



Ask us!

At Nal'ibali we are often asked for reading advice. There are some questions that people have asked us often over the years. So, we thought we would share the five most frequently asked questions with you – as well as our responses to them.



STARTING AND STOPPING

What's the point of reading to babies when they don't understand what you are reading?

Reading to babies and toddlers stimulates their thinking and develops their language. They may not be able to speak yet, but they are listening and engaging with every word that you say! Sharing books is also a great way to bond with your baby. When she enjoys looking at books with you, she learns that books are things that make her feel good! And so, she's more likely to want to learn to read them later on.

My child has learnt to read. Should I stop reading aloud to him?

No! Find books which you think he would enjoy, but are still a little bit too difficult for him to read on his own, and read these aloud to him.

WHICH BOOKS?

Which books are good ones to read to my child?

Any book that your child enjoys is a good book because it encourages their love of reading and books. Always try to find books in your child's mother tongue and read those together before you start introducing books in another language.



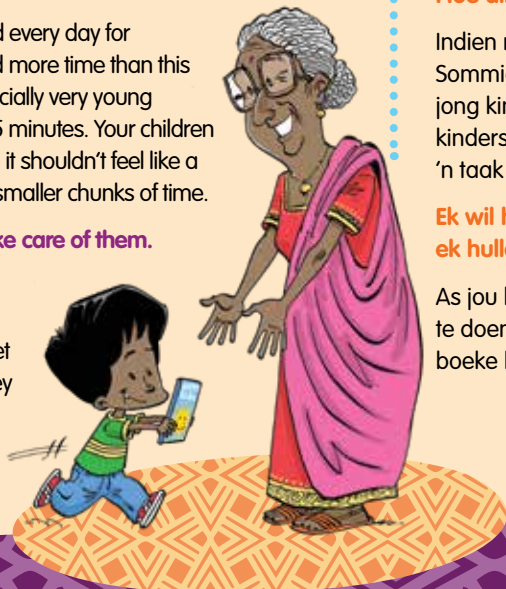
Sharing books

How often and for how long should I read to my child?

If possible, you should read aloud to your child every day for 15 minutes. Some children may want to spend more time than this sharing books with you. Other children – especially very young ones – may find it difficult to concentrate for 15 minutes. Your children should always enjoy you reading to them and it shouldn't feel like a chore, so rather break the 15 minutes up into smaller chunks of time.

I want my children to respect books and take care of them. How can I teach them to do this?

If your children see you treating books with respect, they will learn to do this too. If they get pleasure from you reading aloud to them, they will take good care of books because they treasure the stories in them!



Drive your
imagination

Vra vir ons!

By Nal'ibali word ons dikwels gevra om advies oor lees te gee. Daar is sommige vrae wat mense ons dikwels deur die jare gevra het. Ons het dus gedink ons sal die vyf vrae wat die meeste gevra word met julle deel – en natuurlik ons antwoorde daarop!

BEGIN EN EINDIG

Wat is die nut daarvan om vir babas te lees as hulle nie verstaan wat jy lees nie?

Om vir babas en kleuters te lees stimuleer hul denke en ontwikkel hul taal. Hulle kan dalk nog nie praat nie, maar hulle luister en neem elke woord in wat jy sê! Om boeke met hulle te deel is ook 'n wonderlike manier om 'n band met jou baba te vorm. Wanneer sy dit geniet om saam met jou na boeke te kyk, leer sy dat boeke iets is wat haar goed laat voel! En daarom sal sy meer geneig wees om later te wil leer lees.

My kind kan nou self lees. Moet ek nou ophou om hardop vir hom te lees?

Nee! Vind boeke wat jy dink hy sal geniet, maar wat nog steeds effens te moeilik is vir hom om self te lees, en lees dit hardop vir hom.

WATTER BOEKE?

Watter boeke is goeie boeke om vir my kind te lees?

Enige boek wat jou kind geniet, is 'n goeie boek, want dit moedig hulle liefde vir lees en boeke aan. Probeer altyd boeke in jou kind se moedertaal vind en lees dit saam voor jy begin om boeke in 'n ander taal vir hulle te lees.

INSIDE!

Get your 2020 literacy
calendar!

BINNE!

Kry jou 2020 geletterdheids-
kalender!



Deel boeke

Hoe dikwels en vir hoe lank behoort ek vir my kind te lees?

Indien moontlik, behoort jy elke dag 15 minute lank vir jou kind te lees. Sommige kinders sal dalk langer saam wil lees. Ander kinders – veral baie jong kinders – kan dit moeilik vind om vir 15 minute te konsentreer. Jou kinders moet dit altyd geniet wanneer jy vir hulle lees, en dit moet nie soos 'n taak voel nie. Verdeel eerder die 15 minute in korter tye indien nodig.

Ek wil hê my kinders moet boeke respekteer en mooi daarna kyk. Hoe kan ek hulle leer om dit te doen?

As jou kinders sien dat jy boeke met respek hanteer, sal hulle ook leer om dit te doen. As hulle dit geniet wanneer jy hardop vir hulle lees, sal hulle mooi na boeke kyk omdat hulle die stories in die boeke koester!



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

Your story

We love getting stories written by you!

Here is the story about Chai. It was written in English by FUNda Leader, Tebogo Machai from Vosloorus.

Chai was a physically challenged boy who wanted to play football like every boy. Every time when the boys of the village were playing soccer, Chai would wait off the field watching the boys kicking the ball around. What was more enticing to Chai was when the boys were calling each other to pass the ball around, like, "Themba, pass, pressure him!" and so on.

One day the boys realised how desperately Chai wanted to play football and they decided to surprise him.

Themba asked, "But Chai cannot run fast. What can we do to involve him?"

"Oooh, I have a plan. Let us pretend that we are struggling to catch up to him," said Neo.

Well, after the boys were done planning how to include Chai in their team, they went to Chai's home and asked him to come and play with them because Rob was not feeling well.

"But I cannot run fast like any one of you guys," said Chai embarrassed.

The boys said, "No, Chai, as long as you can walk fast. Besides we are a team and we rely on each other."

Chai was so excited as he put his soccer boots on and marched onto the football field.

Upon their arrival at the football ground, the ball started to roll and they gave it to Chai who was waiting for it. The spectators were cheering behind Chai saying, "Go! Go! Chai!"

As he was nearing the goalkeeper, the members of the other team pushed each other pretending to catch and block Chai. But when Chai was very close to the goalkeeper, he kicked the ball which was missed by the goalkeeper and it was a goal. Everyone was cheering the name, "Chai! Chai! Chai!" as he was lifted up.

That was the biggest day of Chai's life. Even today, the picture of Chai being lifted after scoring that goal still hangs on his bedroom wall.

Jou storie

Ons hou baie daarvan om stories te ontvang wat julle geskryf het!

Hier is die storie van Chai. Dit is in Engels geskryf deur FUNda Leader, Tebogo Machai van Vosloorus.

Chai was 'n seun wat liggaamlik gestrem was, maar wat, soos enige seun, wou sokker speel. Elke keer wanneer die seuns van die dorp sokker speel, wag Chai langs die veld en kyk hoe die seuns die bal skop. Wat vir Chai nog meer aanloklik is, is wanneer die seuns mekaar roep om die bal aan te gee, soos: "Skop, Themba, sit hom onder druk!" ensovoorts.

Op 'n dag besef die seuns hoe graag Chai wil sokker speel, en hulle besluit om hom te verras.

Themba sê: "Maar Chai kan nie vinnig hardloop nie. Wat kan ons doen om hom te betrek?"

"Ooee, ek het 'n plan. Kom ons maak of ons sukkel om hom te vang," sê Neo.

En toe die seuns klaar planne gemaak het oor hoe om Chai deel van hul span te maak, gaan hulle na sy huis toe en vra hom om saam met hulle te kom speel omdat Rob siek voel.

"Maar ek kan nie vinnig hardloop soos julle ouens nie," sê Chai verleë.

Die seuns sê: "Nee, Chai, solank jy vinnig kan stap. Buitendien, ons is 'n span en ons maak staat op mekaar."

Chai is so opgewonde toe hy sy sokkerstewels aantrek en sokkerveld toe stap.

Toe hulle by die sokkerveld aankom, begin die bal rol, en hulle gee dit vir Chai, wat staan en wag daarvoor. Agter Chai moedig die toeskouers hom aan en skree: "Nou! Nou! Chai!"

Toe hy naby die doelwagter kom, stamp die ander span se spelers mekaar en maak of hulle vir Chai probeer vang en keer. Maar toe Chai naby die doelwagter is, skop hy die bal. Die doelwagter vang dit mis en Chai skop 'n doel. Almal roep sy naam: "Chai! Chai! Chai!" terwyl hulle hom oplig.

Dit was die grootste dag in Chai se lewe. Tot vandag toe hang die foto van Chai wat opgelig word nadat hy die doel geskop het teen sy slaapkamermuur.

Send your pictures and stories to info@nalibali.org, or to The Nal'ibali Supplement, The Nal'ibali Trust, Suite 17-201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wyecroft Road, Mowbray, 7700. Remember to make sure that we know that you want them published in the Nal'ibali Supplement and include your name and contact details.

Stuur jou prente en stories vir ons by info@nalibali.org, of aan The Nal'ibali Supplement, The Nal'ibali Trust, Suite 17-201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wyecroft Road, Mowbray, 7700. Onthou om seker te maak ons weet jy wil dit in die Nal'ibali-bylae gepubliseer hê, en sluit jou naam en kontakbesonderhede in.

WIN! WEN!



For a chance to win some Book Dash books, write a review of the story, *Woof-woof!* (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, *Woef-woef!* (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



Drive your
imagination



LITERACY CALENDAR 2020

GELETTERDHEIDSKALENDER 2020



Celebrate the power
of stories and reading
throughout the year!



Vier die krag van
stories en lees
regdeur die jaar!

JANUARY JANUARIE

Creativity Month
Kreatiwiteitsmaand

31

Multicultural
Children's Book Day
Multikulturele
Kinderboekdag



FEBRUARY FEBRUARIE

5 World Read Aloud Day
Wêrelddag vir
Hardop Lees

21

International Mother
Language Day
Internasionale
Moedertaaldag



MARCH MAART

20 World
Storytelling Day
Wêrelddag vir
Stories Vertel

21

World Poetry Day
Wêreldpoësie-dag



APRIL APRIL

2 International
Children's
Book Day
Internasionale
Kinderboekdag

23

World Book Day
Wêreldboekdag



MAY MEI

Get-Caught-Reading Month
Word-betrap-terwyl-
jy-lees-maand

25

Africa Day
Afrika-dag

JUNE JUNIE

Youth Month
Jeugmaand

Diary Month
Dagboekmaand

30

Social Media Day
Sosialemedia-dag

JULY JULIE

1 International
Joke Day
Internasionale
Grap-dag

18

Mandela Day
Mandela-dag



AUGUST AUGUSTUS

9 Book Lovers' Day
Boekwurmdag

21

Poets' Day
Digtersdag

SEPTEMBER SEPTEMBER

Heritage Month
Erfenismaand

Literacy Month
Geletterdheidsmaand

8

International
Literacy Day
Internasionale
Geletterdheidsdag



OCTOBER OKTOBER

International School
Library Month
Internasionale
Skoolbiblioteekmaand

16

Dictionary Day
Woordeboekdag

NOVEMBER NOVEMBER

International Picture
Book Month
Internasionale
Prenteboekmaand

15

I-Love-
To-Write Day
Ek-hou-van-
skryfdag

DECEMBER DESEMBER

5 International
Volunteer Day
Internasionale
Vrywilligersdag

7

Letter Writing Day
Briefskryfdag



Collect the Na'ibali characters

Cut out and keep all your favourite Na'ibali characters and then use them to create your own pictures, posters, stories or anything else you can think of!

About Mbali

Age: 2

Brother: Neo

Lives with: her mother, father, Gogo and Neo

Friend: Rahul

Favourite colour: pink

Books she likes: nursery rhymes, but she also likes pretending to read her brother's books

Things she likes to do: dressing up, and pretend-reading to her teddy bear and to Bella's dog, Noodle



Versamel die Na'ibali-karakters

Versamel al jou gunsteling Na'ibali-karakters deur hulle uit te knip en dan te gebruik om jou eie prente, plakkate, stories, of enigiets anders waaraan jy kan dink, te maak!

Oor Mbali

Ouderdom: 2

Broer: Neo

Woon saam met: haar ma, pa, Gogo en Neo

Maat: Rahul

Gunstelingkleur: pienk

Boeke waarvan sy hou: kinderrympies, maar sy hou ook daarvan om te maak of sy haar broer se boeke lees

Wat sy graag doen: aantrekspeletjies, en maak of sy vir haar teddiebeer en Bella se hond, Noodle, stories lees

Here's an idea ...

- ✂ Cut out and colour in the picture of Mbali and paste it on a large sheet of paper. Draw a thought bubble next to Mbali's head. Then draw a picture inside the thought bubble to show what she is reading about.
- ✂ Keep the picture in a safe place and when you have collected all the Na'ibali characters, use them to create your own Na'ibali poster!

Hier's 'n idee ...

- ✂ Knip die prent van Mbali uit, kleur dit in en plak dit op 'n groot vel papier. Teken 'n dinkborrel langs Mbali se kop. Teken dan 'n prent in die dinkborrel om te wys waaroor sy lees.
- ✂ Bêre die prent op 'n veilige plek, en wanneer jy al die Na'ibali-karakters versamel het, gebruik dit om jou eie Na'ibali-plakkaat te maak!



Did you know ...

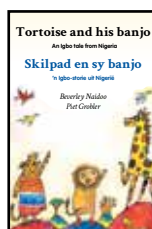
By June 2019, **115 114** children were registered at Na'ibali reading clubs – that's 1 in every 170 South African children!

Het jy geweet ...

Teen Junie 2019 was **115 114** kinders by Na'ibali-leesklubs geregistreer – dit is 1 uit elke 170 Suid-Afrikaanse kinders!

Create **TWO** cut-out-and-keep books

- Take out pages 5 to 12 of this supplement.
- 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.
- Use each of the sheets to make a book. Follow the instructions below to make each book.
 - Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.
 - Fold it in half again along the green dotted line.
 - Cut along the red dotted lines.



Maak **TWEE** knip-uit-en-bêreboekies

- Haal bladsye 5 tot 12 van hierdie bylae uit.
- 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.
- Gebruik elk van die velle om 'n boek te maak. Volg die instruksies hieronder om elke boek te maak.
 - Vou die vel in die helfte op die swart stippellyn.
 - Vou dit weer in die helfte op die groen stippellyn.
 - Knip uit op die rooi stippellyne.



Drive your imagination



Nou moet ek julle seker vertel dat Lui-perd al hoe meer op sy senuwees geraak het. Die diere het al stadiger gewerk. Hulle het kort-kort na hom gekyk en ver wag dat hy vir hulle ver versings sou aanbied. Maar Lui-perd hou net die hek na sy plaas dop. Waar was sy vroue? Wat het van sy seun geword? Te ver lê om iets te sê, draf hy weg om te gaan uitvind. Julle kan seker raai wat Lui-perd moes aanskou toe hy pad langs draf? Op 'n afstand het hy die dansers herken. Hoe durt sy vroue sy be vele verontagsaam? Woedend pluk hy 'n lat van 'n boom af, vasberade om hulle 'n les te leer wat hulle nie sou vergeet nie.

Ugbua... Now, Leopard was getting anxious. The animals were working more slowly. They kept throwing him glances, expecting him to offer them refreshments. So Leopard kept looking towards the entrance to his farm. Where were his wives? Why hadn't his son returned? Too embarrassed to say anything, he set off to find out. Well, you can guess what Leopard saw when he began marching down the road. Even from a distance, he recognised the dancers. How dare his wives ignore his orders! In a rage, he stripped a whipping branch from a tree. He would teach them a lesson they wouldn't forget.

Tortoise and his banjo

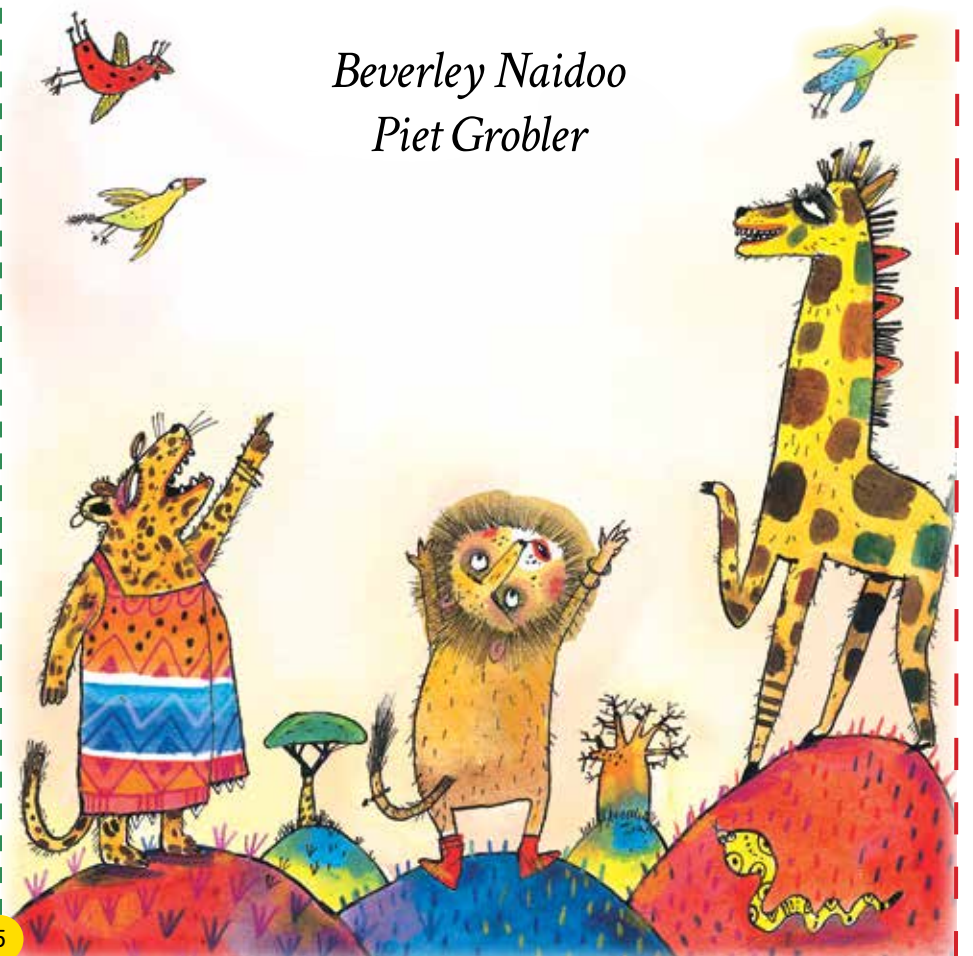
An Igbo tale from Nigeria

Skilpad en sy banjo

'n Igbo-storie uit Nigerië

Beverley Naidoo

Piet Grobler



We publish what we like

This is an adapted version of "Tortoise and his banjo" from *Who is King?* published by Jacana Media and available in bookstores and online from www.jacana.co.za. This story collection is available in isiXhosa, isiZulu, English, Afrikaans and Sesotho. Jacana publishes books for young readers in all eleven official South African languages. To find out more about Jacana titles go to www.jacana.co.za.

Hierdie is 'n aangepaste weergawe van "Skilpad en sy banjo" uit *Wie is Koning?* uitgegee deur Jacana Media en beskikbaar in boekwinkels en aanlyn by www.jacana.co.za. Hierdie storieversameling is beskikbaar in isiXhosa, isiZulu, Engels, Afrikaans en Sesotho. Jacana publiseer boeke vir jong lesers in al elf amptelike Suid-Afrikaanse tale. Om meer uit te vind oor Jacana-titels, gaan na www.jacana.co.za.

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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 leeskuilregoor Suid-Afrika laat vlam vat en vaslê. Vir meer inligting, besoek www.nalibali.org of www.nalibali.mobi



Drive your imagination



Die musiek het Luiperd se seun so betower dat hy nie eens na die woorde geluister het nie. Hy kon homself nie help nie: sy voete het begin dans, sy lyf het gedraai en geswaai en sy kop het op die maat van die musiek geknik. Al dansende vergeet hy skoon van sy vader se boodskap. En dit was nie lank voordat hy nie meer alleen gedans het nie. Sy vader se vroue wat kos en drank aangedra het, is ook deur die musiek betower. Hulle sit die borde kos en potte met bier neer om makliker te kan dans. Al draaiend en swaaiend dans hulle.



Once, in a far, far land, Leopard needed workers for his farm. So he invited all the animals in his town to a work-party. He promised them plenty of food and palm wine if they helped him prepare his land for planting.

Ugbua ... Now, I should tell you that Leopard invited everyone except Tortoise. When Tortoise found out, he was very upset. He was also embarrassed that Leopard believed he was too weak for hard work. Well, thought Tortoise, I'll show him! Without saying a word, he set off to talk with Rabbit in the neighbouring town.

Lank gelede in 'n baie ver land, het Luiperd werkers nodig gehad om op sy plaas te werk. Hy nooi toe al die diere in sy dorp na 'n werkspartytjie uit. Hy belowe hulle heerlike kos en bier as hulle hom help om die grond voor te berei om te plant.

Liewe lesers, ek moet julle seker nou vertel dat Luiperd al die diere buiten vir Skilpad genooi het! Toe Skilpad uitvind, was hy baie ontsteld. Maar hy was ook skaam dat Luiperd gedink het dat hy te treurig was om enige harde werk te doen. Wel, dink Skilpad, ek sal hom wys! Sonder om 'n woord te sê loop Skilpad na Vlakhaas in die buurdorp.



Skilpad se melodie betower egter ook vir Luiperd en hy begin ook dans. Hy laat val die tak wat hy gepluk het ... al draaiend en swaaiend dans hy. Teen hierdie tyd was die werkers op die land totaal uitgeput. Luiperd het hulle na 'n werksPARTYTJIE uitgenooi, maar waar is die versings wat hy hulle belowe het? Dit was so gemeen van Luiperd om hulle so te kul! Met mae wat brom begin die diere grom. Einde ten las het hulle genoeg gehad en loop huis toe met hul pangas en skoffelpikke. Nie ver daarvandaan nie, hoor hulle die musiek en ook hulle word daardur betower. Hulle honger verdwyn. Hulle gooi die pangas en skoffelpikke neer en begin dans. Al draaiend en swaaiend dans hulle.

However, as the melody wafted towards him, it wove a spell over his feet, body and head. He dropped his whipping branch and began to dance. Whirling and swirling. Leopard had invited them to a work-PARTY. Where were the refreshments he had promised? How mean of Leopard to lie to them! Stomachs rumbled as the animals grumbled. Finally, taking their knives and hoes, they set off home. They had not gone far before the music wafted towards them. It wove its spell over their feet, bodies and heads. Their hunger vanished. They too put down their tools and began to dance. Whirling and swirling.

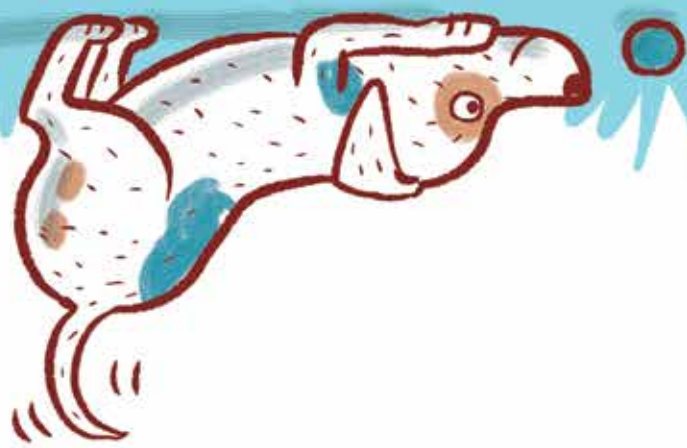
“Ek hoop dat jy nooit weer sal vergeet om vir jou werkers te sorg nie.” Skilpad draai toe na die diere van sy dorp. “Totsiens werkers! Totsiens dansers!”

Hy wuif totsiens, swaai sy banjo op sy rug en kruip in sy tonnel in. Dit was die kortste pad huis toe.

Die ander diere het ook omgedraai en huiswaarts gekeer. Luiperd is nie toegelaat om ooit te vergeet hoe hy die diere uitgebuit het nie, want elke nou en dan het hy iemand hoor sing:

*“Kiri bamba kiri
Hoekom julsself doodwerk vir Luiperd?”*





Hondjie wil speel.
Speel?



Doggy wants to play.
Play?



Lots more free books at bookdash.org

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Drive your
imagination

Woof-woof!
Woef-woef!

*Nicolene Louw
Sindiwe Magona
Christelle Grobler
Marianne Peacock*





Kyk, Hondjie bring die bal.
Bal?

Catch the ball.
Vang die bal.





Weg, Woef-woef!



Ball?

Look, Doggy's bringing the ball.



Catch, Woof-woof!



Pappa!

Vang, Woef-woef!

Weg, Woef-woef!



Woof-woof out!

Don't be scared.



Moenie bang wees nie.

Kyk, Pappa speel.

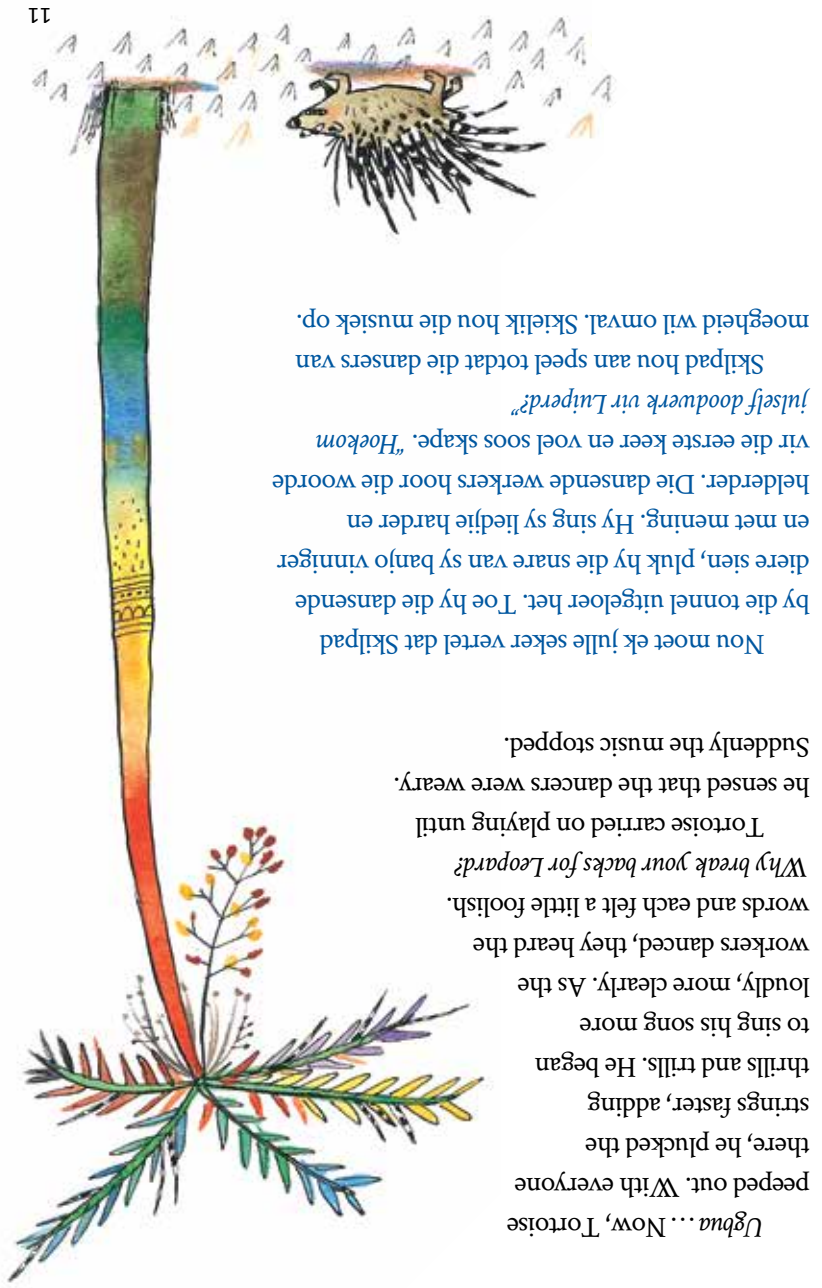


Look, Daddy's playing.

Now you play.

Nou speel jy.





Nou moet ek julle seker vertel dat Skilpad by die tonnel uitgeleer het. Toe hy die dansende diere sien, pluk hy die snare van sy banjo vinniger en met mening. Hy sing sy liedjie harder en helderder. Die dansende werkers hoor die woorde vir die eerste keer en voel soos skape. "Hoekom juis self doodwerk vir Luiperd?"

Skilpad hou aan speel totdat die dansers van moegheid wil omval. Skielik hou die musiek op.

Ugbua... Now, Tortoise peeped out. With everyone there, he plucked the strings faster, adding thrills and trills. He began to sing his song more loudly, more clearly. As the workers danced, they heard the words and each felt a little foolish. *Why break your backs for Leopard?* Tortoise carried on playing until he sensed that the dancers were weary. Suddenly the music stopped.

"Next time, I hope you will not forget the needs of all your fellow creatures." With that, Tortoise turned to the animals from his town. "Goodbye, Leopard's workers! Goodbye, my dancers!"

Tortoise waved, slung his banjo on his back and descended into his tunnel. It was the shortest way home.

The other animals also set off along the road home. It would be a long time before Leopard was allowed to forget his mistake because, every now and again, he would hear someone singing, "Kiri bamba kiri
Why break your backs for Leopard?"



The music was so mysterious and the melody so enchanting that Leopard's son didn't even listen to the words. His feet began to dance, his body swayed and his head nodded. Whirling and swirling, he completely forgot his father's message.

Very soon, Leopard's son had company. His father's wives hadn't forgotten their task, but, as they came from town, they too were charmed by the music. They put down the plates of food and the gourds with palm wine so they could dance more freely. Whirling and swirling.



The next morning, all the invited animals gathered at Leopard's farm. Each brought a knife or a hoe. Soon they were busy cutting and digging. They worked hard in the blazing sun. When it was nearly noon, Leopard saw the sweat on their bodies and sent his eldest son home to remind his wives to bring the refreshments.

Ugbua... Now, someone else was digging all that morning. That someone was quietly burrowing an underground tunnel to arrive near Leopard's farm. That someone was Rabbit from the neighbouring town. He was also working very hard. Tortoise was going to pay him well.

Die volgende oggend kom al die uitgenooide diere op Luiperd se plaas byeen. Elkeen het 'n panga en 'n skoffelpik en gou-gou was hulle druk besig om die grond skoon te kap en te skoffel. Die son was gloeiend warm en hulle het gesweet van die harde werk. In die middel van die dag stuur Luiperd sy oudste seun huis toe om sy vroue te herinner om eet- en drinkgoed vir die werkers te bring.

Liewe lesers, ek moet julle seker nou vertel dat iemand anders ook die hele môre hard aan die werk was! Hierdie dier was stilletjies besig om 'n ondergrondse tonnel te grawe tot naby Luiperd se plaas. Dit was Vlakhaas van die buurdorp. Hy het ook hard gewerk, want Skilpad sou hom goed betaal.



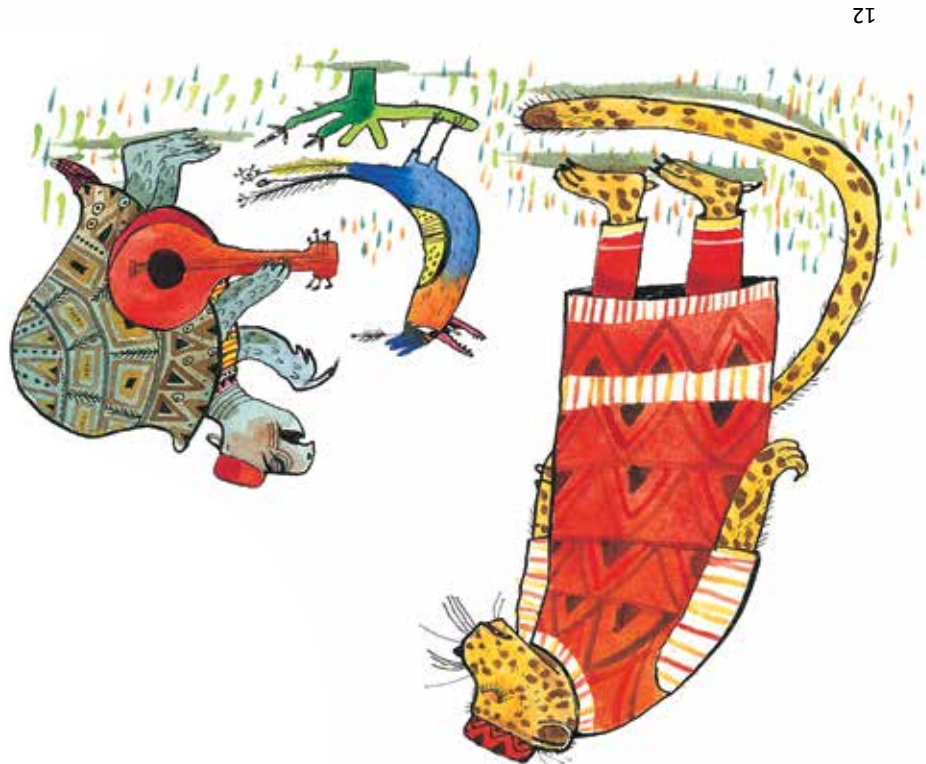


"Arme diere wat vir Luiperd werk
 Kiri bamba kiri
 Dom diere wat vir Luiperd werk
 Kiri bamba kiri
 Sit neer die skoffelpieke
 Kiri bamba kiri
 Sit neer die pangas
 Kiri bamba kiri
 Spaar jul kragte vir jul eie plase
 Kiri bamba kiri
 Spaar jul asems vir jul eie oeste
 Kiri bamba kiri
 Hoe kom juisself doodwerk vir Luiperd?"

Meanwhile, Tortoise tied his banjo to his back and waited for the dust to settle. When Rabbit announced that he had finished, Tortoise began crawling through his new tunnel. It was noon when he reached the far end. Carefully, he popped his head above the hole. Yes, he was near Leopard's farm – and here was Leopard's eldest son coming along the road! Tortoise slid down out of sight, untied his banjo and began to strum, while singing a little song,

"Poor animals working for Leopard
 Kiri bamba kiri
 Silly animals working for Leopard
 Kiri bamba kiri
 Drop your hoes, foolish folk
 Kiri bamba kiri
 Drop your knives, foolish folk
 Kiri bamba kiri
 Save your strength for your own plots
 Kiri bamba kiri
 Save your breath for your own crops
 Kiri bamba kiri
 Why break your backs for Leopard?"

Intussen het Skilpad sy banjo versigtig op sy rug vasgebind en toe Vlakhaas aankondig dat hy klaar was, begin Skilpad om deur sy nuwe tunnel te kruip. Dit was middag toe hy die einde van die tunnel bereik. Versigtig het hy sy kop deur die gat gestee. Ja, hy was naby Luiperd se plaas – en hier kom Luiperd se oudste seun juis aangeloo! Skilpad trek sy kop in sy dop in, wag 'n rukkie en begin toe sy banjo instem voordat hy 'n liedjie sing:



The spell broke and Tortoise emerged from his hole. He fixed his eyes on Leopard.
 "You didn't invite me to work for you, Leopard. So, you see, I had to invite myself," said Tortoise.
 It was now Leopard who felt foolish. He didn't say anything.
 "You told everyone I was weak," Tortoise continued.
 "Am I and my banjo not strong enough to break your plan?"
 Leopard still said nothing.



Die betowering word verbreek en Skilpad kruip uit sy tunnel. Hy pen Luiperd vas met sy oë.

"Jy het my nie uitgenooi om vir jou te kom werk nie, Luiperd, toe nooi ek maar myself," sê Skilpad.

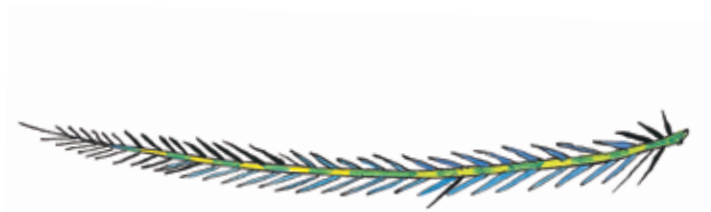
Nou was dit Luiperd se beurt om soos 'n skaap te voel. Hy bly doodstil.

"Jy het vir almal gesê dat ek te treurig is om te werk," gaan Skilpad voort.

Luiperd bly doodstil.

"Hoe lyk dit nou? Ek en my banjo het jou gemene planne mooi oopgeplek!"

Steeds bly Luiperd doodstil.



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: *Tortoise and his banjo* (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12), *Woof-woof!* (pages 7 to 10) and *MaMiya's apples* (page 14).

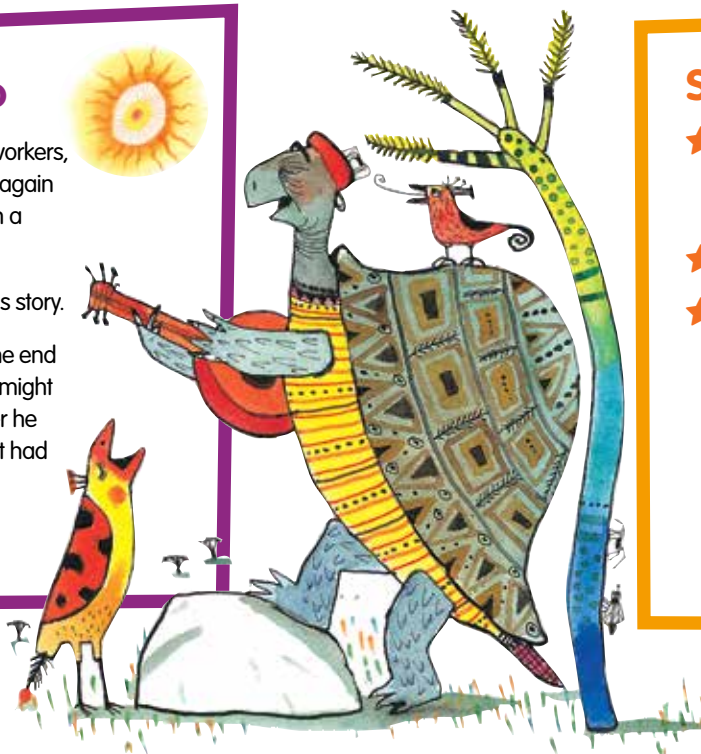


Raak doenig met stories!

Hier volg 'n paar aktiwiteite wat julle kan probeer. Dit is op die volgende stories in hierdie uitgawe van die Nal'ibali-bylae gebaseer: *Skilpad en sy banjo* (bladsye 5, 6, 11 en 12), *Woef-woef!* (bladsye 7 tot 10) en *MaMiya se appels* (bladsy 15).

Tortoise and his banjo

- ★ If you had been one of Leopard's workers, would you choose to work for him again in the future? Share your ideas with a family member or friend.
- ★ Design your own book cover for this story.
- ★ How do you think Leopard felt at the end of the story? What do you think he might have wanted to say to Tortoise after he had some time to think about what had happened? Write a letter from Leopard to Tortoise.



Skilpad en sy banjo

- ★ As jy een van Luiperd se werkers was, sou jy kies om in die toekoms weer vir hom te werk? Deel jou idees met 'n familielid of maat.
- ★ Ontwerp jou eie boekomslag vir hierdie storie.
- ★ Hoe dink jy het Luiperd aan die einde van die storie gevoel? Wat dink jy sou hy vir Skilpad wou sê nadat hy tyd gehad het om te dink oor wat gebeur het? Skryf 'n brief van Luiperd aan Skilpad.



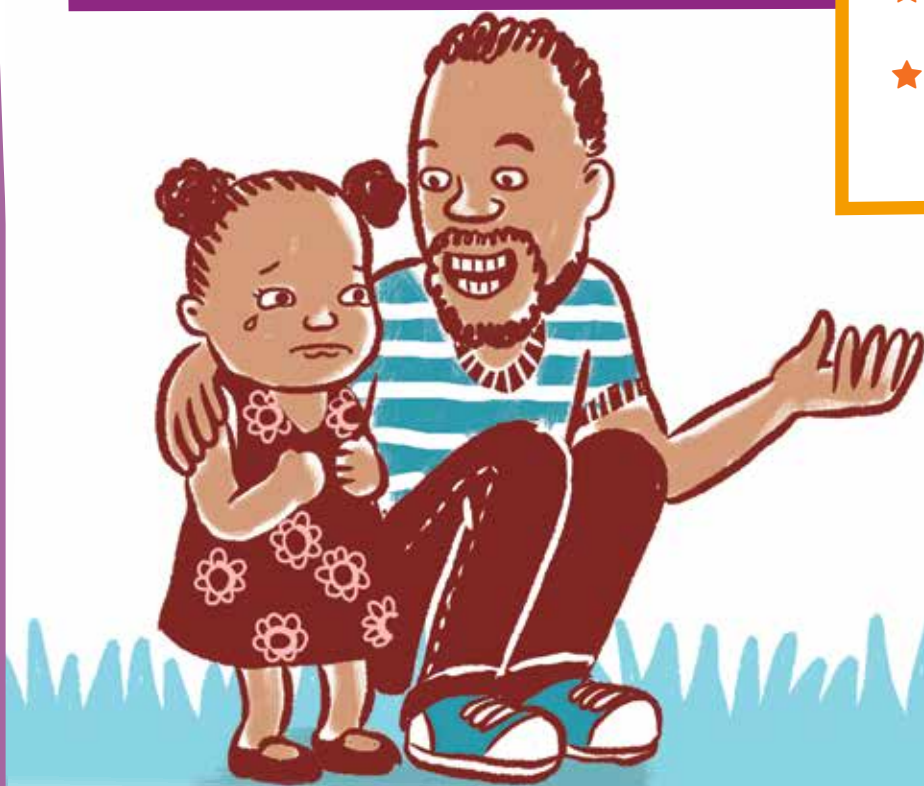
Woof-woof!

- ★ Look at the pictures in the book and retell the story in your own way. Or, write your own words for the story.
- ★ Was there something you used to be afraid of? What was it? How did you learn to not be afraid of it? Write the story.



Woef-woef!

- ★ Kyk na die prente in die boek en vertel die storie op jou eie manier oor. Of skryf jou eie woorde vir die storie.
- ★ Is daar iets waarvoor jy voorheen bang was? Wat was dit? Hoe het jy geleer om nie bang te wees daarvoor nie? Skryf die storie.



MaMiya's apples

Make your own spoon puppets of the characters in the story. Draw the characters' faces on some paper, cut them out and use Prestik to attach them to the back of spoons. Now have fun using your spoon puppets to retell the story!



MaMiya se appels

Maak jou eie lepelpoppe van die karakters in die storie. Teken die karakters se gesigte op papier, knip dit uit en gebruik wondergom om dit aan die agterkant van lepels vas te plak. Geniet dit nou om jou lepelpoppe te gebruik om die storie oor te vertel!



Drive your imagination



MaMiya's apples



By Thanduxolo Mkoyi ■ Illustrated by Natalie and Tamsin Hinrichsen

One Wednesday morning, MaMiya woke up early, took her basket and went to the apple orchard. As she was leaving, her son, Mabhako, shouted, "Mama, it's only Wednesday. You normally go to the orchard on Sunday afternoons." MaMiya told him that she wanted to make apple juice to go with their supper. Mabhako smiled. He loved the apple juice that his mother made!

In the orchard MaMiya chose the biggest, greenest, juiciest apples. She put ten of them in her basket, put the basket on her head and walked home.



Mabhako was waiting for his mother by the gate. He was singing a song, "We are going to drink fresh juice, we are going to drink fresh juice, iyho, yho, yho!"

He saw two of his friends, Azola and her sister, Mbalentle, walking behind his mother. The girls were carrying something in their T-shirts. They were singing a song of their own, "We are going to eat scrumptious cold apples, we are going to eat scrumptious cold apples!"

Mabhako, who was looking forward to his mother's apple juice, ignored them. They pulled funny faces at him and laughed. Then they went to sit under the big tree near the taxi stop.

Inside the house, MaMiya got a shock when she looked in the basket. "Mabhako, I know I picked ten apples! But what has happened? There are only four apples here."

Mabhako checked his mother's basket and noticed that it had a hole big enough for an apple to fall through.

"I will walk back the way I came from the orchard," sighed MaMiya. "Maybe I will find my apples along the path."

After MaMiya had left, Mabhako remembered Azola and Mbalentle singing about eating apples. He hurried to the big tree. There they were, lying on their backs and eating green apples that looked really tasty! There were only three apples left now.

Mabhako was very disappointed in his friends. Instead of telling his mother about the apples that were falling from her basket, they had kept the fruit for themselves. He ran to the orchard to let his mother know what had become of her apples.

MaMiya was already on her way back, huffing and puffing. "Son, I could not find the apples. Let's just go back home," she said sadly.

"I know what happened to them, Mama!" said Mabhako, and he told her what the girls had done. "Let me show you where they are," he said.

But by the time MaMiya and Mabhako reached the tree, Azola and Mbalentle had disappeared. Only six apple cores lay on the ground. MaMiya put the apple cores in a plastic packet, tucked the packet into her pocket and went straight to Azola and Mbalentle's mother.

"MaDlamini! MaDlamini!" MaMiya shouted at the door.

"Hayibo, mfazi! I'm not deaf. What's the matter?" asked MaDlamini, as she reached the door. "MaMiya, why are you shouting?"

MaDlamini invited MaMiya into the house. As soon as she sat down, MaMiya got straight to the point. "Mfazi, your children have wronged me," she said. "I went to get some apples from the orchard. On my way home, I did not notice that my basket had a hole in it, and that six of my apples had fallen through the hole. I've just found out that your children picked up the apples I lost and ate them all."

MaDlamini could not believe it. She wanted proof of what her children had done. MaMiya explained that Mabhako had seen them, and she showed her the cores that they had found lying under the tree.

"I'm really disappointed, mfazi. That is not how I raised my children," sighed MaDlamini. "Maybe that is why they have been so scarce today. Let me call them." And with that she shouted for Azola and Mbalentle to come out of their bedroom.

When the two girls slowly appeared, she asked angrily, "You two, why did you steal MaMiya's apples?"

"We did not know they were hers, Mama," said Mbalentle.

"Then how do you explain just eating something that you picked up off the ground? I believe you knew exactly whose apples they were!" MaDlamini apologised to MaMiya and promised to deal with the girls a little later.

When MaMiya got home, she made juice with the remaining apples.

That afternoon, MaDlamini arrived at MaMiya's home with her girls. Azola and Mbalentle apologised to MaMiya and to Mabhako for stealing the apples. As part of the apology they were to help Mabhako clean the chicken run and the pigsty for a week. MaMiya accepted their apology and everyone was happy.

Then MaMiya took her deliciously cold apple juice from the fridge, and served it along with some steamed bread. Everyone ate and drank, and so by the end of the day there was peace and harmony between the neighbours again.





MaMiya se appels

Deur Thanduxolo Mkoyi ■ Illustrasies deur Natalie en Tamsin Hinrichsen

Een Woensdagoggend skrik MaMiya vroeg wakker, tel haar mandjie op en stap na die appelboord. Op pad hoor sy haar seun, Mabhako, roep: "Mamma, dis nou eers Woensdag. Jy gaan gewoonlik Sondagmiddae na die boord toe." MaMiya sê vir hom sy wil appelsap maak om saam met hul aandete te drink. Mabhako glimlag. Hy is dol oor die appelsap wat sy ma maak!

In die boord kies MaMiya die grootste, groenste, sappigste appels. Sy pak tien appels in haar mandjie, sit die mandjie op haar kop en stap huis toe.



Mabhako wag by die hek vir sy ma. Hy sing 'n liedjie: *"Ons gaan vars appelsap drink, ons gaan vars appelsap drink, joegaai, joe, joegaai, joe!"*

Hy sien twee van sy maats, Azola en haar suster, Mbalentle, wat agter sy ma loop. Die meisies dra iets in hul T-hemde. Hulle sing hul eie liedjie: *"Ons gaan heerlike koue appels eet, ons gaan heerlike koue appels eet!"*

Mabhako, wat nie kan wag vir sy ma se appelsap nie, ignoreer hulle. Hulle trek vir hom skewebek en lag. Toe gaan sit hulle onder die groot boom naby die plek waar die taxi's altyd stilhou.

In die huis is MaMiya geskok toe sy in die mandjie kyk. "Mabhako, ek weet ek het tien appels gepluk! Maar wat het gebeur? Hier is net vier appels."

Mabhako kyk in sy ma se mandjie en sien daar is 'n gat in die bodem, groot genoeg vir 'n appel om deur te val.

"Ek sal terugloop op my spore van die boord af," sug MaMiya. "Dalk kry ek my appels langs die paadjie."

Toe MaMiya weg is, onthou Mabhako hoe Azola en Mbalentle gesing het hoe hulle appels gaan eet. Hy hardloop na die groot boom toe. Daar lê hulle op hul rûe en eet groen appels wat regtig heerlik lyk! Daar is nou net drie appels oor.

Mabhako is baie teleurgesteld in sy maats. In plaas daarvan om vir sy ma te vertel van die appels wat uit haar mandjie val, het hulle die vrugte vir hulself gehou. Hy hardloop na die boord toe om vir sy ma te vertel wat van haar appels geword het.

MaMiya is al steuend en kreunend op pad terug. "Ek kon nie die appels vind nie, my seun. Kom ons gaan maar terug huis toe," sê sy hartseer.

"Ek weet wat van hulle geword het, Mamma!" sê Mabhako, en hy vertel haar wat die meisies gedoen het. "Kom ek gaan wys vir jou waar hulle is," sê hy.

Maar toe MaMiya en Mabhako by die boom kom, is Azola en Mbalentle skoonveld. Al wat op die grond lê is ses appelstronke. MaMiya sit die appelstronke in 'n plastieksakkie, druk die sakkie in haar sak en stap reguit na Azola en Mbalentle se ma toe.

"MaDlamini! MaDlamini!" roep MaMiya by die deur.

"Hayibo, mfazi! Ek is nie doof nie. Wat's fout?" vra MaDlamini toe sy by die deur kom. "Waarom skree jy so, MaMiya?"

MaDlamini nooi vir MaMiya in die huis in. Toe sy gaan sit, val MaMiya met die deur in die huis. "Mfazi, jou kinders het nie reg gemaak nie," sê sy. "Ek het gaan appels pluk in die boord. Op pad huis toe, het ek nie agtergekom dat daar 'n gat in my mandjie is, en dat ses van my appels deur die gat geval het nie. Ek het nou net uitgevind jou kinders het die appels wat ek verloor het opgetel en alles opgeëet."

MaDlamini kan dit nie glo nie. Sy wil die bewyse sien van wat haar kinders gedoen het. MaMiya verduidelik dat Mabhako hulle gesien het, en sy wys vir haar die appelstronke wat hulle onder die boom gekry het.

"Ek is regtig teleurgesteld, mfazi. Dis nie hoe ek my kinders grootgemaak het nie," sug MaDlamini. "Dalk is dit hoekom hulle hul vandag so skaars hou. Kom ek roep hulle." En toe roep sy vir Azola en Mbalentle om uit hul slaapkamer te kom.

Toe die twee meisies stadig naderkom, vra sy kwaai: "Julle twee, waarom het julle MaMiya se appels gesteel?"

"Ons het nie geweet dis haar appels nie, Mamma," sê Mbalentle.

"En hoe verduidelik julle dan dat julle iets geëet het wat julle opgetel het? Ek dink julle het presies geweet wie se appels dit is!" MaDlamini vra vir MaMiya om verskoning en belowe om die meisies 'n bietjie later voor stok te kry.

Toe MaMiya by die huis kom, maak sy appelsap van die res van die appels.

Daardie middag kom MaDlamini saam met haar dogters by MaMiya se huis aan. Azola en Mbalentle vra vir MaMiya en vir Mabhako om verskoning omdat hulle die appels gesteel het. As deel van hul verskoning moet hulle 'n week lank vir Mabhako help om die hoenderhok en varkhok skoon te maak. MaMiya aanvaar hul verskoning en almal is gelukkig.

Toe haal MaMiya haar heerlike koue appelsap uit die yskas, en bedien dit saam met gestoomde brood. Almal eet en drink, en teen die einde van die dag is daar weer vrede en harmonie tussen die bure.



Nal'ibali fun

Nal'ibali-pret



1.

Can you work out what Noodle loves to do? Find the pairs of bones that go together. Colour each pair the same colour.

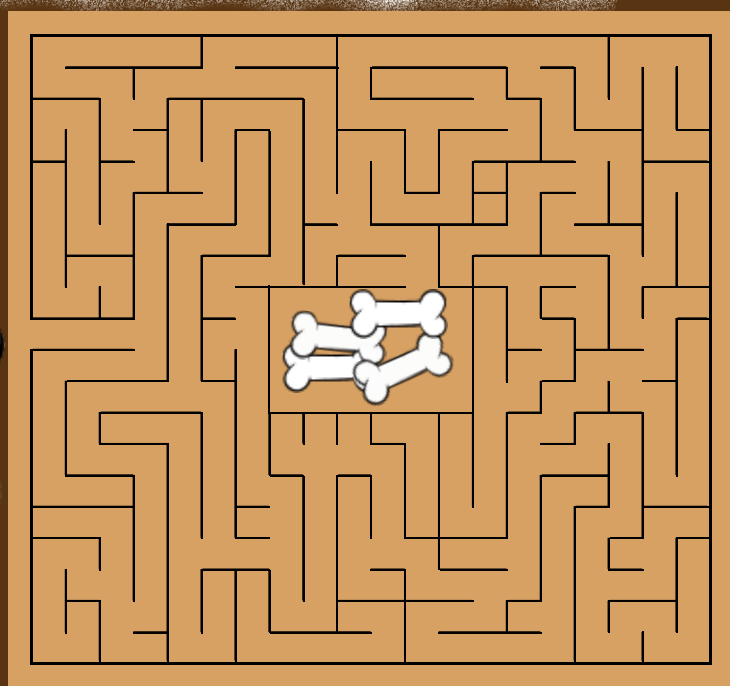
Kan jy uitwerk wat Noodle graag doen? Vind die pare bene wat by mekaar pas. Kleur elke paar dieselfde kleur in.

listen to	dog biscuits	luister na	hondebeskuitjies
dig	squirrels	grawe	eekhorings
chase	Bella reading animal stories	jaag	Bella wat dierestories lees
bury	holes	begrawe	gate
eat	bones	eet	bene

2.

Noodle has hidden some of his bones in the same place, but now he can't remember where that is. Can you help Noodle find them?

Noodle het sy bene iewers weggesteek, maar nou kan hy nie onthou waar nie. Kan jy vir Noodle help om sy bene uit te snuffel?



Antwoorde: luister na Bella wat dierestories lees, grawe gate, jaag eekhorings, begrawe bene, eet hondebeskuitjies
 Answers: listen to Bella reading animal stories, bury bones, eat dog biscuits



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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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info@nalibali.org

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