



Tell a story!

Tell a Story Day on 27 April 2020, celebrates storytelling of all kinds – stories read aloud from books, stories that are told, as well as stories acted on stages, in movies and in puppet shows.

Read our tips below for telling stories to your children, and enjoy our special puppet-show activity on page 2!

Vertel 'n storie!

Vertel-'n-Storie-dag op 27 April 2020, vier storievertelling in al sy gedaantes – stories wat hardop uit boeke voorgelees word, stories wat vertel word, en ook stories wat op die verhoog, in flieks en poppekasvertonings opgevoer word.

Lees ons wenke wat volg oor hoe om stories vir jou kinders te vertel, en geniet ons spesiale poppekas-aktiwiteit op bladsy 2!

GETTING STARTED WITH STORYTELLING

- ★ Choose a time of day which works best for you all. Some children enjoy listening to stories at bedtime, but others find it easier to concentrate during the day.
- ★ The children need to feel comfortable and have something soft to sit on.
- ★ It shouldn't be too noisy, so that they can hear easily.
- ★ Choosing stories that you know well, helps you to tell them with confidence. Also make sure that the stories are suitable for your children's ages.



HOW TO TELL A STORY

1. Before you tell the story, ask questions connected to the story and your children's experience of the world. This helps to spark their interest.
2. Don't talk too fast when you tell the story. Children need time to think about what they are hearing.
3. Put lots of expression in your voice to create the mood, and use a different voice for each character when she/he speaks.
4. Use body gestures and actions. For example, if the character is cross and stomping around, stamp your feet as you tell the story.
5. Ask open-ended questions or make open-ended comments, for example, "What do you think will happen next?" and "I wonder how she felt while she hid in the forest." These help children think about the story and understand it better.
6. After you have told the story, encourage your children to share any questions or comments they may have. Try to find answers to their questions together.



BEGIN SO STORIES VERTEL

- ★ Kies 'n tyd van die dag wat die beste werk vir almal van julle. Sommige kinders hou daarvan om met slaapyd na stories te luister, maar ander vind dit makliker om gedurende die dag te konsentreer.
- ★ Maak seker dat die kinders gemaklik is en 'n sagte sitplek het.
- ★ Dit moenie te raserig wees nie sodat hulle nie hoef te sukkel om te hoor nie.
- ★ As jy stories kies wat jy goed ken, help dit jou om dit met selfvertroue te vertel. Maak ook seker dat die stories geskik is vir jou kinders se ouderdom.



HOE OM 'N STORIE TE VERTEL

1. Voordat jy die storie vertel, vra vrae wat met die storie en jou kinders se ervaring van die wêreld verband hou. Dit help om hul belangstelling te prikkel.
2. Moenie te vinnig praat wanneer jy die storie vertel nie. Kinders het tyd nodig om te dink oor wat hulle hoor.
3. Lees met gevoel in jou stem om die atmosfeer te skep, en gebruik 'n ander stem vir elke karakter wanneer hy/sy praat.
4. Gebruik gebare en aksies. As die karakter byvoorbeeld kwaad is, kan jy jou voete stamp terwyl jy die storie vertel.
5. Vra vrae met oop eindes of maak opmerkings met oop eindes, byvoorbeeld: "Wat dink julle gaan volgende gebeur?" en "Ek wonder hoe sy gevoel het terwyl sy in die woud weggekruip het." Dit help kinders om oor die storie te dink en dit beter te verstaan.
6. Moedig jou kinders aan om enige vrae of opmerkings wat hulle het te deel nadat jy die storie vertel het. Probeer saam antwoorde op hul vrae vind.



The benefits of stories

Research shows that:

- ♥ introducing children to stories and books at home before they start school helps them to do better at school.
- ♥ telling stories to school-aged children boosts their language skills, feeds their imaginations and helps them to think about new ideas.



Die voordele van stories

Navorsing toon die volgende:

- ♥ as kinders by die huis aan stories en boeke bekendgestel word voordat hulle skool toe gaan, help dit hulle om beter te vaar op skool.
- ♥ as stories vir kinders van skoolgaande ouderdom vertel word, verbeter dit hul taalvaardighede, wakker dit hul verbeelding aan en help dit hulle om aan nuwe idees te dink.



Drive your
imagination



IT STARTS WITH
A STORY.
DIT BEGIN MET
'N STORIE.

Get creative!

Using puppets is a great way to get children to retell the stories you have read to them, and to encourage them to make up their own stories! Here are some suggestions for how to create a puppet show.

Make stick puppets Maak stokkiepoppe

Follow the instructions for making stick puppets of the Nal'ibali characters or let your children create their own story characters.



Wees kreatief!

'n Poppekas is 'n wonderlike manier om kinders aan te moedig om die stories wat jy vir hulle gelees het, oor te vertel, en ook hul eie stories op te maak! Hier volg 'n paar voorstelle oor hoe om 'n poppekasvertoning te skep.



Volg die instruksies om stokkiepoppe van die Nal'ibali-karakters te maak, of laat jou kinders hul eie storiekarakters skep.

1.



1. Cut out the pictures of the Nal'ibali characters on page 3 or use the characters you have collected in past editions of the supplement. (If your children are creating their own story characters, let them draw a picture of each character.) Paste each picture on a sheet of paper or thin cardboard so that it doesn't tear.

2.



2. Cut out each picture. Find a thin stick (about as long as a ruler) for each character - you could use kebab sticks or any stick you find outside. Use glue or tape to attach the end of a stick to the back of each picture.

3.



3. Glue a small piece of paper over the end of the stick on the back of each picture.
3. Plak die punt van die stokkie aan die agterkant van die prent met 'n stukkie papier toe.

1. Knip die prente van die Nal'ibali-karakters op bladsy 3 uit, of gebruik die karakters wat jy in vorige uitgawes van die bylae versamel het. (As jou kinders hul eie storiekarakters skep, laat hulle 'n prent van elke karakter teken.) Plak elke prent op 'n vel papier of dun karton sodat dit nie skeur nie.

2. Knip elke prent uit. Gebruik 'n dun stokkie (omtrek so lank soos 'n liniaal) vir elke karakter - jy kan sosatiestokkies of enige ander stokkies wat jy buite optel, gebruik. Plak die punt van 'n stokkie met gom of kleefband aan elke prent vas.



Make a puppet theatre Maak 'n poppekas

1.



1. Find a large, rectangular cardboard box. Open the flaps at one end of the box. This is where you will get inside the box.

On the front of the box, make a flap by cutting along the bottom and sides of a rectangle. The hole you cut will be the stage and you can use the flap to open and close the stage.

1. Gebruik 'n groot, reghoekige kartonboks. Vou die flappe aan een kant van die boks oop. Dit is die plek waar jy in die boks sal inklim.

Maak 'n flap aan die voorkant van die boks deur die onderkant en sye van 'n reghoek oop te sny. Die gat wat jy uitsny sal die verhoog wees en jy kan die boonste flap gebruik om die verhoog oop en toe te maak.

2.



2. Get inside the box with your stick puppets. Use them to tell your own stories.
2. Klim binne-in die boks met jou stokkiepoppe. Gebruik hulle om jou eie stories te vertel.



Photos/Foto's: Chèlan Naicker



Drive your
imagination

Follow the instructions on page 2 to make stick puppets using the pictures below.

Volg die instruksies op bladsy 2 om stokkiepoppe met die prente hieronder te maak.



**WIN!
WEN!**



For a chance to win some Book Dash books, write a review of the story, *Why birds sing at dawn* (pages 7 to 10), and email it to team@bookdash.org, or take a photo and tweet us at [@bookdash](https://twitter.com/bookdash). (Your review could be published in a future Nal'ibali Supplement!) Remember to include your full name, age and contact details.

Vir 'n kans om boeke van Book Dash te wen, skryf 'n resensie van die storie, *Waarom voëls soggens sing* (bladsye 7 tot 10), en stuur dit per e-pos aan team@bookdash.org, of neem 'n foto en stuur 'n twiet aan ons by [@bookdash](https://twitter.com/bookdash). (Jou resensie mag dalk in 'n toekomstige Nal'ibali-bylae gepubliseer word!) Onthou om jou volle naam, ouderdom en kontakbesonderhede in te sluit.



**book
dash**

Nal'ibali news

Roger Priddy is the creator of Priddy Books, which publishes books for babies and young children.

Growing up in a home without books, London-based Roger Priddy spent much of his childhood at his local library, paging through books and gazing at pictures. When he went to art college after he finished school, he discovered that he could create books!

"One of my lecturers was an illustrator of children's picture books and it was the first time I realised that I could make books too," said Priddy. And that's how Priddy Books was born. Today it is part of Macmillan Publishers.

In December 2019, Priddy Books together with Pan Macmillan South Africa gave away thousands of Priddy books to different South African reading organisations, to help ensure that more children have the chance to grow up with books. "It was important for us to choose books that appeal to South African children and especially the children at the Nal'ibali reading clubs. So, we chose a range of first concept books in English, isiXhosa and isiZulu as well as a wonderful book about South African animals. These books are easy for parents to read and talk about with their children," explained Priddy.

On 6 December 2019, Roger Priddy visited a Nal'ibali reading club in Soweto to read some of his books to the children there. "Books are a wonderful way of getting parents and their children to sit and spend time together. They also help to develop children's vocabulary and their understanding of the world around them," said Priddy.



Roger Priddy sharing a book with young children in Dobsonville, Soweto.

Roger Priddy deel 'n boek met jong kinders in Dobsonville, Soweto.



Nal'ibali-nuus

Roger Priddy is die skepper van Priddy Books, wat boeke vir babas en jong kinders publiseer.

Roger Priddy, wat in Londen woon, het in 'n huis sonder boeke grootgeword, en het daarom 'n groot deel van sy kinderjare in sy plaaslike biblioteek deurgebring, waar hy deur boeke geblaai en hom aan die prente verstom het. Toe hy ná skool na 'n kunskollege is, het hy ontdek dat hy boeke kon maak!

"Een van my dosente was 'n illustreerder van prentebouke vir kinders, en dit was die eerste keer dat ek besef het ek kan ook boeke maak," sê Priddy. En dis hoe Priddy Books ontstaan het. Vandag is dit deel van Macmillan Publishers.

In Desember 2019 het Priddy Books, in samewerking met Pan Macmillan South Africa, duisende Priddy-boeke aan verskillende Suid-Afrikaanse organisasies geskenk wat by lees betrokke is, om te verseker dat meer kinders die kans kry om met boeke groot te word. "Dit was vir ons belangrik om boeke te kies wat aanklank vind by Suid-Afrikaanse kinders, en veral die kinders by die Nal'ibali-leesklubs. Ons het dus 'n reeks boeke oor eerste konsepte in Engels, isiXhosa en isiZulu gekies, asook 'n wonderlike boek oor Suid-Afrikaanse diere.

Dit is boeke wat ouers maklik kan lees en met hul kinders kan bespreek," verduidelik Priddy.

Op 6 Desember 2019 het Roger Priddy 'n Nal'ibali-leesklub in Soweto besoek om van sy boeke vir die kinders daar te lees. "Boeke is 'n wonderlike manier om ouers en kinders te kry om te sit en saam tyd deur te bring. Hulle help ook om kinders se woordeskat en hul begrip van die wêreld om hulle te ontwikkel," sê Priddy.

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.



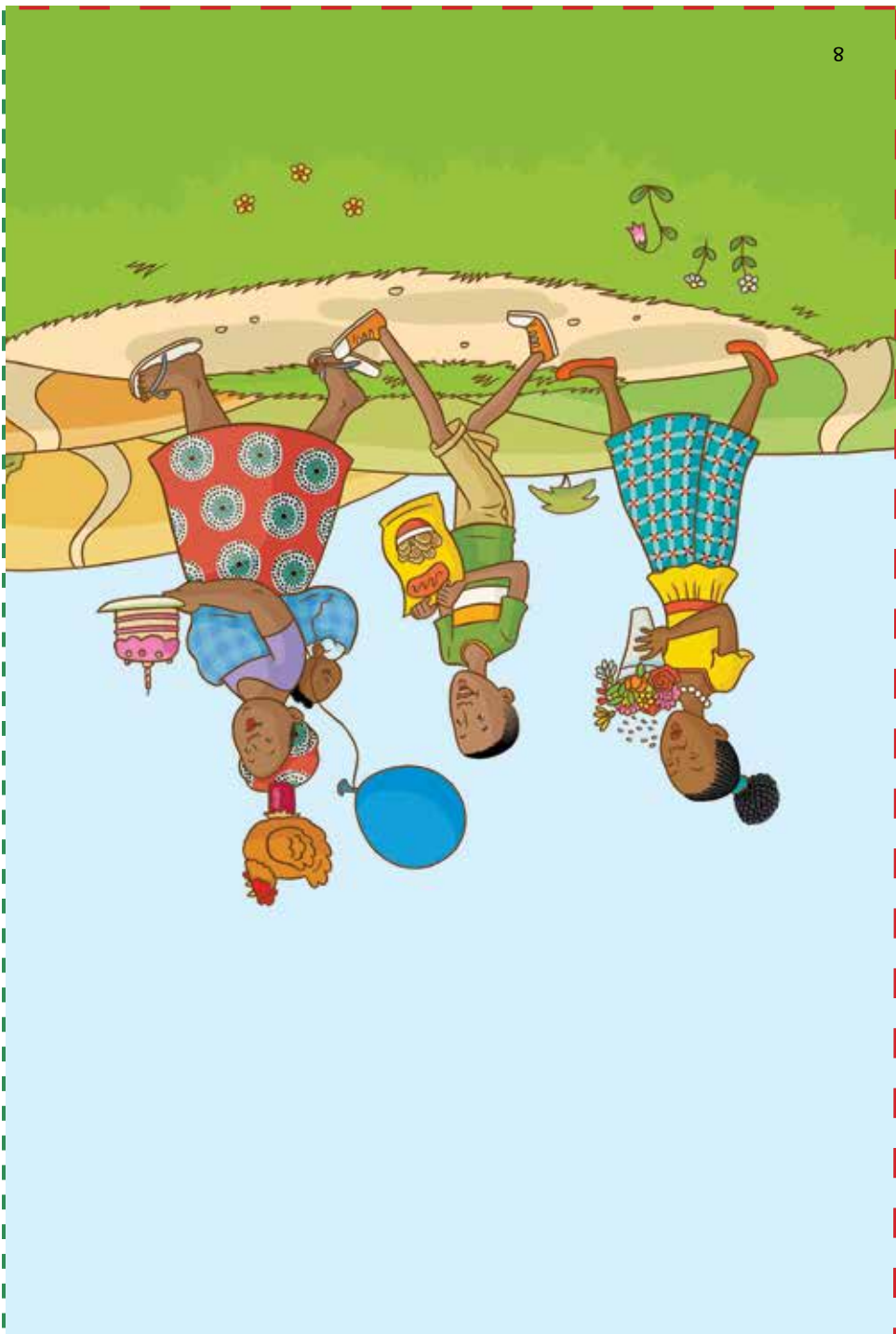
Maak TWEE knip-uit-en-bêreboekies

1. Haal bladsye 5 tot 12 van hierdie bylae uit.
2. Die vel met bladsye 5, 6, 11 en 12 daarop, maak een boek. Die vel met bladsye 7, 8, 9 en 10 daarop, maak die ander boek.
3. Gebruik elk van die velle om 'n boek te maak. Volg die instruksies hieronder om elke boek te maak.
 - a) Vou die vel in die helfte op die swart stippellyn.
 - b) Vou dit weer in die helfte op die groen stippellyn.
 - c) Knip uit op die rooi stippellyne.



Drive your imagination

“Where is everyone going?” asked Valécia.
“We’re going to Gogo Moeng’s house. It is her birthday,” explained Siphó.
“I’ve got a bunch of flowers for Gogo Moeng. Can I come too?” asked Valécia.
“Of course,” said Momma and off they marched.
The bunch of flowers made Valécia sneeze, “*Achoo! A-A-Achoooo!*”
The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-cribble*, Baby Beka’s balloon went *bobity-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path until they saw Mr Sithole digging in his vegetable garden.
“Waarheen gaan julle almal?” vra Valécia.
“Ons gaan na Gogo Moeng se huis toe. Dis haar verjaardag,” verduidelik Siphó.
“Ek het ’n bos blomme vir Gogo Moeng. Kan ek ook kom?” vra Valécia.
“Natuurlik,” sê Momma, en daar gaan hulle.
Die bos blomme laat Valécia nies: “*Attiesjoe! A-A-Attiesjoe!*”
Die vet hoender maak *pe-kék, pe-kék, pe-kék*, die pakkie kraakvars skyfies maak *girts-garts*, Baba Beka se ballon maak *bompe-kebomp* en Momma se plakkies maak *flip-flap, flip-flap-flop* in die stowwerige paadjie af, tot hulle vir mnr. Sithole sien wat in sy groentetuin skoffel.



Momma Moeng’s surprise

Momma Moeng se verrassing

Momma Moeng sets out to surprise Gogo Moeng on her birthday. She carries the jar of jam she made on her head, and ties Baby Beka and his blue balloon to her back. Along the way, they meet many more well-wishers, and Momma Moeng ends up heading a noisy, colourful procession carrying piles of presents to Gogo. When they finally get to Gogo’s house, there is a short pause, but then the party really gets going!



Momma Moeng is op pad om Gogo Moeng vir haar verjaardag te gaan verras. Sy dra die fles konfyt wat sy gemaak het op haar kop, en maak Baba Beka en sy blou ballon op haar rug vas. Langs die pad ontmoet hulle baie ander mense wat vir Gogo wil gelukwens, en Momma Moeng lei ’n lawaaiërige, kleurvolle optog wat hope geskenke vir Gogo bring. Toe hulle uiteindelik by Gogo se huis kom, is daar ’n kort pouse, maar dan begin die partytjie in alle erns!

Nal’ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign to spark and embed a culture of reading across South Africa. For more information, visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi



Nal’ibali is ’n nasionale lees-vir-genot veldtog. Dit wil ’n leeskultuur regoor Suid-Afrika laat vlam vat en vaslê. Vir meer inligting, besoek www.nalibali.org of www.nalibali.mobi



Drive your imagination



Joan Rankin
Tamsin Hinrichsen
Natalie Hinrichsen



Toe Baba Beka die koek ruik, sê hy: “Njammie, njammie, njam, njam.”
Die vet hoender maak *pe-kek, pe-kek, pe-kek*, die pakkie kraakvars skyfies maak *gits-gats*, Baba Beka se ballon maak *bompe-kebomp* en Momma se plakkies maak *flip-flap, flip-flap-flop* in die stowwerige paadjie af, tot hulle vir Valécia ontmoet.

It all started when Momma Moeng made a jar of jam for Gogo Moeng’s birthday. Then Baby Beka found his best blue balloon. He wanted to give it to Gogo for her birthday.
Momma tied Baby Beka to her back with a soft blanket. Then she put the jar of jam on her head and off she marched to Gogo Moeng’s house. Baby Beka’s balloon went *bobbity-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path until she met Siphó coming out of the Tip-Top shop.
“Where are you going, Momma Moeng?” asked Siphó.
“Baby Beka and I are going to Gogo Moeng’s house. It’s her birthday today,” replied Momma.
“I’ve got a packet of crispy potato chips for Gogo Moeng. Can I come too?” asked Siphó.
“Of course,” Momma smiled and off they marched.

Die het alles begin toe Momma Moeng ’n fles konfyt vir Gogo Moeng se verjaardag gemaak het. Toe het Baba Beka sy beste blou ballon gevind. Hy wou dit vir Gogo gee vir haar verjaardag.
Momma het vir Baba Beka op haar rug vasgemaak met ’n sagte komborsie. Toe het sy die fles konfyt op haar kop gesit en na Gogo Moeng se huis gestap. Baba Beka se ballon maak *bompe-kebomp* en Momma se plakkies maak *flip-flap, flip-flap-flop* in die stowwerige paadjie af, tot sy vir Siphó ontmoet wat uit die Tip-Top-winkel kom.
“Waarheen is julle op pad, Momma Moeng?” vra Siphó.
“Ek en Baba Beka gaan na Gogo Moeng se huis toe. Dis vandag haar verjaardag,” antwoord Momma.
“Ek het ’n pakkie kraakvars skyfies vir Gogo Moeng. Kan ek saamkom?” vra Siphó.
“Natuurlik,” glimlag Momma en daar gaan hulle.



“Where are you all going, Momma Moeng?” Mr Sithole asked.
“We’re going to Gogo Moeng’s house. It’s her birthday,” she replied.
“I have a trolley full of vegetables for her,” said Mr Sithole. “Please could you give it to her?”
“Of course,” answered Momma. But now Momma had a BIG problem – there was too much to carry! She had to think of a plan.
First, she took Baby Beka off her back and then tied the chubby chicken onto her back with the soft blanket. Baby Beka *SCREEAAAAAMEE!* So, Momma put the chubby chicken on top of the trolley and tied Baby Beka onto her back with the soft blanket. Baby Beka was happy and the chubby chicken was very happy to peck at all the vegetables. But Momma wasn’t happy with this so she put the chubby chicken on Valécia’s head.
The feathers tickled Valécia’s nose and made her sneeze even more, “*AAAAA-CHOOOOO!*” Valécia wasn’t happy.
“Waarheen gaan julle almal, Momma Moeng?” vra mnr. Sithole.
“Ons gaan na Gogo Moeng se huis toe. Dis haar verjaardag,” antwoord sy.
“Ek het ’n trollie vol groente vir haar,” sê mnr. Sithole. “Kan julle dit asseblief vir haar neem?”
“Natuurlik,” antwoord Momma. Maar nou het Momma ’n GROOT probleem – daar is te veel goed om te dra! Sy moet aan ’n plan dink.
Eers haal sy vir Baba Beka van haar rug af en bind toe die vet hoender met die sagte komborsie op haar rug vas. Baba Beka *SKREEU!* Momma sit toe die vet hoender bo-op die trollie en maak weer vir Baba Beka met die baie gelukkig, want sy kan aan al die groente pik. Maar Momma is baie gelukkig hiermee nie, en daarom sit sy die vet hoender op Valécia se kop. Die vere kielie Valécia se neus en laat haar nog meer nies: “*AAAAA-TTES/OOE!*” Valécia is nie gelukkig nie.



Everyone missed Mama Bird, and her song.
Would she be able to find her way back home?
“What if we sing Mama’s song?” Yellow
suggested. “Mama always said that if we sing her
song, she will find her way back to us.”
Almal verlang na die voëltjies se mamma en
haar lied. Sou sy ooit weer haar pad huis
toe vind?
“Kom ons sing Mamma se lied,” stel Geel
voor. “Mamma sê altyd as ons haar lied sing,
sal sy haar pad terug na ons toe vind.”



“Ek sal gaan. Ek is nie bang nie,” sê die
voëltjies se mamma. En sy vlieg weg.



“I will go. I am not afraid,” said
Mama Bird. And off she flew.



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Drive your
imagination

Why birds sing at dawn

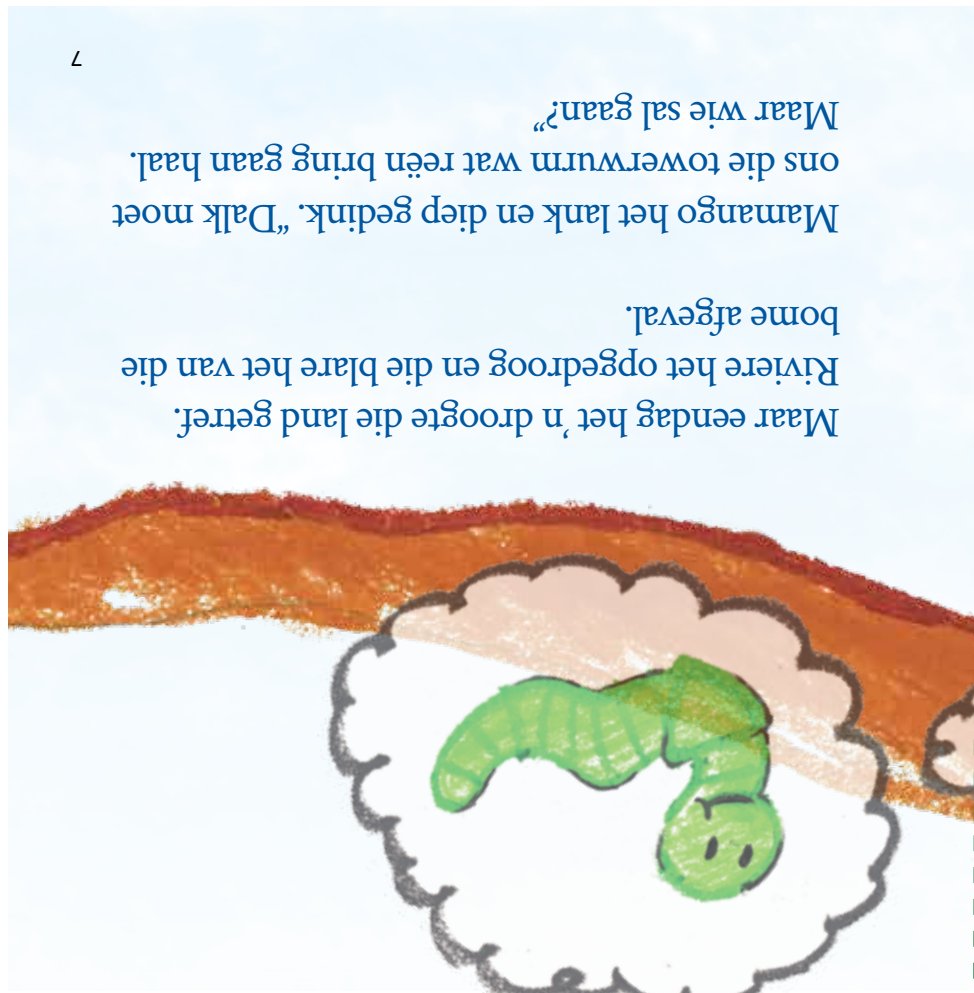
Waarom voëls soggens sing

Zanele Dlamini

Emmanuel Grebo

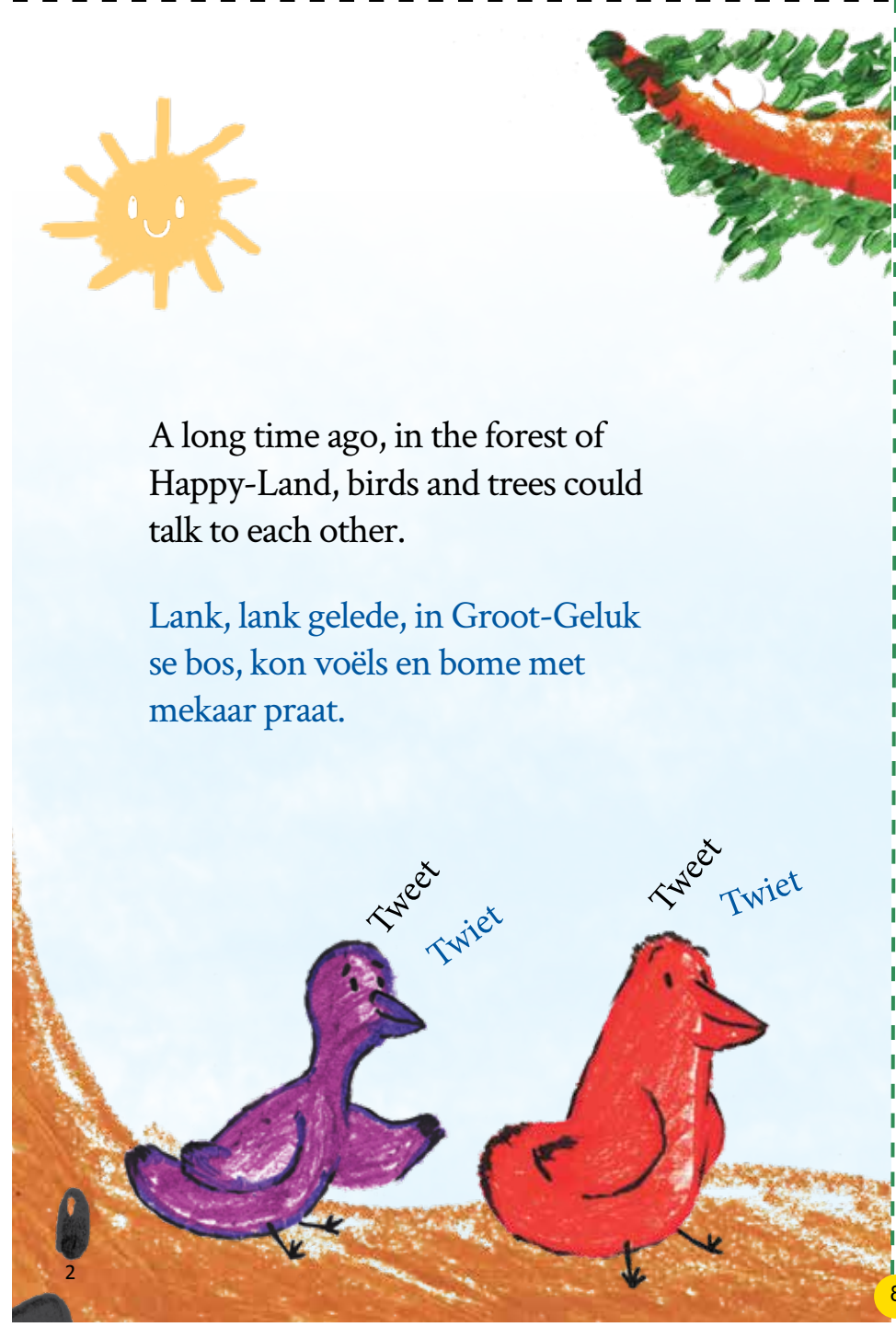
Joseph Makongo Kiugu



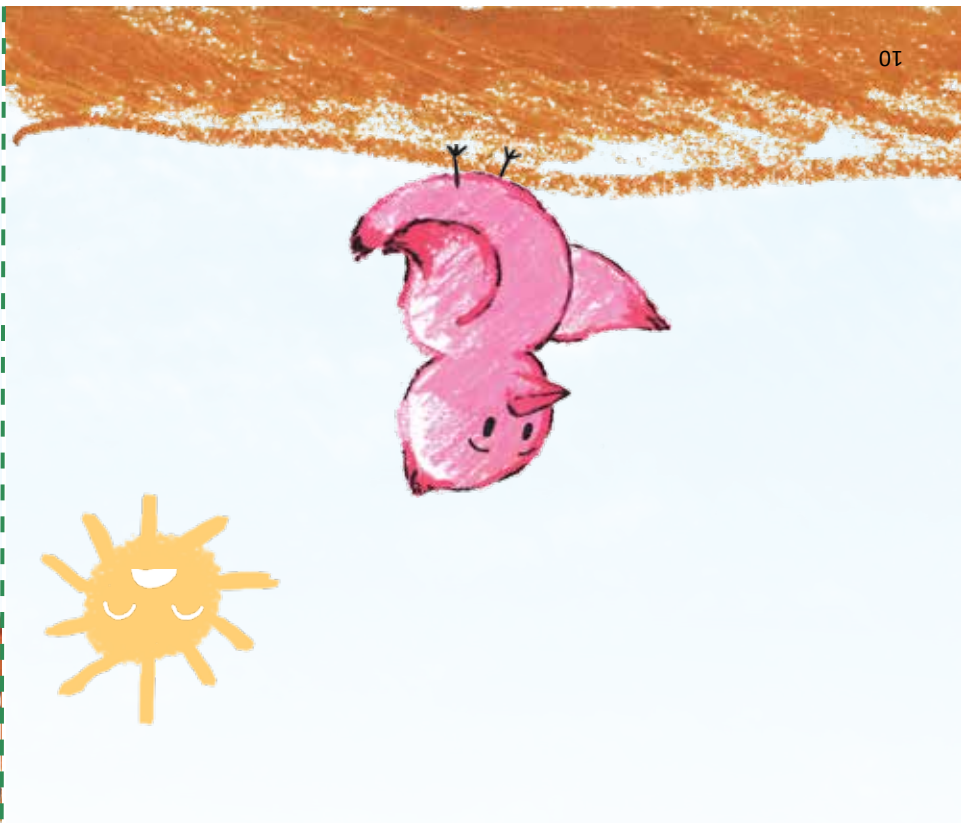


Maar eendag het 'n droogte die land getref.
Riviere het opgedroog en die blare het van die
bome afgeval.
Mamango het lank en diep gedink. "Dalk moet
ons die toewerwurm wat reën bring gaan haal.
Maar wie sal gaan?"

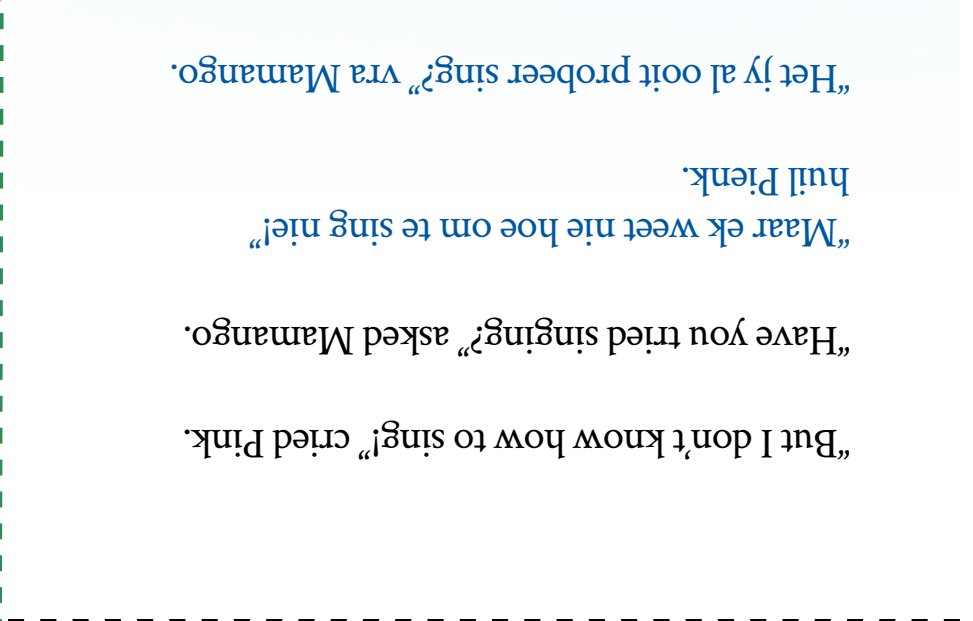
But one day, drought set in on the land.
Rivers dried up and leaves fell off the trees.
Mamango thought long and hard. "Maybe
we should fetch the magic worm that brings
rain. But who will go?"



A long time ago, in the forest of
Happy-Land, birds and trees could
talk to each other.
Lank, lank gelede, in Groot-Geluk
se bos, kon voëls en bome met
mekaar praat.



"But I don't know how to sing!" cried Pink.
"Have you tried singing?" asked Mamango.
"Maar ek weet nie hoe om te sing nie!"
hul Pienk.
"Het jy al ooit probeer sing?" vra Mamango.



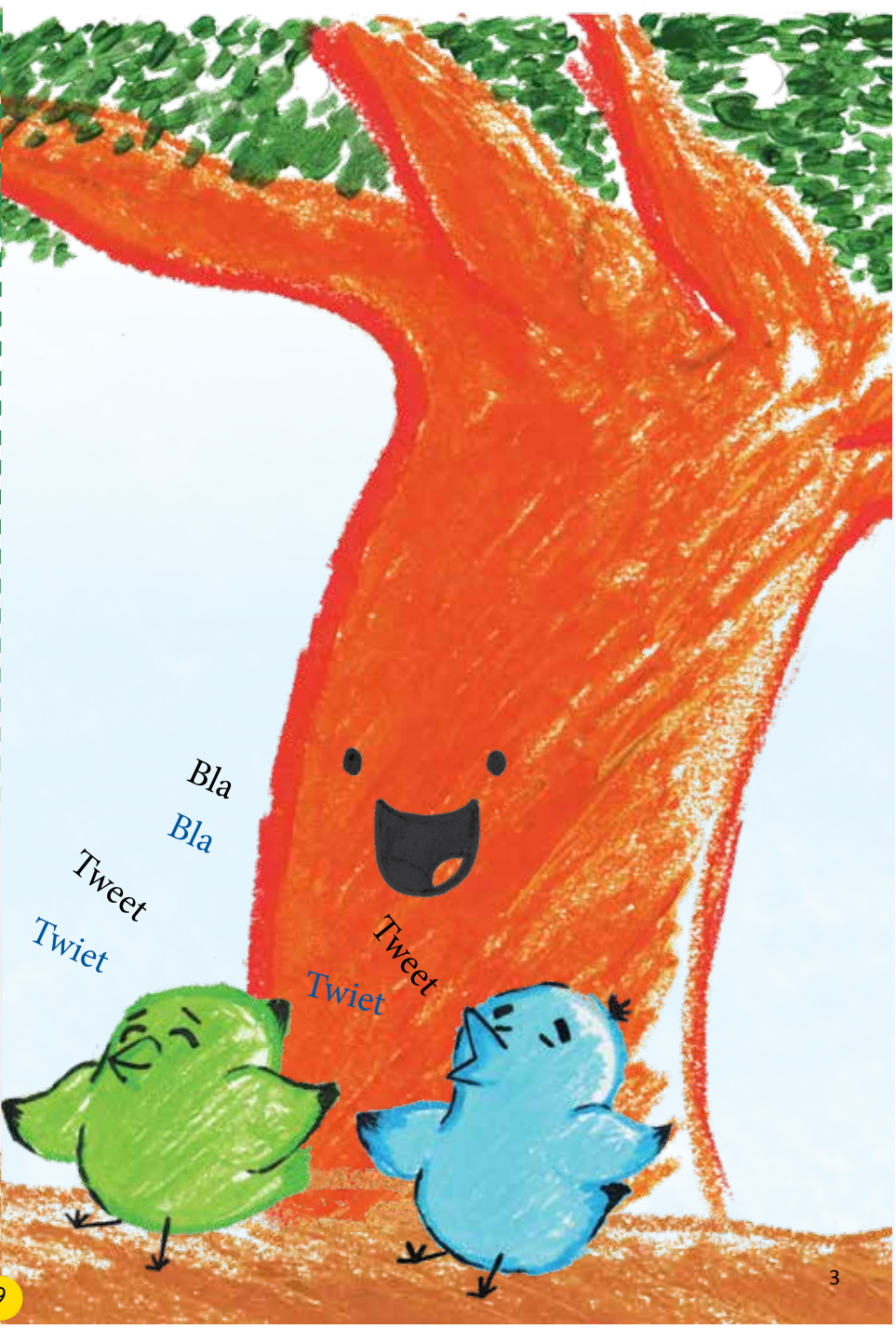
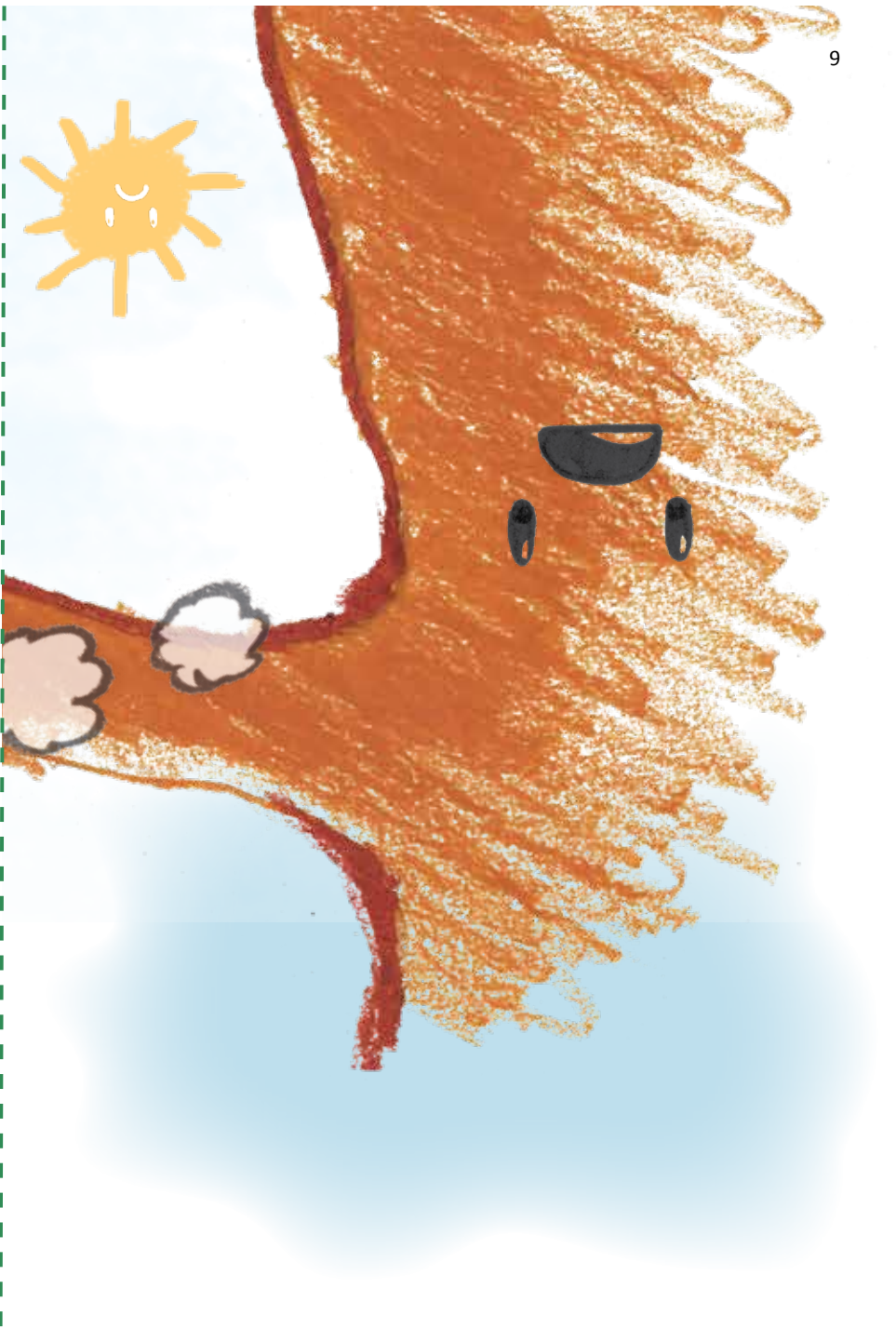
Mama Bird found her way back to Happy-
Land and soon rain started to fall again.

And from then on, birds have always sung
at dawn.

Die voëltjies se mamma het haar pad terug na
Groot-Geluk gevind, en somer gou het dit
weer begin reën.

En van toe af sing die voëls altyd soggens.





“Ek het al probeer sing,” sê Geel. “Ek kan
jou leer.”

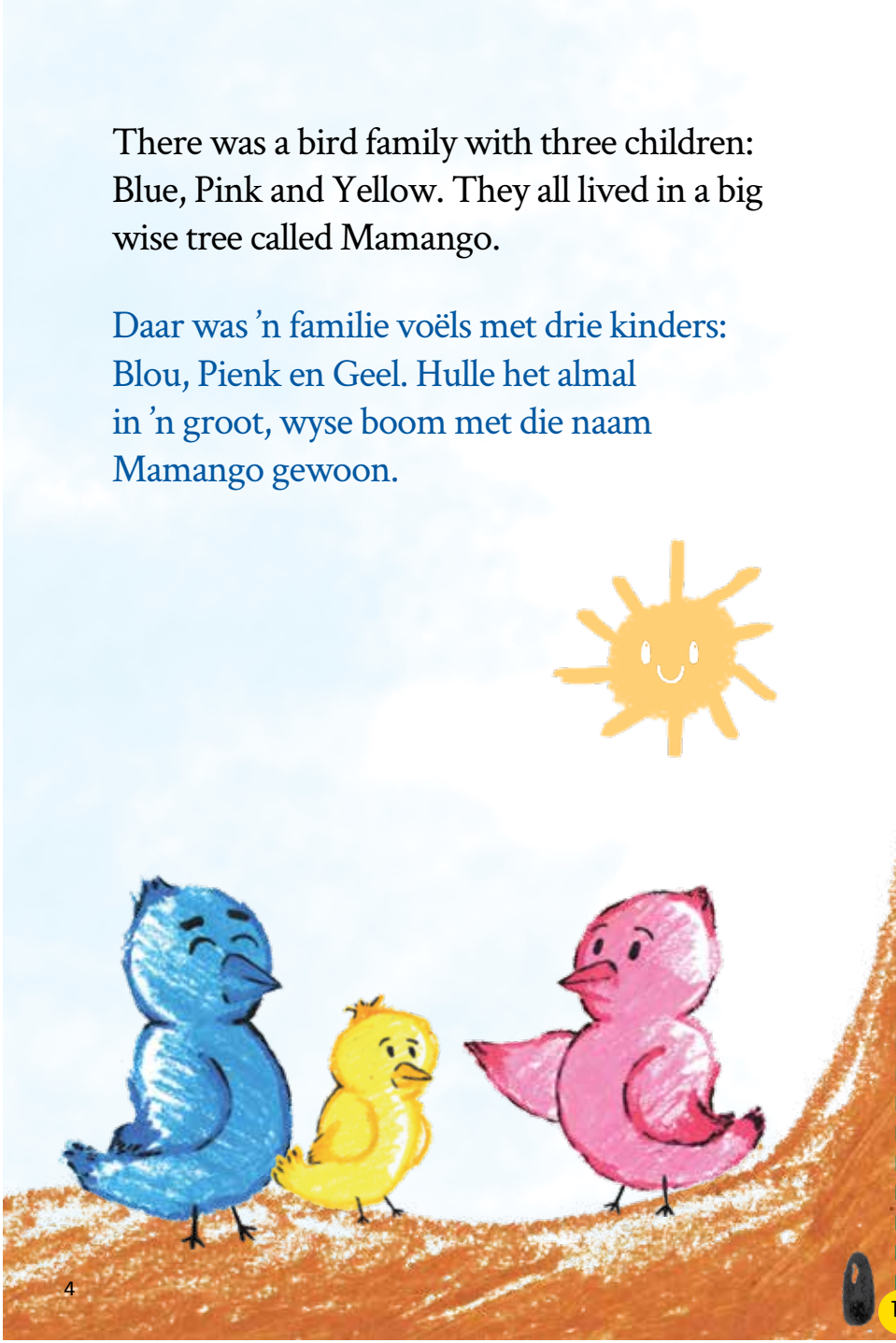
“I have tried singing,” said Yellow. “I can
teach you.”





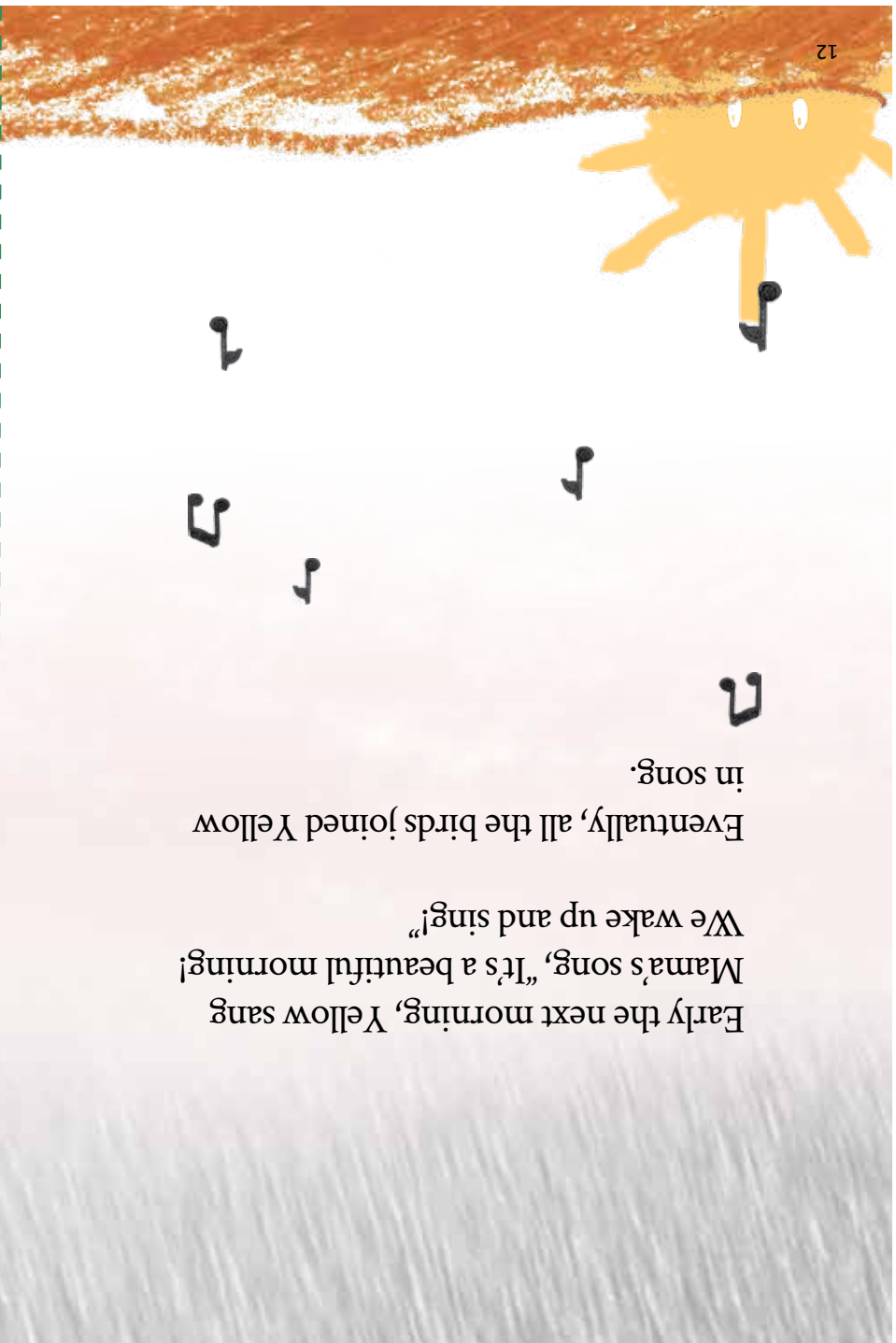
Mama Bird's voice was beautiful! She would wake up early to sing her song.

Die voëltjies se mamma het 'n pragtige stem gehad! Sy het elke oggend vroeg wakker geword om haar lied te sing.



There was a bird family with three children: Blue, Pink and Yellow. They all lived in a big wise tree called Mamango.

Daar was 'n familie voëls met drie kinders: Blou, Pienk en Geel. Hulle het almal in 'n groot, wyse boom met die naam Mamango gewoon.



Early the next morning, Yellow sang Mama's song, "It's a beautiful morning! We wake up and sing!"

Eventually, all the birds joined Yellow in song.



Vroeg die volgende oggend sing Geel toe Mamma se liedjie: "Dis 'n lieflike oggend! Ons word wakker en sing!"

Uiteindelik sing al die voëls in 'n koor saam met Geel.



So, Momma took the chubby chicken and put it on Sipho's head and she gave him Valécia's flowers to hold. Now Valécia had two hands free to hold the cake. And Momma had two hands free to push the trolley. Everyone was happy and off they marched to Gogo Moeng's house.

The wheels of the trolley went *squeak-squeak-squeak*. Valécia had icing from the cake on her cheeks so her tongue went *slurp-slurp-slurp*. Baby Beka mumbled, "Nummy, nummy, nummy, num-num." The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Beka's balloon went *bobby-bob* and Momma's slippers went *pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path all the way to Gogo's house.

Momma vat toe die vet hoender en sit dit op Sipho se kop. Sy gee ook vir hom Valécia se blomme om vas te hou. Nou het Valécia twee hande vry om die trolie te stoot. Almal is gelukkig en daar gaan hulle na Gogo Moeng se huis toe.

Die wiele van die trolie maak *skwiek-skwiek-skwiek*. Valécia het van die koek se versiersuiker op haar wange, en haar tong lek *slurp-slurp-slurp*. Baba Beka sê: "Njammié, njammié, njam-njam." Die vet hoender maak *pe-kék, pe-kék, pe-kék*, die pakkie kraakvars skyfies maak *girts-girts*, Baba Beka se ballon maak *bompe-kebomp* en Momma se plakkies maak *flip-flap, flip-flap-flap* in die stowwerige paadjie af al die pad tot by Gogo se huis.

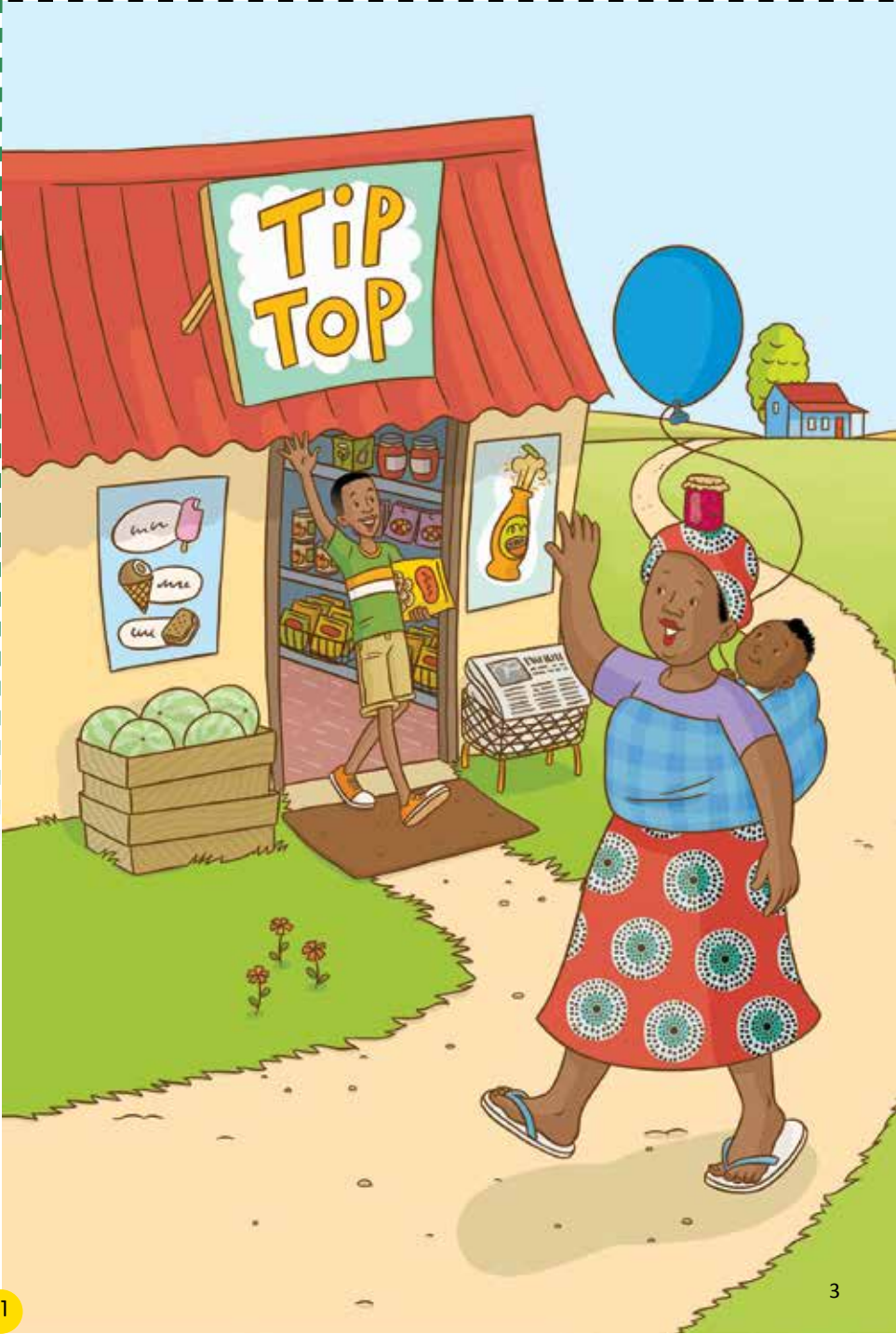
"We must get a birthday cake for Gogo," said Momma. They went inside. *Ting-a-ling* went the doorbell. "Good morning, Mrs Makabelo. Did you know today is Gogo Moeng's birthday?" "Oh yes," said Mrs Makabelo. "I have baked a special cake for her, but I can't leave the shop. Could you take it to her?"

"Of course," offered Momma, but there was a problem – Momma needed two hands to carry the cake. So, she made a plan. She put the chubby chicken on top of the jar of jam that she was carrying on her head. Now she had two hands to carry the special birthday cake. Off marched Momma, Baby Beka and Sipho through the *ting-a-ling* door. When Baby Beka smelt the cake he mumbled, "Nummy, nummy, num-num."

The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Beka's balloon went *bobby-bob* and Momma's slippers went *pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path until they met Valécia.

"Ons moet 'n verjaardagkoek vir Gogo koop," sê Momma. Hulle gaan binnetoeg. *Tieng-n-lieng* lui die deurklokkie. "Goetiemôre, mev. Makabelo. Het jy geweet dis vandag Gogo Moeng se verjaardag?" "O, ja," sê mev. Makabelo. "Ek het 'n spesiale koek vir haar gebak, maar ek kan nie die winkel alleen laar nie. Kan julle dit vir haar neem?"

"Natuurlik," bied Momma aan, maar daar is 'n probleem – Momma het twee hande nodig om die koek te dra. Toe maak sy 'n plan. Sy sit die vet hoender bo-op die fles konfyt wat sy op haar kop dra. Nou het sy twee hande om die spesiale verjaardagkoek te dra. En so stap Momma, Baba Beka en Sipho uit by die *tieng-n-lieng*-deur.



When she opened it everyone started singing a happy-birthday song.

On the table were the vegetable pie and jam tarts that Momma had made, newly laid eggs from the chubby chicken, the special birthday cake and the crispy potato chips. The table was decorated with flowers and Baby Beka's beautiful blue balloon.

"THIS IS MY BEST BIRTHDAY EVER!" said Gogo. And she should know, because Gogo had already had at least eighty or ninety birthdays before this one!

Toe sy dit oopmaak, begin almal vir haar 'n vrolike verjaardag liedjie sing.

Op die tafel is die groentepastei en konfyttertjies wat Momma gemaak het, eiers wat die vet hoender so pas gelê het, die spesiale verjaardagkoek en die kraakvars skyfies. Die tafel is versier met die blomme en Baba Beka se pragtige blou ballon.

"DIT IS MY BESTE VERJAARDAG OOI!" sê Gogo. En sy behoort te weet, want Gogo het al ten minste tagtig of negentig verjaardae voor hierdie een gevier!



“I’ve got a chubby chicken for Gogo Moeng. Can you give it to her?” asked Mr Shabalala.

“Of course,” said Momma tucking the chubby chicken under her arm and off marched Momma, Baby Beka and Siphho.

The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Beka’s balloon went *bobbity-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path until they came to Mrs Makabelo’s home-bake shop.

“Elk het ’n lekker vet hoender vir Gogo Moeng. Kan julle dit vir haar neem?” vra mnr. Shabalala.

“Natuurlik,” sê Momma. Sy sit die vet hoender onder haar arm en daar gaan Momma, Baba Beka en Siphho.

Die vet hoender maak *pe-kek, pe-kek*, die pakkie kraakvars skyfies maak *girts-garts*, Baba Beka se ballon maak *bompe-kebomp* en Momma se plakkies maak *flip-flap, flip-flap-flop* in die stowwerige paadjie af, tot hulle by mev. Makabelo se koekwinkel kom.

Siphho’s packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Beka’s balloon went *bobbity-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path until they came to Mr Shabalala, who was feeding his chickens.

“Where are you going?” he asked.

“We’re going to Gogo Moeng’s house. It’s her birthday,” answered Momma.



Siphho se pakkie kraakvars skyfies maak *girts-garts*, Baba Beka se ballon maak *bompe-kebomp* en Momma se plakkies maak *flip-flap, flip-flap-flop* in die stowwerige paadjie af, tot hulle by mnr. Shabalala kom wat sy hoenders kos gee.

“Waarheen gaan julle?” vra hy.

“Ons gaan na Gogo Moeng se huis toe. Dis haar verjaardag,” antwoord Momma.

Momma klop aan die voordeur. Siphho fluit. Valécia roep. Maar daar is geen antwoord nie. Momma stoot die voordeur oop en hulle gaan almal binne. Maar daar is niemand daar nie. Hulle kyk in die kombuis – niemand nie. Hulle kyk oral. Waar kan Gogo wees?

Momma sê: “Kom ons begin kos maak, en dan sal Gogo dalk opdaag.”

En dis toe wat almal doen – almal behalwe Baba Beka. Hy sit op die kombuistoombank langs die venster en uitkyk tot hy bult sien aankom.



Momma knocked on the front door. Siphho whistled. Valécia shouted. But there was no reply. Momma pushed the front door open and they all went inside. But there was no one there. They looked in the kitchen – nobody. They looked in the bedroom – nobody. They looked everywhere. Where could Gogo be?

Momma said, “Let’s get cooking and maybe Gogo will turn up.” So that is what everyone did – everyone except Baby Beka. He sat on the kitchen counter next to the window and watched until he saw Gogo walking way down the path at the very bottom of the steep hill.

“Gogo! Gogo!” he called. Everyone looked.

“GOGO! GOGO!” everyone shouted together. “GOGO!”

Way down at the bottom of the steep hill Gogo said, “EE-EE-EE. Someone is calling me. Now I can’t go to the shops to buy my birthday supper.”

Gogo turned round and walked all the way up the steep hill. Her slippers went *shuffle-shuffle* on the dusty path. Finally she reached the back door.

“Gogo! Gogo!” roep hy. Almal kyk.

“GOGO! GOGO!” almal roep tegelyk. “GOGO!”

Doer onder aan die voet van die steil bult sê Gogo: “EE-EE-EE. Iemand roep my. Nou kan ek nie winkel toe gaan om my verjaardagete te koop nie.”

Gogo draai om en stap al die pad met die steil bult op. Haar pantoffels maak *slof-slof* in die stowwerige paadjie af. Uiteindelik kom sy by die agterdeur.



Get story active!

Here are some activities for you to try. They are based on all the stories in this edition of the Nal'ibali Supplement: *Momma Moeng's surprise* (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12), *Why birds sing at dawn* (pages 7 to 10) and *Thato, the dreamer* (page 14).

Momma Moeng's surprise

Here are some things to do after you have read the story.

- ★ Choose a part of the story that does not have an illustration and draw a picture for it. Copy out the words from the story that go with your picture.
- ★ What would you have given Gogo Moeng as a birthday present? Write a list of your ideas.
- ★ Make a birthday card for a friend or family member whose birthday is soon – or make one for Gogo Moeng. Remember to write a message inside your card!

Raak doenig met stories!

Hier volg 'n paar aktiwiteite wat julle kan probeer. Dit is op die volgende stories in hierdie uitgawe van die Nal'ibali-bylae gebaseer: *Momma Moeng se verrassing* (bladsye 5, 6, 11 en 12), *Waarom voëls soggens sing* (bladsye 7 tot 10) en *Thato, die dromer* (bladsy 15).

Momma Moeng se verrassing

Hier volg 'n paar dinge wat jy kan doen wanneer jy die storie klaar gelees het.

- ★ Kies 'n deel van die storie wat nie geïllustreer is nie en teken 'n prent daarvoor. Skryf die woorde van die storie wat by die prent pas daarby oor.
- ★ Wat sou jy vir Gogo Moeng as 'n verjaardaggeskenk gegee het? Skryf 'n lys met jou idees neer.
- ★ Maak 'n verjaardagkaartjie vir 'n maat of familielid wat binnekort verjaar – of maak een vir Gogo Moeng. Onthou om 'n boodskap in die kaartjie te skryf!

Why birds sing at dawn

Remember that in Happy-Land the birds and trees could talk to each other. What do you think Mamango and Mama Bird told each other the morning after Mama Bird returned? Try writing their conversation below. Then read it aloud with a friend!

Waarom voëls soggens sing

Onthou dat die voëls en bome in Groot-Geluk met mekaar kon praat. Wat dink jy het Mamango en die voëltjies se mamma die oggend nadat sy teruggekom het, vir mekaar gesê? Probeer hul gesprek hieronder neerskryf. Lees dit dan hardop saam met 'n maat!

Mamango: _____

Mama Bird/Mamma: _____

Mamango: _____

Mama Bird/Mamma: _____

Mamango: _____

Mama Bird/Mamma: _____

Mamango: _____

Mama Bird/Mamma: _____

Thato, the dreamer

- ★ Talk about the story.
 - ☉ Why do you think the children called Thato names like *mokhukhu* girl?
 - ☉ What would you have done if you were Thato?
 - ☉ What would you have done if you were there when they called Thato names?
 - ☉ Do you think a person is a bully if they call someone else names?
- ★ On your own or with a friend, write the newspaper report about Thato. You may also want to draw a picture to go with your report!

Thato, die dromer

- ★ Praat oor die storie.
 - ☉ Waarom dink jy het die kinders vir Thato gespot, soos om haar die *mokhukhu*-meisie te noem?
 - ☉ Wat sou jy gedoen het as jy Thato was?
 - ☉ Wat sou jy gedoen het as jy daar was toe hulle vir Thato gespot het?
 - ☉ Dink jy iemand is 'n boelie as hulle iemand anders spot?
- ★ Skryf die nuusberig oor Thato op jou eie of saam met 'n maat. Jy sal dalk ook 'n prent wil teken wat by jou berig pas!



Thato, the dreamer

By Pirai Mazungunye ■ Illustrations by Yvonne Robinson



In Disteneng, just five kilometres from Polokwane, lived a girl named Thato. Thato lived with her mother, Mokgadi, in a house made of poles and iron sheets – a *mokhukhu*. Early in the morning, Thato's mother would walk with her all the way to her primary school in Ladanna.

One morning as they passed the green shack on the corner, people were sitting outside drinking beer.

"Tlou stays here," said Thato. "He doesn't come to school anymore."

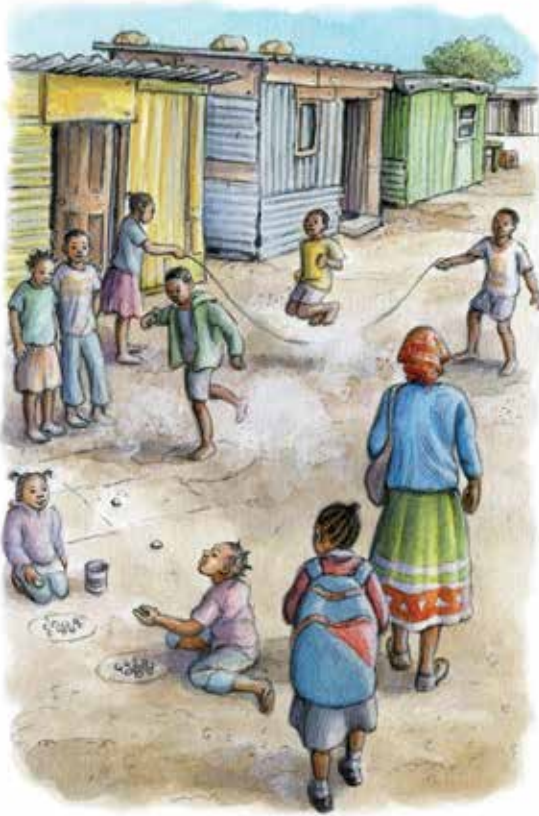
"Are you sure?" asked Mokgadi.

"Yes. He said school is for rich people, not poor people," Thato answered sadly. "I miss him so much. He was the only other child from Disteneng at school."

Then Thato ran ahead of her mother. Further down the road, as they got closer to Ladanna, she heard the sound of birds. In Disteneng, she only heard loud music.

Thato worked hard at school. During break time, she always did her homework because it was difficult to do it at home. But it was Grace's birthday today and she had brought cupcakes for everyone in class. Mrs Sephuma handed out the pretty little cakes to the children. Slowly Thato ate a small piece of her cake. It had chocolate icing on top and tasted sweet. It made Thato think about her last birthday. She had not brought cakes, but had sung a song for the class. The teacher had loved it, but not the children. Some of them had sulked, while others said, "*Mokhukhu* girl! Hey, *mokhukhu* girl – the one who sees electricity across the river – where's our cake?"

As she thought about that, Thato did not feel like eating her cupcake anymore. She wrapped what was left of it in some paper and put it in her schoolbag. Then she took out her writing book and started doing her homework.



After school, Thato walked back home behind her mother. As she got closer to the corner where the green shack was, she saw some children, white with dust from head to foot. They were playing games – *kgati*, *tshere tshere* and *diketo* – in the road.

"Here comes the schoolgirl," said one of them pointing at Thato. The children stopped playing. The girls playing *diketo* stopped singing. They looked at Thato in her school uniform that was too big for her. Thato did not mind being called the schoolgirl. It was better than the names she was called at school.

"She is back," they all said together.

"You should come back to school," said Thato. "We can all go to school together."

"Go to school?" they laughed. "Never! You will find nothing there!"

At school it was the same. Sometimes Thato would be upset and cry. Sometimes she would get angry and shout back, "My name is not *mokhukhu* girl! It's Thato! Lucky you, who chose your parents! If I was asked to choose, I would choose to live in a big house!"

Some children laughed, but others said, "She is right. We did not choose where we were born. Thato is right." And after that they only called her Thato.

"So what?" a few unkind children said. "She sang for us on her birthday. Now we will sing a song too: Thato, the *mokhukhu* girl, the dreamer." Then they followed her around the schoolyard singing their unkind song. "Thato, the *mokhukhu* girl, the dreamer." Over and over again.

But, things don't stay the same forever. When Thato turned nine, she could take part in school sports. The first time her teachers saw her run, they knew that she would be a champion!

"You must practise every day after school, Thato," Mrs Sephuma said.

Every day, Mrs Sephuma would give Thato a sandwich and some fruit when the other children were not around. Every day, Thato practised.

When it was the school sports day, Thato came first in all her races. "Now you must run for the school! You must help us win the sports competition this year," said the principal as she gave Thato a big packet.

Thato didn't open the packet until she got home, but as soon as her mother had closed the door, Thato opened it. Inside was a pair of running shoes, running shorts and a T-shirt. Thato ran even faster in her running shoes.

It wasn't long before the same children who had called her *mokhukhu* girl started calling her the bullet girl.

"There goes the bullet girl!" they would shout as she sped past them on the sports field. And at all the races they cheered her on, chanting, "Run, Thato, the dreamer, run. Run, bullet girl!"

After two years of training every day and eating the extra food that Mrs Sephuma brought to school for her, Thato became one of the fastest runners in Limpopo.

One day Thato ran up to her mother as she waited at the school gate. "Mom, mom!" she shouted. "I'm on the Limpopo team! I'm going to Cape Town with the team!"

The principal gave Thato more packets. There was one with running shoes and running clothes. The T-shirts all had Limpopo's emblem on them. There was also a packet with a cap, jeans and a jacket. And there was a small packet with a plastic bank card that had spending money for the trip to Cape Town.

When the time came for the Limpopo team to go to Cape Town, a big bus with soft seats and dark windows came to fetch Thato at her school. She hugged Mokgadi goodbye and climbed up the steps of the bus. As she turned to wave goodbye, she saw Tlou standing next to her mother. Behind him, stood her dusty friends from Disteneng.

She remembered how they used to call her the school girl. She smiled. "You should come back to school," she said.

Thato was the fastest one hundred metre runner in her age group. They wrote about her in the local newspaper and talked about her on the radio. They called her a golden girl in waiting. At school Thato was given a medal at assembly. All the children and teachers clapped for her. And they sang a song over and over again, "Thato, the golden girl, the dreamer."





Thato, die dromer

Deur Pirai Mazungunye ■ Illustrasies deur Yvonne Robinson



In Disteneng, net vyf kilometer van Polokwane af, woon daar 'n meisie met die naam Thato. Thato woon saam met haar ma, Mokgadi, in 'n huis wat van pale en sinkplate gemaak is – 'n *mokhukhu*. Soggens vroeg stap Thato se ma al die pad saam met haar tot by haar laerskool in Ladanna.

Een oggend toe hulle by die groen sinkhuis op die hoek verbystap, sit mense buite en bier drink.

"Tlou woon hier," sê Thato. "Hy gaan nie meer skool toe nie."

"Is jy seker?" vra Mokgadi.

"Ja. Hy sê skool is vir ryk mense, nie arm mense nie," antwoord Thato hartseer. "Ek mis hom so baie. Hy was die enigste ander kind by die skool wat ook van Disteneng af kom."

Toe hardloop Thato vooruit al met die pad langs. Hoe nader hulle aan Ladanna kom, hoe meer voëltjies kan sy hoor sing. In Disteneng hoor sy net harde musiek.

Thato werk hard by die skool. Sy doen altyd haar huiswerk tydens pouses, want dit is moeilik om dit by die huis te doen. Maar vandag is Grace se verjaardag, en sy het vir almal in die klas kolwyntjies gebring. Mev. Sephuma deel die fraai klein koekies vir die kinders uit. Thato eet tydsaam 'n klein stukkie van haar koek. Daar is sjokoladeversiersel bo-op en dis soet. Dit laat Thato terugdink aan haar vorige verjaardag. Sy het nie koekies gebring nie, maar het vir die klas 'n liedjie gesing. Haar juffrou het daarvan gehou, maar nie die kinders nie. Van die kinders was dikmond, terwyl ander gesê het: "*Mokhukhu*-meisie! Hei, *mokhukhu*-meisie – die een wat nie elektrisiteit aan haar kant van die rivier het nie – waar's ons koek?"

Terwyl sy daaraan dink, voel Thato nie meer lus om haar kolwyntjie te eet nie. Sy draai dit in papier toe en sit dit in haar skooltas. Toe haal sy haar skryfboek uit en begin haar huiswerk doen.



Ná skool loop Thato agter haar ma aan terug huis toe. Toe sy naby die groen sinkhuis op die hoek kom, sien sy 'n paar kinders – hulle is van kop tot tone wit van die stof. Die kinders speel speletjies – *kgati*, *tshere tshere* en *diketo* – in die straat.

"Hier kom die skoolmeisie," sê een van hulle en wys na Thato. Die kinders hou op speel. Die meisies wat *diketo* speel, hou op sing. Hulle kyk na Thato in haar skoolklere wat te groot is vir haar. Thato gee nie om as hulle haar die skoolmeisie noem nie. Dis beter as die name wat die kinders haar by die skool noem.

"Sy's terug," sê hulle almal gelyk.

"Julle moet terugkom skool toe," sê Thato. "Ons kan almal saam skool toe gaan."

"Skool toe?" lag hulle. "Nooit! Daar's niks daar nie!"

By die skool is dit dieselfde. Soms raak Thato ontsteld en dan huil sy. Soms raak sy kwaad en skree terug: "My naam is nie *mokhukhu*-meisie nie! Dis Thato! Dis maklik vir julle, wat julle ouers gekies het! As ek kon kies, sou ek gekies het om in 'n groot huis te woon!"

Sommige kinders lag, maar ander sê: "Sy's reg. Ons het nie gekies waar ons gebore wil word nie. Thato is reg." En van toe af noem hulle haar net Thato.

"Wat daarvan?" sê 'n paar onvriendelike kinders. "Sy't vir ons gesing op haar verjaardag. Nou gaan ons ook 'n liedjie sing: Thato, die *mokhukhu*-meisie, die dromer." Toe loop hulle agter haar aan op die skoolgrond en sing hul nare liedjie. "Thato, die *mokhukhu*-meisie, die dromer." Weer en weer en weer.

Maar dinge bly nie altyd soos dit is nie. Toe Thato nege word, kan sy deelneem aan skoolsport. Die eerste keer toe haar onderwysers haar sien hardloop, weet hulle sy gaan 'n kampioen word!

"Jy moet elke dag na skool oefen, Thato," sê mev. Sephuma.

Mev. Sephuma gee elke dag vir Thato 'n toebroodjie en vrugte wanneer die ander kinders nie by is nie. En Thato oefen elke dag.

Toe die sportdag by die skool aanbreek, kom Thato eerste in al haar wedlope. "Nou moet jy vir die skool deelneem! Jy moet ons help om hierdie jaar die sportkompetisie te wen," sê die skoolhoof toe sy vir Thato 'n groot pakkie gee.

Thato wag tot sy by die huis kom voor sy die pakkie oopmaak, maar toe haar ma die deur agter haar toemaak, maak sy dit oop. Binne-in is 'n paar hardloopskoene, 'n hardloopbroekie en 'n T-hemp. Thato hardloop selfs nog vinniger met haar hardloopskoene.

Dis ook nie lank nie of dieselfde kinders wat haar *mokhukhu*-meisie genoem het, begin haar nou die blits noem.

"Daar gaan die blits!" skree hulle wanneer sy by hulle verbynaal op die sportveld. En by al die wedlope ondersteun hulle haar en dreunsing, "Hardloop, Thato, die dromer, hardloop. Hardloop, blitsvinnig!"

Nadat sy vir twee jaar lank elke dag geoefen het en die ekstra kos geëet het wat mev. Sephuma vir haar skool toe bring, word Thato een van die vinnigste hardlopers in Limpopo.

Eendag hardloop Thato na haar ma toe wat by die skoolhek wag. "Mamma, Mamma!" roep sy. "Ek is in die Limpopo-span! Ek gaan Kaapstad toe saam met die span!"

Die skoolhoof gee vir Thato nog pakkies. Daar is een met hardloopskoene en hardloopleere. Die T-hemde het almal Limpopo se wapen daarop. Daar is ook 'n pakkie met 'n pet, jeans en 'n baadjie. En daar is 'n klein pakkie met 'n plastiekbankkaart met sakgeld vir die toer na Kaapstad.

Toe dit tyd is vir die Limpopo-span om Kaapstad toe te gaan, kom haal 'n groot bus met sagte sitplekke en donker vensters vir Thato by haar skool. Sy gee vir Mokgadi 'n drukkie en klim teen die bus se trappies op. Toe sy omdraai om te waai, sien sy vir Tlou langs haar ma staan. Agter hom staan haar stowwerige maats van Disteneng.

Sy onthou hoe hulle haar altyd die skoolmeisie genoem het. Sy glimlag. "Julle moet terugkom skool toe," sê sy.

Thato is die vinnigste naelloper oor honderd meter in haar ouderdomsgroep. Hulle skryf oor haar in die plaaslike koerant en praat oor haar op die radio. Hulle noem haar 'n goue meisie. By die skool kry Thato 'n medalje in die saal. Al die kinders en onderwysers klap vir haar hande. En hulle sing 'n liedjie weer en weer en weer: "Thato, die goue meisie, die dromer."



Nal'ibali fun

Nal'ibali-pret



1.

In *Momma Moeng's surprise*, Gogo Moeng got lots of birthday surprises! Follow the steps below to create your own poem about surprises. Start each line of your poem with a letter from the word, "surprise".

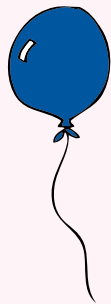
1. On a separate sheet of paper, write down all the words or phrases you think of when you hear the word, "surprise".
2. Choose which of these words or phrases you want to use in your poem. Remember each line of your poem has to start with a letter from the word, SURPRISE. For example: you could write "people and presents" on the line that starts with the letter, "p".
3. Add in any other words you need to complete your poem.
4. Read your poem aloud.

S _____
U _____
R _____
P _____
R _____
I _____
S _____
E _____



Can you unscramble the letters to make the names of the birthday gifts that Gogo Moeng received in *Momma Moeng's surprise*?

ekac _____
amj _____
foeslwr _____
ooblIn _____
pchsi _____
slaeevgtbe _____
enicckh _____



Kan jy die letters skommel om die name te spel van die geskenke wat Gogo Moeng in *Momma Moeng se verrassing* kry?

ekok _____
yfkotn _____
lbmome _____
lloban _____
ksyefis _____
tgerone _____
rneohde _____

2.

Sometimes Hope likes to make her own sandwiches to take to school. She always puts peanut butter on them. Can you give her some ideas of other fillings she could use? Circle your favourite filling.



☒	_____
☒	_____
☒	_____
☒	_____

Soms hou Hope daarvan om haar eie toebroodjies vir skool te maak. Sy smeer altyd grondboontjiegat daarop. Kan jy vir haar idees gee van ander vulsels wat sy kan gebruik? Omkring jou gunstelingvulsel.

Antwoorde: koek, konfyt, blomme, ballon, skyfies, groente, hoender
Answers: cake, jam, flowers, balloon, chips, vegetables, chicken

Nal'ibali is here to motivate and support you. Contact us by calling our call centre on 02 11 80 40 80, or in any of these ways:

Nal'ibali is hier om jou te motiveer en te ondersteun. Skakel ons inbelsentrum by 02 11 80 40 80, of kontak ons op een van die volgende maniere:

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