

It starts with a story...

Is my child reading?



Learning to read is a journey of discovery. As you travel through the world of storybooks with your children, you'll uncover different treasures and pleasures along the way.

You may notice that your child who used to run off when you tried to read to him, now has a favourite picture book which he brings to you to read – over and over again! Or maybe you're surprised the first time that your older child sits down with her younger brother and pretends to read to him from a familiar picture book.

If you read with your children regularly, you will notice that their book habits change over time. Here are some of the "signposts" that point out a successful reading journey.

- ★ Babies may become quiet as you start to read a book to them, showing that they are listening, and sometimes they may clap or kick their legs to show their excitement. Some babies make sounds as you read to them. They are trying to imitate you.
- ★ As children start to try to "read" on their own, they often turn the pages of the book, looking at the pictures while they make up their own story. (Sometimes they tell a different story each time!) This shows that they have learnt that the pictures give clues to what the story is about.
- ★ Are there some storybooks that your children ask you to read again and again? You may find your children "reading" these books on their own by looking at the pictures and telling the story. They may use a mixture of their own words with some of the actual words from the

story. This is an important step in learning to read because it means that children realise that written words stay the same each time you read them.

- ★ As children begin to read aloud for themselves and come across an unfamiliar word, you may notice that they try to guess what the word is by using what has already happened in the story to help them. Or, they may use the accompanying picture to give them clues to what the unfamiliar word might be. These are clear signs that your children are well on their way to being independent readers. They know that reading is about making meaning.

When you go on a journey, you are not called a "traveller" only once you reach your destination. Learning to read is exactly the same. Your children are readers at each stage of their reading development journey.



Naa ngwana waka o a bala?

Go ithuta go bala ke leeto la kutollo. Ge wena le bana ba gago le sepela leeto la lefase la dipuku tša dikanegeto, tseleng le tla utulla mahumo a go fapanafapana le boipshino.

O ka lemoga gore ngwana yo a bego a tšhaba ge o be o leka go mmalela, bjale o na le puku ya diswantšho ya mmamoratwa yeo a e tlišago go wena gore o mmalele yona – gape le gape! Goba mogongwe o be o maketše ge ngwana wa gago yo mogolwane a dula fase le ngwana wa gabo wa mošemane la mathomo a dira e ke o mmalela puku ya diswantšho ye e tlwaelegilego.

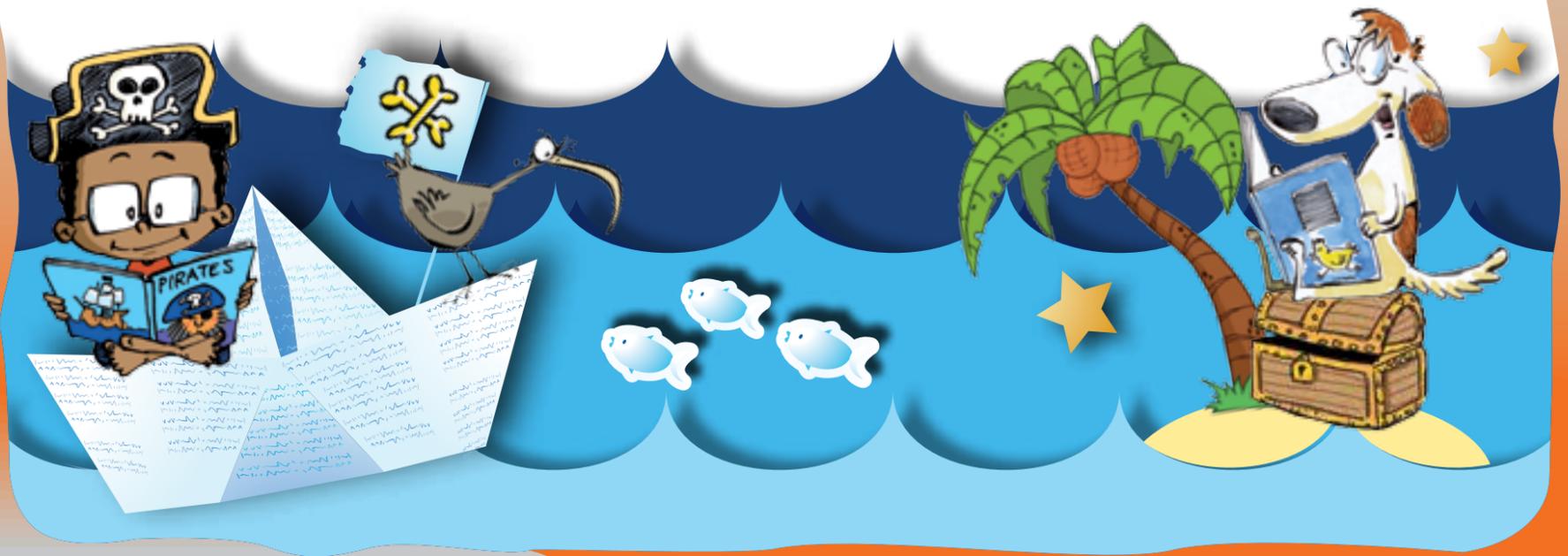
Ge o bala le bana ba gago ka mehla, o tla lemoga gore ditlwaelo tša bona tša dipuku di a fetoga ge nako e dutše e sepela. Fa ke tše dingwe tša "ditaetšo" tša leeto la go bala la katlego.

- ★ Ge o thoma go balela masea puku, ba a homola go laetša gore ba a theeletša, gomme ka nako ye nngwe ba ka phaphatha diatla goba ba ragaraga maoto go laetša gore ba thabile. Masea a mangwe a dira medumo ge o ba balela. Ba leka go go ekiša.
- ★ Ge bana ba leka go thoma go "bala" ka bobona, ba rata go phetla matlakala a puku, ba lebelela diswantšho ba le gare ba itirela dikanegeto tša bona. (Ka nako ye nngwe ba bolela kanegelo ye e fapanego nako le nako!) Se se bontšha gore ba ithutile gore diswantšho di neelana ka mehlala ya seo se bolelwago ke kanegelo.
- ★ Go na le dipuku tša dikanegeto tšeo bana ba gago ba kgopelago gore o ba balele tšona gape le gape? O ka hwetša bana ba gago "ba ipalela" dipuku tše ka bobona ka go lebelela diswantšho gomme ba anega kanegelo. Ba ka tswaka mantšu a bona le a mangwe a ka kanegelong. Ye ke kgato ya bohlokwa ya go ithuta go bala ka

gobane e ra gore bana ba lemoga gore mantšu a go ngwalwa a dula a swana nako le nako ge o a bala.

- ★ Ge bana ba thoma go ipalela ka go hlaboša lentšu gomme ba kopana le lentšu leo ba sa le tsebegeo, o ka lemoga gore ba leka go akanya gore lentšu leo ke eng ka go diriša seo se šetšego se diregile ka kanegelong go ba thuša. Goba, ba ka diriša diswantšho go ba fa mehlala ka ga seo lentšu la go se tsebje e lego sona. Tše ke ditaetšo tše botse tša go laetša gore bana ba gago ba tseleng ya go ba babadi ba go se thušwe. Ba tseba gore go bala ke go hloganya.

Ge o tšea leeto, ga o bitšwe "mosepedi" ka ntle le ge o fihlile mo o yago gona. Le go ithuta go bala go ka tsela yeo. Kgatong ye nngwe le ye nngwe ya leeto la tlhabollo ya go bala, bana ba gago ke babadi.



Drive your imagination

Story Power.

Bring it home.

Tliša maatla a kanegelo ka gae.



It starts with a story...

Poem in Your Pocket Day



Every April, on Poem in Your Pocket Day, people around the world celebrate by selecting a poem, carrying it with them, and sharing it with others throughout the day at schools, shops, libraries and workplaces. This year Poem in Your Pocket Day is being celebrated on 28 April.

Poetry is best when it is shared. So, Poem in Your Pocket Day is the perfect time to surprise someone with the gift of poetry – either by giving them a poem you have written down, or by reading or saying a poem aloud for them. Here are some ideas for celebrating the day.

- ★ Start a Poem in Your Pocket giveaway at your school, reading club or workplace. Get everyone to write down a poem (or just a verse from a poem) that they enjoy on a piece of paper. Let them put these in their pockets and then find people at school or work on 28 April to give the poems to.
- ★ Turn your street or community into a “poem place”. Put a note in everyone’s letterbox asking them to write down a poem they enjoy and then deliver it to their neighbour on 28 April.
- ★ Write your own poems. Choose five words from a page of one of the stories in this supplement and make these into a poem. Or, choose four or five picture books or novels and then create a poem using the words in the titles of these books. Read your poems aloud to each other.
- ★ Read your favourite poem aloud to at least three other people.
- ★ Make bookmarks with your favourite lines of poetry on them and then give these away at your school, library or closest shopping centre.
- ★ Create a poetry wall in your classroom, reading club or library. Display the poems the children have copied out or created so that everyone can have fun reading them.

You can find lots of short poems on pocket cards to download here: [Pinterest.com/PomeloBooks](https://www.pinterest.com/PomeloBooks). Share them, read them aloud, use them to inspire you to write your own poems, or translate them into your home language.

O ka hwetša direto tše dikopana tše dintši mo dikarateng tša ka potleng tše di laallwago fa: [Pinterest.com/PomeloBooks](https://www.pinterest.com/PomeloBooks). Abelana ka tšona, di bale o hlaboša lentšu, di diriše go hwetša tutuetšo gore o ngwale direto tša gago, goba di fetolele go polelo ya gago ya ka gae.



Letšatši la Sereto ka Potleng ya Gago

Ka Aporele ye nngwe le ye nngwe, ka Letšatši la Sereto ka Potleng ya Gago, batho bohle lefaseng ba keteka ka go kgetha sereto, gomme ba se abelana le ba bangwe letšatši ka moka dikolong, mabenkeleng, makgobapukung le mafelong a mešomo. Mongwageng wo Letšatši la Sereto ka Potleng ya Gago le ketekwa ka di 28 Aporele.

Direto di ba kaonekaone ge di abelanwa. Ka fao, Letšatši la Sereto ka Potleng ya Gago ke nako ye botse ya go makatša motho yo mongwe ka mpho ya theto – e ka ba ka go ba fa sereto se o se ngwadilego, goba ka go ba balela goba go bolela sereto o hlaboša lentšu. Dikgopolo ka ga go keteka letšatši le ke tše.

- ★ Thoma mpho ya Sereto ka Potleng ya Gago sekolong sa gago, sehlopheng sa go bala goba mafelong a mošomo. E re mongwe le mongwe a ngwale sereto (goba ba be le temana go tšwa seretong) seo a se ratago seripeng sa pampiri. A ba di lokele ka dipotleng gomme ba di fe batho dikolong goba mešomong ka di 28 Aporele.
- ★ Fetola setšhaba goba mmila wa geno go ba “lefelong la direto”. Tsenya sengwalwa lepokising la mangwalo la yo mongwe le yo mongwe o ba kgopele gore ba ngwale sereto seo ba se ratago gomme ba se iše go moagišane ka di 28 Aporele.
- ★ Ngwala direto tša gago. Kgetha mantšu a mahlano letlakaleng la ye nngwe ya di kanegelo tlaletšong ye gomme o ngwale sereto. Goba, o kgethe dipuku tša mantšu tše nne goba tše hlano goba dipadi gomme o hlame sereto o diriša mantšu ao a lego dihaetleleng tša dipuku tše. Balelanang direto le hlaboša mantšu.
- ★ Balela batho ba bangwe ba bararo sereto sa mmamoratwa o hlaboša lentšu.
- ★ Dira diswayapuku tša go ba le methaladi ya sereto ya mmamoratwa gomme o abelane ka tšona sekolong, bokgobapukung goba lefelong la mabenkele la kgauswi.
- ★ Hlama leboto la theto ka phapošiborutelo ya gago, sehlopheng sa go bala goba bokgobapukung. Bontšha direto tše bana ba di kopišitšego goba tše ba di hlamiligo gore yo mongwe le yo mongwe a ipshine ka go di bala.



NAL'IBALI ON RADIO!

Tune in to your favourite SABC radio station and enjoy listening to children's stories! To find out the days and times that Nal'ibali is on the radio, go to www.nalibali.org/audio-downloads/.



NAL'IBALI DIYALEMOYENG!

Bulela seteišene sa seyalemoya sa SABC sa mmamoratwa o ipshine ka go theeletša dikanegelo tša bana! Go hwetša matšatši le dinako tše o Nal'ibali e bago seyalemoyeng, eya go www.nalibali.org/audio-downloads/.



Drive your imagination

Your story

Here are some poems sent to Nal'ibali by our readers. Enjoy reading them aloud. You too can send us your poems, stories and drawings! You stand a chance of having them published in the Nal'ibali supplement, or on the Nal'ibali Facebook page. Remember: it has to be all your own work!

Send your writing and pictures to: info@nalibali.org, or PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wycroft Road, Mowbray, 7700.

Kanegelo ya gago

Fa ke tše dingwe tša dikanegelo tša go romelwa Nal'ibali ke babadi ba rena. Ipshine ka go di bala o hlaboša lentšu. Le wena o ka re romela direto tša gago, dikanegelo le dithalwa! O hwetša sebaka sa gore di phatlalatšwe ka tšaleletšong ya Nal'ibali, goba letlakaleng la Facebook la Nal'ibali. Gopola: e swanetše go ba mošomo wo o dirilwego ke wena!

Romela sengwalwa goba diswantšho tša gago go: info@nalibali.org, goba PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wycroft Road, Mowbray, 7700.

Popcorn

Mealies, mealies in the pot
Make it very, very hot.
Sizzle, sizzle
Pop! Pop! Pop!
Popcorn's ready now!
Yum!

Lesedi Shamal, 10 years old

Thuthupe

Mafela, mafela ka potong
Dira gore e fiše kudukudu.
Swii, swii
Phoo! Phoo! Phoo!
Dithuthupe di butšwitše bjale!
Aa!

Lesedi Shamal, o na le mengwaga ye 10

(Sereto se se ngwadilwe la mathomo ka Seisemane. Phetolelo ka Mpho Masipa.)

Fruit time

It is fruit time
And it is Spring time
And the lemons are sour
Because they are expensive
The pears are pretty
And the apples are red.

Jovian

(This poem was originally written in Afrikaans. Translation by Ilse von Zeuner.)

Nako ya dienywa

Ke nako ya dienywa
Gomme ke nako ya seruthwane
Le diswiri di a baba
Ka gobane di a tura
Dipšere di bose
Gomme diapole ke tše dihubedu.

Jovian

(Sereto se se ngwadilwe la mathomo ka seAfrikaanse. Phetolelo ka Mpho Masipa.)

Poem

A worker who lives in Koffiefontein,
Met two beautiful little girls.
He said with a sigh,
While painting behind his back,
"You've just been glued to the bench you are sitting on!"

Renise Cupido

(This poem was originally written in Afrikaans. Translation by Ilse von Zeuner.)

Sereto

Mošomi wa go dula Koffiefontein,
O ile a kopana le basetsanyana ba babedi ba babotse.
O ile a hemela godimo a re,
Ge a le gare a penta ka morago ga mokokotlo wa gagwe,
"Le kgomaretše pankka ye le dutšego godimo ga yona!"

Renise Cupido

(Sereto se se ngwadilwe la mathomo ka seAfrikaanse. Phetolelo ka Mpho Masipa.)

Science class

In the dark laboratory
works old Professor Astorium.
We call him Prof. As.
He always wears a white coat.

He pours gruesome green goo into tubes
and lets the fat white mice run about.
Everything shudders, shakes and wobbles
and makes the girls squeal.

He does strange experiments.
All this for a few extra cents.
He looks at weird stuff under microscopes
and leaves us with the mess and dirt.

Manwill Meyers, Grade 6

(This poem was originally written in Afrikaans. Translation by Ilse von Zeuner.)

Mphato wa Saense

Ka laporatori ya go fifala
go šoma Moprofesa Astorium.
Re mmitša Moprof As.
O phela a apere jase ye tšhweu.

O tšhela selo sa go tanya se setalamorogo se sebe ka gare ga ditšhupu
gomme a tlogela legotlo le lešweu la go nona le eya kua le kua.
Dilo tšohle tša thuthumela, tša šikinyega, tša ya ka mo le ka mo
tša dira gore basetsana ba hlabo lešata.

O dira diteko tša go makatša.
Gomme o hwetša fela disente tše dingwe tše mmalwa.
O lebelela dilo tša go tšaba ka tšase ga maekhrosekoupou
a re tlogela le tlhakantswiki le ditšhila.

Manwill Meyers, Kereiti ya 6

(Sereto se se ngwadilwe la mathomo ka seAfrikaanse. Phetolelo ka Mpho Masipa.)



Get story active!

Here are some ideas for using the two cut-out-and-keep books, *The magic mokoro*, (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12) and *Whose button is it?* (pages 7, 8, 9 and 10) as well as the Story Corner story, *Tortoise takes a taxi* (pages 13 and 15). Choose the ideas that best suit your children's ages and interests.

The magic mokoro

In this story a kind and wise old woman with magical powers helps the people of a nearby village while she teaches their chief a life lesson. Children aged 4 and older are more likely to enjoy this story. With younger children, you may want to show them the pictures as you retell the story more simply in your own words.

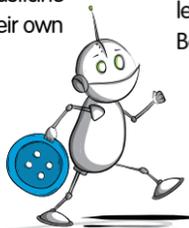


- ★ After you have read the story aloud, discuss some of these questions with older children.
 - ★ In what ways do you think the woman was kind and wise in the story?
 - ★ Why do you think the people from the village liked her?
 - ★ What do you think of the way that the proud and greedy chief treated the woman? How do you think she felt?
 - ★ What advice would you have given this chief?
 - ★ What lesson do you think the woman wanted the chief to learn? Do you think he learnt it?

- ★ Suggest that your children use cardboard boxes (like cereal and biscuit boxes, and egg cartons), coloured paper, glue, glitter and paint to make the fish and mokoro in the story. Then let them use clay, playdough or Plasticine to make the story characters. Encourage them to retell the story in their own way using their story props.

Whose button is this?

In this story, Tinny Tim sets out to return a lost button. Along the way he goes exploring, has a miraculous escape, and makes new friends. You can share this story with children of all ages.



- ★ As you read the story together, do some of these things.
 - ★ **Page 3:** Ask: "Where could the button have come from?" Then say, "Let's read on to find out."
 - ★ **Page 5:** Point to the shoelace and say: "Look! He's getting away by swinging on the shoelace."
 - ★ **Page 8:** Point to the part of the dog shown in the picture and ask: "What do you think this is?"
- ★ Give your children sheets of newspaper, old buttons and socks, pieces of fabric, some wool, and glue and suggest that they make the doll from the story.
- ★ Encourage older children to try writing and illustrating a story of their own using the framework of this one to guide them. They could use a different "lost" object and different characters, but keep the rest of the story the same, or they could change other details of the plot too. Let them read their stories to other children and/or family members.

Tortoise takes a taxi

This story is about Nkululeko, a tortoise who is keen to go on an adventure. A taxi driver takes him to the city, the beach and the mountain and he has a fantastic time, but he learns that home is where he most likes to be. This is a good story for reading aloud or retelling.



- ★ Let your children use egg cartons, cardboard, paint and glue to make the tortoises in the story. They can use other scrap materials (like bottle tops and cereal or biscuit boxes) to make the taxi. Encourage them to use the story props they made to retell the story in their own way.
- ★ Suggest that your children draw a map to show the places Nkululeko went to on his adventure and the order in which he visited them.

Dira gore kanegelo e be le bophelo!

Fa ke dikgopolo tše o ka di dirišago go dira dipuku tša ripa-o-boloke tše pedi, *Mokoro wa maleatlana*, (matlakala a 5, 6, 11 le 12) le *Ke konopi ya mang?* (matlakala a 7, 8, 9 le 10) gape le kanegelo ya Sekhutlwana sa Dikanegelo, *Khudu e namela thekisi* (matlakala a 14 le 15). Kgetha dikgopolo tša go swanela mengwaga ya bana ba gago le dikgahlego tša bona kudu.

Mokoro wa maleatlana

Ka kanegelong ye, mokgekolo wa go loka wa bohlae wa go ba le maatla a maleatlana o thuša batho ba motseng wa kgauswi mola ka go le lengwe a ruta kgoši ya bona thuto ya bophelo. Bana ba mengwaga ye mene le go feta ba ka ipshina ka kanegelo ye. O ka nyaka go bontšha bana ba banyane diswantšho ge o ba anegela kanegelo leswa ka mantšu a gago.

Morago go anega kanegelo o hlaboša lentšu, ahlahlha tše dingwe tša dipotšišo tše di latelago le bana ba bagolwane.

- ★ O nagana gore mosadi wo o be a lokile le go ba bohlae ka tsela efe ka kanegelong?
- ★ O nagana gore ke ka lebaka la eng batho ba motse ba be ba mo rata?
- ★ O nagana eng ka tsela ye kgoši ya go ikgantšha ya megabarua a swerego mosadi ka yona? O nagana gore o ikwele bjang?
- ★ O be o tla fa kgoši maele afe?
- ★ O nagana gore mosadi o be a nyaka gore kgoši a ithute thuto efe? Naa o gopola gore o ithutile thuto yeo?

Šišinya gore bana ba gago ba diriše mapokisi a khatepote (go swana le mapokisi a diserele goba a dipisikiti, le dikhathone tša mae), pampiri ya mebalabala, sekgomaretši, sebenyabenyane le pente go dira hlapi le mokoro ka kanegelong. Ka morago e re ba diriše letsopa, tege ya go bapala goba Polastisini go dira baanegwa ba ka kanegelong. Ba hlohleletše gore ba anege kanegelo ba diriša didirišwa tša bona tša kanegelo.

Ke konopi ya mang ye?

Ka kanegelong ye, Roboto Tim o nyaka go buša konopi ya go timela. O be a hlohlošiša mo tseleng, a phonyokga ka tsela ya maleatlana, gape a ba le bagwera ba baswa. Kanegelo o ka e abela bana ba mengwaga ya go fapanafapana.

Dirang tše dingwe tša tše di latelago, ge le bala kanegelo mmogo.

- ★ **Letlakala la 3:** Botšiša: "Konopi e ka be e etšwa kae?" Ka morago o re, "A re bale re kwe gore e tšwa kae."
- ★ **Letlakala la 5:** Šupa thapo ya go bofa seeta o re: "Lebelela! O phomelela ka go tekoga leraleng la seeta."
- ★ **Letlakala la 8:** Šupa karolo ya mpša ya go bontšhwa seswantšhong gomme o re: "O nagana gore se ke eng?"

Efa bana ba gago matlakala a kuranta, dikonopi tša kgale le disokisi, diripa tša lešela, wulu, sekgomaretši gomme o šišinye gore ba dire mpopi wa ka kanegelong.

Hlohleletša bana ba bagolwane gore ba leke go ngwala le go swantšha kanegelo ya bona ba diriša tlhako ya kanegelo ye go ba hlahlha. Ba ka diriša selo "sa go timela" seo se fapanego le baanegwa ba go fapana, efela karolo ye e šetšego ya kanegelo e se fetošwe, goba ba ka fetošha le dintlha tše dingwe tša peakanyo. E re ba balele bana ba bangwele/goba maloko a lapa dikanegelo tša bona.

Khudu e namela thekisi

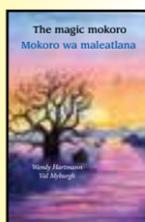
Kanegelo ye e bolela ka ga Nkululeko, khudu ye e ikemišeditšego go ya bohlagahlageng. Mootledi wa thekisi o e iša toropongkgolo, lebopong le thabeng gomme ya ba le nako ye bose, efela e ithuta gore ga go lefelo la go phala gae. Ye ke kanegelo ye botse ya go balwa ka go hlaboša lentšu le go anegwa leswa.

E re bana ba gago ba diriše dikhathone tša mae, khatepote, pente le sekgomaretši go dira dikhudu ka kanegelong. Ba ka diriša tše dingwe tša maratha (go swana le dikhurumelo tša mabottlelo, mapokisi a diserele le a dipisikiti) go dira thekisi. Ba hlohleletše gore ba anege kanegelo leswa ka tsela ya bona ba diriša didirišwa tša kanegelo.

Šišinya gore bana ba gago ba thale mmepe wa mafelo ao Nkululeko a ilego go ona ka bohlagahlaga bja gagwe ka tatelano.

Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books

1. Take out pages 5 to 12 of this supplement.
2. The sheet with pages 5, 6, 11 and 12 on it makes up one book. The sheet with pages 7, 8, 9 and 10 on it makes up the other book.
3. Use each of the sheets to make a book. Follow the instructions below to make each book.
 - a) Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.
 - b) Fold it in half again along the green dotted line.
 - c) Cut along the red dotted lines.



Ithameleng dipuku tša ripa-o-boloke tše PEDI

1. Nišha matlakala a 5 go fihla ka 12 a tlaleletšo ye.
2. Letlakala la pampiri la go ba le matlakala a 5, 6, 11 le 12 le dira puku e tee. Letlakala la pampiri la matlakala a 7, 8, 9 le 10 a dira puku ye nngwe.
3. Diriša letlakala la pampiri le lengwe le le lengwe go dira puku. Latela ditaelo tša ka tlase go dira puku ye nngwe le ye nngwe.
 - a) Mena letlakala ka bogare go bapela le mothaladi wa marontho a maso.
 - b) Le mene ka bogare gape go bapela le mothaladi wa marontho a matalamorogo.
 - c) Ripa go bapela le methaladi ya marontho a mahubedu.



Ka nakwana gwa bonala bosilbiera bja dihlapu di etšwa ka metšeng di fofela ka gare ga mokoro. Mokegkolo o ile a opa diatla, a di bea pelong, a inamša hlogo go laetsa thompho. Mokoro o ile wa boela sehlahakheng, “Mokoro wola o swanetše go ba wa ka,” a realo kgoši, “sego wa mokegkolo wola.” O ile a ema go fhlhla mokegkolo a eba ka maphethong a sehlahakaha. O ile a tutha a putla noka a tsena ka gare ga mokoro, gomme a boletša mantšu ao a kwellego a bolelwa ke mokegkolo, Mokoro, mokoro, takatso ya ka ke ye. Sesa ka mokeno o ye mo go nago le dihlapu.

*Mokoro, mokoro, here is my wish,
Sail down the river to where there are fish.*

In a flash of silver, the fish jumped out of the water into the mokoro. Then the old woman clapped her hands, held them to her heart and bowed her head in thanks. The mokoro sailed itself back to the island. “That mokoro should belong to me,” said the chief, “not to that old woman.” He waited until the old woman was at the far end of the island. He swam across the river, stepped into the mokoro and repeated the words he had heard her say.

The magic mokoro is one of ten stories specially written and illustrated for the new *Sunday Times Storytime* book which was created for South African children.

The first *Sunday Times* storybook was launched five years ago to allow children to experience the magic of stories, especially in their own languages. The *Sunday Times* distributed two million copies of the first book in all 11 languages free of charge to schools, libraries and reading clubs across the country.

The new *Sunday Times* storybook is available in English, Afrikaans, Sesotho, IsiXhosa and IsiZulu.

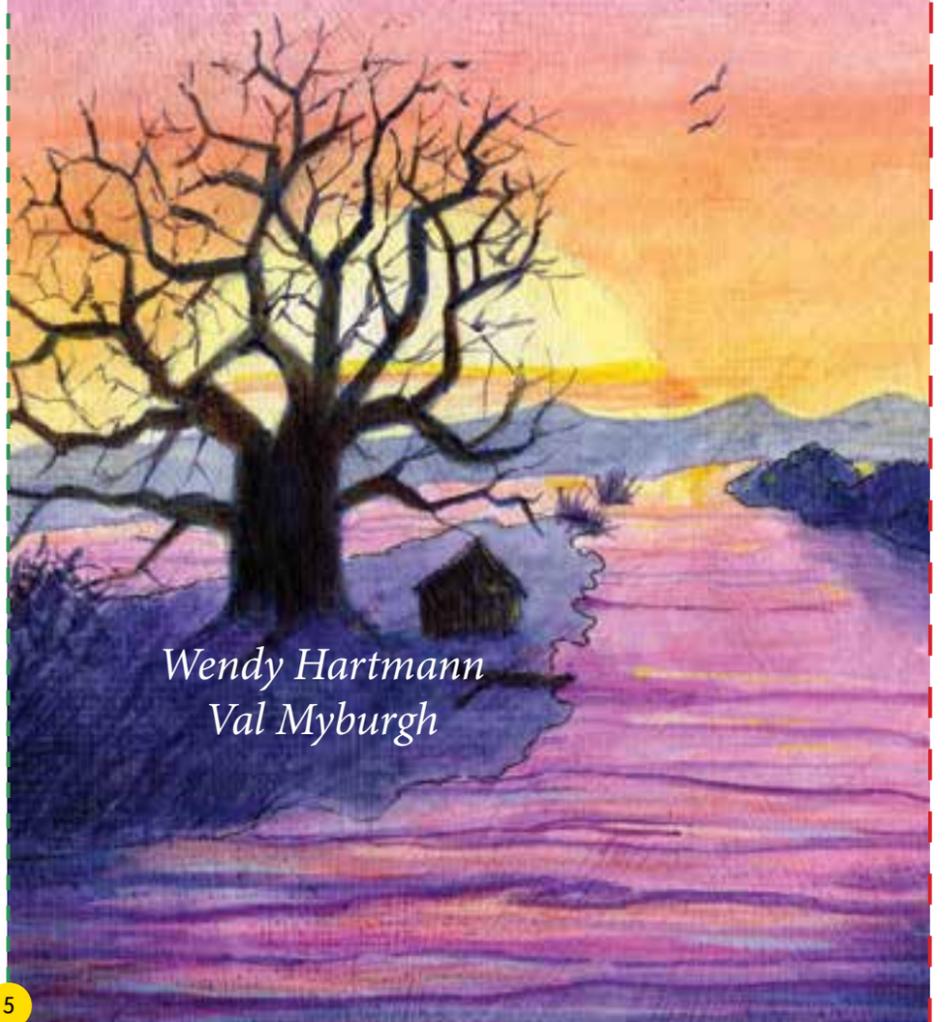
Nal'ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign to spark children's potential through storytelling and reading. For more information, visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi



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 Drive your imagination

The magic mokoro Mokoro wa maleatlana



Wendy Hartmann
Val Myburgh



Long ago, there was a wise and kind old woman. She lived on an island in the middle of the great Zambezi River.



When the people in the nearby village were hungry, she took them fish. They were thankful and invited her to stay and eat with them. But she did not.



The mokoro took him to exactly the same spot. Then he said the rest of the words,
Mokoro, mokoro, here is my wish.
Fill yourself up with just enough fish.
 There was a splash of silver and the fish jumped into the mokoro. More and more jumped in. Fish covered the chief's feet and he could not move.
 What he had not done was give his thanks. So, no matter how he shouted to make them stop, the fish kept jumping in. Soon the mokoro was full.

Mokgekolo ge a boela motseng gabjale o be a se na selo. Mokoro wa maleatlana o be o sepetšše. O boditšše setšhaba ka ga seo se diragaletšego kgoši ya bona. Ka lebaka la gore o be a lokile, o ile a ba ruta go loga dinete gomme ba thea dihlapa ka bobona. Batho ba ile ba leboga.

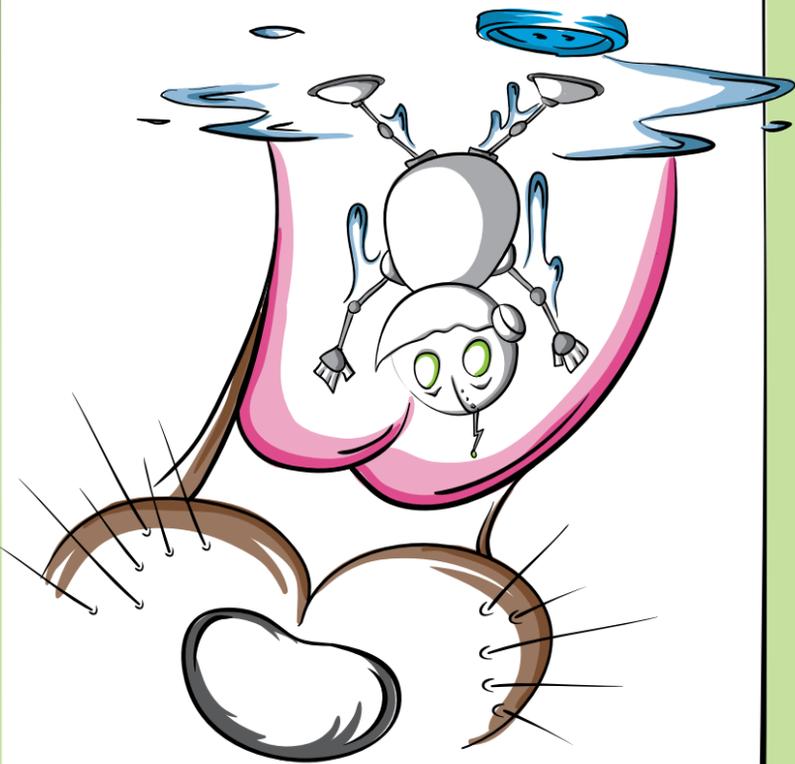
Le lehono badudi ba mo motseng ba sa phela ka lethabo. Bjale ba bušwa ke kgoši ya go loka ya bohlale. Ba kgona go thea dihlapa ba ja. Ga ba ke ba tšea tše dintši gomme ka mehla ba abelana le batho ba go se be le dijo tše di lekanego.

Mokgekolo wa bohlale ga se a hlwa a sa bonwa go fihla le lehono. Batho bohle ba a tseba gore mokoro wa maleatlana o sa le gona fao, botlaseng bja noka.

Le lehono kgoši ya go tšofala o sa ja dihlapa tšeo a di theilego. Mokgobo ga o fokotšege gomme o sa dula sehlakahlakeng sa gare ga Noka ya Zambezi.

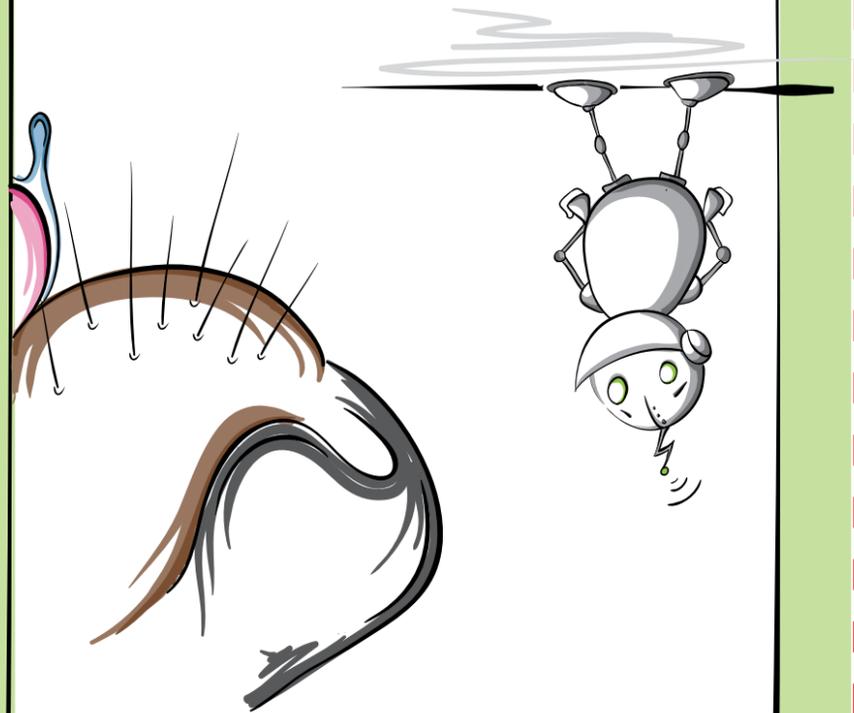


"O rata batho," gwa nagana
Roboto Tim.



"At least he's friendly," thought
Tinny Tim.

Roboto Tim a tšwela pele go
nyakana le mong wa konopi.



"Whoa!"
Tinny Tim carried on looking for
the owner of the button.

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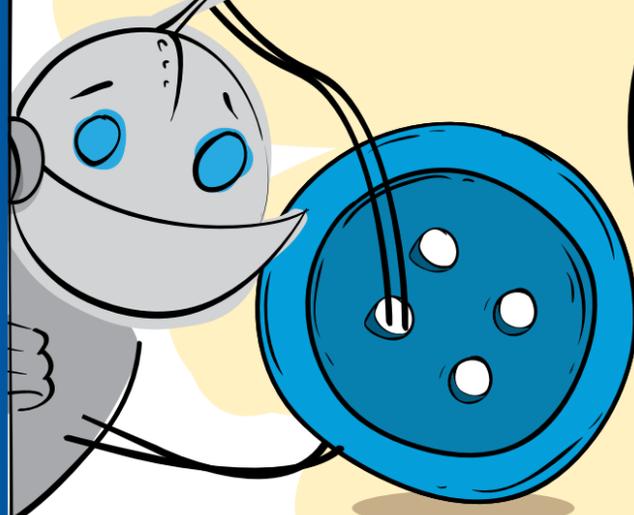


It starts with a story...

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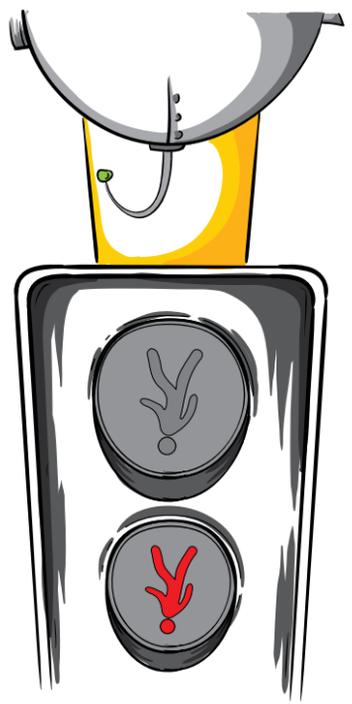


Whose
button is this?
Ke konopi ya
mang ye?



Paul Kennedy
James Woolley
Louise Gale

O no fetoga a ba o mohubedu.
"Motho wa go hloka mekgwa,"
Roboto Tim a nagana.

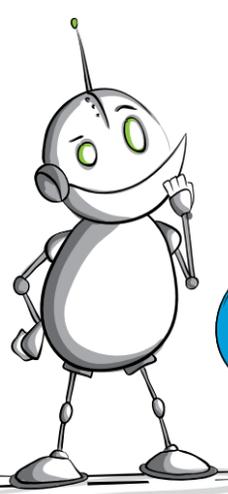


He just turned red.
"What a rude person," thought
Tinny Tim.

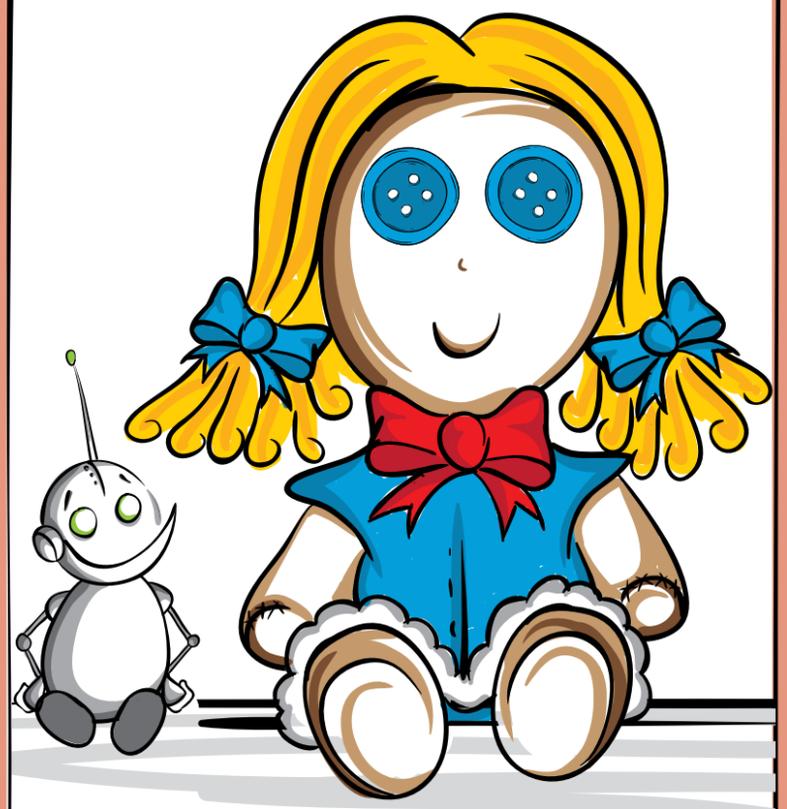
"Ke swanetse go ya ka mošola wa
tsela. Ke dumela gore konopi ye e
tšwa gona ka kua."
PHAA!
"E nyakile go direga," a realo
Roboto Tim. O ile a emela
ditatanaga gore di fete pele
a kgabola.

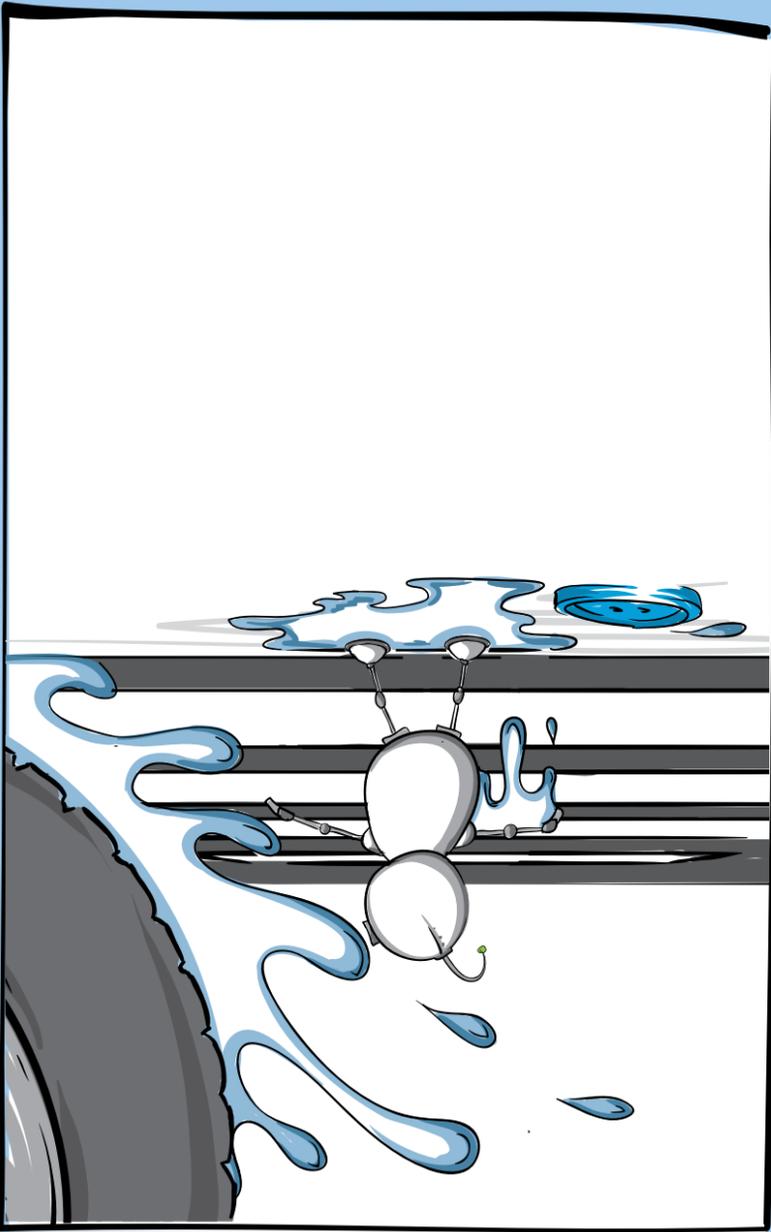
"I've got to get to the other side of
the road. I'm sure that's where this
button comes from."
SPLASH!
"That was close," said Tinny Tim.
He waited for the cars to pass
before he carried on.

Tinny Tim was standing on the
side of the road when a button
bounced his way.

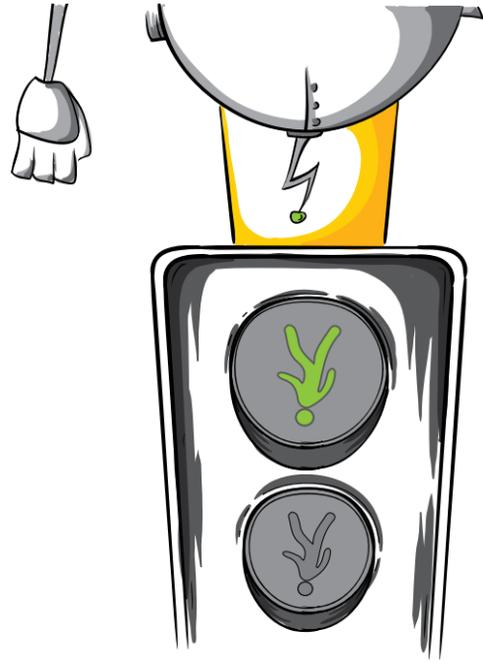


Roboto Tim o be a eme ka thoko
ga tsela ge konopi e be e fofela
go yena.





“Dumela, ke konopi ya gago ye?”
gwa botšiša Roboto Tim.
Monna yo motlamorogo ga se
a fetola.

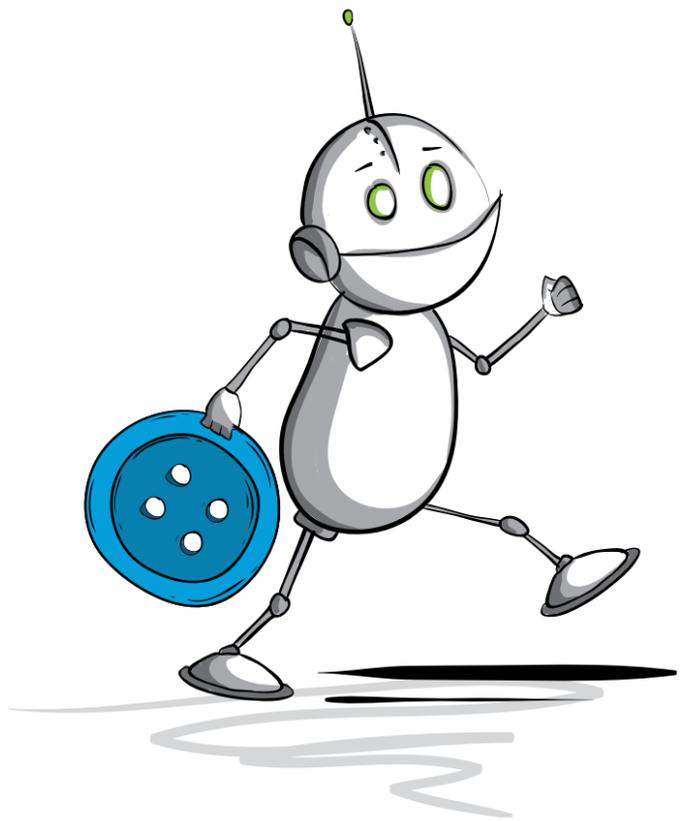


“Hey there, is this your button?”
asked Timmy Tim.
The green man said nothing.

“Thank you, little robot.
Can we be friends?”

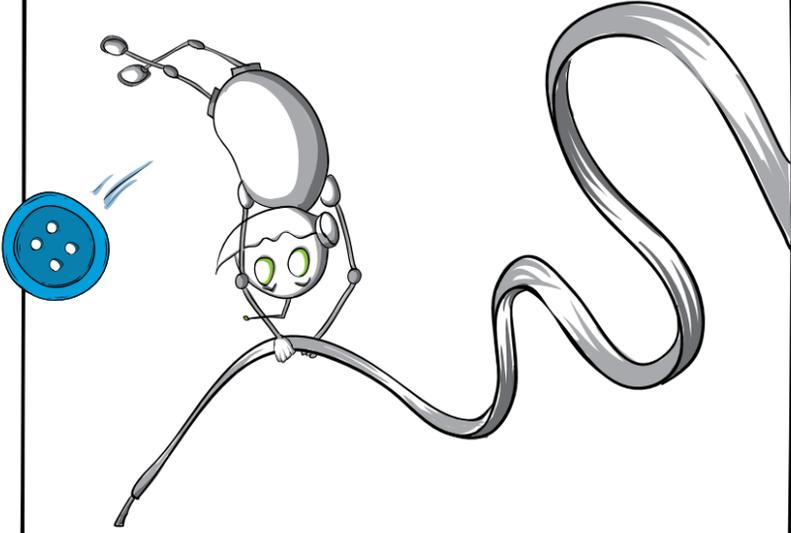
“Ke a leboga, roboto
ye nnyane. Naa re ka
ba bagwera?”

“I wonder where this comes from,”
he said. He wanted to find out.



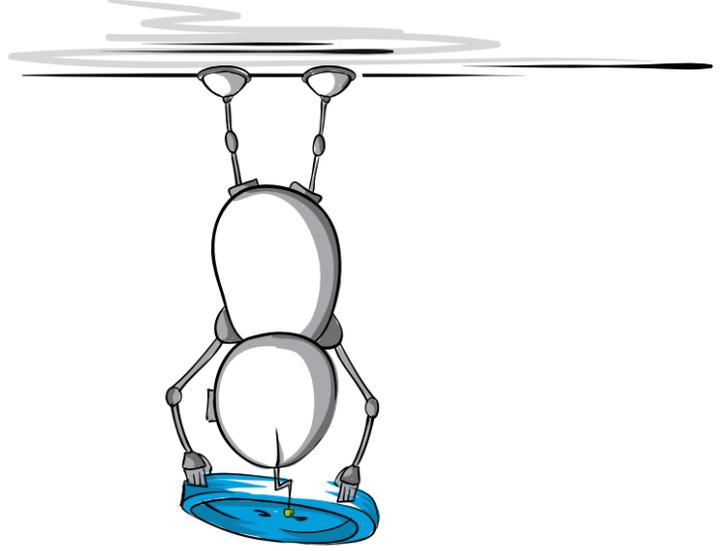
“Ke ipotšiša gore e tšwa kae,”
a realo. O be a nyaka go
tseba seo.

O phonyokgile.
 “Felo fa go a tšhoša,” a realo.



He made a lucky escape.
 “It’s scary out here,” he said.

Ka morago Roboto Tim o ile a bona
 motho yo mongwe a eita. Mogongwe
 ke motho yo a bego a mo nyaka.
 “Dumela, ke wena mang?” a botšiša.



Then Tinny Tim saw someone
 coming. Maybe this was who he
 was looking for.
 “Hello, who are you?” he asked.

It was busy on the side of the road.
 “Woah!”
 Tinny Tim nearly got squashed!



E be e le semphete ke go fete ka
 thoko ga tsela.
 “Ijoo!”
 Roboto Tim o nyakile go
 pšhatlaganywa!

“I’m Ruby Rags,” said the someone.
 “I think this is yours,” said Tinny Tim as
 he gave her the button.

“Ke nna Ruby Rags,” a realo motho
 yo mongwe.

“Ke nagana gore ke ya gago,” a
 realo Roboto Tim a mo fa konopi.





Mokoro o mo itšitše lefelong leo. O ile a bolela mantšu ohle,
Mokoro, mokoro, takatso ya ka ke ye.
Tlala ka dihlapu tšeo di lekanege.
 Ka nakwana gwa bonala bosibera bja dihlapu di
 etšwa ka mectšeng di fofela ka gare ga mokoro.
 Gwa fofela le tše dingwe tše dintši. Dihlapu di ile
 tša khupetša maoto a kgoši gomme a palelwa ke
 go sepele.
 Ga se a leboga. Dihlapu di ile tša tšwelapele go
 fofela ka gare le ge a le gare a hlaba lešata. Mokoro
 wa dala ka nakwana.

Ka letšatši la go latela o ile a tsena ka gare ga mokoro
 a re,
Mokoro, mokoro, takatso ya ka ke ye.
Sesa ka nokeng o ye mo go mago le dihlapu.
 Mokoro o ile wa tsena ka mectšeng gomme wa sesa ka
 nokeng. Kgoši o ile a latela. Mokoro o eme fao mectše a
 se nago lešata. Gomme mokgekolo o ile a bolela gape.
Mokoro, mokoro, takatso ya ka ke ye.
Tlala ka dihlapu tšeo di lekanege.

The next day, she stepped into her mokoro and said,
Mokoro, mokoro, here is my wish.
Sail down the river to where there are fish.
 The mokoro moved itself into the water and sailed
 down the river. The chief followed. The mokoro
 stopped at a spot where the water was calm. Then the
 old woman spoke again.
Mokoro, mokoro, here is my wish.
Fill yourself up with just enough fish.

This time, when the old woman returned to the village,
 she had nothing with her. The magic mokoro was gone.
 She told the people what had happened to their chief.
 Then, because she was kind, she showed them how to
 weave nets and catch their own fish. The people were
 very grateful.

To this day, the villagers live happily. They now have a
 kind and wise chief who rules them. They are able to
 catch fish and feed themselves. They never take too
 much and always share their food with others who do
 not have enough.

To this day, the wise old woman has never been seen
 again. As far as anyone knows, the magic mokoro is still
 there, at the bottom of the river.

And to this day, the old chief is eating the fish he
 caught. The pile never gets smaller and he is still on that
 island in the middle of the Zambezi River.

Kgale go be go na le mokgekolo wa go loka
 Kebile a le bohlale. O be a dula sehlakahlakeng
 sa gare ga Noka ya Zambezi ye kgolo.



Ge batho ba mo motseng wa kgauswi ba be ba
 swerwe ke tlala, o be a ba fa dihlapu. Ba be ba leboga
 gomme ba mo laletša gore a dule le bona gore a je le
 bona. Efela ga se a dira seo.



The old woman just smiled, got into her mokoro and sailed back up the river.

This made the chief angry, so he followed her. He walked for many hours and eventually saw an island in the middle of the river. There, the old woman climbed out of the mokoro and went into her hut. He camped nearby to watch her.

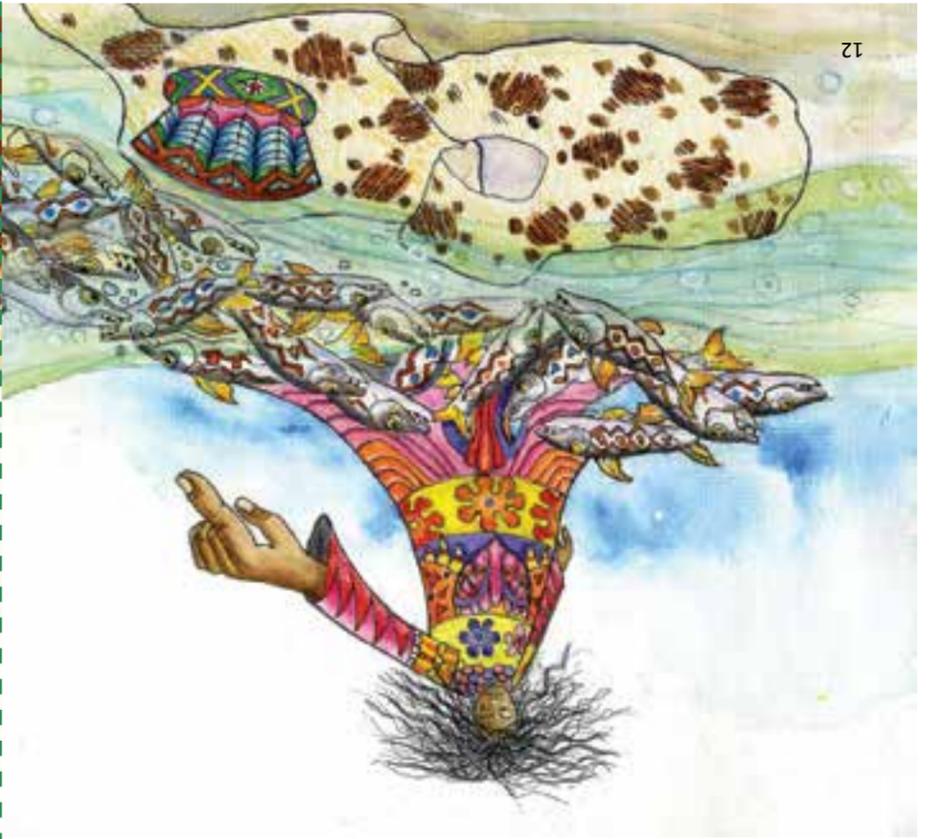
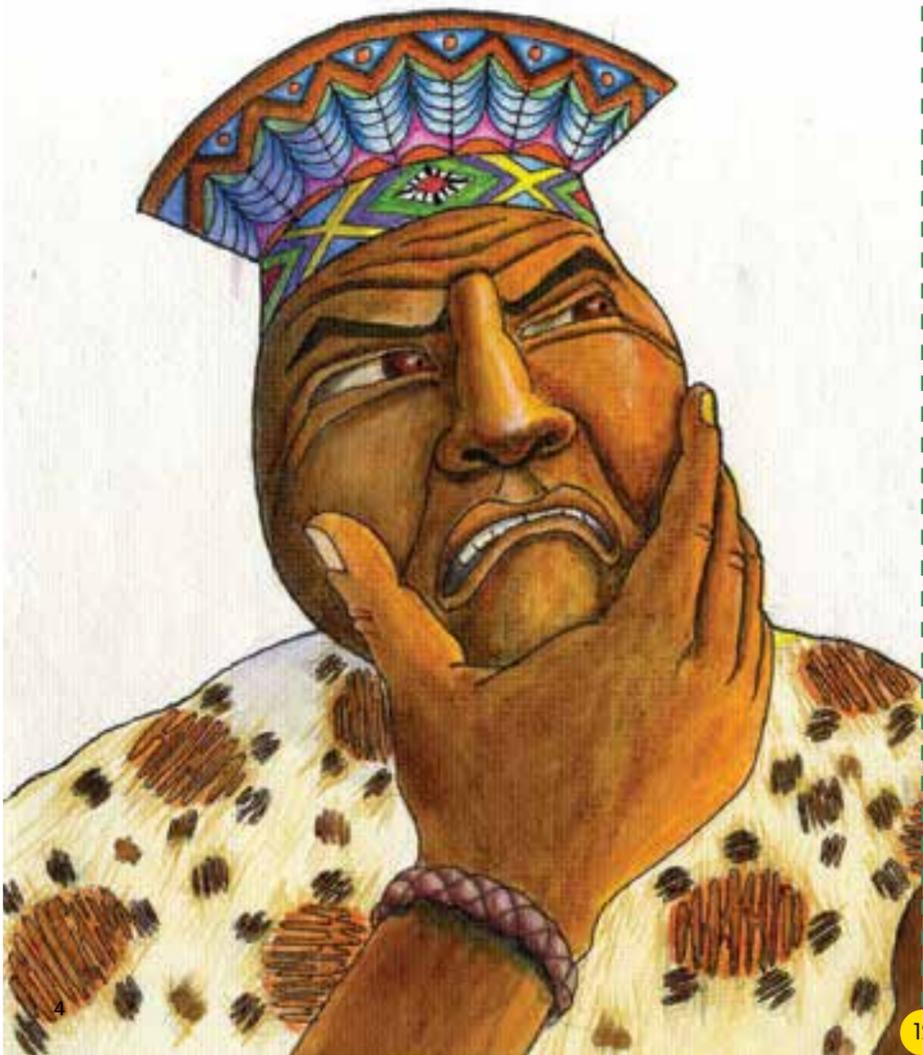
Kgoši ya mo motseng e be e le monna wa go ikgantsha wa go ba le megabaru.

“Ke wena mang?” a boiša. “O tšwa kaef? Gona ke ka lebaka la eng o se wa fa ma pele?”

Mokgekolo o ile a myemyela, a tsena ka gare ga mokoro wa gagwe gomme a sesa a boela morago.

Se se ditile gore kgoši a befw, gomme a mo šala morago. O ile a fetša diiri tše dintši tseleng gomme a bona sehlakahlaka gare ga noka. Mokgekolo o ile a fologa mokoro gona fao a tsena ka ranataboleng ya gagwe. O ile a dula kgauswi le mo a lego gore a mo lebelele.

The chief of the village was a proud and greedy man. “Who are you?” he demanded. “Where do you come from? And why was I not served first?”



It was about to sink when the old woman appeared. She clapped her hands twice, held them to her heart and bowed her head in thanks.

The mokoro sailed back to the island and emptied the fish and the chief on the bank. Then it turned, moved to the middle of the river and slowly sank to the bottom.

“You!” said the old woman angrily. “You will remain on this island and eat all the fish you have caught. You will not leave here until the pile is gone.”

Mokoro o be o le kgauswi le go nwelela ge mokgekolo a tšwelela. O ile a opa diatla gabedi, a di bea pelong, a inamiša hlogo go laetša tlhompho.

Mokoro o ile wa sesa go ya sehlakahlakeng wa tšholla dihlapa le kgoši leribeng. O ile wa retologa wa ya bogareng bja noka wa nwelela ka go iketla kua tasetlase.

“Wena!” mokgekolo a realo ka pefelo. “O tla šala fa sehlakahlakeng o je dihlapa tše o di theilego ka moka ga tšona. O ka se sepele fa go fihlela o fetša mokgobo wo.”



Tortoise takes a taxi

By Kai Tuomi ✨ Illustrations by Jiggs Snaddon-Wood



Nkululeko and his mama and papa are tortoises. They live together at the bottom of a garden.

Now, tortoises don't need houses like we do because they live in their shells. And the other thing you may know about tortoises, is that they are very, very slow.



Every night, Nkululeko and his mama and papa go to bed very slowly by pulling their legs and heads inside their shells. And every morning, they wake up very slowly too. It is usually about ten o'clock when they finally pop out of their shells and have a delicious breakfast of flowers and leaves.

One morning Papa leaned over to Mama and said, "Isn't it a lovely day to do nothing? It's just a pity about Nkululeko, he's always rushing about."

Nkululeko was very fast for a tortoise. On this morning, he was exploring the bushes on the far side of the garden. His parents shook their heads, but Nkululeko was too busy playing in a big pile of crunchy leaves to notice.

Nkululeko saw something shiny in the leaf pile. It was a big gold coin. "It's money!" he said with a smile. "I'm going to use it to go on an adventure."

And so Nkululeko began to walk. He walked through the garden and across the lawn, until he came to the old gate that led onto the street. He crept underneath it.

The street was busy. He walked along the pavement and tried not to get trampled by all the people rushing about. He stopped at the corner and caught his breath. It was then that Nkululeko saw something wonderful.

In a small parking lot, big taxis were picking people up and driving off to what sounded like the most marvellous places – the city, the beach, the mountain. Nkululeko walked across the street to the parking lot.

He went up to the first big taxi and said in his quiet voice, "Hello, I'd like to see the city, or the beach, or even the mountain. Could you help me?"

The taxi driver was young and tall. He leaned down and looked at the little tortoise who was holding out a big gold coin. The driver laughed. "This tortoise wants a taxi. How silly!" he said. "Whoever heard of such a thing?"

Nkululeko dropped his head sadly and started to walk away. Just then, somebody spoke. "I'll take you," said the voice.

Nkululeko looked up and saw an old man standing in front of his taxi.

"Climb aboard, young tortoise," said the old man, smiling, "and I'll show you everything."

Nkululeko smiled broadly and walked up to the taxi. The old man picked him up and put him on the seat.

Nkululeko strained his head to look out of the taxi's window, but it was too high up for him. "Let's just get you some cushions out of the boot so that you can sit up higher and see better," said the old man.

And then they were off, driving through streets filled with hooting cars and people rushing about. The old man talked as he drove. He told Nkululeko that his name Bra Will, and that he had been driving taxis for fifty years.

"My papa is already eighty years old, Bra Will. Tortoises live a very long time, you know," explained Nkululeko.

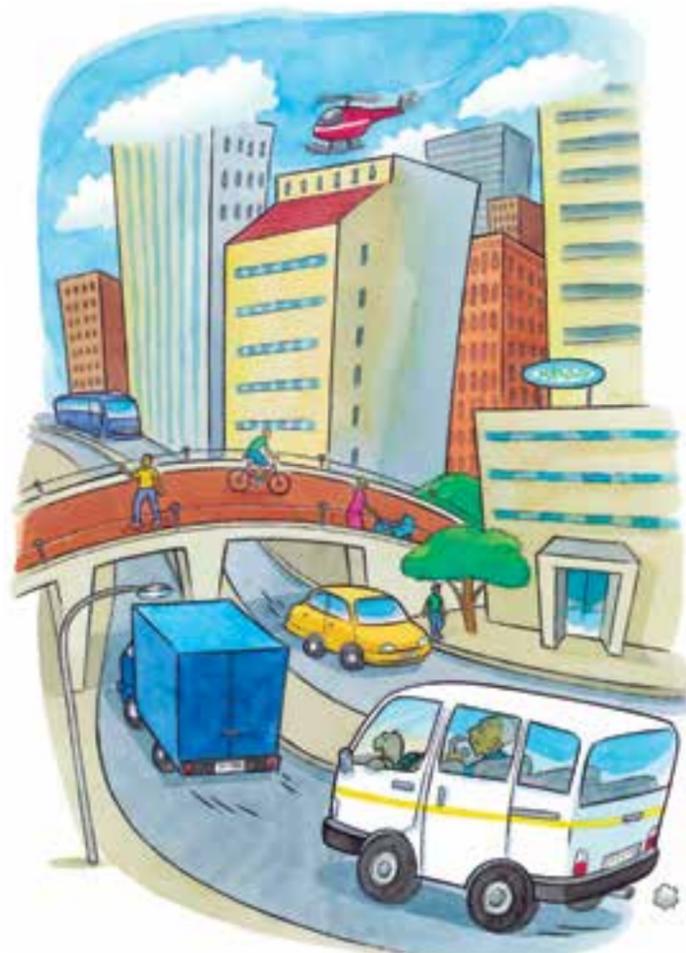
Bra Will nodded. Outside, the houses were getting bigger. Bra Will said that they would soon be in the city.

"Why do you want to see all these places?" Bra Will asked.

"Well," said Nkululeko, "tortoises move very slowly and sometimes I get bored just walking around the garden. I want adventure!"

There was a twinkle in Bra Will's eye. "I understand," he said.

The city was big and noisy. Skyscrapers climbed up into the clouds. There were people and cars everywhere and there seemed to be so much noise!



"This is amazing," said Nkululeko.

"This is nothing," said Bra Will, "wait until you see the beach. This city is too loud for me, but the beach, now that's amazing."

And so they left the city.

"Open the window," said Bra Will, "then you will smell the sea."

Nkululeko rolled the window down very slowly. "It smells all salty," he said, smiling.

As they came around a corner something large and blue stretched before them. "What is that?" asked Nkululeko with his mouth hanging open.

"That's the sea," said Bra Will, laughing.

"It's amazing," said Nkululeko.

✨ Continued on page 15.

Nkululeko le mmagwe le tatagwe ke dikhudu. Ba dula mmogo kua tlasenyana ka tšhengwaneng.

Bjale, dikhudu ga di hloke dintlo bjalo ka rena ka gobane di dula ka gare ga dikgopa tša tšona. Selo se sengwe seo o ka se tsebago ka ga dikhudu ke gore di sepela ka go nanya kudu kudu.



Bošego bjo bongwe le bjo bongwe, Nkululeko le mmagwe le tatagwe ba ya malaong ka go nanya gomme ba tsenya maoto le dihlogo ka gare ga dikgopa tša bona. Gomme mesong ye mengwe le ye mengwe, ba tsoga ka go nanya gape. Gantši ba tšwa ka gare ga dikgopa tša bona ka iri ya lesome ba fihlola ka dijo tše dibose tša matšoba le matlakala.

Mesong ye mengwe Tate o ile a inamela go Mma a re, “Naa letšatši la lehono ga se le lebotse kudu ka fao le swanetšego go dirišwa? Ke kwela Nkululeko bohloko, o dula a itlhaganetše.”

Nkululeko o be a na le lebelo kudu go ka ba khudu. Mesong ye ya lehono, o be a hlotletša dithokgwa kua thokonyana ka tšhengwaneng. Batswadi ba gagwe ba ile ba šikinya dihlogo, efela Nkululeko o be a le gare a bapala mokgobong o mogolo wa matlakala a go gwašagwaša gomme a sa lemoge seo.

Nkululeko o ile a bona selo sa go phadima mokgobong wa matlakala. E be e le khoine ye kgolo ya gauta. “Ke tšhelete!” a realo ka myemyelo. “Ke tla e diriša go ya go tša bohlagahaga!”

Gomme Nkululeko o ile a thoma go sepela. O ile a sepela ka tšhengwaneng le go putla mabjang, go fihlela a fihla keiting ye e išago mmileng. O ile a khukhumela ka tlase ga yona.

Go be go emaemiwa mmileng. O ile a sepela pheibementeng gore a se gatwe ke batho ba go itlhaganela. O ile a ema sekhutlwane gomme a khutša. Ke moo Nkululeko a ilego a bona selo sa botse.

Lefelong leo dinamelwa di phakago go lona le lennyane, dithekisi tše dikgolo di be di tšea batho di ba iša fao go kwagalago eke ke mafelo a mabotse kudukudu – toropokgolo, le bopo le thaba. Nkululeko o ile a tshela mmila a ya lefelong le dinamelwa di phakago go lona.

O ile a ya thekising ya mathomo ye kgolo gomme ka lentšwana la gagwe la tlase a re, “Thobela, ke rata go bona toropokgolo, goba le bopo goba le ge e le thaba. Naa le ka nthuša?”

Mootledi wa thekisi ke yo motelele yo moswa. O ile a inama a lebelela khudu ye nnyane yeo e bego e swere khoine ya gauta ye kgolo. Mootledi o ile a sega. “Khudu ye e nyaka thekisi. E a segiša!” a realo. “Ke mang yo a ilego a kwa taba ye bjalo?”

Nkululeko o ile a iša hlogo tlase ka manyami gomme a sepela. Morago ga fao, motho yo mongwe o ile a bolela. “Ke tla go iša,” la realo lentšu.

Nkululeko o ile a lebelela godimo gomme a bona mokgalabje a eme pele ga thekisi ya gagwe.

“Namela, khudu ye nnyane,” a realo mokgalabje ka myemyelo, “gomme ke tla go bontšha tšohle.”

Nkululeko o ile a myemyela kudu gomme a ya thekising. Mokgalabje o ile a mo kuka gomme a mo nametša thekisi.

Nkululeko o ile a retolla hlogo gore a bone ka kua ntle ka lefasetere la thekisi, efela le be le le godimo kudu go yena. “E re ke go fe dikhušene tše di lego ka putung gore o dulele godimo o kgone go bona bokaone,” mokgalabje a realo.

Ba ile ba sepela, ba otlela mmileng wa go tla difatanaga tša go letša dipele le batho ba go sepela ka go itlhaganela. Mokgalabje o be a bolela ge a le gare a otlela. O ile a botša Nkululeko gore leina la gagwe ke Bra Will, le gore o otletše dithekisi mengwaga ye masomehlano.

“Tate o šetše a na le mengwaga ye masomeseswai, Bra Will. Dikhudu di phela nako ye telelee, wa tseba,” gwa hlaloša Nkululeko.

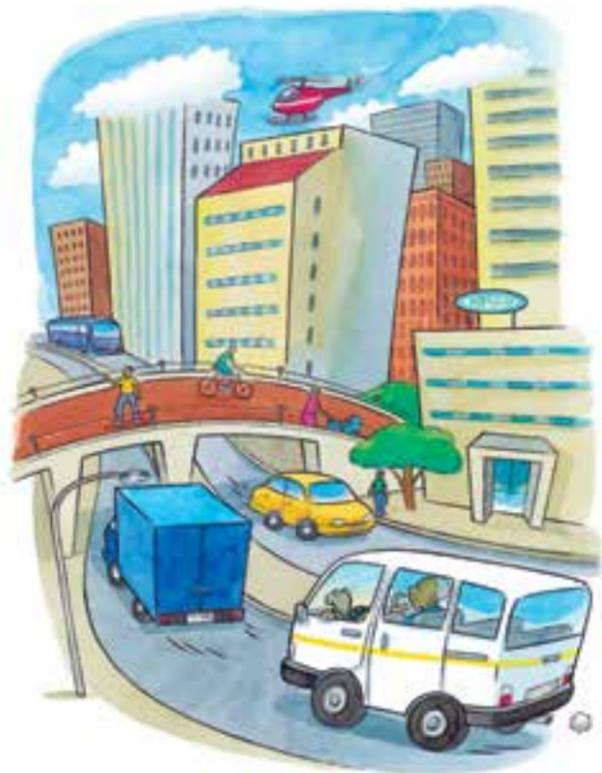
Bra Will a dumela ka hlogo. Ka ntle dintlo di be di gola. Bra Will o rile ba tla fihla toropokgolo ka pela.

“Ke ka lebaka la eng o nyaka go bona mafelo a ka moka ga ona?” Bra Will a botšiša.

“Nnete ke gore,” a realo Nkululeko, “dikhudu di sepela ka go nanya kudu gomme ka nako ye nngwe ke lewa ke bodutu ge ke sepela ka tšhengwaneng fela. Ke nyaka bohlagahaga!”

Bra Will o ile a ponya leihlo. “Ke a kwešiša,” a realo.

Toropokgolo ke ye kgolo gomme e na le lešata. Meago ye metelele e nameletše marung. Gohle go be go tletše batho le difatanaga gomme go na le lešata le lentši!



“Se se a makatša,” a realo Nkululeko.

“Ga se selo mo,” a realo Bra Will, “ema go fihlela o bona le bopo. toropokgolo e na le lešata kudu, efela le bopo, le a kgahliša.”

Ba ile ba tloga toropokgolo.

“Bula lefasetere,” a realo Bra Will, “gomme o tlo kwa monkgo wa lewatle.”

Nkululeko o ile a bula lefasetere ka go nanya. “Le nka letswai,” a realo ka myemyelo.

Ba rile ge ba fihla sekhutlwane selo se sengwe se segolo se setalalera sa phatlalala pele ga bona. “Ke eng sela?” Nkululeko a botšiša gomme molomo wa šala o ahlamela.

“Ke lewatle,” a realo Bra Will, a sega.

“Le a makatša,” a realo Nkululeko.

✨ E tšwela pele letlakaleng la 15.

From page 13. ★

The taxi pulled into a small parking lot next to a long stretch of white sand that ran down to the sea.

"And this is the beach," said Bra Will. "Why don't we stop here for a moment and walk on the soft sand."

Bra Will helped Nkululeko onto the beach. Around him people were playing or lying in the sun. It was very hot. Nkululeko crawled around slowly, waded in the shallow water, and looked at all the pretty shells on the beach.



Next, it was time to go to the mountain. Nkululeko had seen the mountain from his garden, but he'd never ACTUALLY been to the mountain. It was a steep drive up from the beach. It was very windy on the mountain. Nkululeko even saw a man lose his hat to the wind!

When the taxi finally stopped, Nkululeko climbed out and gasped. He could see the whole city from up here. He could see the sea and the beach and even his little home in the garden. He thought about his mama and papa.

"This is the most beautiful place, Bra Will," said the tortoise, "and it has been such an adventure driving around with you, but I think it's time I went home to my mama and papa."

Bra Will winked and drove them back to the taxi rank. Nkululeko thanked him and pulled out the gold coin from his shell.

Bra Will shook his head and said, "You keep your money, Nkululeko. It was a pleasure to drive you around. Your happiness was payment enough for me."

Nkululeko waved goodbye and started the slow walk home. On the way, he passed a fruit seller and used the gold coin to buy a box of ripe strawberries, which he carried home on his back. It was getting dark when he found his way into the garden. His mama and papa were waiting for him.

"Where have you been?" asked Papa. "We were worried sick."

Nkululeko gave them each a big hug. They shared the strawberries and he told his parents all about his adventure in the taxi.

"That sounds fantastic," said Mama, "but I'm very happy that you're home, Nkululeko."

"Me too," he said. "You know I've been all over now – north, south, east and west, but out of all the places ... home is best."

With that he tucked his head and legs into his shell and fell fast asleep.

Go tšwa letlakaleng la 14. ★

Thekisi e ile ya ema lefelong le lennyane leo dinamelwa di phakago go lona kgauswi le mohlaba wo mošweu wa go elela ka lewatlang.

"Gomme se ke lebopo," a realo Bra Will. "Nkane re sa emenyana ra sepela mo mohlabeng wa boleta."

Bra Will o ile a thuša Nkululeko go ya lebopong. Gohle batho ba be ba bapala goba ba kaname letšatšing. Go be go fiša kudu. Nkululeko o ile a sepela ka go nanya, a tsena ka meetseng a tlasana, gomme a lebelela dikgopa tše dibotse tša lebopong.



Go ile gwa fiha nako ya gore ba ye thabeng. Nkululeko o bone thaba a le ka tšhengwaneng ya gabo, efela gase a ka A YA thabeng. Go otlela go ya fao go be go namelela go tšwa lebopong. Thabeng go be go na le moya o montši. Nkululeko o bone le mongatse wa monna o tšewa ke moya!

Thekisi e rile go ema, Nkululeko a fologa a hemelana. O be a kgona go bona toropokgolo ka moka ga yona a le fao. O be a kgona go bona lewatle le lebopo le legae la gagwe le lennyane ka tšhengwaneng. O ile a gopola mmagwe le tatagwe.

"Lefelo le ke le lebotse kudu, Bra Will," a realo khudu, "leeto la rena e bile bohlagahlaga, efela ke nagana gore bjale ke swanetše go boela gae go mma le tate."

Bra Will o ile a penya leihlo gomme a otlela thekisi ba boela renkeng ya dithekisi. Nkululeko o ile a mo leboga a ntšha khoine ya gauta ka kgopeng ya gagwe.

Bra Will o ile a šikinya hlogo a re, "O se mphe tšhelete yeo, Nkululeko. Ke ipshinne ka go sepela le wena. Lethabo la gago ke tefo ye kgolo go nna."

Nkululeko o ile a emiša seatla a mo šadiša gabotse, gomme a thoma go sepela ka go nanya a lebile gae. O ile a bona morekiši wa dkenywa tseleng gomme a reka lepokisi la stroperi tša go butšwa ka khoine ya gauta, gomme a le rwala ka mokokotlong. O fihlile tšhengwaneng ka leswiswana. Mmagwe le tatagwe ba be ba mo emetše.

"O be o ile kae?" gwa botšiša Tate. "Re be re tshwenyegile kudu."

Nkululeko o ile a ba gokara ka bobedi bja bona. Ba ile ba ja distroperi gomme a ba botša ka bohlagahlaga bja gagwe bja ka thekising.

"Ke taba ya go kgahliša yeo," a realo Mma, "efela ke thabetše gore o boile, Nkululeko."

"Le nna," a realo. "wa tseba bjale ke tšwa gohlelegohle – leboa, borwa, bohlabela le bodikela, efela gare ga mafelo a ka moka ... ga go lefelo la go phala gae."

A tsenya hlogo ya gagwe le maoto ka gare ga kgopa a swarwa ke boroko.

