

Nal'ibali

It starts with a story...

Edition 34
isiXhosa, English

Create a print-rich environment!

How much print is there in your children's environment? Do they see signs, notices, advertisements, magazines, posters, books, letters, emails, newspapers and magazines around them as they go about their daily lives? And how many languages are these things written in?

Children learn to read more easily when they are surrounded by print because print-rich environments show them what reading and writing can be used for. Here are six ideas to help you make your reading club venue a print-rich environment.

- 1. Create posters.** Think about what interests the children who attend your club and make your own posters on these topics. Draw your own pictures or use ones from newspapers and magazines. Then write information, slogans or messages in one or more languages to complete the posters. Display them where it is easy for the children to read them and replace posters regularly to keep the children interested in them!
- 2. Collect rhymes.** Write rhymes and songs you know onto large sheets of paper – and suggest that the children do the same! Spend time saying the rhymes and singing the songs together.
- 3. Make an alphabet washing line.** Together with the children, write the letters of the alphabet on separate sheets of paper and draw a picture for each letter. Put a piece of string across the room and use pegs to hang up the letters in alphabetical order.
- 4. Overflow with print.** Collect different types of writing that you think would interest the children. Try to find take-away menus, old greeting cards, train or bus timetables, information pamphlets, advertisement flyers, newspapers and magazines. The children may enjoy reading some of these, but they can also use them as props when they act out stories, or cut them up when they make their own cards, posters, pictures or books.

Yenza isimo esichume ngokuprintiweyo!

Ingaba okuprintiweyo kungakanani kwindawo engqonge abantwana bakho? Ingaba babona iimpawu, izaziso, izibhengezo-ntengiso, iipowusta, iincwadi, iileta, ii-imeyile, amaphephandaba kunye nemagazini kokubangqongileyo njengokuba besenza izinto zabo abaqhele ukuzenza imihla ngemihla? Khona ingaba ezi zinto bazibonayo zibhalwe ngeelwimi ezingaphi?

Abantwana bafunda ukufunda ngokukhawuleza xa bengqongwe kokuprintiweyo, kuba isimo esichume ngokuprintiweyo sibabonisa ukuba ukufunda nokubhala kusetyenziselwa ntoni na. Nazi iingcebiso ezintandathu ezinokukunceda ukwenza iklabhu yokufunda yakho ibe yindawo echume ngokuprintiweyo.

- 1. Yenza iipowusta.** Cinga malunga nezinto ezinika umdla kubantwana beklabhu yakho ze wenze iipowusta zakho malunga nezo zihloko zibatsala umdla. Zoba eyakho imifanekiso okanye usebenzise imifanekiso ekhutshwe kumaphephandaba neemagazini. Emva koko bhala iinkcukacha, okanye imiyalezo nezilogani ngolwimi olunye okanye ngaphezulu ukuze ugqibezele iipowusta. Zibeke apho kulula ukuba abantwana bakho bazifunde kwaye zitshintshe rhoqo ukuze abantwana bahlale benomdla kuzo!
- 2. Qokelela izicengcelezo.** Bhala phantsi kuxwebhu lwephepha izicengcelezo neengoma ozaziyo - uze ucebise abantwana ukuba nabo benze njalo! Chithani ixesha nisenza izicengcelezo kwaye nicula nengoma ninonke.

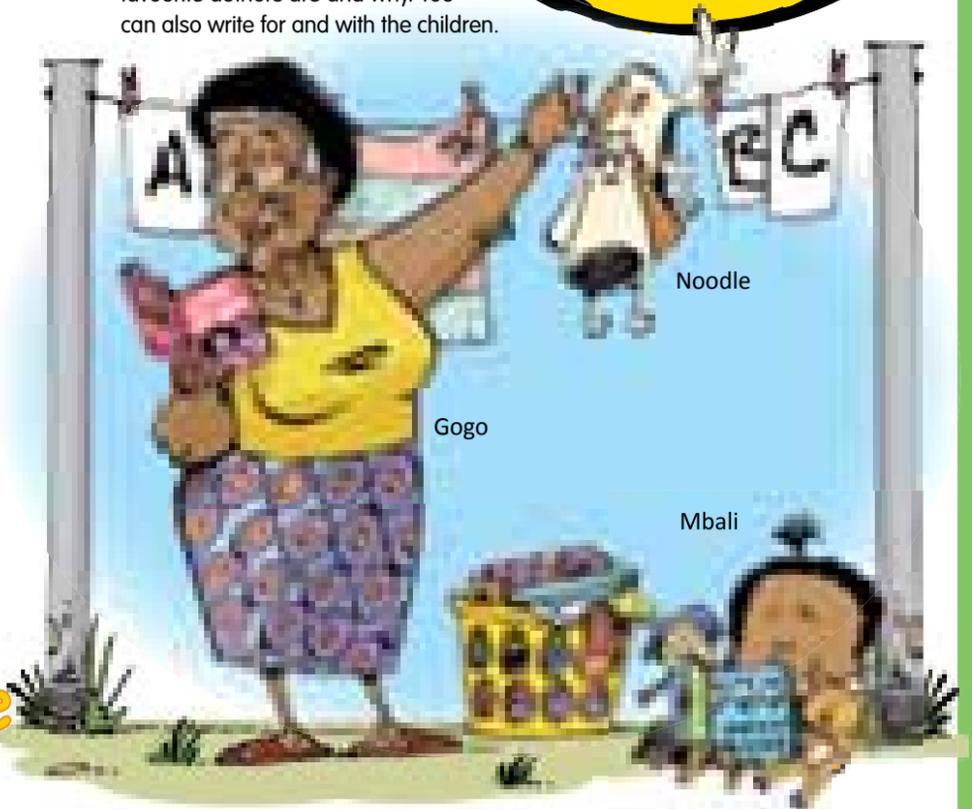
- 5. Take a trip to the library.** Borrow books from your library – it's an endless supply of free reading material! Remind the children about how to look after books so that they can be enjoyed by lots of other children too!
- 6. Be a role model.** Read to and with children. Talk about your own reading habits – what you are reading, where you like to read, who your favourite authors are and why. You can also write for and with the children.

Reading club tip #7

Register your reading club with Nal'ibali to be part of our network and to receive even more ideas and stories for your club. Visit www.nalibali.org and click on "Register now" – it's quick and easy.

Icebiso lesi-7 leklabhu yokufunda

Bhalisa iklabhu yokufunda yakho kuNal'ibali ukuze ube yinxalenye yonxibelelwano lwethu ze ufumanele iklabhu yakho ngakumbi iingcebiso namabali. Ndwendwela ku-www.nalibali.org ucofe ku-"Register now" – kulula kwaye iyakhawuleza.

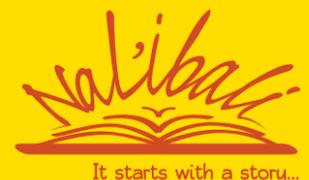


- 3. Yenzani ucingo lokweneka oonobumba.** Ukunye nabantwana, bhalani oonobumba kumaxwebhu amaphepha ohlukileyo nize nizobele unobumba ngamnye umfanekiso. Tsala umtya usuke kwelinye icala legumbi usiya kwelinye uze uxhome oonobumba ngokokulandelelana kwe-alfabethi usebenzisa oonominx-mpahla.
- 4. Zalisa ngokuprintiweyo.** Qokelela iintlobo ezahlukileyo zokubhaliweyo ocinga ukuba zinganomdla kubantwana bakho. Zama ukufumana iimenyu kwiivenkile ezithengisa ukutya, amakhadi amadala emibuliso neminqweno emihle, izicwangciso-maxesha zokuhamba kweebhasi okanye oololiwe, iiphamfulethi ezineenkukacha, amaphephandaba kunye neemagazini. Abantwana bangakonwabela ukufunda ezi zinto kodwa basenakho ukuzisebenzisa njengezinto zaseqongeni xa besenza imidlalo yeqonga esekelezwe kumabali okanye bawasike amabali xa besenza awabo amakhadi, iipowusta, imifanekiso okanye iincwadi.
- 5. Thathani uhambo oluya kwithala leencwadi.** Boleka iincwadi kwithala leencwadi lakho – lona lingumthombo ongatshiyi weencwadi zokufunda! Khumbuzwa abantwana ngendlela yokukhathalela iincwadi ukuze zikwazi ukufundwa zonwatyelwe ngabanye abantwana abaninzi abeza emva kwabo!
- 6. Yiba ngumzekelo.** Fundela abantwana kwaye ufunde nabo. Ncokola malunga nemikhwa yakho yokufunda – ufunda eyiphi incwadi, uthanda ukufundela phi, ngoobani abona babhali obathandayo kwaye kutheni ubathanda nje. Kananjalo, bhalela abantwana kwaye ubhale kunye nabo.



Drive your
imagination

Read to me. Again! Again!
Ndifundele.
Phinda-phinda ungadinwa!





Get story active!

Although the mini-book (pages 3 to 6), *You can dance*, is written for children about eight years and older, younger children might also enjoy the writing and drawing activity below. After you and your children have read the story, try out some of these ideas.



If you have 10 minutes...

- In the story, Jacob doesn't think that he is very good at dancing. Encourage your children to suggest why he thinks this. Are there things they do not think they would be good at – even though they have never tried them? Talk about this together and encourage them to always try things first before making up their mind about them!
- Have you or your children ever been to an audition? Or tried out for a sports' team? Tell each other about your experiences and how you felt.

If you have 30 minutes...

- Imagine the next part of the story. What happens during the rehearsals for the musical? How does Jacob feel on opening night? Create a story circle and let everyone have a turn continuing the story.

If you have one hour...

- Take an A4 sheet of paper and divide it into four blocks. At the top of the page, ask your children to write: "I can...". Ask them to draw pictures of themselves doing something different in each block. Encourage them to write a sentence about each picture. Help younger children by writing down the words they tell you. Display your children's pictures so that everyone is able to see what achievements your children are proud of.

Yenza ibali linike umdla!

Nangona incwadana encinane (ekwiphepha lesi-3 ukuya kwelesi-6) esihloko sithi, *Ungangumdansi ogqwesileyo* ibhalelwe abantwana abaneminyaka esibhozo nangaphezulu, abantwanana abancinane kunoko bangawonwabela lo msetyenzana ungezantsi wokubhala nokuzoba. Emva kokuba wena nabantwana bakho nifunde ibali, zamani ezinye zezi ngcebiso.

Ukuba unemizuzu eli-10...

- Ebalini, uJacob ucinga ukuba akakwazi kakuhle ukudanisa. Khuthaza abantwana bakho bachaze ukuba bacinga ukuba kutheni ecinga njalo. Ingaba kukho izinto abacinga ukuba abakwazi ukuzenza kakuhle – nangona bengazange bazizame nokuzizama? Thethani malunga noko ninonke uze abakhuthaze ukuba basoloko bezama ukuzenza izinto kuqala phambi kokuba bagqibe kwelokuba abakwazi ukuzenza!
- Ingaba wena okanye abantwana bakho nakhe naya ku-odishina? Okanye ingaba wakhe wazama ukungena kwiqela lezemidlalo? Baliselanani ngamava enu kunye nendlela enanziziva ngayo.

Ukuba unemizuzu engama-30...

- Yiba nomfanekiso-ngqondweni wenxalenye elandelayo yebali. Kwenzeka ntoni ngexesha lamalungiselelo nokuziqhelanisa kumdlalo weqonga okhathswa ngumculo? Ingaba uziva njani uJacob ngobusuku bokuqala eqongeni? Yenza isangqa sebali ukuze umntwana ngamnye afumane ithuba lokongeza ukuze ibali liqhubeke phambili.

Ukuba uneyure...

- Thatha uxwebhu lwephepha olubukhulu bungeni-A4 uze ulahlule libe ziibloko ezine. Cela abantwana babhale "Ndinako..." phezulu ephepheni. Bacele bazobe imifanekiso yabo besenza into eyahlukileyo kwibloko nganye. Bakhuthaze babhale isivakali malunga nomfanekiso ngamnye. Wena, uba ngabantwana bakho ngokubhala amagama abawathethayo. Xhoma imifanekiso yabantwana bakho ukuze wonke ubani akwazi ukubona izinto ezenziwe ngabo nabazingcayo ngazo.

Meet the Nal'ibali characters

Mme wa Afrika

Mme wa Afrika is a real reading fan! She is mother to Afrika (7 years old) and Dintle (9 months old) and they keep her very busy. (She is also Neo and Mbali's aunt.) Mme wa Afrika speaks mainly Sesotho, Setswana and English, but she also uses Afrikaans from time to time. She remembers many of the stories that her

grandmother told her when she was growing up, and now she tells them to her own children. Mme wa Afrika believes in the power that stories have to connect us all, so she makes sure that she reads to her children regularly. And, whenever she can find the time, she relaxes with a book herself!

Hlangana nabalinganiswa beNal'ibali

UMme wa Afrika

UMme wa Afrika ngumxhasi wokufunda wokwenene! Ngumama ka-Afrika (oneminyaka esi-7) noDintle (oneenyanga ezili-9) kwaye basoloko bemxakekise kakhulu. (Kananjalo ngumakazi kaNeo noMbali) Ubukhulu becala uMme wa Afrika uthetha iSesotho, iSetswana kunye nesiNgesi, kodwa ngamanye amaxesha ukhe athethe i-Afrikaans. Ukhumbula onke amabali umakhulu wakhe awayembalisela wona ngexesha esakhula kwaye ngoku uwabalisela abakhe abantwana loo mabali. UMme wa Afrika ukholelwa ukuba amabali anamandla okusihlanganisa sisonke ngoko ke uqinisekisa ukuba ufundela abantwana bakhe amabali rhoqo. Xa enalo ixesha, uphumla azipholele ngencwadi naye!



Create your own mini-book Zenzele eyakho incwadana encinane

- Take out pages 3 to 6 of this supplement.
1. Thabatha amaphepha ama-3 ukuya kwisi-6 kolu hlelo.
2. Fold it in half along the black dotted line.
2. Wasonge esiphakathini kumgca wamachaphaza amnyama.
3. Fold it in half again.
3. Phinda uwasonge esiphakathini kwakhona.
4. Cut along the red dotted lines.
4. Sika kwimigca yamachaphaza abomvu.



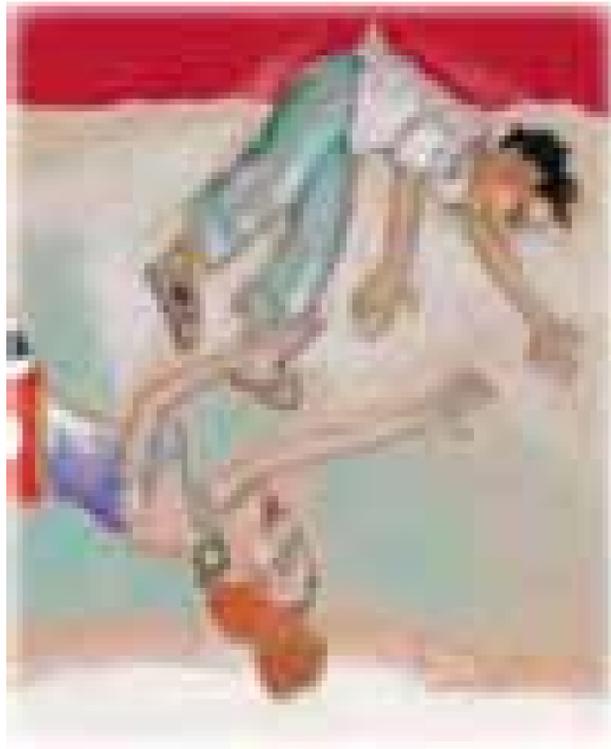
“Ngoku ndifuna ukuba niwadibanise onke la manyathelo omjuxuzo wejazza asixhenxe, isikwere somjuxuzo wejazza, amanye amanyathelo asixhenxe omjuxuzo wejazza nokutsiba. Qala!”

Amakhwenkwe ema omnye emva komnye. UJacob wawubukela njengokuba ayemana esenza, egqiba umgangatho. Amanye ayebhuda. Amanye ayengakwazi ukutsiba aye phezu. Amanye ayengakwazi ukwenza isikwere somjuxuzo wejazza. Ngephanyazo, yayinguye olandelayo.

“Tsihlanu, isithandathu, isixhenxe, isibhozo ... Qala! Yakhwaza yatsho le nkosikazi, yalathe kuye.

Wagalisa ukunqakazisa iminwe yakhe. Amehlo akhe ayejonge ekoneni yeli gumbi. Wawagqiba amanyathelo omjuxuzo wejazza. Wagqithela kwisikwere somjuxuzo wejazza, umzimba wakhe ewuqinisele kwaye usezantsi. Watsiba waya phezu, elungiselela umtsi ...

Isifuba sakhe wasiphakamisa sajonge esilingini wabethuka. Wazisa iingalo zakhe ngaphambili waze wazivula ngokubanzi. Waba ngathi uyajinga emoyeni umzuzwana phambi kokuba aye kuthi gxi phantsi ... ngamandla kunokuba wayefuna. Wazama ukunganda



He started clicking his fingers. He kept his eyes on the corner of the room. He completed the jazz steps. He moved into the jazz square, keeping his body low and tight. Then he sprang away, preparing for the leap ...

He lifted his chest to the ceiling and tilted his head back. He threw his arms forward and then opened them wide. He seemed to hang in the air for a moment before he landed ... harder than he wanted to. He tried to stop his body from falling. But the momentum pushed him onto his backside.

Jacob wanted to die. Slowly he gathered himself and got up. He refused to look at anyone.

“You! What’s your name?”

“Jacob,” he mumbled, not looking at her.

“Not the most graceful landing,” she said.

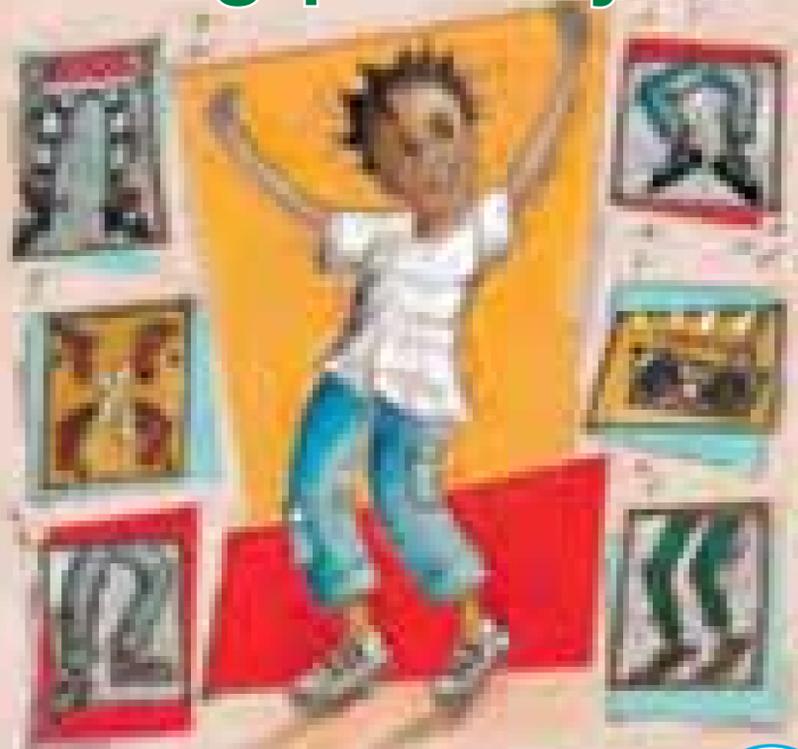
Jacob felt the blood rush to his face. “I thought this was a singing audition.”

Fold

CAMBRIDGE

You can dance

Ungangumdansi ogqwesileyo



Michael Williams
Louisa Gerryts



You can Dance 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



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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



INal'ibali liphulo likazwelonke lokufundela ukozonwabisa nokuvuselela umdla ebantwaneni ngokubalisa amabali nokufunda. Ngeenkukacha ezithe vetshe, ndwendwela ku-www.nalibali.org okanye ku-www.nalibali.mobi

Drive your imagination

Fold

UJacob wayengenayo enye indlela kuba le nkosikazi yayifonge kuye. Watsala umphfumlo. Emva koko wabaleka wagqiba umgangatho, watsiba waza waza waya kuthi gxi phaya, egquka akuwuwa umhlaba phantsi kweenyawo zakhe.

“Ndilinganiseni. Qala!”

Le nkosikazi yabaleka igqiba umgangatho, yatsiba yaza yayakuthi gxi phantsi ngobuchule, igquka njengokuba isihla.

“Yiyo leyo!” yatsho le nkosikazi. “Ngoku zama ukutsiba.”

wagalisisa ukushukushukuma usiya ngapha nangapha. Inyawo zakhe zagalisisa ukushukushukuma.

UJacob wagalisisa ukunqwala. Umzimba wakhe Indloko yakhe yagalisisa ukungakrazisa iminwe yakhe.

“Ngoku ngakrazisa iminwe yakho ngokwexsha. Inye, zimbini, zintathu ... Qala!”

Le nkosikazi yayiwuzisa umlenze phambi komnye, yabuya umva amanyathelo amabini, yaya emacaleni amanyathelo amabini yaza yagqibezela apho ibiqale khona. Oku kukhangeleka kunzima, wacinga njalo uJacob.



Jacob could not move. His feet felt glued to the floor. All around him people were jiving, jumping, dancing. In front of him a girl and a boy were twirling in dizzy circles. To his left a girl was tap dancing. To his right a boy was spinning on his head! Jacob was the still centre of a storm of dance.



Jacob knew he was supposed to be moving too. But how could he with his feet rooted to the floor, tree trunks for legs, thick branches for arms and bunches of bananas for hands?

Jacob started to sweat. What was he thinking? He would never get into this musical. He had come here to sing. No one told him he had to dance!

The music stopped. The movement all around him came to an end. He felt his heart thumping in his chest. He had failed. He did not belong here.

“Okay, thank you. That’s the end of the freestyle part of the audition,” said the woman. “I see not all of you came prepared.”

Her gaze settled on Jacob. Someone giggled. Jacob felt stupid. This was it. He was out.



Jacob went back to where he had started. He knew he could sing, but how does one sing with one’s body? The jazz moves had stirred something in him. It was not music. It was not a melody. It was a rhythm. His body had reacted to that. The rhythm had led him and he had followed. Maybe that is what she meant about singing with his body.

“Try singing with your body,” she said. “Do it again. From the top. But when you land, do this.” She took seven steps backwards, her face raised and her fingers clicking in time. When she got to the back of the room, she slid to the floor and rolled over. Then she jumped up, ran forward and slid along the floor on her knees. “You think you can do that?”

“I’ll try,” said Jacob.

edesikeni yayo yabhala amanqaku athile. Yaguquka yajonga kubo. Esandleni sayo yayiphethe uluhlu lwamagama. Okokuqala kule mini, kwathi cwaka kweli gumbi.

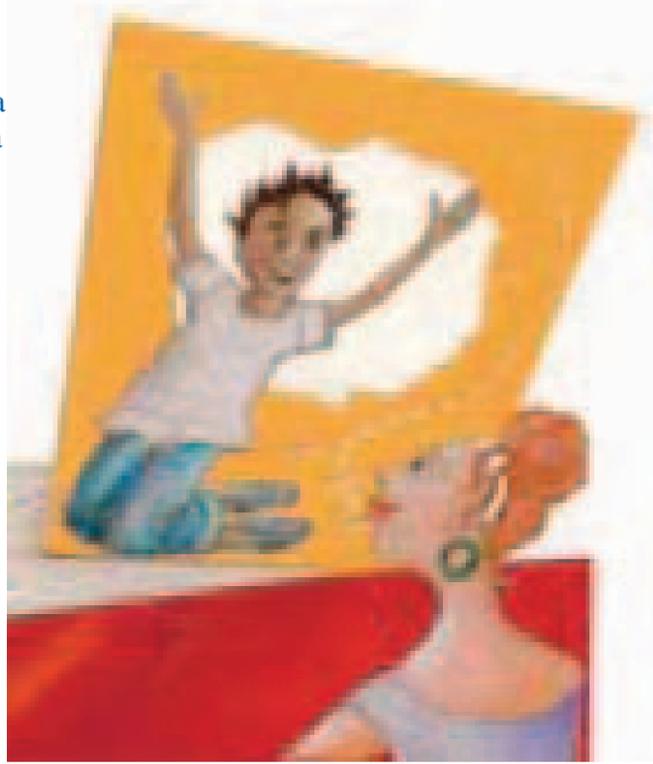
“Ndiza kubiza amagama abo bathe baphumelela ukuba yinxalenye yomdlalo weqonga okhatshwa ngumculo,” yatsho.

UJacob waluva uvalo lungongoza esifubeni sakhe. Wayesazi ukuba akasoze alive igama lakhe. Wayengakwazi kakuhle ukudanisa.

“... kunye noJacob.”

Ingaba ligama lakhe eli aliva likhwazwa?

“Ewe, wena Jacob. Uyakwazi ukudanisa.”



UJacob wabuya umva waya apha ebeqale khona. Wayeyazi ukuba uyakwazi ukucula, kodwa umntu ucula njani ngomzimba wakhe? Intshukumo zomjuxuzo wejazz zazivuselele okuthile ngaphakathi kuye. Yayingengomculo. Yayingelulo uncuthu lwengoma. Yayisisingqisho. Umzimba wakhe wawuvakalwa sisingqi. Isingqi sasimkhokela kwaye naye wayelandela. Mhlawumbi yayithetha loo nto inkosikazi ngokucula ngomzimba wakho.

“Zama ukucula ngomzimba wakho,” yasho. “Yenza kwakhona. Qala ekugaleni. Kodwa xa uhlala, yenza ngolu hlobo.” Yathatha amanyathelo asixhenxe ibuya umva, ubuso bujonge phezu neminiwe yakhe inqakraza ngokuhambelana nexesha. Ukuhamba kwayo ngenwa egumbini, yatshibebeleza emgangathweni yaza yaziqengqa. Emva koko yaxhuma, yabalaka isiya phambili yaza yatshibebeleza emgangathweni ngamadolo ayo. “Ucinga ukuba ungakwenza oku?”

“Bendinga ukuba le yi-odishini yomculo.”

UJacob waziva eshushu ingathi igazi liyaphala ebusweni bakhe.

“Awuhlalanga ngobuchule ke noko,” yasho.

“NgJacob,” washwantsi, ejonge phantsi.

“Hey! ungubani igama lakho?”

UJacob wayenga angathi vuleka mhlaba ndingene. Ngokucothayo waphakama. Akazange afune nokujonga nabani na.

umzimba wakhe ucothe xa uwayo. Kodwa amandla okuzihambela amtyhala waya kuwa ngeempundu.

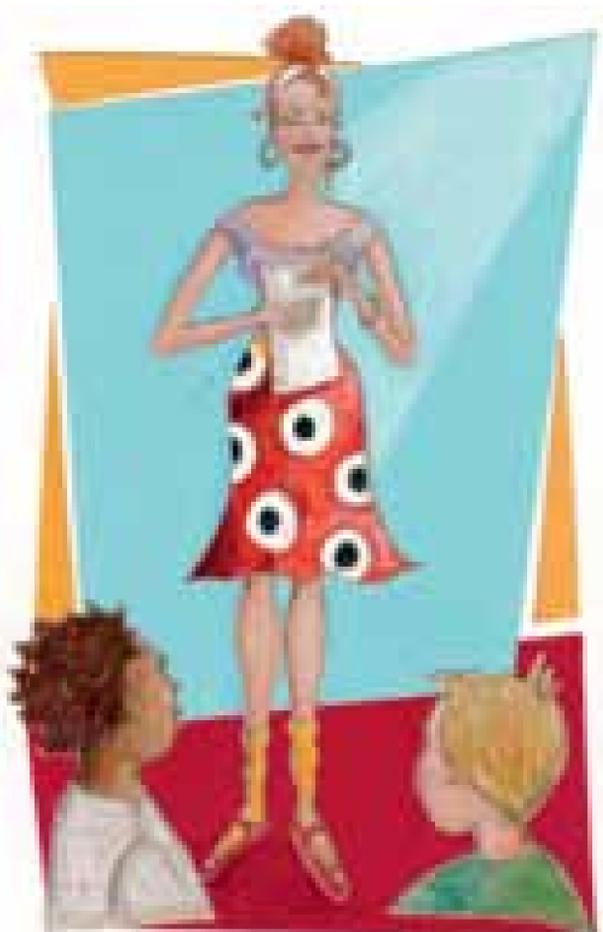
“I will call out the names of those who got into the musical,” she said.

Jacob felt his heart thumping in his chest. He knew he wouldn’t hear his name. He was not good enough.

“... and Jacob.”

Had she called his name?

“Yes, you Jacob. You can dance.”



One by one the boys lined up. Jacob watched as they moved across the floor. Some of them stumbled. Some could not jump very high. Others could not do the jazz square. Suddenly, he was next in line.

“Now I want you to put them all together,” the woman said. “Seven jazz steps, a jazz square, seven more jazz steps and a jump. Go!”

Jacob had no choice. She was looking at him. He took a deep breath. Then he ran across the floor, jumped in the air, landed and turned as he felt the ground beneath his feet.

“Follow me. Go!”

The woman ran across the floor, leaped into the air and landed lightly, turning as she came down.

“You’ve got it!” the woman said. “Now try a jump.”

Jacob started to click his fingers. His head started to nod. His body started to sway. His feet started to move.

“Now click your fingers in time. One and a two and a three ... Go!”

The woman swung one leg in front of the other, moved backwards two steps, moved sideways two steps and finished where she had begun. That looked a bit tricky, thought Jacob.

UJacob wayengakwazi ukushukuma. Iinyawo zakhe yayingathi zincanyathiselwe ngegulu emgangathweni. Bonke abantu abamngqongileyo babedanisa, bexhuma-xhuma, bejuxuza. Phambi kwakhe kwakukho intombazana kunye nenkwenkwe ababekileza besenza isangqa esibangela isizunguzane. Ekhohlo kwakukho intombazana eyayisenza umdaniso wokungxolisa izihlangu, *itap dancing*. Ekunene kwakukho inkwenkwe eyayijikeleza imi ngentloko! UJacob wayeme dzu esizikithini phakathi kwaloo bhentsu-bhentsu womdaniso.

UJacob wayesazi ukuba kufanele ukuba naye abe uyashukushukuma. Kodwa wayengakwazi njani iinyawo zakhe zazingathi zintshule iingcambu emgangathweni, imilenze yakhe ingathi ziziqu zemithi, iingalo zingathi ngamasebe zize izandla zona zibe ngathi zizihlahla zeebhana?

UJacob waqala ukubila. Wayecingani ke yena? Wayengasoze angene kulo mdlalo weqonga ukhatshwa ngumculo. Ebeze apha ukuza kucula. Akukho mntu umxelele ukuba uza kudanisa!

Umculo wathi nqumama. Konke ukushukuma okumngqongileyo kwafikelela esiphelweni. Ixhala lalingongoza esifubeni sakhe. Amathemba ayetshabalele. Wayesendaweni engamfanelanga.

“Kulungile, enkosi. Sifikelele ekupheleni kwecandelo lokubonisa indlela yokudanisa ye*free style* kule odishini,” kwatsho owasetyhini. “Ndiyabona ukuba asinguye wonke ubani oze ezilungiselele.”

Amehlo akhe ahlala kuJacob. Kwabakho umntu ohlekayo. UJacob waziva esisidenge. Hayi ke, kugqityiwe ngoku. Uwe phantsi ngenene kolu khuphiswano.

“Kulungile. Oko ke ukubaleka nikugqibayo kokomjuxozo wejazz. Ngoku fundani isikwere somjuxozo wejazz. Jongani apha kum.”

UJacob wazama ukubaleka, erhuqa inyawo njengoko le nkosikazi ibibabonisele.

“Ngoku balekani nigqibe umgangatho. Balekani!” yayalela inkosikazi.

Yabekela unyawo olunye phambi kwayo. Wayekwazi naye ukuyenza loo nto, wazicingela uJacob. Yatsala unyawo lwayo lwasekhohlo yalusa phambili, lwadlula unyawo lwasekunene. Wayekwazi naye ukuyenza loo nto. Yaza yenza oko nangonyawo lwayo lwasekunene. Kwakamsinyane yayitshibebeleza igqiba wonke umgangatho.

“Yithani cwaka!” le nkosikazi yabajamela ijonge kweli cala ikJacob. “Ndinganiseni ngoku.”

“Ndize apha ndize kucula,” watsho uJacob.

“Unoloyiko lwegonga,” yasebeza enye inkwenkwe.

“Uzokwenza ntoni apha?” enye inkwenkwe yambuza isebeza usisidenge.

Edidekile, uJacob wahamba wayakuma namanye amakhwenkwe.

“Ngoku, nonke nina makhwenkwe, yimani phaya ngasemva, emgeni.” Le nkosikazi yaqhwaba izandla.

“Now, all you boys, line up at the back.” The woman clapped her hands.

In a daze, Jacob moved into line with the other boys.

“What are you doing here?” one of the boys hissed at him. “You’re meant to dance, not stand there like a fool.”

“He’s got stage-fright,” whispered another boy.

“I’ve come here to sing,” Jacob said.

“No talking!” the woman glared in Jacob’s direction. “Now, follow me.”

She put one foot in front of her. He could do that, Jacob thought. She dragged her left foot forward, past her right foot. He could do that, too. Then she did the same with her right foot. Soon she was gliding across the floor.

“Now run across the floor. Go!” the woman commanded.

Jacob tried to run, dragging his feet as she had shown.

“Okay. You’ve just completed a jazz run. Now learn the jazz square. Watch me.”



And then all movement came to an end. They all gathered in the middle of the floor, no one daring to speak. The woman walked to her desk and made some notes. She turned and stood before them. In her hand was a list of names. For the first time that day, the room was completely still.

The afternoon went on for another hour. Jacob learned how to move, how to find the sweet spot in the music to time his jumps, learned how to get his fingers and count “five, six, seven, eight ... Go!”. He learned how to get his body to sing.

“Not bad!” the woman said, looking down at him. She reached out her hand and pulled him up. “Okay, one more time, everybody, from the top.”

“Five, six, seven, eight ... Go!” the woman shouted.

“Not bad!” the woman said, looking down at him. She reached out her hand and pulled him up. “Okay, one more time, everybody, from the top.”

“Five, six, seven, eight ... Go!” the woman shouted.

“Five, six, seven, eight ... Go!” the woman shouted.

They probably think he is scared to try again.

He noticed the other boys staring at him. He had waited too long.



Waqaphela ukuba amanye amakhwenkwe amthe ntsho ngamehlo. Wayelinde ixesha elide. Mhlawumbi babecinga ukuba uyoyika ukuzama kwakhona.

“Isihlanu, isithandathu, isixhenxe, isibhozo ... Qala! Yakhwaza inkosikazi.



UJacob watshebeleza egqiba umgangatho, umzimba wakhe uhamba nesingqi. Watsiba ngaphezulu kunakuqala, njengokonyuka kakhulu kwinqwaba yomculo. Ukuhlala kwakhe kwagqibelela, kwafana nesiphelo sevesi. Wabuya umva, enqakrazisa iminwe yakhe, umzimba wakhe uhambisana nomculo. Watshebeleza emgangathweni, waqengqeleka waze wabaleka esiya phambili. Waziphosa etshebeleza ngamadolo waza wema phambi kwale nkosikazi.

“Kwangcono!” yatsho le nkosikazi, imjongile. Yolula isandla sayo yamtsala imphakamisa. “Kulungile, makuphindwe okokugqibela, wonke umntu, kuqalwe ekuqaleni.”

Kwaphindwa kwadani swa enye iyure. UJacob wafunda ukushukushukuma, ukufumana eyona ndawo imnandi emculweni engqinelana nokutsiba kwakhe, ukunqakrazisa iminwe yakhe nokubala “isihlanu, isithandathu, isixhenxe, isibhozo ... Qala!” Wafunda indlela yokwenza umzimba wakhe ucule.

Yonke intshukumo yafikelela esiphelweni. Baqokelelana bema embindini wegumbi, kungekho uthethayo. Le nkosikazi yaya



Celebrating our mothers!

Each year on the second Sunday in May, we celebrate how important mothers are in our lives. Here are a few poems and thoughts that some children have written about the women who are mothers to them. Enjoy reading what they have written and then follow the instructions to make a Mother's Day card for the mother in your life!

Ukubhiyozela oomama bethu!

Kunyaka ngamnye kwiCawa yesibini kuCanzibe, sibhiyozela indlela ababaluleke ngayo oomama ebomini bethu. Nantsi imibongo embalwa neengcinga abanye abantwana abazibhalileyo malunga nabasetyhini abangoomama kubo. Konwabele ukufunda abakubhalileyo uze ulandele imiyalelo yokwenza ikhadi loSuku looMama ulenzela umama osebomini bakho!

*My mommy cuddles me
Kisses me, hugs me and misses me
Pampers me, praises me,
Always amazes me.
Anonymous*

My mother died so my auntie is my mother now. She is better than gold. She loves me. She helps me to do homework and gives me food.
Fatima

Umama wam wasweleka ngoko ke umakazi wam ngumama wam ngoku. Ungcono kunegolide. Uyandithanda. Uyandincedisa xa ndisenza umsebenzi wesikolo ekhaya kwaye undipha nokutya.
Fatima

I love my mother. She always knows what to do and what to say. She knows what to do when I cry.
Zanele

Ndiyamthanda umama wam. Usoloko esazi ukuba kufuneka enze kwaye athethe ntoni na. Uyazi ukuba makenze ntoni xa ndilila.
Zanele

My mother is the best because she always takes care of me and my brother, even when she is tired or busy with something else or in the middle of something important.
Benjamin

Umama wam ngoyena-yena, kuba usoloko esikhathalele mna nomnakwethu, nokuba sele ediniwe okanye exakeke yenye into okanye ephakathi kwinto ebalulekileyo ayenzayo.
Benjamin



Make a Mother's Day card

1. Cut out the hearts by cutting along the red line.
2. Fold the hearts along the dotted black line.
3. Glue the two parts together.
4. On one side, draw a picture of you and the person you will give the card to. Write your message to her on the other side.



With love from
It starts with a story

*Ndinamama wam undiwolayo,
Ndinamama wam undiphuzayo.
Andange kwaye andikhumbule,
Andifekethise, andincome.
Soloko endimangalisa.
Umbhali wayo akaziwa*

Ibhalwe ngothando isuka ku-
It starts with a story

Yenza ikhadi loSuku looMama

1. Sika ukhuphe iintliziyo ngokusika kumgca obomvu.
2. Songa iintliziyo kumgca ongamachaphaza amnyama.
3. Ncamathelisa la macala mabini ngegulu.
4. Kwelinye icala, zoba umfanekiso wakho kunye nomntu oza kulinika yena ikhadi elo. Bhala umyalezo wakho kwelinye icala.

Story corner

Here is the second part of the story about Ayanda.
Enjoy reading it aloud or telling it.

The little girl who didn't want to grow up (Part 2)

Retold by Veronique Tadjo

One morning, a gang of criminals invaded Ayanda's village. They threatened people with guns and ordered them to hand over all their precious belongings.

"If you try to keep one single coin for yourselves, we will burn down your village!" they warned.

Men and women trembled with fear as they hurried to get what the criminals demanded. Brave Ayanda ran secretly from house to house trying to get help. But the villagers were too frightened to resist.

"Well, I'll just have to face the criminals by myself," decided Ayanda. "I know! I'll grow as big as a baobab tree. Then I'll chase those thieves away!"

She started growing rapidly. Even when her head was above the roofs of the houses, she grew some more. She only decided to stop growing when she was as tall as the ancient baobab tree that stood in the centre of the village.

Then, as the criminals were gathering their loot, they felt the ground moving. It was Ayanda! Each time she took a step, everything around her shook. As soon as the criminals saw her coming, they dropped their weapons and ran. But, the giant girl was faster than they were. She lifted them up, tied them together tightly and dropped them into the middle of a pig sty. The villagers came out of their hiding places with cries of joy.

When night came, Ayanda realised with horror that she had become too big to go through the front door of her house and so the giant girl was forced to spend the night outside.

"What is going to happen to me?" she wondered with tears in her eyes. "Will I be a giant forever?"

Lying in the grass, facing the starry sky, Ayanda was very worried. She wanted to be like the other girls in her village. Finally, she fell asleep.

When the first rays of the sun gently stroked her face, Ayanda opened her eyes cautiously. To her great joy, she saw that her arms and legs had gone back to their normal size. She pinched herself to be certain that she was not dreaming. Then, with a spring in her step, she walked through the front door of her home.



"Look at me," she cried "I am not a giant anymore!"

Throughout the day, the villagers came to see Ayanda. Many people asked her, "What did you do to become such a brave and beautiful young woman?" Ayanda just gave them a big smile. It was the same smile she used to give her father, when, as a little girl, he took her in his arms.



Adapted from *The little girl who didn't want to grow up* and *Intombazana encinane eyayingafuni kukhula*. Published by Jacana. © 2010



Illustration by Catherine Groenewald
Imifanekiso ngu Catherine Groenewald

Indawo yamabali

Nantsi inxalenye yesibini yebali elimalunga no-Ayanda.
Konwabele ukulifunda ngokuvakalayo okanye ukulibalisa.

Intombazana encinane eyayingafuni ukukhula (Inxalenye 2)

Libaliswa kwakhona ngu Veronique Tadjo

Ngenye intsasa, igquba lezaphuli-mthetho longamela ilali ka-Ayanda. Laligrogrisa ngemipu liyalela uluntu ukuba lunikezele ngezinto zalo zexabiso nemali.

"Ukuba nje nikhe nazama ukuzigcinela nenye nje ingqekembe yemali, sakuyitshisa le lali ibe luthuthu!" balumkisa ngelitshoyo.

Amadoda nabafazi bangcangazela luloyiko, bekhupha ngokungxama oko kwakufunwa zezo zaphuli-mthetho. Igorhakazi elingu-Ayanda labaleka lingabonwanga langena indlu nendlu lizama ukufumana uncedo. Kodwa abahlali babesoyika kakhulu ukuba bangazilwela.

"Xa kunjalo, kuza kufuneka ndijongane nezaphuli-mthetho ngokwam," wagqiba njalo u-Ayanda. "Ndiyazi, ndingakhula ndilingane nomthi womkhomo, ze ndileqe ndigxotho izaphuli-mthetho!"

Waqalisa ukukhula ngokukhawuleza. Nangoku intloko yakhe yayisele ikhule ukogqitha namaphahla ezindlu, wakhula ngakumbi. Wagqiba ekubeni ayeke ukukhula akubona ukuba wayemde njengomthi wakudala womkhomo owawumi esizikithini selali.

Xa kanye izaphuli-mthetho zisazitaphela ziqokelela konke ezikufumeneyo, zeva ngomhlaba unyikima. Yayingu-Ayanda! Ngenyathelo ngalinye alithathayo u-Ayanda, konke okumngqongileyo kwakunyikima. Zithe nje ukuba zimbone esondela, izaphuli-mthetho zalahla phantsi izixhobo zazo zabaleka. Kodwa ixhwangusha lentombi lalinamendu kunabo. Wabaphakamisa ngaxeshanye, wababophelela baqina waza wabaphosa embindini wehoko yeehagu. Abahlali belali baphuma kwiindawo ababezimele kuzo bekwaza ngovuyo.

Ebusuku u-Ayanda wahle waqaphela ngomthuko ukuba wayemkhulu kakhulu ukuba angangena kumnyango wangaphambili wendlu yakokwabo, ngoko ke wanyanzeleka ukuba achithe ubusuku phandle.

"Yintoni eza kwenzeka kum?" wazibuza loo mbuzo amehlo akhe egwantye iinyembezi. "Ingaba ndiza kuba lixhwangusha ubomi bam bonke?"

U-Ayanda wayexhalabile ngelixa elele engceni ngomqolo ejonge isibhakabhaka esasigcwele iinkwenkwezi. Wayefuna ukufana namanye amantombazana aselalini yakhe. Ekugqibeleni, walala ubuthongo.

Xa imitha yelanga yokuqala yayimshushubeza ebusweni bakhe, u-Ayanda wavula amehlo akhe ngocoselelo. Ngovuyo olukhulu, wabona ukuba iingalo nemilenze yakhe zazibuyele kwisimo sazo esiqhelekileyo. Wazitswikila ukuqinisekisa ukuba wayengaphuphi. Waxhabasha efunzele kumnyango ongaphambili.

"Ndijongeni," wakhwaza. "Andiseloxhwangusha ngoku!"

Imini yonke abahlali babengena bephuma besiza kubona u-Ayanda. Abantu abaninzi babembuzisa, "Wenze njani ukuba uthi uyintombazana entle nencinane ube likroti kangaka?" U-Ayanda wayesuka abajonge ngoncumo olukhulu. Yayiluncumo olufana nqwa nolo wayedla ngokulunka utata wakhe, ngelixa wayemfunqula esengumntwana omncinane.

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- Story Star: Margie Cunnaman and a school library project
- Make your own zigzag book
- Mini-book, *What are you doing?*

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