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 slap 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.

Masese o a qala ha kgutsa ha o qala ha ba bala buka, ba boritshe hore ba mametse, mme ka nako tse ding ba ka opa mafalo kapoa ba rapho ha boritshe nyakalao. Masese a mang a e tla easa mone e eitse ha a reetse o a bala. Ba leka ha o a ketso.

Ha bana ba qala ha leka ho “ipalla” ka bobona, hangata ba phetla masепефе a buka, ba shibele ditshwantsho ho ba nise ba tapela pale e e leeng ya bana. (Ka nako e ringwe ho phetla pale ese nako le nako?) Sena se boritshe hore ba ihuthe hore ditshwantsho di tana ka mehlala ya seo pale e buang ka sana.

Ha o na le dibuka tsa dipale tsebana ba hoo ha a kopanga hore e ba balele itseng. Ha o na le dibuka tsa dipale tsebana ba hoo ha a kopanga hore e ba balele itseng. Ha o na le dibuka tsa dipale tsebana ba hoo ha a kopanga hore e ba balele itseng. Ha o na le dibuka tsa dipale tsebana ba hoo ha a kopanga hore e ba balele itseng. Ha o na le dibuka tsa dipale tsebana ba hoo ha a kopanga hore e ba balele itseng.

Na ngwana wa ka o a bala?

Ho ithuta ho bala ke leeto le tshibollo. Ha o ntse o hlahelo lea fekete hore lele e tshiela - tshiela ya ho bala. Ha o ntse o hlahelo lea fekete hore le ho tsebong tselele.

O ka nina sa eletswa hore ngwana wa hoo ya neng a fikate avere ho bala hoo a leka ho mafalo, wale o sa a ema le buka ya ditshwantsho e e a ratang ya o tlisatsang tsho hore o mafalo – kgolela ya kgolelana! Kapa maphamong o mafalo a kgetho le la pale ho a bana ngwana wa hoo e mohato a bala ho leba ho lentswe. Ha o nka leeto, ha o bitswe “motsamai” fekete ho a tsielo e ngwana.

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.

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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. Share them, read them aloud, use them to inspire you to write your own poems, or translate them into your home language.

O ka fumana dithotokiso tse ngato tse lighthousewe dikoreteng tsa pothera tseo a ka di jorating mma. Pinterest.com/PomeloBooks.
Di obe, o di balle hollyo, o di sebokae ho lighthousewe ho ngaka dithotokiso tsa hao, hape o di fetoale pueng ya hene.

Let'satsi la Thotokiso ka Pokothong ya Hao

Ka kgwedi e ngwe le e ngwe ya Mmesa, ka Letsatsi la Thotokiso ka Pokothong ya Hao, batho lefathsheng ho potoloha ba ke teka ka ho kgotla thotokiso, ba tsa moye ba e tshwene, mme ba abelana ba le ba bang mothothe ka kale ka nako ya sekalo, mabaeneng, ditlaeboraring le mosebetseng. Seleleng sena Letsatsi la Thotokiso ka Pokothong ya Hao le ketekwa ka la 28 Mmesa.

Thotokiso e monate ha e abelana. Kahlo, Letsatsi la Thotokiso ka Pokothong ya Hao ke nako a lokieng ka ho fetisisa bakeng sa ho makatsa motho ya itseng ka mpho ya thotokiso – ekaba ka ho mo fa thotokiso eo e e ngwe, kopa ka ho mima ka kopa ho metseta thotokiso. Ema ke mehopolao e meng bakeng sa ho ke teka letsatsi leka.

🌟 Gaba ke kopa ka Thotokiso ka Pokothong ya Hao sekolog sa hao, feleapeng ya ho bala kopa mosebetseng. E re batho bohle ba ngale thotokiso (kopa felela temana e tswele thotokisong) e ka e retang sekgotshangeng sa sampiri. E re ba e ditswako dipokothong tsa boma mme ba bafetisang kopa sekolog tseo ka la 28 Mmesa ba ka ba bang dithotokiso tseo.

🌟 Felotsa seterata ka matse wa heno ho ba “sebaka sa dithotokiso”. Kenoyi molaetsa ka hala lebokoso ka mangolo futhi e ngwe le e ngwe mma o ba kopang ho ngaka thotokiso ea ba tsetselebang le yona mme ba e sete moohishani wa boma ka la 28 Mmesa.

🌟 Ingolde dithotokiso tseo e leng sa hao. Kgtho Mantwae a mahlano keqepheng la e ngwe ya dipole tse fiteitselela ena mme o e etse thotokiso. Kopa, kgtho dibuka tsa dithwamacho tsha dinaokae tse mme kopa tse Nako mme o bope thotokiso a sebedisa mantwae a dithoala tsa dibuka tseo. Botloang dithotokiso tseo le di balla hodimo.

🌟 Babo thotokiso ao e o retang hodimo a balla bonnyane batho ba banare ba bang.

🌟 Etsa dithwai tsa dibuka tse ngaweseng mela ea e o retang ya thotokiso mme a fane ka tsona sekalong, laeboraring kopa setshing se hauit sa maberakete.

🌟 Etsa lebota la dithotokiso ka fela fasaeng sa hao, feleapeng ya ho bala kopa laeboraring. Mamela dithotokiso tseo baro ba di kopotsele tsha kelele litseng tsana le le hore batho bohle ba tie ba balefweke ka ho ba dia.

You can find lots of short poems on pocket cards to download here: 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 fumana dithotokiso tse ngato tse lighthousewe dikoreteng tsa pothera tseo a ka di jorating mma. Pinterest.com/PomeloBooks.
Di obe, o di balle hollyo, o di sebokae ho lighthousewe ho ngaka dithotokiso tsa hao, hape o di fetoale pueng ya hene.
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, Wyecroft Road, Mowbray, 7700.

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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

---

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.)

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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.)

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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.)

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Thotokiso

Mosebetsi ya dulang mane Koffiefontein,
A kopana le banyanya ba babadi.
Yoka o re ka ha tlebala,
Ha a nite a pintlo ka mola ka,
"Setse lo le dulang ho sana se na le sekgomaasitse!"

Renise Cupido

(Thotokiso ena e ne e ngotswe pele ka Afrikaans. Phetolelo ka Hilda Mohale.)

---

Tselela ya saense

Ka hara laboratomi e lele
ho sebetsa Pardessa Astorium.
Re mmitsa Prof. As.
O dula a apere jase e tshwae.

O tshela mokedikedi o nepolohang o motala ka ditshupung
mme a mathise tweba e tshwae e nomong moo.
Tsatile di a rufarufa, di tshothomele di tlaasese
mme a etse hore banana ba Italiatsete.

O etse ditelwe tsa saense tse makatsang.
Tselela tshilele ka hene ka maelela
o e re sa ya le dolopello le ditshwala.

Manwell Meyers, Kereite ya 6

(Thotokiso ena e ne e ngotswe pele ka pwo ya Afrikaans. Phetolelo ka Hilda Mohale.)
Get story active!

Here are some ideas for using the two cut-out-and-keep books, The magic mokoro (pages 5, 6, 7 and 11 and 12) and Whose button is this? (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.

- Ask: “Where could the button have come from?” Then say, “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 some wool, and glue and suggest that they make the doll from the story.
- Suggest that your children use cardboard boxes (like 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 using their story props.

Whose button is this?

In this story Tenny 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.
  1. Take out pages 5 to 12 of this supplement.
  2. The sheet with pages 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 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.

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 story characters. Encourage them to retell the story in their own way using their story props.
- 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.

Eba mahlahlahla ka pale!

Ene ke mphopolo bakeng sa ho sebedisa dibuksa tse pedi tse sehwang-le-ihopokelwa, Mokoro wa mehloko. (maqephe ana, 5, 6, 11 le 12) le Ke konopo ya mang ee? (maqephe ana, 7, 8, 9 le 10) esitana le pale e Hukung ya Dipale, Kguodu o palama tekesi (leqephe la 14 le la 15).

Kgetha mphopolo etshwanelang hante dilemo tse bana ba hao le di thlabatle leka bana.

Mokoro wa mehloko

Paling ena masadimohole ya lokeng ya bahlela ya nang le matla o mehloko o tlhapi batala ba mafang meng ne bale a nna botloeng. Bana ba dikwe fumane karabo. Bana ba ditho tse lelapa. Bana ba ditho tse lahlilweng.

Ke konopo ya mang ee?

Paleng ena, Tim Roboto o nka leto ena kgutlisetsa konopo a lehaleligeng. Tselegeng o thama ya a nne baka, morolwe o mafonwe ya sebedisa diporopo tsa pale. Ha o le ditho tse lelapa. Ha o le ditho tse lelapa ena.

Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books

1. Take out pages 3 to 12 of this supplement.
2. The sheet with pages 5, 6, 7 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.

iketsetse dibuksa tse sehwang-le-ihopokelwa tse PEDI

1. Ntsha leqephe la 5 ho isa ho la 12 tlase ho etsa lelapa.
2. Leqephelele le nang le mafonwe ana, 5, 6, 11 le 12 ho lda lela e bale a ne bale a lela.
3. Sebedisa leqephelele ka lela ho bale a ne bale a lela.}

Try putting more details on the pictures and let them draw stories of their own using the framework of this one to guide them.

- 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.

- Ask: “Where could the button have come from?” Then say, “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.

- 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.

Ke konopo ya mang ee?

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- Leqephe le 5: Botsa. “Ke konopo a ne e tswele hokae?” Bae a ne, “Ha ho e tsweleling pale ena le ditho tse lelapa.”
- Leqephe le 6: Botsa. “Ke konopo a ne e tswele hokae?” Bae a ne, “Ha ho e tsweleling pale ena le ditho tse lelapa.”

Kguodu o palama tekesi

Pole ena ena bako la Nkululeko, kguodu ke amasimangsetla ke ya sibolla lekhathane. Molokwana gama tekesi o mako o a fule a e yena lela, momphela le a lekale tsa bolela, leqephe la 13 le la 15. Leqephelele ka lela ho lela ya kae.

- 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.
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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.
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.

Kgetlong lena, ha mosadimoholo a kgotla le tshwara, o ne a sa tshwara le tshwara. Mokoro wa mehlolo o ne o tsamaile. O ile a bolela batho se etsahetseng ka morena wa bona. Empla he, kahe o ne a le mosa, o ile a ba botisha hore ba ka tlhohlo jwale le bo itshwasetsa dithapi ka bobona. Batho ba ne ba thabile haholo ba leboha.

Ho fihlela kajeno, baahi ba motseng oo ba dula ka thabo. Mme jwale ba na le morena ya mosa ya bohilale ya ba busang. Ba kgona ho itshwasetsa ditlapi le bo ipehepa. Ha ba ke ba tshwase tse ngata ho tla tekeleko, ba aroletana dijo le ba bang ba se tshweta ba kamehla.

Ho fihlela kajeno, mosadimoholo ya bohilale ha a so ka a bonwa hape. Ho ya ka tsebo ya bona, mokoro wa mehlolo o ntse o le teng mane, tse bohanele ba noaka.

Mme ho fihlela kajeno, morena elo ya kgale, o ntse a eja tshwale ya ne a e tshwale. Qabu ela e hana ho fokosha mme o ntse a le shethla lehakeng sa ne bohareng ba Noka ya Zambezi.
Get involved at bookdash.org

We believe every child should own a hundred books by the age of five.
Become a book-sponsor and help change the world.

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


Whose button is this?
Ke konopo ya mang ee?

Paul Kennedy
James Woolley
Louise Gale
He just turned red.

“What a rude person,” thought Tinny Tim.

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

Tim Roboto o ne a eme lehlakoreng la tsela ha konopo e thethela ka ho yena.

He just turned red.

“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.


PHAKGA!

“How did it get here?” said Tinny Tim. “I'm sure that's where this button comes from.”

SPLASH!

He got to the other side of the road, I'm sure that's where this button came from.

“Ke motho ya tala hakaakang,” Tim Roboto a nahana jwalo.
"Thank you, little robot. Can we be friends?"

"Ke a leboha, roboto e nyane. Na re ka ba metswalle?"

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

"Ke a ipotsa hore ebe ntho ena e tswa kae," a rialo. O ne a batla ho batlisisa.
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!

Ho ne ho le sephethephethe ka thoko ho tsela.
"Jowee!"
Tim Roboto o batlile a tjhaiswa!

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

"Ke Ruby Rekese," ha bua motho e mong.
"Ke nahana hore ntho ena ke ya hao," ha rialo Tim Roboto a mo neha konopo.
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.
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."

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.

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?"

"Wena!" he rialed. "O tla dula sehlekehlekeng mona ho fihlela o eja ditlhapi tseno kaofela tseo o di tshwasitseng. O le ke wa tloha mona pele qaba eno e fela."
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.

“Climb aboard, young tortoise,” said the old man, smiling, “and I’ll show you everything.”

Nkululeko strung 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 was 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.
Nkululeko le Mme wa hae le Ntate wa hae ke dikgudu. Ba ne ba dula mmmohle karoleng e tle shimong mane.

"Jwale, dikgudu ha di hlole matlo jaoloka mo le wena, hobane di phela ka hara dikgaketa tsa tsiona. Ha e lebong e ngwe ke dikgudu ke hore di lenama haholo.

Bosiu, Nkululeko le Mme le Ntate ba ne ba le lenama ha ba robala, ka ho honetsa dhlondlo le mato a bona ka hara dikgaketa tsa bona. Hoseng le tle ba ne ba le lenama ha ba tsosa, mme hangata e ne e ka ba ka hora ya leshome ha ba otllela ba tswile ka hara dikgaketa tsa bona mme ba ja dijo tsa hosing. Dijo tsa hosing e ne e le dipalesa le malahau.

Hoseng ho hong Ntate a inamela ka ho Mme mme a re, "Na ha se letho sa le tse letseletse? Ke mohau feela ka Nkululeko hobane o dula a le mapathaphathe a ya kwana le kwana."

Nkululeko o ne a le lebolonyana eka ha se kgudu. O ne a sibolla dhipha ho ya fiha ka nqane ho tshiimo. Batwadi ba hae ba ne ba sisina dhlondlo tsa bona empa yena o ne a ipapala ka hara qubu ya malahau a romotsehang hoo a neng a sa ba bone.

Nkululeko a bona ho hong ho benyang qubung ya malahau. E ne e le khoine e kgolo ya kgauta. "Ke tjhelete!" a rialo a bososela. "Ke tla nka leeto la tshibollo."

Yaba he o qalella ho tsamaya. O ile a tsamaya ka thoko ho tsela mme a leka hore batho ho hokhake leheng ya kgale e neng e tswela ka se tle ekgane kagana ka tla ba yona.

Seterata se ne se tsetse batho. O ile a tsamaya ka thoko ho tsela mme a leka hore batho ho hokhake leheng ya kgale e neng e tswela ka seterating. A kguguna ka tla ba yona.


A ya telesing ya pelle e kgolo mme a re ka lentowe le bonolo, "Dumela, ke batla ho ya bona toropong, lewatle, thabeng." Nkululeko a tshela seterata ho ya moo dikoloi di emang tlong.

Nkululeko a tshela seterata ho ya moo dikoloi di emang tlong.

"Ena ke ntho o nteke nteke ka ho fetisisa," ha rialo Nkululeko.

"Sena ha eso be letho," ha rialo Bra Will, "Ema feela ho fihlela o bona lewatle. Ho nna toropp ena e tsetse lerata haholo empa ha e le lebopo la lewatle lona, ethlele le letle haholo."

Nkululeko a tshela seterata ho ya moo dikoloi di emang tlong.

"Ke eng hola?" ha botsa Nkululeko, a ahlamisitse molomo.

"Ke lewatle," ha rialo Bra Will, a tseha.

Nkululeko a tshela seterata ho ya moo dikoloi di emang tlong.

"Le a makatsa ruri," ha rialo Nkululeko.
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.

“When 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.”

“She did,” 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.
Animal rescue

Early one rainy morning, David woke up to the sound of “miaou, miaou, miaou” outside his bedroom window. He ran and woke up his dad and together they went outside to look. They saw a tiny, thin, black kitten hiding in a tree.

“She looks very scared and weak,” said David.

The kitten looked at David and miaowed even louder.

“I think she might be hurt,” said David’s dad. “Let’s get the ladder and …”

Ho pholosa diphoofolo

Ho pholosa diphoofolo

Looking for audio stories for your children? Visit www.nalibali.mobi and go to the “Resources” section for audio stories in a range of South African languages to listen to on your mobile phone!

How much do you know about Mbali? Choose the correct word from each pair of red words to complete the paragraph about her.

Mbali is six/two years old and she is Neo’s little sister. She lives with Neo, Gogo, her mom and her dad, so there’s always someone who can read to her! Mbali loves dressing up and playing with her teddy bear. Books with nursery rhymes in them are her favourite, but she also enjoys looking at her brother’s/sister’s toys/books and pretending to read them. In fact, you will often find Mbali “reading” to her teddy bear or to Bella’s dog, Noodle/Milo!

O tseba haka e ka Mbali? Kgetha lentswe le napahetseng ho tswa ho a mabedi a mafubedu ho qetella seratswana se mbapitse yena.

Mbali a ne di akgo tse tlaheletse pe mme ke kgatsholedinyana ya Neo. O dula le Neo, Nkgono, mme wa hae le ntate wa hae, kahoo ho dula ho ena le motho ya ka mmallang! Mbali o rata ho apha a iketsa batha ba bang mme a bopele le thedi bere ya hae. O rata dibuka tse nang le ditlotokiso tsa bana ba banyane haholo, empa hape o natlobe ke ho sheba ditshwe/dibuka tsa abuti/ausi wa hae mme a iketsa aka a a di bala. Hantlentle, o tla fumana Mbali a “balla” thedi bere ya hae kapa ntja nyana ya Bella, Noodle/Milo!

Nal’ibali fun

Use your imagination to complete this story.


Na o batlana le dipale tse mameleweng bakeng sa bana ba hao? Etela www.nalibali.mobi mme o lebe ho karolo ya “Resources” bakeng sa dipale tse mameleweng ka letetse le dipuo tsa Afrika. Barwa tseo o ka di melamang selefoung na hao!