Western Cape, Eastern Cape, Gauteng, KwaZulu-Natal, Free State and Limpopo have received hands-on guidance and support from us.

The **98 761** visitors to our website and mobilesite have been able to access reading-for-enjoyment information, tips and ideas, free downloadable stories, back issues of the Nal’ibali supplement, and other resources and fun extras like the Nal’ibali ringtone and wallpapers for their cellphones.

Our **3 327** fans on Facebook and **1 785** followers on Twitter, regularly share their reading club pictures, enjoy Wednesday Wisdoms, and access even more literacy tips and inspiration.

There have been **67** editions published in isiXhosa and English, isiZulu and English, Sesotho and English, and Afrikaans and English that have included:

- **106** children’s stories
- **148** literacy activities for children
- **140** articles with information about reading and writing with children.

**176 500** copies of each supplement edition were inserted into newspapers sold on the street and in shops, and **30 000** free copies were delivered to reading clubs and schools.

So, since we started in 2012 we have we have produced and distributed **15 732 400** reading-for-enjoyment supplements!

Join us in celebrating how we have all helped to grow a love of stories and reading in South Africa’s children. We look forward to being your reading-for-enjoyment partner for another year!

Happy birthday, Nal’ibali!
Say it and find it!

Do you know how to say “happy birthday” in all of South Africa’s official languages? Try reading the “happy birthday” message in the Nal’ibali characters’ speech bubbles. Then find birthday words in the word search block!

Happy birthday!

Say it and find it!

E bue mme o e fumane!

Do you know how to say “mahlohonolo a letsatsi la tswalo” in all of South Africa’s official languages? Try reading the “mahlohonolo a letsatsi la tswalo” message in the Nal’ibali characters’ speech bubbles. Then find birthday words in the word search block!

Mahlohonolo a letsatsi la tswalo!
The birthday wish
by Michelle Friedman
Illustrations by Alzette Prins

"Oh dear," thought Lethabo’s mama as she sat at the kitchen table. "What shall I do? Tomorrow is Lethabo’s birthday and there’s very little money to buy a present."

Lethabo stood at the sink humming as she washed the dishes. "Mmmm la la ... Mmmm la la."

"Mama! Mama!" "What’s the matter, Lethabo?" asked Lethabo’s mama as she ran into the room. "Mama, I’d like a drum for my birthday!"

"But Lethabo − a drum?" Her mama shook her head. "Not just any drum, Mama. A drum from West Africa, please." And she sang as she danced around her room.

Dum dum de dum!

Lethabo’s mama listened to the singing. She thought about her father. She remembered him sitting outside their hut in the sun. Between his legs stood a big drum. He was beating it, calling all the men and women of the village to a feast. A fire was blazing. He was smiling at Lethabo, his new granddaughter, as she lay in her mother’s arms.

"Oh, how I miss my father," Mama thought. "But wait a minute! I still have some of his things in the suitcase under my bed."

Mama found the old suitcase under the bed. "Oh no, there are spiders on it!" Mama complained. At the sound of her voice, the spiders scuttled away. Mama pulled the suitcase out and opened it. Inside she found a small drum − just the right size for Lethabo.

"Oh, thank you, Father! I remember this drum! You made it for Lethabo!"

There wasn’t a sound coming from Lethabo’s bedroom. Quietly, Mama tip-toed to the bedroom and opened the door. The light from the moon shone on her daughter as she slept. Mama put the drum on the floor next to the bed and kissed Lethabo’s cheek. "Happy birthday, Lethabo," she said. "Happy birthday from me and from your grandfather."

Dum dum de dum ... dum dum de dum. Mama’s fingertips touched the table top. Lethabo liked the sound. "Dum dum de dum ... dum dum de dum," she sang quietly as she went into her bedroom. She took off her shoes and sat on her bed. "What do I want for my birthday?"

"Funny you should ask that!" said a voice. "Who’s there?" said Lethabo walking up. "I don’t see anybody." "Please come out!" said the voice. "I want to see you!"

"Lethabo, Lethabo," said Mama, "it’s your birthday tomorrow. What can I give you?"

"Oh, Mama," said Lethabo, "I don’t know what I want."

"I’ll think of something," Mama said.
There, in front of her, stood a spider. He stood on eight long legs. They looked like sticks.

“I’m so sorry I scared you!” The spider bowed his head. “My name is Felix. I’m an Anansi spider.”

“I’m Lethabo. I like your hat!”

“Thank you, Lethabo. My hat comes from Ghana! It’s the colours of the flag of Ghana – red, yellow and green.”


“It’s very far away in Africa,” answered Felix.

“What’s an Anansi spider?” asked Lethabo.

“I’m from the family of Anansi spiders. We’re famous. We’re from West Africa. Some of us get into trouble a lot, but I don’t. Well, not often anyway,” laughed Felix.

“Why are you here?” Lethabo asked.

“You called me,” said Felix.

“But I didn’t call you!” said Lethabo.

Felix chuckled. “Yes, you did, when you hummed a tune. Now, please close your eyes, I have a surprise for you.”

Lethabo put her hands over her eyes. She could hear Felix scuffling around on the floor. Then a sound filled the room. *Dum dum de dum . . . dum dum de dum.* It was like the noise her mother had made on the table top, but closer and louder.

“Oh what can it be?” she cried.

“Open your eyes!” shouted Felix.

Felix was playing eight drums at the same time. Each tiny foot was on a drum. The drums were in a circle around him. His head was bent as he beat each drum. *Dum dum de dum . . . dum dum de dum.*

“Oh I love it!” Lethabo beamed. She jumped around the room singing as he played.

The sound of the drums and Lethabo’s singing filled the small room. It bounced off the walls, rose to the ceiling, dropped onto the carpet, wriggled inside their bellies, tickled their toes and joined the beat of their hearts.

“Lethabo, are you okay?” Her mama’s face peered round the door.

“Oh yes, Mama,” said Lethabo. “I was just thinking about my birthday.”

Lethabo’s mama closed the door and went back to the kitchen. “Oh dear, what am I going to do?” she said.

“Felix! Where are you?” Lethabo looked under the bed. “You can come out now.”

“That was close!” said Felix. “Grown-ups like to chase me.”

“Please tell me why you came to see me,” said Lethabo.

“Well, I know it’s your birthday tomorrow. What do you want?” asked Felix.

“A drum, Felix! I want a drum!” Then Lethabo felt a bit sad. “But it’s too late. The shops are closed.”

“Hec, hec,” chuckled Felix. “Just ask your mother for a drum. Ask for a drum from West Africa. Now close your eyes again and make a wish. Goodbye, Lethabo!”

Lethabo closed her eyes, “I wish I had a drum,” she said. She opened her eyes. Felix was gone.
“Mme! Mme!”

“Molato ke eng, Lethabo?” ha botsa mme wa Lethabo ha a kena ka phaposing a matha. “Mme, ke kopa moropa bakeng sa letsatsi la ka la tswalo!”

“Empa Lethabo − moropa?” Mmae a sisinya hlooho. “E seng moropa feela, Mme. Moropa o tswang Afrika e Bophirima, ke a o kopa hle.” Y aba o bina a ntse a tantsha ho potapota ka phaposing.

Dum dum de dum!

Mme wa Lethabo a mamela mmino oo. A nahana ka ntatae. A mo hopola a dutse ka ntle ho mokgoro wa bona letsatsing. Pakeng ... moketeng. Mollo o ne o tuka. O ne a bososela le Lethabo, setloholo sa hae se setjha, se neng se robetse matsohong a mmae.

“Ao basadi, kamoo ke hopolang ntate wa ka ka teng,” Mme a nahana jwalo. “Empa butle pele! Ke ntse ke ena le tse ding tsa dintho tsa hae ka sutukeising e ka tlasa bethe ya ka.”


“Ao, ke a o leboha Ntate! Ke ntse ke hopola moropa ona! O ne o o etseditse Lethabo!”

5

Takatso ya letsatsi la tswalo

ka Michelle Friedman

Ditshwantsho ka Alzette Prins

Phetolelo ka Hilda Mohale

“Jo wee,” ho nahana mme wa Lethabo a dutse tafoleng ka kitjhineng. “Ke tla etsa jwang? Hosane ke letsatsi la tswalo la Lethabo mme ke na le tjhelete e nyane bakeng sa ho mo rekela mpho.”

Lethabo o ne a eme sinking a ntse a ipinela ka marameng ha a ntse a hlatswa dijana. ”Mmmm la la ... Mmmm la la.”

“Lethabo,” ha rialo Mme, “hosane ke letsatsi la hao la tswalo. Nka o fa eng?”

“Ao, Mme,” ha araba Lethabo, “ha ke tsebe hore ke batla eng.”

“Ke tla nahana ka ho hong,” Mme a rialo.

Nal’ibali ke letsholo la naha la ho-ballabithabiso bakeng sa ho tsoseletsa bokgoni ba bana ka ho ba balla le ho ba phetela dipale.

Bakeng sa tlhahisoleseding e nngwe, etela www.nalibali.org kapa www.nalibali.mobi

Drive your imagination

1

Nhlanguleni la Lethabo

ka Michelle Friedman

Ditshwantsho ka Alzette Prins

Phetolelo ka Hilda Mohale

“Jo wee,” ho nahana mme wa Lethabo a dutse tafoleng ka kitjhineng. “Ke tla etsa jwang? Hosane ke letsatsi la tswalo la Lethabo mme ke na le tjhelete e nyane bakeng sa ho mo rekela mpho.”

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Drive your imagination

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Hona moo, ka pela hae, a bona sekgo. Se ne se eme ka maoto a sona a malelele a robedi. A ne a shebahala jwaloka dithutswana.


"Nna ke Lethabo. Ke rata katiba ya hao!"

"Ke a leboha, Lethabo. Katiba ya ka e tswa Ghana! Ena ke mebala ya folaga ya Ghana – bofubedu, bosehla le botala."

"Ghana e hokae?" ha botsa Lethabo.

"E hole kwana Afrika," ha araba Felix.

"Sekgo sa Anansi ke eng?" ha botsa Lethabo.


"Hobaneng o tlile mmae?" Lethabo a botsa.


"Helang, ke a e rata!" Lethabo a bososela. A tlolatlola a potoloha phaposi a ntse a bina a bapala.

Modumo wa meropa le ho bina ha Lethabo tsa tlala ka phaposing eo. Wa qhoma maboteng, wa nyolohela marulelong, wa wela mmeteng, wa tsamatsamaya ka hara dimpa tsa bona, wa tsikinyetsa menwana ya bona ya mato le malelele ya lekgetho se sona a lele.

"Lethabo, o atse o le hamlo ka mmao?" Mme a neng a o etsa ha a kokota tafole, empa o le haufi ebile o le hodimo.

"O, ebe ke eng?" a hoeletsa. "Bula mahlo!" ha hoeletsa Felix.

Felix o ne a letsa meropa e robedi ka nako e le nngwe. Leotwana ka leng la hae le ne le le hodima moropa. Meropa eo e ne e beilwe ka sedikadikwe e mo potile. Hlooho ya hae e ne e iname ha a ntse a otla moropa ka mong.

"Lethabo, o ntse o le hantle kamoo?" Mme wa hae a nyarela monyako.

"E, ehlile, Mme," ha araba Lethabo. "Ke ne ke mpa ke nahana ka letsatsi la ka la tswalo."

Mme wa Lethabo a kwala lemati mme a kgutlela ka kitjhineng. "Jo nna basadi, ke tla etsa jwane?" a bua a le mong.

To Nal’ibali...

Thank you everyone for your birthday messages! We really appreciate them all, so keep sending them! Here are some of the ones we have received.

Ho Nal’ibali...

Re o lebholo ho loa bole ka malatseta ya lona ya leletsatla la tsوا! Re e tlhabelo ka lebo ho yona, kahoo le dule le nise le a rollela! Ena le e miting ya malatseta eo re e fumaneng.

You have helped us to reach many children in deep rural KZN and develop in them a love of reading. May our partnership continue to grow and develop as together we have allowed these children to do. Happy birthday, Nal’ibali! Family Literacy Project, KZN

Long live Nal’ibali, you’re doing a wonderful job in many communities. Happy, happy birthday!
Faith Kumalo, Reading Club Facilitator, Bomvini Reading Club, KZN

Happy birthday, Nal’ibali! Two years, hundreds of supplements and thousands of readers all over the country! Congratulations on your fabulous achievements. We love working with you to get South Africa reading.
The FunDza Literacy Trust

Nal’ibali, may you grow from strength to strength in assisting us with regard to the sharing of lovely stories with children in the communities.
Zenziile Shelembe, Reading Club Facilitator, Mathendeni Reading Club, KZN

Phela ho ya ho ile, Nal’ibali, o e to masebetsa o mafel e le ka mme ka hara dijhibaka tse ngafa. Mahlohonolo a leletsatla la tsواla.
Faith Kumalo, Reading Club Facilitator, Bomvini Reading Club, KZN

Nal’ibali, ekare o ka hola o matšafo ka ho re thu ya mafela le ho aoratse aofie tsa manqo mmahlo la bana ba mafela e fumaneng.
Zenziile Shelembe, Reading Club Facilitator, Mathendeni Reading Club, KZN

O re thusitse ho fanele ho bana ya bangato dibakeng tsa KwaZulu Natal mme re aha ka ho bona lerato la ho bola. E se eka selekane sa rona se ka tsowa, palo ho hola le ho tswa bo pale tse tse ma le tse ma le le ho hela ka ho mmoho re dumeletse bana bana ho hola. Mahlohonolo a leletsatla la tsواla, Nal’ibali!
Family Literacy Project, KZN

You have many children in deep rural KZN and develop in them a love of reading. May our partnership continue to grow and develop as together we have allowed these children to do.

Faith Kumalo, Reading Club Facilitator, Bomvini Reading Club, KZN

The FunDza Literacy Trust

Nal’ibali, you’re doing a wonderful job in many communities. Happy, happy birthday.

Phela ho ya ho ile, Nal’ibali, o e to masebetsa o mafel e le ka mme ka hara dijhibaka tse ngafa. Mahlohonolo a leletsatla la tsowa.
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Zenziile Shelembe, Reading Club Facilitator, Mathendeni Reading Club, KZN

Hapa! Esetsa Nal’ibali karete ya leletsatla la tsowa bo mme o e romelle ho rona hore o ile o be le monyelo wa ho ikagapea hampara ya dibuka tse ka jang R 1 000! (Hape ho na le meputo na betha bo babedi bo tswileng bobeding: dihampara tsa dibuka tsa R500 ka ringwe.) Romelang dikarete tsa lona ho: PRAESA, Suite 17–201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wycroft Road, Mowbray, 7700. O se ke wa lebala ho kanyeletsa dintsha tsa hao tsa boikopanyo. Thodisane e kwotwa ka la 2 Phupu 2014.

Win! Make Nal’ibali a birthday card and send it to us to stand a chance of winning a book hamper worth R1 000! (There are also two runner’s up prizes: book hampers worth R500 each.) Send your cards to: PRAESA, Suite 17–201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wycroft Road, Mowbray, 7700. Don’t forget to include your contact details. Competition closes 2 July 2014.

Hapa! Esetsa Nal’ibali karete ya leletsatla la tsowa bo mme o e romelle ho rona hore o ile o be le monyelo wa ho ikagapea hampara ya dibuka tse ka jang R 1 000! (Hape ho na le meputo na betha bo babedi bo tswileng bobeding: dihampara tsa dibuka tsa R500 ka ringwe.) Romelang dikarete tsa lona ho: PRAESA, Suite 17–201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wycroft Road, Mowbray, 7700. O se ke wa lebala ho kanyeletsa dintsha tsa hao tsa boikopanyo. Thodisane e kwotwa ka la 2 Phupu 2014.
The boy and the jackal
\(\text{(Part 2)}\)

Retold by Wendy Hartmann

One week later the young boy did the same thing. He shouted and ran to the village. “Jackal! Help!” Come quickly.”

Once again the villagers came running to help him. Once again they found no jackal. This time they wanted to know what was going on. “We cannot see any tracks,” someone said.

“Your sheep do not look scared at all,” said someone else.

The villagers did not stay for long and grumbled to each other as they made their way home.

Then the day came when the boy did see a shape move near the rocks. It was a jackal and it was sneaking closer and closer to his sheep. This time he really shouted loudly.

“HELP! HELP! There’s a jackal! Come quickly!”

As he ran towards the village to find help, he saw the jackal bite one of his sheep. He turned and ran back to his flock, shouting all the time. But no one came to help.

Then the jackal grabbed a lamb and ran back into the bushes by the rocks. The sheep were so frightened that they all ran away. It took the boy hours to find them all and bring them home.

When at last he got home he complained loudly. “Nobody came to help me. I could have been hurt. One of the sheep is hurt and the jackal took one lamb. This time there really was a jackal and nobody listened when I shouted.”

“This time?” asked his father. “What do you mean this time?”

And the young boy had to tell the truth. His father was very angry.

“I will not punish you,” he said. “You will soon find out that once people know that you have told lies, they will never, ever believe you again, even when you are telling the truth. Nobody trusts a liar.”

“IT’S ENOUGH!” he said. “You will soon find out that once people know that you have told lies, they will never, ever believe you again, even when you are telling the truth. Nobody trusts a liar.”

“I will not punish you,” he said. “You will soon find out that once people know that you have told lies, they will never, ever believe you again, even when you are telling the truth. Nobody trusts a liar.”

And that was punishment enough for the boy. Nobody in the village believed anything he said ever again.

Tell us if you liked the story, The boy and the jackal – SMS “Bookmark” with your name and your comments to 32545. R1,00 per SMS.

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Moshanyana le phokojwe
\(\text{(Karolo ya 2)}\)

E phethwa hape ke Wendy Hartmann

Ka mara beke e le ngwana moshanyana eo a pheto ntho eo hape. A hoetsetsa a ntše a mathela matseng. “Phokojwe! Thulino! Ting kapele.”

Yaba hape bashi ba mothe ba tswa ba matha ho a mo thusa. Ame hape ba se ke ba fumana phokojwe. Kgetlaing lena ba bala ba tshe le hare tshandile ho e tshokang e e. “Ha re bane melakho le ya lela mona,” ho rialo e mong. “Dinku tsa hao ho di shebaliho di tshokang ho hlanung,” ha rialo mothe e mong hape.

Bashi ba mothe ha ba ka ba duela nako e telele lela ba honothe a ntše ba kigula matseng ha hona.

Yaba ka tsele ka leeng moshanyana ema a hile a bona sebepe se tšing se tšatsamatsamaya hauatle le ratafi. E ne e le phokojwe mame e ne a ntše e nako e amela ho fa dinku mbala tsa hao. Kgetlaing lena a bi le hla lehoetse holo ho heto.

“THUSANG! THUSANG! Phokojwe ke e! Ting kapele bo.”

Etsa ha o ntše a matha ho thesetso a fa bala ba thutso, a bona phokojwe le lona e ngwana ya dinku mbala tsa hao. A fetho lela ba kigula mohlaqang woa woa a ntše, a matha a hoetsetsa ka nako e. Empa ha ho matha ya lemos a tswa ho la mo thusa.

Yaba phokojwe e phumaha konyana mame e matha ka hona mona, mokilela. Dinku di ne di tshokhole halhoh ho di leng ho bala ba khalalela kaledi. Ho le ho nka moshanyana eo dithwa ngata ngakho pala a di bokella kaletsa mame a ya le tsona hao.

Etsa qetellela ha a Nkla kaping a omama hoetse a hletella, “Ha ho matha ya leng a fa ntha ka. Nka be le tlwa tla. Nka e ngwana a temete mame phokojwe e nkile konyana e le ngwana. Kgetlaing lena ho ne ho hilo ho ena le akhilo phokojwe mame ha ho matha ya leng a mmetalana ha ntše ka hoetseta.”

“Kgetlaing lem?” ho botsa natafo. “O boelela ho a re kgetlaing lem?”


Mme hoo eblello ka lekenang bokella sa moshanyana eo. Ha re ho se ho se matha ya khalalela e ngakho e e le e bua sa.

Re boelele haeba o ratile pale ena, Moshanyana le phokojwe – SMSa “Bookmark” mmotho le lebitso la hao le ditshwaelo tsa hao ho 32545. R1,00 SMS ka ngwana.

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In your next Nal’ibali supplement:

- Fathers and children reading together
- Days to celebrate in June and July
- A Story Star dad
- A teen read, The skin I live in
- A zigzag book, Stella gets stuck

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Hukung ya dipale

Ena ke karolo ya ho qetela ya tharino e tshweng halhole ya Aesop e phethwang hape tshikologo ho Afrika Borwa. Ntsefelwa ke ho e baltse hodi moko ho e pheta hape.