



It starts with a story...

## Our treasure

**Everyone in South Africa who loves stories, knows the name Gcina Mhlophe!**

October is the birth month of this great story warrior. So, in this edition of the Nalibali Supplement, we honour her passion and commitment to telling the stories of Africa and encouraging children to be readers and writers of stories, which she has done for many decades. "My people named me Gcinamasiko which means 'keeper of heritage'," explains Gcina. "I wear this name like a blanket and I honour it with my being."

So, who better to explain the importance of stories than Gcina! Here are her words, taken from the "Author's Note" in her story collection, *Stories of Africa*.

"My grandmother was the first person to tell me stories. She encouraged my imagination to run wild, and I really believed in those laughing crocodiles and flying tortoises that she told me about. I loved her tales about the scary *amaZimzim* – the man-eating ogres – and many more fantastic creatures.

Because of the way my grandmother told those stories to me, I learnt at a very young age to love language and to understand its power. Many of the stories I tell are taken from well-known traditional tales that the people of Africa have been telling each other since the world began. Some of these stories from my childhood I have found in stories told and written in many other parts of the world. This is proof to me of the way in which people have always tried to make sense of life's mysteries and used stories to explain them to each other.

Is there still room for these ancient stories in our lives today? I say, "Yes!" Because any of these stories can be retold in different ways, so that it is possible for people of different ages and cultures to find what they need in it.

One of my favourite stories is about the woman who went down to the bottom of the sea to look for stories to bring back for the human world. I have told this tale to audiences in different countries all over the world, and so many times I have had the response: "You know, that story has made me realise that to find the answers I am looking for in my life, I need to look deep inside myself. I must search the depths of the ocean that is my own heart and soul." Now what does a storyteller say to that? "

Dr Nokugcina Mhlophe, we salute you!

Find out more about *Stories of Africa* on page 3.

## Ons skat

**Almal in Suid-Afrika wat lief is vir stories, ken die naam Gcina Mhlophe!**

Oktober is die geboortemaand van hierdie groot storiëkryger. In hierdie uitgawe van die Nalibali-bylae eer ons haar passie en toewyding om stories van Afrika te vertel, en om kinders aan te moedig om lesers en skrywers van stories te wees, wat sy dekades lank al doen. "My mense noem my Gcinamasiko, wat 'bewaker van erfenis' beteken," verduidelik Gcina. "Ek dra hierdie naam soos 'n kombers om my en ek eer dit met my wese."

En wie kan dan die belangrikheid van stories beter verduidelik as Gcina! Hier is haar woorde, uit die "Skywersopmerking" in haar storieversameling, *Stories uit Afrika*.

"My ouma was die eerste persoon wat vir my stories vertel het. Sy het my verbeeldingsvlugte aangemoedig, en ek het regtig geglo in die laggende krokodille en vlieënde skilpaaie waarvan sy my vertel het. Ek was lief vir haar stories van die skrikwekkende *amaZimzim* – die mensvretende monsters – en ander fantastiese skepsels.

Die manier waarop my ouma die stories aan my vertel het, het my reeds op 'n baie vroeë ouderdom 'n liefde vir taal asook 'n begrip vir die krag daarvan geleer. Baie van die stories wat ek vertel, kom uit welbekende tradisionele verhale wat die mense van Afrika van die begin van die wêreld aan mekaar vertel het. Sommige van hierdie stories uit my kinderdae kom uit stories wat in baie ander dele van die wêreld vertel en geskryf is. Dit is vir my 'n bewys van die manier waarop mense nog altyd stories gebruik het om sin te probeer maak van die wêreld se geheimenisse.

Is daar vandag nog plek vir hierdie stories in ons lewens? Ek sê: "Ja, natuurlik!" Want enige van hierdie stories kan op verskillende maniere oorvertel word, sodat mense van verskillende ouderdomme en kulture dit wat hul nodig het daaruit kan kry.

Een van my gunstelingstories gaan oor die vrou wat na die bodem van die see sak om stories te soek wat sy dan na die mensdom terugbring. Ek vertel hierdie verhaal aan gehore regoor die wêreld, en kry gereeld die volgende reaksie: "Jy weet, hierdie storie laat my beseef dat, om die antwoorde waarna ek op soek is in my lewe te vind, ek diep binne-in myself moet soek. Ek moet soek in die dieptes van die oseaan van my hart en siel." Nou hoe reageer 'n storieverteller daarop? "

Dr Nokugcina Mhlophe, ons salueer jou!

Vind op bladsy 3 meer uit oor *Stories uit Afrika*.



Drive your  
imagination

Join us. Share stories in your  
language every day.  
Sluit by ons aan. Deel elke dag  
stories in jou taal.





# Story stars



## South Africa's star storyteller

Gcina Mhlophe is probably South Africa's best-known storyteller. She has travelled all over the world to tell stories – and she is also an author, poet, playwright, director and performer! Since 1988, Gcina has been holding storytelling workshops in libraries and schools across the country. She tells stories in English, Afrikaans, isiXhosa and isiZulu. But that is not all ...

Gcina has worked tirelessly for the past 11 years running the "Nozincwadi Mother of Books Literacy Campaign" to help make South Africa a reading nation. She is deeply committed to keeping the art of storytelling alive and to inspiring children to read.

### Who told you stories when you were a child?

My grandmother.

### When did you start telling stories and to whom did you tell them?

First I shared them with my school friends and then with the children I took care of as a nanny for a few months. I began storytelling more seriously when I told stories in libraries and museums during a trip to the USA as an actress and director.

### Where do you get the stories from?

The stories I tell are from long ago or I hear them on my international travels. Of course, since I am a writer, I write new stories too!

### Do you prefer reading fiction or non-fiction?

Both – all I need is a story that is well told.

### My favourite place to read is ...

my bed and in airports when I travel.

### What languages do you read in?

Mostly English, but also isiZulu and isiXhosa, especially poetry.

### The greatest lesson that I learnt from a book or story was that ...

an author's voice can jump up from the page and straight into my heart! Some of the authors that have done this for me are Isabel Allende, Alice Walker, AC Jordan, Sindiwe Magona, Paulo Coelho, Maya Angelo and Mariama Ba.

### Every child should read ...

*Haroun and the Sea of Stories* by Salman Rushdie.

### When my daughter was younger, her favourite picture book was ...

*So much!* by Trish Cooke and Helen Oxenbury. For a while we talked about the characters in the book as if they were our family friends – especially Uncle Didi.

### When and where did you read to your daughter?

All the time and all over the place – in the garden, in bed! She loved books and stories from the start.

### What language/s did you read to her in?

IsiZulu and English – it was such fun! Her father read to her in German.

When I speak of Gcina, my heart gets filled with joy. I met her in the early eighties at the Market Theatre. Today she is my little sister, but she is an elder at the same time, because of the wisdom she possesses. Her gift comes directly from the ancestors. The true history of who we are, has been passed down through storytelling since centuries back. If you listened in the way Gcina did, you would find that stories equip us with knowledge, education, preparation and warnings. Gcina is the keeper of our traditions, our history, our pride and our future. She is the ultimate matriarch who knows no boundaries. *Halala Maz'anethole. You have wings. Young people, here is a leader to follow!*

Dr John Kani, actor, director and writer



# Storiesterre

## Suid-Afrika se ster-storieverteller

Gcina Mhlophe is waarskynlik Suid-Afrika se bekendste storieverteller. Sy het al oor die hele wêreld gereis om stories te vertel – en sy is ook 'n skrywer, digter, dramaturg, regisseur en aktrise! Gcina hou reeds sedert 1988 storievertel-werkwinkels in biblioteke en skole oor die land heen. Sy vertel stories in Engels, Afrikaans, isiXhosa en isiZulu. Maar dis nie al nie ...

Gcina bestuur die afgelope 11 jaar met onvermoeide ywer die "Nozincwadi Mother of Books Literacy Campaign" om te help om van Suid-Afrika 'n nasie van lesers te maak. Sy is volkome daartoe verbind om die kuns van stories vertel lewendig te hou en om kinders te inspireer om te lees.

### Wie het as kind vir jou stories vertel?

My ouma.

### Wanneer het jy begin stories vertel, en vir wie het jy dit vertel?

Eers het ek dit met my skoolmaats gedeel, en toe met die kinders vir wie ek 'n paar maande lank 'n oppasser was. Ek het die vertel van stories ernstiger begin opneem toe ek stories in biblioteke en museums vertel het tydens 'n besoek aan die VSA as 'n aktrise en regisseur.

### Waar kry jy die stories?

Die stories wat ek vertel, kom van lank gelede, of ek hoor dit op my internasionale reise. Omdat ek 'n skrywer is, skryf ek natuurlik ook nuwe stories!

### Verkiez jy om fiksie of niefiksie te lees?

Albei – al wat ek nodig het, is 'n storie wat goed vertel word.

### My gunstelingplek om te lees, is ...

my bed en op lughawens wanneer ek reis.

### In watter tale lees jy?

Meestal in Engels, maar ook in isiZulu en isiXhosa, veral poësie.

### Die grootste les wat ek uit 'n boek of storie geleer het, is dat ...

'n skrywer se stem van die bladsy direk tot in my hart kan spring! Van die skrywers wat dit vir my gedoen het, is Isabel Allende, Alice Walker, AC Jordan, Sindiwe Magona, Paulo Coelho, Maya Angelo en Mariama Ba.

### Elke kind behoort die volgende te lees:

*Haroun and the Sea of Stories* deur Salman Rushdie.

### Toe my dogter jonger was, was haar gunstelingprenteboek ...

*So much!* deur Trish Cooke en Helen Oxenbury. Vir 'n tyd het ons oor die karakters in die boek gesels asof hulle ons familiëvriende is – veral Uncle Didi.

### Wanneer en waar het jy vir jou dogter geles?

Altyd en oral – in die tuin, in die bed! Sy was van die begin af dol oor boeke en stories.

### In watter taal/tale het jy vir haar geles?

IsiZulu en Engels – dit was soveel pret! Haar pa het vir haar in Duits geles.



Daniel Born

Gcina telling a story at the launch of Nal'ibali's Story Bosso in 2017.

Gcina vertel 'n storie by die bekendstelling van Nal'ibali se Story Bosso in 2017.

Wanneer ek van Gcina praat, loop my hart oor van vreugde. Ek het haar in die vroeë tagtigerjare by die Markteater ontmoet. Vandag is sy my kleinsus, maar sy is terselfdertyd 'n oudste, as gevolg van haar wysheid. Haar gawe kom direk van die voorouers af. Die ware geskiedenis van wie ons is, word eeu lank al deur die vertel van stories oorgedra. As jy luister soos wat Gcina luister, sal jy vind dat stories vir ons kennis, opvoeding, voorbereiding en waarskuwings gee. Gcina is die bewaker van ons tradisies, ons geskiedenis, ons trots en ons toekoms. Sy is die opperste matriarg wat geen grense ken nie. *Halala Maz'anethole. Jy het vlerke. Jong mense, hier is 'n leier om te volg!*

Dr John Kani, akteur, regisseur en skrywer



Drive your imagination



# The Na'ibali bookshelf



# Die Na'ibali-boekrak



Gcina Mhlophe has had her writing – plays, short stories, poems and children's books – published all over the world. Here are some of the children's books she has had published in South Africa.

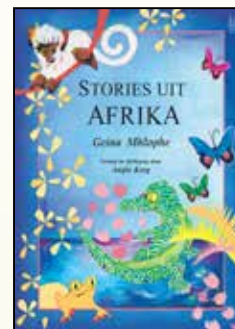
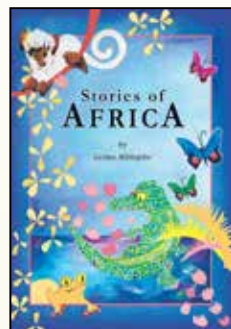
Gcina Mhlophe se skryfwerk – toneelstukke, kortverhale, gedigte en kinderboeke – is oor die hele wêreld gepubliseer. Hier is van haar kinderboeke wat in Suid-Afrika gepubliseer is.

## Stories of Africa

**Illustrators:** Various

**Publisher:** University of KwaZulu-Natal Press

This collection of ten stories offers a feast of enjoyment. The enchanting tales are steeped in the richness of the African oral tradition and are illustrated by a variety of artists. *Stories of Africa* is a South African classic available in all eleven official languages.



## Stories uit Afrika

**Illustreerders:** Verskeie

**Uitgewer:** University of KwaZulu-Natal Press

Hierdie versameling van tien stories bied 'n fees van genot. Die betowerende verhale is deurdrenk van die rykdom van die orale tradisie van Afrika en is geïllustreer deur verskeie kunstenaars. *Stories uit Afrika* is 'n klassieke Suid-Afrikaanse werk en is beskikbaar in al elf amptelike tale.

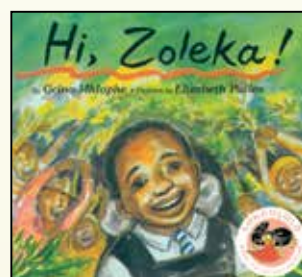


## Hi, Zoleka!

**Illustrator:** Elizabeth Pulles

**Publisher:** Songololo

Ignoring the cheery calls of her friends, Zoleka makes her way to church with her family. Along the way, she practises the words of the verse she has to recite for the Palm Sunday service. But will she remember them when she has to say the verse in front of the whole congregation? This story for young readers is available in English, isiXhosa and isiZulu.



## Hi, Zoleka!

**Illustreerder:** Elizabeth Pulles

**Uitgewer:** Songololo

Zoleka ignoreer die vrolike stemme van haar maats terwyl sy saam met haar familie op pad is kerk toe. Langs die pad oefen sy die woorde van die vers wat sy vir die diens op Palmsondag moet opsê. Maar sal sy dit onthou wanneer sy die vers voor die hele gemeente moet opsê? Hierdie storie vir jong lesers is in Engels, isiXhosa en isiZulu beskikbaar.

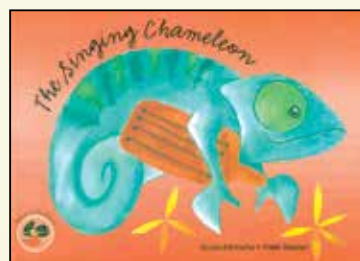


## The Singing Chameleon

**Illustrator:** Kalle Becker

**Publisher:** Songololo

Over time, Chameleon comes to believe the cruel words his community shout at him. But fate intervenes – he meets a lark and an old man who set events in motion that transform him. *The Singing Chameleon* is an inspirational and compelling retelling of a Malawian tale. It is available in English, isiXhosa, isiZulu, Sesotho and Afrikaans.



## Die Singende Verkleurmannetjie

**Illustreerder:** Kalle Becker

**Uitgewer:** Songololo

Oor tyd heen begin Verkleurmannetjie die wrede woorde glo wat sy gemeenskap hom toesnou. Maar die noodlot tree tussenbeide – hy ontmoet 'n leeurik en 'n ou man wat dinge ontken wat hom verander. *Die Singende Verkleurmannetjie* is 'n inspirerende en boeiende oorvertelling van 'n Malawiese verhaal. Dit is beskikbaar in Engels, isiXhosa, isiZulu, Sesotho en Afrikaans.

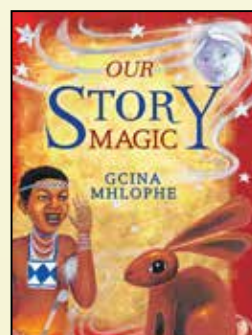


## Our Story Magic

**Illustrators:** Various

**Publisher:** University of KwaZulu-Natal Press

This collection features well-known and original stories told by South Africa's renowned storyteller, Gcina Mhlophe. The stories are beautifully illustrated by a variety of local artists. Although this book has been available in English for some time, it is now available in all eleven official languages.



## Ons Towerstories

**Illustreerders:** Verskeie

**Uitgewer:** University of KwaZulu-Natal Press

Hierdie versameling bevat bekende en oorspronklike stories wat deur Suid-Afrika se bekroonde storieverteller, Gcina Mhlophe, vertel word. Die stories is pragtig geïllustreer deur verskeie plaaslike kunstenaars. Hoewel hierdie boek reeds 'n tyd lank in Engels beskikbaar is, is dit nou in al elf amptelike tale beskikbaar.





## Get story active!

Here are some ideas for using the two cut-out-and-keep picture books, *Sun and Moon* (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12) and *The journey of the mother of books* (pages 7, 8, 9 and 10), as well as the Story Corner story, *Skycatcher* (page 14). Choose the ideas that best suit your children's ages and interests.



### Sun and Moon

Sun and Moon live happily together with their children, the Stars. Sun loves exploring the world he lives in, and one day on one of his journeys, he invites the Sea to visit his home – and that changes everything. If you are using this story with younger children, they may enjoy it more if you tell them the story rather than reading it to them.

- ★ Suggest that your children create a miniature scene from the story in a small cardboard box or on a lid. They could use playdough as well as recycled materials (like straws, matchboxes and bottle tops) and natural materials (like small stones and leaves) to do this.
- ★ Encourage your children to draw their favourite part of the story and to then write the words of that part of the story underneath their picture.
- ★ Ask your children to help you write the beautiful poem that Sun wrote after he had gone looking for his family and couldn't find them.
- ★ If you run a reading club, invite the children to retell the story in their own way by acting it out in groups. Or, suggest that the children create and act out a TV news report about one or more of the events in the story.



### The journey of the mother of books

This is a short, illustrated biography of the life of Gcina Mhlophe. It begins with a poem that captures the way she inspires others to be storytellers and writers.

- ★ Before you begin reading, look at the front cover of the book with your children and let them comment on it. You may need to explain to them that a biography is the story of someone's life written by another person. An autobiography is the story you write about your own life.
- ★ After you have finished reading, ask your children to think of one or two questions that they would want to ask Gcina if they met her.
- ★ Let your children use sheets of paper and string (or a stapler) to make blank books. Then let them turn the books into autobiographies of their own lives.



### Skycatcher

One rainy day, Josh decides to make a kite. The next day he goes outside to fly the kite with his friends. But the wind is so strong that the kite flies away – higher and higher up into the sky!

- ★ Let your children design their own kites. Ask them questions to help them get started – for example: What shape will you make your kite? What materials could you use to make it? How could you decorate it?
- ★ Have fun with your children by blowing up balloons and then letting them go. (Don't tie a knot at the end of the blown-up balloon.) Watch how they fly all over the place as the air escapes!
- ★ In the story, Neo wears a hat made of newspaper. Give your children newspaper, cello tape, scissors and string and challenge them to make an object using these materials.



## Raak doenig met stories!

Hier is 'n paar idees om die twee knip-uit-en-bêreboekies, *Son en die Maan* (bladsye 5, 6, 11 en 12) en *Die moeder van boeke se reis* (bladsye 7, 8, 9 en 10), asook die Storiehoekie-storie, *Sonvanger* (bladsy 15) te gebruik. Kies die idees wat die beste by jou kinders se ouderdomme en belangstellings pas.



### Son en die Maan

Son en Maan het gelukkig saamgeleef met hul kinders, die Sterre. Son het daarvan gehou om die wêreld waarin hy woon te verken, en op 'n dag tydens een van sy reise, nooi hy die See om by sy huis te kom kuier – en dit verander alles. As jy hierdie storie met jonger kinders gebruik, mag hulle dit dalk meer geniet as jy vir hulle die storie vertel, eerder as om dit vir hulle te lees.

- ★ Stel voor dat jou kinders 'n miniatuurtoneel uit die storie in 'n klein kartonboks of op 'n deksel skep. Hulle kan speeldeeg en herwinbare materiaal (soos strooitjies, vuurhoutjieboksies en bottelproppies) en natuurlike materiaal (soos klein klipies en blare) gebruik om dit te doen.
- ★ Moedig jou kinders aan om hul gunstelingdeel van die storie te teken en om dan die woorde van daardie deel van die storie onder hul prent neer te skryf.
- ★ Vra jou kinders om jou te help om die gedig te skryf wat Son geskryf het nadat hy sy familie gaan soek het en hulle nie kon vind nie.
- ★ As jy 'n leesklub aanbied, nooi die kinders om die storie op hul eie manier oor te vertel deur dit in groepe op te voer. Of stel voor dat die kinders 'n TV-nuusberig oor een of meer van die gebeure in die storie skep en opvoer.

### Die moeder van boeke se reis

Hierdie is 'n kort, geïllustreerde biografie van die lewe van Gcina Mhlophe. Dit begin met 'n gedig wat die manier vasvang waarop sy ander inspireer om storievertellers en skrywers te wees.

- ★ Voor jy begin lees, kyk saam met jou kinders na die omslag van die boek en laat hulle kommentaar lewer daarop. Jy sal dalk moet verduidelik dat 'n biografie die storie van iemand se lewe is wat deur 'n ander persoon geskryf is. 'n Outobiografie is die storie wat jy oor jou eie lewe skryf.
- ★ Wanneer jy die storie klaar gelees het, vra jou kinders om aan een of twee vrae te dink wat hulle vir Gcina sou wou vra as hulle haar sou ontmoet.
- ★ Laat jou kinders velle papier en tou (of 'n kramdrukker) gebruik om blanko boeke te maak. Laat hulle dan die boeke in outobiografieë van hul eie lewens omskep.

### Sonvanger

Een reënigerige dag besluit Josh om 'n vlieër te maak. Die volgende dag gaan hy buitoe om die vlieër saam met sy maats te vlieg. Maar die wind is so sterk dat die vlieër wegvlieg – hoër en hoër in die lug op!

- ★ Laat jou kinders hul eie vlieërs ontwerp. Vra vir hulle vrae om hulle aan die gang te kry – byvoorbeeld: Watter vorm gaan jou vlieër wees? Watter materiaal kan jy gebruik om dit te maak? Hoe kan jy dit versier?
- ★ Geniet dit om saam met jou kinders ballonne op te blaas en hulle dan te laat gaan. (Moenie die ballon wat opgeblaas is, onder toeknoop nie.) Kyk hoe hulle oraloor vlieg wanneer die lug ontsnap!
- ★ In die storie dra Neo 'n hoed wat van koerantpapier gemaak is. Gee vir jou kinders koerante, kleefband, skêre en tou en daag hulle uit om 'n voorwerp uit hierdie materiale te maak.

### 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.



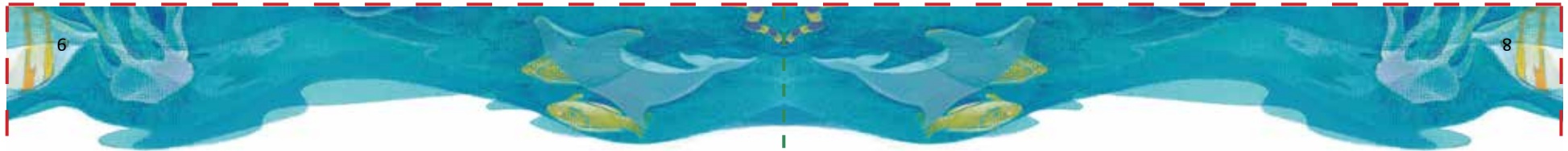
### Maak TWEE knip-uit-en-bêreboekies

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.

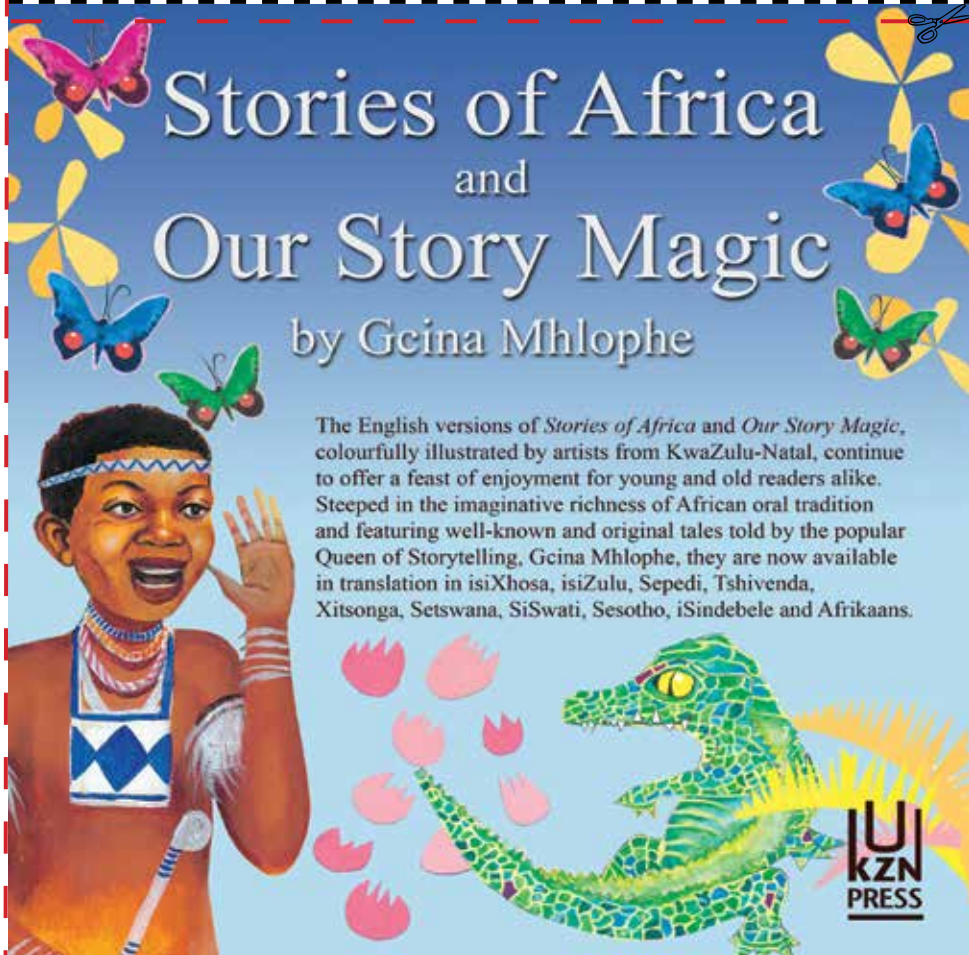


Drive your  
imagination





“Well – now that you mention it – our house is not very big really. I will have to do something about that. I will come and tell you when we have enlarged our house, then you and your children are all welcome to visit,” said the Sun, and he rushed off back home. He told his family that he had invited the Sea to come and visit them. There was so much work to be done, breaking and rebuilding the house to make it extra large – more than double its original size. And the walls had to be much higher too, said the Sun, to hold all of the Sea’s many children. Once they had finished the house then they got to the food preparation, cooking many pots full of every kind of food imaginable. When everything was ready, the Sun rushed off to call the Sea. He was so excited for her to meet his lovely wife and children. “Hey, Sea! The time is here! We are ready for you. Come on over!” he called happily. The Sea had been waiting and she wasted no time. She whooooooshed and whaaaaaaed over the hills and over the mountains, following the Sun further and further inland. The journey continued until the Sun arrived at home and called excitedly to his family, “Look ... over there! Sea is coming closer!” And yes, indeed, they could see the Sea from a long way off, whooshing closer at great speed. Over the forests, “Whoooooosh!” Over the valleys, “Whoooooosh!” Faster and faster. Water and more water everywhere. She was getting closer. She was almost at the front door when the Moon looked up and saw that, even though the Sea had begun to arrive, the rest of her was still over there, as far as the Moon’s eyes could see! Oh, the land was completely covered in the Sea’s water.



“Sun and Moon” is reproduced from *Our Story Magic* by Gcina Mhlophe with the permission of the author and the publisher, UKZN Press.  
“Son en die Maan” is herdruk uit *Ons Towerstories* deur Gcina Mhlophe met die toestemming van die skrywer en die uitgewer, UKZN Press.

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](http://www.nalibali.org) or [www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)



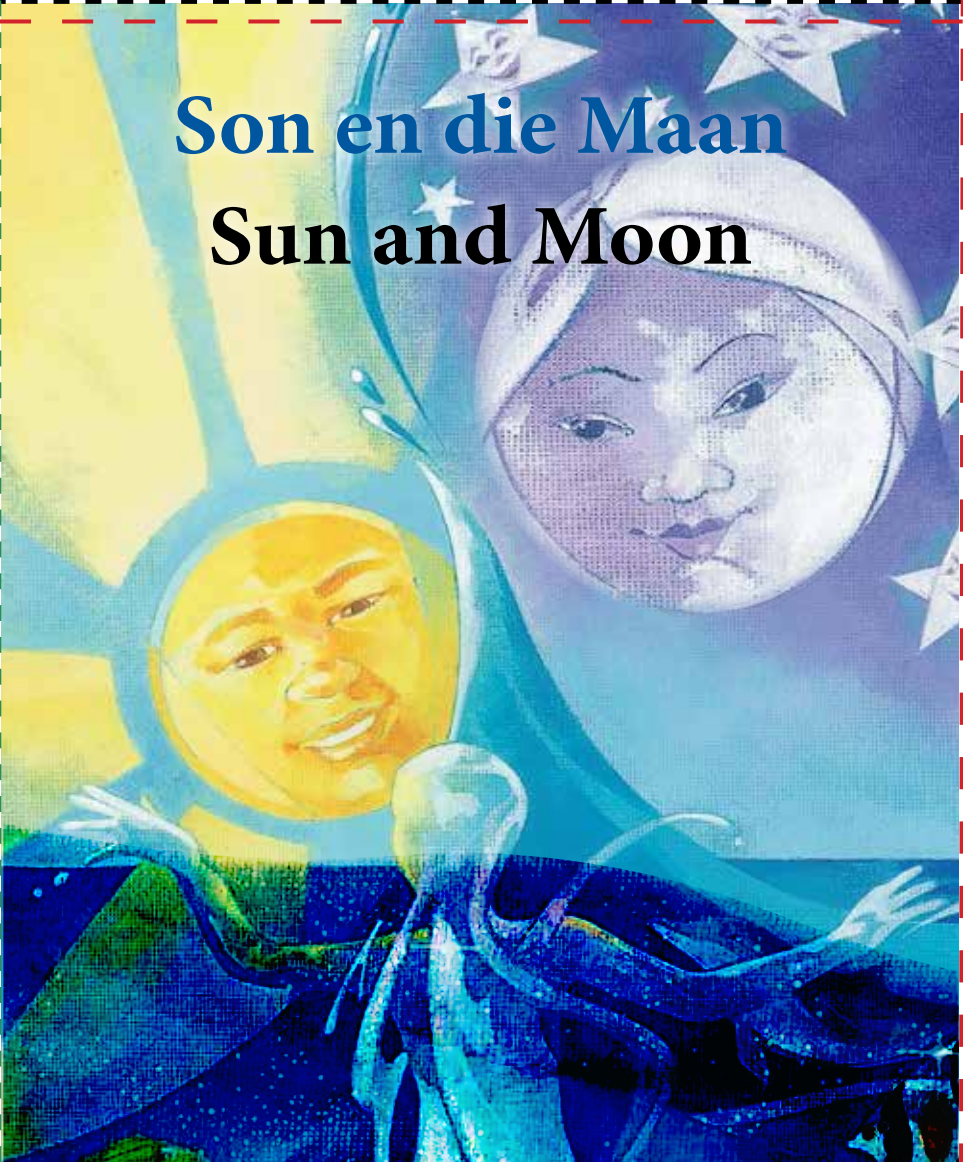
It starts with a story...



Drive your imagination

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“Wel – nou dat jy dit so stel – ons huis is nie juis baie groot nie. Ek sal eers iets daaromtrent moet doen. Ek sal jou laat weet sodra ek dit vergroot het, dan kan jy en jou kinders vir ons kom kuier,” se Son en vertrek haastig huis toe. Hy vertel sy familie dat hy See oorgenoof het. Daar was baie werk! Hy moes uitbrek en herbou om die huis ekstra groot te maak – dubbel sy oorspronklike grootte. Die mure moes ook baie hoër om plek te maak vir See en haar baie kinders. Toe die huis uiteindelik klaar is, begin hulle om kos voor te berei, potte en potte vol allerhande soorte kosse – net waaraan jy kon dink. Toe alles klaar is, vertrek Son inderhaas om See te roep. Hy is so opgewonde dat sy uiteindelik sy pragtige vrou en kinders gaan ontmoet. “Haai, See! Dis tyd! Alles is gereed, jy kan maar kom!” roep hy gelukkig. See laat nie op haar wag nie. Sy whoooooosh en whaaaaa oor die heuwels en berge agter Son aan, al hoe dieper die land in. Vinniger en vinniger. Hulle reis totdat Son by sy huis aankom en opgewonde na sy familie roep: “Kom kyk ... daar oorkant is See besig om aan te kom!” Inderdaad, hulle kon See van ver af sien whoooooosh teen ’n groot spoed. Oor die bosse, “Whoooooosh!” Oor die valleie, “Whoooooosh!” Vinniger en vinniger. Water en nog meer water orals soos wat sy naderkom. Sy was fetlik by die voordeur toe Maan opkyk en sien, my trek nog doer anderkant, sover as wat Maan se oë kan sien! O, die hele wêreld was bedek met See se water.

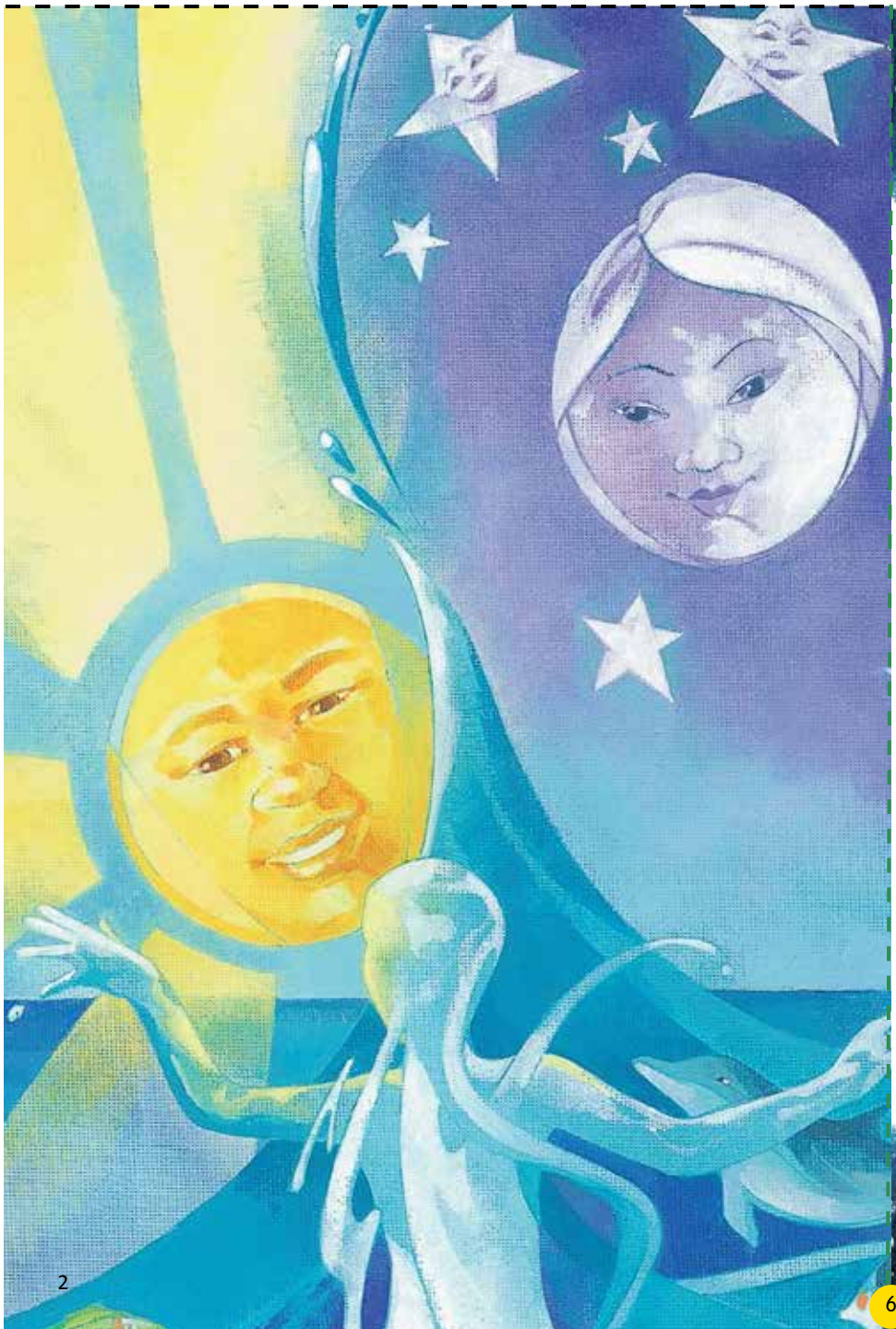


Gcina Mhlophe  
Jeannie Kinsler  
Antjie Krog





She smiled. "Whoooooosh, whaaaaa! Whoooooosh, whaaaaa!"  
The Sun was quite captivated. On and on she went, shimmering  
and dancing in her own rhythm.  
"But I don't know you! Please tell me who you are!" pleaded the  
Sun in complete amazement.  
"I am the Sea, and I have been here since the beginning of time.  
I don't know what you mean when you say you have never seen  
me before," she replied, smiling and moving her large body in her  
unique way.  
And then she showed him her many, many children who all  
lived in her body – the dolphins, the sharks, turtles, and many  
others. They peeped at the Sun and went back into the Sea's body,  
some of them smiling shyly, others commenting how very warm  
the Sun's rays were.  
Later that day the Sun went back home to tell his wife about all  
that he had seen. The children were mesmerised. They wished to  
see what he was telling them about. They were so curious, but the  
Moon listened to the excited telling – the happy way Sun described  
the Sea – and she hardly made a comment. Only "Uhhmm" (very  
quietly to herself).  
The next time the Sun went to visit the Sea they talked about his  
extremely beautiful wife and children.  
"I wish you could meet them all; they are so very special,"  
Sun said.  
"That would be wonderful. Maybe I will meet them one day,"  
replied the Sea.  
"Hey! Wait a minute! I have an idea. Why don't you come and  
visit us tomorrow?" asked the Sun excitedly.  
"I would love to, but how big is your house? As you can see, I  
am a fairly large woman," the Sea replied.



When he finally fell asleep again, Moon and the Stars  
woke up and travelled all over the world, having new  
adventures every day. They even saw the Sea going back  
to her home at the Ocean and leaving some of her water  
children in new rivers and lakes.

So it was that the Sun moved in the day and Moon  
and her children, the Stars, moved at night. For many  
weeks, months, and years they missed each other. But  
Sun and Moon's love for one another was too strong to  
die; they longed for each other every day.

And from time to time they steal a few moments to  
be together in a tight and hot embrace. People call it an  
eclipse, but it is the rare chance that Sun and Moon have  
to be together. They throw a dark cloak over the world  
because they don't want any humans watching.

*Cosi, cosi, iyaphela.*  
Here I rest my story.





*Ihambo kaNozincwadi* is moontlik gemaak deur Ezabantsundu Writers Network (EWN). Ons werk saam met verskillende skrywers om prettige, leersame en opvoedkundige literatuur in inheemse tale te produseer. Om meer uit te vind oor Ezabantsundu Writers Network, stuur vir ons 'n e-pos aan [infor.ewn@gmail.com](mailto:infor.ewn@gmail.com) of besoek ons by:

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*Nal'ibali*  
It starts with a story...

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Drive your imagination

## Die moeder van boeke se reis:

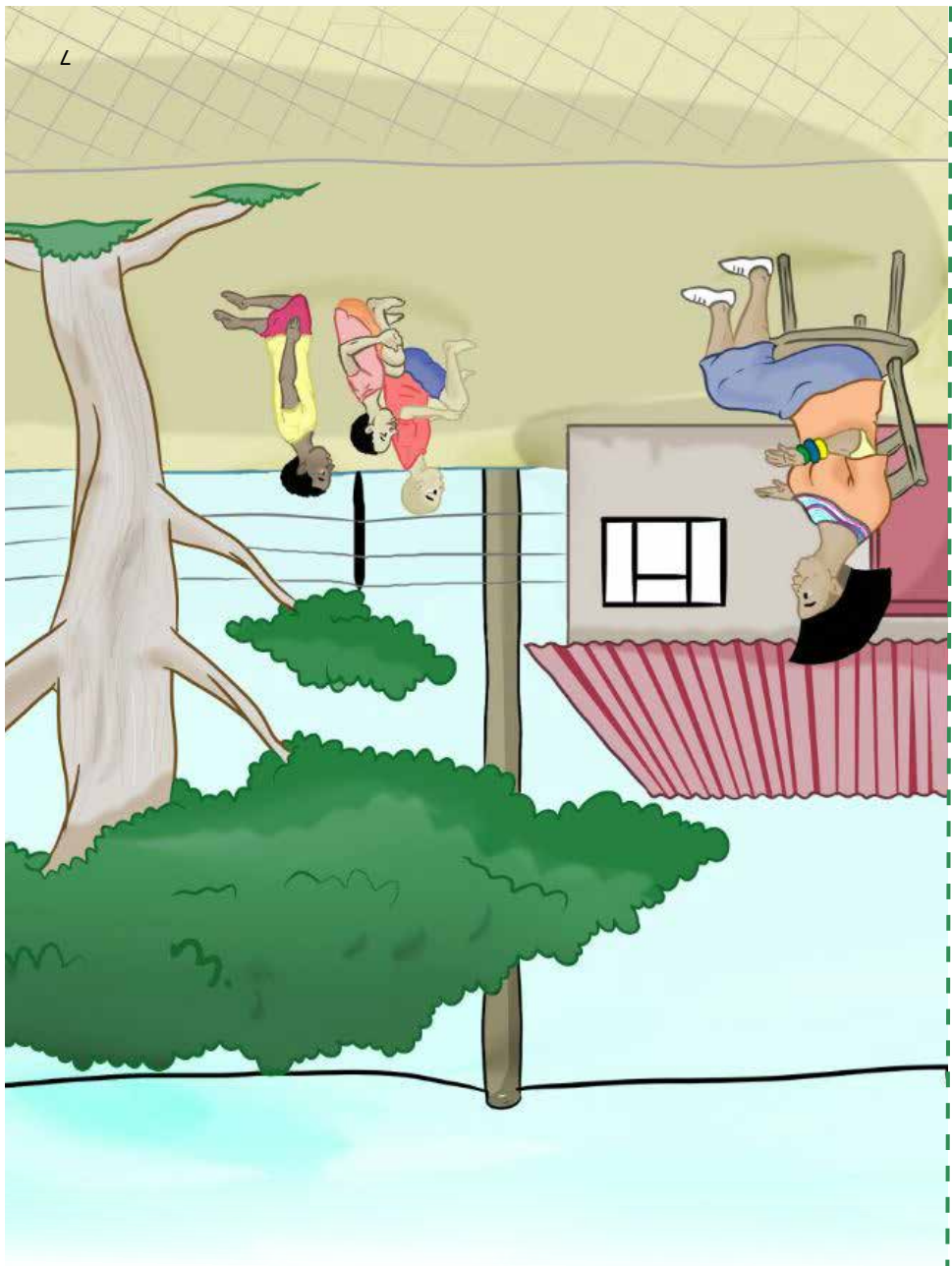
'n Biografie van Gcina Mhlophe

## The journey of the mother of books:

A biography of Gcina Mhlophe

*Cebo Solombela Moses Dhladhla*





Beste Mama Gcina  
 Ek het nie genoeg woorde om vir jou dankie te sê nie.  
 Ek wens ek het 'n duisend monde gehad.  
 Ek wil net dankie sê, Mama.  
 My ontmoeting met jou het my selfvertroue  
 en my geloof in myself versterk.  
 Ek het soms aan my Godgegewe talent getwyfel  
 Ek het gedink ek leef in droomland,  
 want niemand in my familie het geglo in  
 wat ek doen nie.  
 Maar die ondersteuning wat ek van  
 jou ontvang het, het my krag gegee.  
 Dankie, my ouer, dat jy 'n voorbeeld is  
 vir ons, die bome wat nog groei.  
 Dankie dat jy my altyd hoop gee  
 en my herinner dat volharding  
 beloon word.  
*Cebo Solombela*

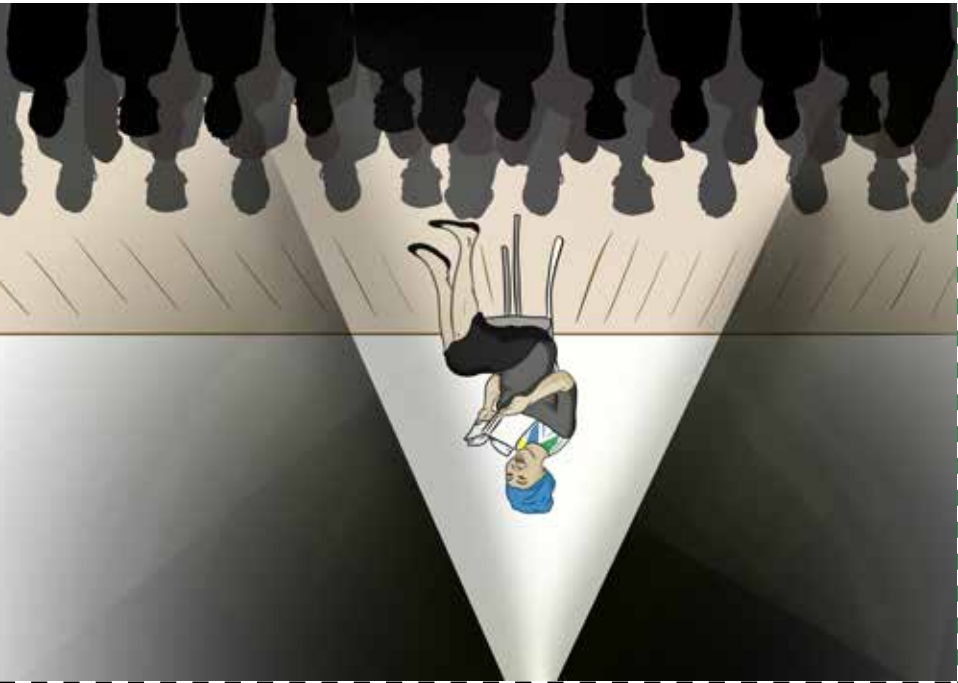
'n Rukkie later  
 het Gcina 'n  
 kadefjoernalistiekkursus  
 by Rhodes-universiteit  
 in Grahamstad in die  
 Oos-Kaap gedoen. Sy  
 het ook 'n kortkursus  
 in filmvervaardiging  
 gevolg en as 'n  
 nuusleeser vir Press  
 Trust, die BBC Radio  
 Africa Service en die  
 Zimbabwe Broadcasting  
 Corporation (ZBC) begin werk. En sy het nie daar opgehou  
 nie – sy het vir die tydskrif, *Learn and Teach*, geskryf.  
 A little later, Gcina did a cadet journalism course at Rhodes  
 University in Grahamstown, Eastern Cape. She also did a  
 short course in film-making and started working as a news  
 reader for Press Trust, the BBC Radio Africa Service and the  
 Zimbabwe Broadcasting Corporation (ZBC). And she didn't  
 stop there – she wrote for *Learn and Teach* magazine.

Two of Gcina's well-known children's books  
 that she has received awards for: *Queen of the Tortoises* and  
*Hi, Zoleka!*

In 1987 Gcina received the OBIE Best Actress Award for  
 her role in *Born in the RSA*. In 1988 she was named Best  
 Actress in the Joseph Jefferson Awards in Chicago for her  
 role in *Have you seen Zandile?*

Gcina has been awarded honorary doctorates by the  
 London Open University and the University of  
 KwaZulu-Natal. She continues to write books and  
 be a literacy campaigner.





In 1981 is Gcina se eerste boek in Engels, *My Dear Madam*, gepubliseer. Hierdie boek het gegaan oor die probleme en uitdagings waarmee sy as 'n huiswerker in Johannesburg te kampe gehad het. Teen hierdie tyd het sy reeds begin om kinderstories te skryf.

In 1981, Gcina's first book in English, *My Dear Madam*, was published. This book spoke about the difficulties and challenges that she faced as a domestic worker in Johannesburg. By this time, she had already started to write children's stories.

When Gcina was ten years old, she left Hammarsdale to live in the Eastern Cape.

Gcina grew up in the loving care of her grandmother. She enjoyed living with her aunt and her grandmother. Both of them told her stories and these inspired her to become the storyteller she is today. Most of the children in Gcina's area spent time at her house, listening to her grandmother's stories!

Toe Gcina tien jaar oud was, het sy Hammarsdale verlaat om in die Oos-Kaap te gaan woon.

Gcina is met liefdevolle sorg deur haar oma grootgemaak. Sy het dit geniet om by haar tante en haar oma te woon. Albei van hulle het vir haar stories vertel, en dit het haar geïnspireer om die storieverteller te word wat sy vandag is. Die meeste kinders in Gcina se omgewing het na haar huis toe gekom waar hulle na haar oma se stories geluister het!

Dear Mama Gcina  
I do not have enough words to thank you.  
I wish I had a thousand mouths.  
I just want to say thank you, Mama.  
Meeting you boosted my self-confidence  
and my belief in myself.  
I sometimes doubted my God-given talent  
I thought I was living in dreamland,  
because no one in my family believed in what I do.  
But the support that I received from you,  
gave me strength.  
Thank you, my parent, for being an example  
to us trees that are still growing.  
Thank you for always giving me hope  
and reminding me that in perseverance  
there is a reward.  
*Cebo Solombela*

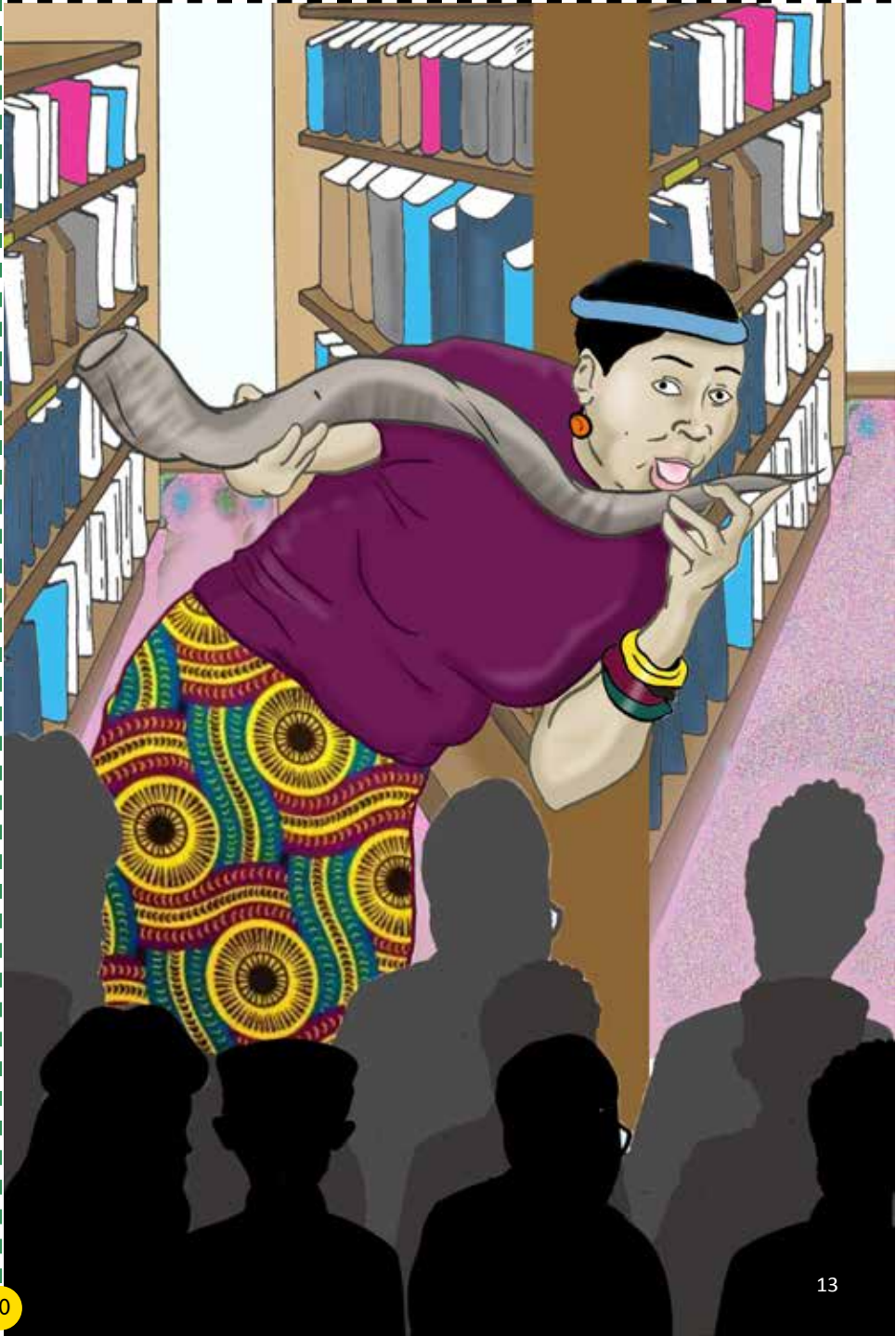


In 1998 Gcina worked on a television show for the SABC called *Gcina and friends*. From 2005 to 2006, she presented another SABC television show called *Zindala zombili*. And, in 2016, she took part in the movie, *Kalushi*, which is about the life of Solomon Mahlangu.



In 1998 het Gcina aan 'n televisieprogram vir die SAUK, *Gcina and friends*, gewerk. Van 2005 tot 2006 was sy aanbieder van nog 'n SAUK-televisieprogram, *Zindala zombili*. En in 2016 was sy deel van die film, *Kalushi*, wat handel oor die lewe van Solomon Mahlangu.





As time passed, Gcina realised that she had many different skills that included being a praise poet, actress, playwright and storyteller.

In 1982, she started acting on stage and in 1983 she was the lead actress in the play, *Umongikazi* (The Nurse) written by Maishe Maponya. In 1986, Gcina played a leading role in the movie, *Place of weeping*. At this time, she also wrote a play about herself called *Have you seen Zandile?*

Gcina has travelled to many countries telling stories, including Lesotho, Europe and the USA. She tells her stories in isiXhosa, isiZulu, Sesotho and English.

Mettertyd het Gcina besef dat sy baie verskillende vaardighede het, onder meer as 'n prysdigter, aktrise, dramaturg en storieverteller.

In 1982 het sy op die verhoog begin optree en in 1983 het sy die vroulike hoofrol vertolk in die toneelstuk, *Umongikazi* (Die Verpleegster), geskryf deur Maishe Maponya. In 1986 het Gcina 'n hoofrol vertolk in die film, *Place of weeping*. In hierdie tyd het sy ook 'n toneelstuk oor haarself geskryf met die titel, *Have you seen Zandile?*

Gcina het na baie lande gereis om stories te vertel, insluitend Lesotho, Europa en die VSA. Sy vertel haar stories in isiXhosa, isiZulu, Sesotho en Engels.

Nokugcina Mhlophe, beter bekend as Gcina Mhlophe, is op 24 Oktober 1958 gebore. Sy het in die Hammarsdale-township in KwaZulu-Natal, Suid-Afrika, grootgeword.

Nokugcina Mhlophe commonly known as Gcina Mhlophe was born on 24 October 1958. She grew up in Hammarsdale township in the province of KwaZulu-Natal, South Africa.

Sestig jaar gelede het God 'n pragtige swart dogtertjie aan 'n Xhosa-vrou en 'n man met wortels in KwaZulu-Natal toevertrou. Wanneer die klein dogtertjie geglimlag het, was daar kuiltjies in haar wange, wat haar nog mooier gemaak het.

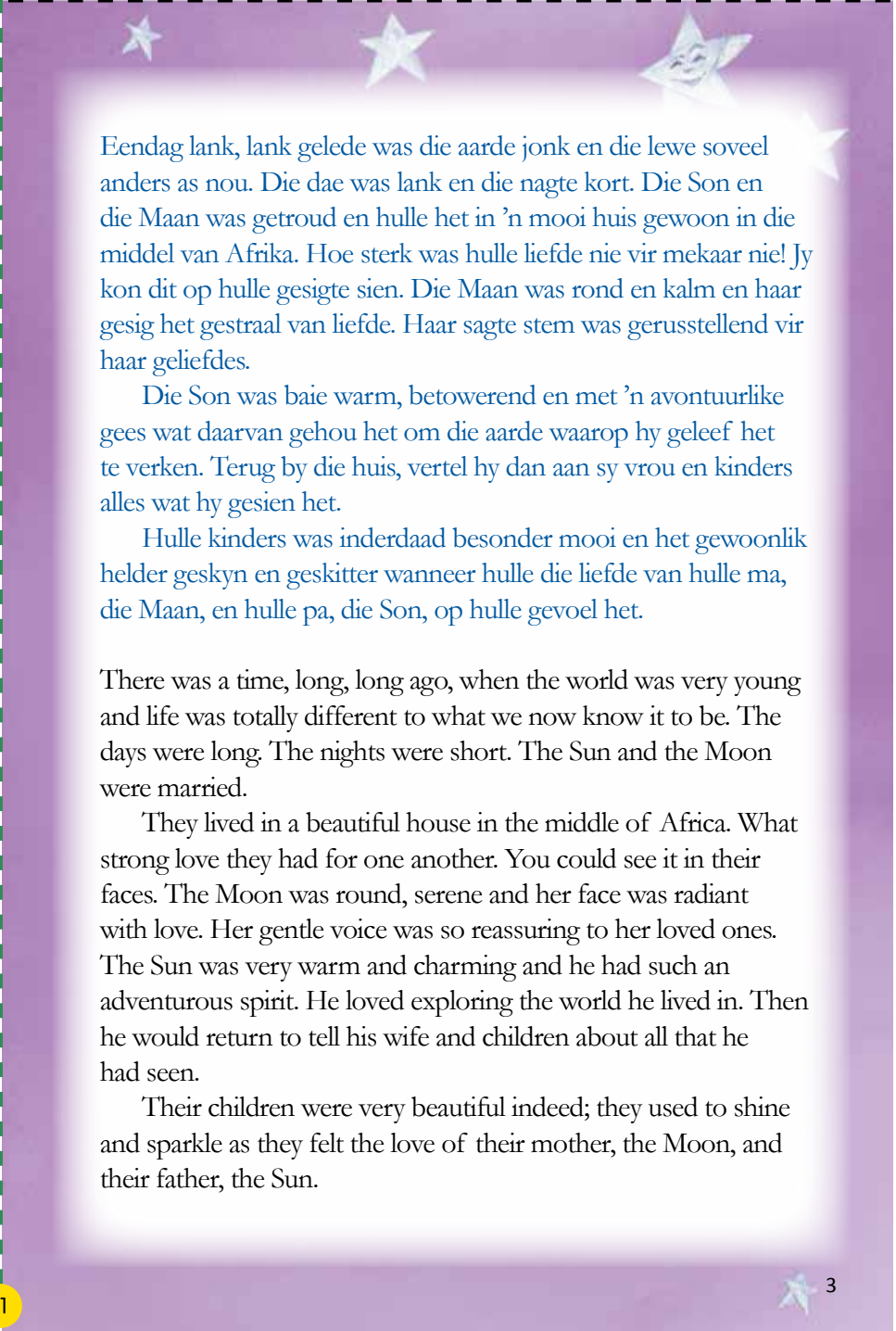


Sixty years ago, God entrusted a beautiful black girl to a Xhosa woman and man with roots in KwaZulu-Natal. When the little girl smiled, her dimples showed, making her even more beautiful.





Sy glimlag, “Whoooooosh, whaaaal! Whoooooosh, whaaaal!”  
Son is gefassineerd, want sy hou net aan met skitter en dans op haar eie ritme.  
“Maar ek ken jou nie! Asselief, vertel my wie jy is!” smeek Son,  
totaal oorbluf.  
“Ek is die See en ek is hier sedert die begin van tyd. Ek ontstaan nie wat jy bedoel as jy sê jy het my nog nooit voorheen gesien nie,” antwoord sy glimlaggend en laat dein haar groot lyf op haar unieke manier.  
En toe wys sy hom al die baie, baie kinders wat binne-in haar bly – dolfyne, haaië, skilpaaie en ’n klomp ander secedierfiges. Hulle kom vinnig op, loer na Son en verdwyn weer terug in See se lyf, sommige glimlag skaam terwyl ander opmerk hoe warm Son se strale is.  
Later die dag is Son terug huis toe om sy vrou te vertel wat hy gesien het. Die kinders luister asof hulle gehipnotiseer is. Baie nuuskierig wens hulle dat hulle ook vir See kon sien! Maan sit stil en luister na die opgewonde vertelling – die gelukkige manier waarop Son vir See beskryf – en sê niks nie. Murmel net “uhmmm” (saggies by haarself).  
Die volgende keer toe Son weer vir See besoek, vertel hy haar van sy pragtige vrou en kinders.  
“Ek wens jy kon hulle almal ontmoet, want hulle is so vreeslik spesiaal,” sê Son.  
“Dit sal wonderlik wees! Maar dalk ontmoet ons mekaar wel eendag,” antwoord See.  
“Haai, wag so ’n bietjie! Ek het ’n plan. Hoekom kom kuier jy nie môreoggend vir ons nie?” vra Son opgewonde.  
“Ek sal baie graag wil, maar hoe groot is jou huis? Soos jy kan sien, is ek nogal wat mens sal noem ’n groot vrou,” antwoord See.



Eendag lank, lank gelede was die aarde jonk en die lewe soveel anders as nou. Die dae was lank en die nagte kort. Die Son en die Maan was getroud en hulle het in ’n mooi huis gewoon in die middel van Afrika. Hoe sterk was hulle liefde nie vir mekaar nie! Jy kon dit op hulle gesigte sien. Die Maan was rond en kalm en haar gesig het gestraal van liefde. Haar sagte stem was gerusstellend vir haar geliefdes.

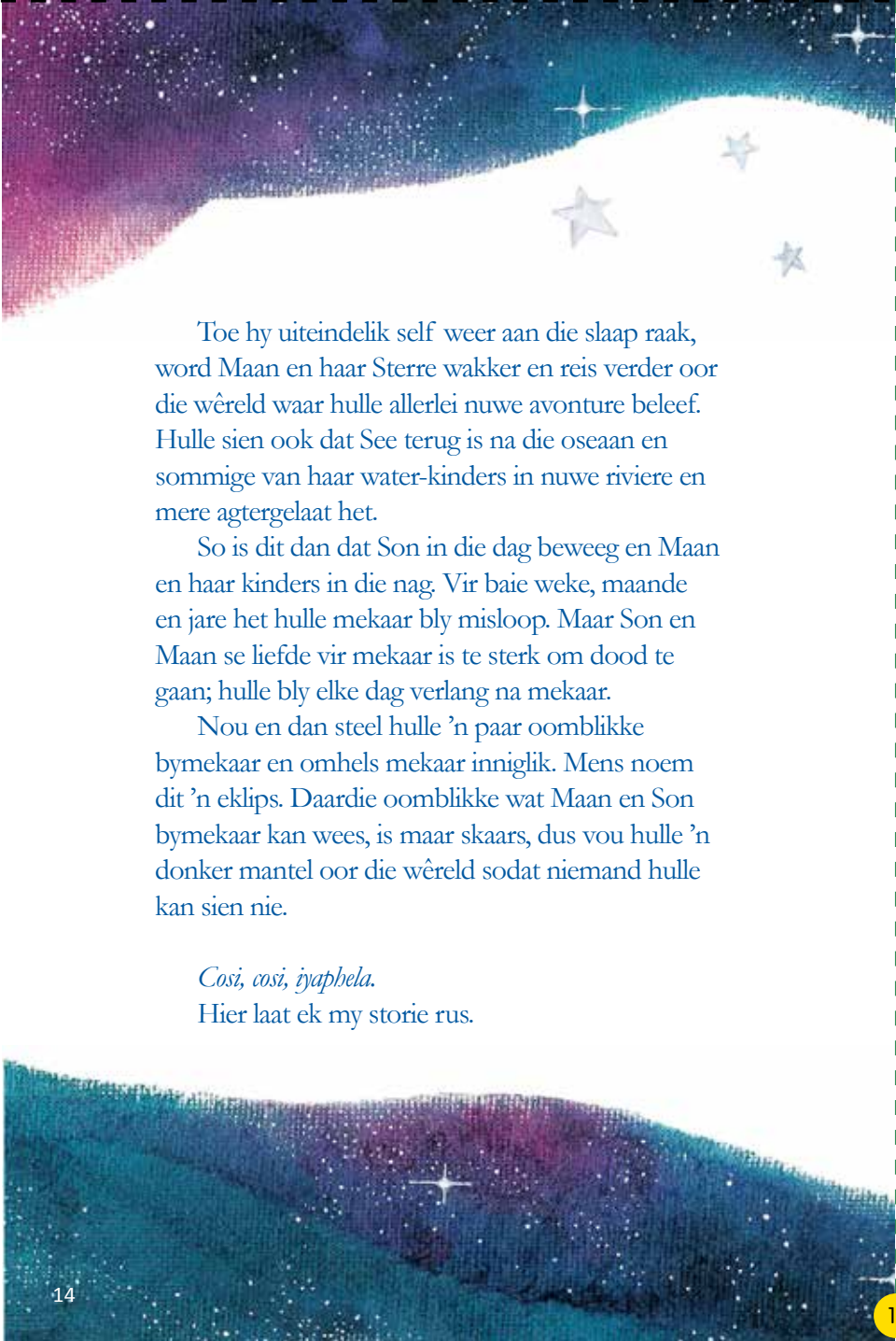
Die Son was baie warm, betowerend en met ’n avontuurlike gees wat daarvan gehou het om die aarde waarop hy geleef het te verken. Terug by die huis, vertel hy dan aan sy vrou en kinders alles wat hy gesien het.

Hulle kinders was inderdaad besonder mooi en het gewoonlik helder geskyn en geskitter wanneer hulle die liefde van hulle ma, die Maan, en hulle pa, die Son, op hulle gevoel het.

There was a time, long, long ago, when the world was very young and life was totally different to what we now know it to be. The days were long. The nights were short. The Sun and the Moon were married.

They lived in a beautiful house in the middle of Africa. What strong love they had for one another. You could see it in their faces. The Moon was round, serene and her face was radiant with love. Her gentle voice was so reassuring to her loved ones. The Sun was very warm and charming and he had such an adventurous spirit. He loved exploring the world he lived in. Then he would return to tell his wife and children about all that he had seen.

Their children were very beautiful indeed; they used to shine and sparkle as they felt the love of their mother, the Moon, and their father, the Sun.



Maan luister senuweecagtig vir haar man: “Dink jy nie dat sy ’n bietjie te groot is vir ons nuwe huis nie? Miskien is dit beter as ons sommer vir haar nou hier kos gee?”  
Son stoot sy vrou eenkant toe. Hy skaam hom bietjie vir haar voorstel. Glimlaggend sê hy vir See: “Ontmoet my vrou, Maan, en kom asselief binne. Die kos is gereed vir jou.”  
Maar See groet skaars. Sy storm die huis met al haar honger kinders binne en begin eet. Hulle beweeg so vinnig en gulsig dat dit lyk asof hulle nie juis die Sterre-kindere wil ontmoet nie.  
In die huis hou See aan met swel en styg en swel en al die soutwater bederf die smaak van die versigtig-voorbereide kos. Gou was daar nie meer plek oor vir Son, Maan of enige van die Sterre-kindere nie, terwyl See nog steeds nie heeltemal binne-in die huis was nie. Sy bly maar intol en nog meer water is van ver af aan die kom.

Moon nervously whispered to her husband, “Don’t you think she is a bit too large even for our new house? Maybe it is better to give her the food from here and right now.”  
But the Sun pushed his wife aside, a little embarrassed by what she was suggesting. He smiled at the Sea. “Meet my wife, Moon, and please do come inside. The food is all ready for you.”  
There was hardly a greeting from the Sea. She just rushed into the house with all her hungry children and started eating. They moved so fast and so greedily. The Sea’s children did not care to meet the Stars.  
The Sea kept swelling and swelling in the house and all that salty water spoiled the taste of the carefully prepared meals. Soon there was no space for the Sun, the Moon or their children, the Stars – and still the Sea was not yet all there. More water was coming.

Toe hy uiteindelik self weer aan die slaap raak, word Maan en haar Sterre wakker en reis verder oor die wêreld waar hulle allerlei nuwe avonture beleef. Hulle sien ook dat See terug is na die oseaan en sommige van haar water-kindere in nuwe riviere en mere agtergelaat het.

So is dit dan dat Son in die dag beweeg en Maan en haar kinders in die nag. Vir baie weke, maande en jare het hulle mekaar bly misloop. Maar Son en Maan se liefde vir mekaar is te sterk om dood te gaan; hulle bly elke dag verlang na mekaar.

Nou en dan steel hulle ’n paar oomblikke bymekaar en omhels mekaar inniglik. Mens noem dit ’n eklips. Daardie oomblikke wat Maan en Son bymekaar kan wees, is maar skaars, dus vou hulle ’n donker mantel oor die wêreld sodat niemand hulle kan sien nie.

*Cosi, cosi, iyaphela.*  
Hier laat ek my storie rus.





There were so many children – and they almost all looked the same! It was so hard to think up a different name for each and every one of them that Sun and Moon simply decided to call them ... Stars. They gave them all the same name because they loved them all the same way and those children knew very well how loved they were. From time to time Sun would leave home in the morning and set off on an adventure to explore places he had never seen before. He hopped over hills and mountains, observing and wondering, and then came home to his wife and children to tell them all that he had seen. Next time he might float over the forests, over long and vast stretches of land as the grass seemed to sway gently in the wind, calling to him to come and dance a little. Every afternoon when he returned to his family, the children sat and listened to their father's stories and they tried to imagine the places he told them about. The Moon just listened and smiled quietly. How beautiful she looked!

One morning the Sun went away on his adventures again, promising to return with more stories. This time he went further than he had ever gone before. He just kept going and his heart was beating really fast with excitement. He was hoping to see more than the usual. He wanted something different. He kept going until he saw something shining in the distance and he hurried to find out what it was.

What a shock he got! There was something – or someone – who was shimmering and dancing in his light. Stretching out as far as his eyes could see ... was water, water and more water. The Sun stood there, staring in amazement. "Who are you? How come I have never seen you before?" he asked.

"Whoooooosh, whaaaaa! Whoooooosh, whaaaaa!" she whispered. "You may not know who I am, but I know who you are and I have seen you travelling all over the land."



Uiteindelik kon die huis se mure dit nie langer hou nie; dit bars en val uitmekaar. "Hayi! Om te dink ek het hom gewaarsku! Hayi!" kreun Maan. Maar sy het genoeg gehad! Sy draai na haar kinders en sê: "Komi! Nou gee ons pad!"

Hulle styg in die lug op – hoër en hoër – en die kinders was verwonderd deur die groot oop spasie wat die lug genoem word. "O Mamma! Dit is so heerlik hier, hoekom het ons nie vroeër hierna toe gekom nie?"

"Dit voel my ook asof dit is waar ons regtig hoort," sê sy met 'n geforscerde glimlag.

"Maar wanneer kom Pappa Son dan?" vra die Sterre.

"Pfi! Moenie eers praat van hom nie!" antwoord sy nog steeds baie kwaad vir haar man.

Die Sterre-kinders was nie seker of hulle alles mooi verstaan nie, maar die nuwe omgewing was net te wonderlik. Hulle ontdek die deel van die lug en dan die ander deel, net soos Pappa Son voorheen gedoen het.

Terug by die stukkende huis is Son jammer oor wat gebeur het en vies vir homself. Hy het nie bedoel om sy geliefde vrou te verlaag nie. Hy probeer haar volg, terwyl hy aan mooi woorde dink om haar te vertel hoe lief hy haar en die kinders het. Maar in sy gedagtes bly hy verward. Hy wou mos net hê dat sy gesin See se besoek moes ervaar as 'n manier om sy avonture te deel. Maar ag, dis so moeilik om helder oor alles te dink, dat hy gaan sit om te rus en gou diep en onrustig aan die slaap raak.

Intussen dwaal sy familie deur die lug totdat hulle ook baie moeg aan die slaap raak. Toe Son wakker word, sit hy dadelik sy soektog verder, maar hy kon hulle nie kry nie. Hy skryf 'n pragtige gedig en begin helderder en warmer van liefde skyn. Maar hoe vinnig hy ook al beweeg, hy kon sy gesin net nie opspoor nie.



Daar was egter so baie kinders en almal het so eenders gelyk dat dit moeilik was om vir elkeen 'n naam uit te dink. Daarom het Son en Maan besluit om hulle almal sommer ... Sterre te noem. Almal kry dieselfde naam omdat hulle vir almal ewe lief was. Hierdie kinders het goed geweet hoe geliefd elkeen van hulle was.

Soms het die avontuurlustige Son soggens haastig die huis verlaat op soek na nuwe plekke wat hy nog nie voorheen gesien het nie. Dan draf hy oor die heuwels en berge, verken en verkyk homself sodat hy tuis vir sy vrou en kinders alles kan vertel wat hy gesien het. Dan weer dryf hy oor die woude en wye uitgestrekte graslande wat golwend wieg in die wind en hom roep om bietjie saam te dans. Elke middag wanneer hy terugkeer, sit die kinders opgewonde en wag om hulle pa se stories te hoor. In hulle verbeelding sien hulle al die plekke waarvan hy vertel. Maan luister en glimlag stil. Hoe pragtig lyk sy nie!

Een oggend vertrek Son weer op een van sy avonture en belowe om terug te kom met nog meer stories. Hierdie keer gaan hy egter verder as ooit tevore. Hy bly vorentoe en vorentoe beweeg en sy hart klop al hoe vinniger van opgewondenheid. Hy is oortuig dat hy meer gaan sien as vorige kere, want hy wil bitter graag iets nuuts sien. So hou hy aan en aan totdat hy skielik iets in die verte sien blink. Wat is dit? Hy beweeg nog vinniger. Wat op aarde kan dit wees?

Met 'n skok besef hy iets of iemand is besig om in sy gloed te dans en skitter. En so ver as wat sy oë kan sien ... is daar water, water en nogmaals water.

Son kon net verslae stop en staar. "Wie is jy? Hoekom het ek jou nog nooit voorheen gesien nie?" vra Son.

"Whoooooosh, whaaaa! Whoooooosh, whaaaaa!" fluister sy. "Jy weet dalk nie wie ek is nie, maar ek weet baie goed wie jy is. Ek sien jou altyd reis al met die land langs."



Finally the walls could not take it any longer; they burst and fell apart. "Hayi! To think I told him! Hayi!" grumbled the Moon under her breath. This was it! She had had enough. She turned to her children and said, "Come with me. We are going!"

They set off, higher and higher up into the sky. The children were fascinated by the vast open space called the sky.

"Oh Mama, we love this place, why have we not come here before?" they cried.

"I have a feeling this is really where we belong," she replied, forcing a smile.

"But when is our father, the Sun, coming?" the Stars asked.

"Mpf! Don't talk to me about that one!" replied their mother, still very angry with her husband.

The children were not sure if they understood everything, but this new place was such fun! They moved from one part of the sky to the next, exploring just as the Sun had done before.

Back home the Sun was so sorry for what had happened and he was also angry with himself. He had not meant to chase away his beloved wife. He tried to follow her, thinking of nice, kind words he would use to let her know just how much he still loved her and the children. But his mind was all confused. He wanted his family to understand too that the Sea's visit was only to share with them some of the adventures he had enjoyed. Oh, it was all too difficult for him to think clearly. He sat down to rest for a while and fell into a deep, troubled sleep.

His family roamed the sky until they too were tired and fell asleep. When the Sun woke up he went looking for them. But he could not find them. He had composed a beautiful poem and he was shining brighter and hotter with love. But no matter how fast he moved in the sky, he could not find them.





## Reading club corner

Special days in November provide us with plenty of opportunities for reading, writing and storytelling. Here are some ideas for you to try.

November is International Picture Book Month! Look out for ideas on how to celebrate this in the next edition of the Nal'ibali Supplement!

- ♥ **2 November National Children's Day:** Look for child-friendly information on the United Nations International Convention on the Rights of the Child and select a few rights to discuss with the children. Ask them if they can think of ways in which these rights can be explained so that all children understand them. Let them work in groups to create a poster for each right that explains the right in one or more language, and has a picture to illustrate it.

- ♥ **15 November Children's Grief Awareness Day:** Blue butterflies are the symbol for this day. Ask the children to cut out paper butterflies and colour them blue. Then suggest that they write a short message of hope to comfort children who might have lost a loved one. (If some of the children are not able to write independently yet, ask them to tell you their messages and then write down the words they say.) Create a "wall of hope" by making a display of all the butterflies or give them to children who might need them.

- ♥ **16 November International Day of Tolerance:** You'll need lots of small pieces of paper for this activity – about half an A5 size! Begin by discussing that it is important for everyone to be respected and appreciated. Then give each child enough pieces of paper so that they have one for everyone in the club and themselves. (If you have more than 20 children in your club, divide the children up into groups of between 10 and 15.) Let the children write down something they like about each child – including themselves! When everyone has finished, let them hand out their notes and enjoy reading them.



## Leesklub-hoekie



Spesiale dae in November bied vir ons volop geleentheid vir lees, skryf en die vertel van stories. Hier is 'n paar idees wat jy kan probeer.

November is Internasionale Prentboekmaand! Kyk in die volgende uitgawe van die Nal'ibali-bylae vir idees oor hoe om dit te vier!

- ♥ **2 November Nasionale Kinderdag:** Kyk uit vir kindervriendelike inligting oor die Verenigde Nasies se Internasionale Konvensie oor die Regte van die Kind, en kies 'n paar regte om met die kinders te bespreek. Vra hulle of hulle aan maniere kan dink waarop hierdie regte verduidelik kan word sodat alle kinders dit kan verstaan. Laat hulle in groepe werk om 'n plakkaat vir elke reg te maak wat die reg in een of meer tale verduidelik, met 'n prent daarby om dit te illustreer.

- ♥ **15 November Kindersmart-bewusmakingsdag:** Blou skoelappers is die simbool vir hierdie dag. Vra die kinders om papierskoelappers uit te knip en dit blou in te kleur. Stel dan voor dat hulle 'n kort boodskap van hoop skryf om kinders wat dalk 'n geliefde verloor het, te vertroos. (Indien sommige van die kinders nog nie onafhanklik kan skryf nie, vra hulle om vir jou te sê wat hul boodskappe is, en skryf dan die woorde wat hulle sê neer.) Skep 'n "muur van hoop" deur 'n uitstalling te maak van al die skoelappers, of gee dit vir kinders wat dit dalk mag nodig hê.

- ♥ **16 November Internasionale Dag vir Verdraagsaamheid:** Jy sal baie stukkie papier vir hierdie aktiwiteit nodig hê – maak elk omtrent die helfte van 'n A5-grootte! Begin deur te bespreek dat dit belangrik is vir almal om gerespekteer en waardeer te word. Gee dan vir elke kind genoeg stukkie papier sodat hulle een het vir elkeen by die klub en vir hulself. (Indien jy meer as 20 kinders in jou klub het, verdeel die kinders in groepe van 10 tot 15.) Laat die kinders iets positief neerskryf oor elke kind – ook oor hulself! Wanneer almal klaar is, laat hulle hul notas uitdeel en dit geniet om dit te lees.

To Igsaan

I like the way you are always friendly to everyone.

To Thuli

I like the pictures that you draw.

Aan Igsaan

Ek hou van die manier waarop jy altyd vriendelik is met almal.

Aan Thuli

Ek hou van die prente wat jy teken.

- ♥ **21 November World Hello Day:** With the children, find out how to say "hello" in each of South Africa's 11 languages and other languages used in our country. Are some of the greetings in different languages similar? Ask the children to make a poster with all or some of the greetings on it, and display them to create an inclusive environment at your club.

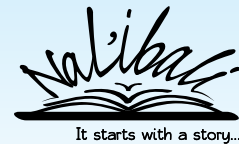


- ♥ **21 November Wêreld Hallo-dag:** Vind saam met die kinders uit hoe om "hallo" in elk van Suid-Afrika se 11 tale en ander tale wat in ons land gebruik word, te sê. Is sommige van die groetwoorde in verskillende tale soortgelyk? Vra die kinders om 'n plakkaat te maak met al of sommige van die groetwoorde daarop, en stal dit uit om 'n inklusiewe omgewing by jou klub te skep.



# Skycatcher

By Ann Walton ★ Illustrations by Rico



It was a rainy day and Josh was sitting at the kitchen table making a kite. He had some light strips of wood which he used to make the frame of the kite. He also had some blue and red and green and pink tissue paper. He covered the whole kite with blue tissue paper.

"This blue paper is the kite's face!" decided Josh. He cut out red tissue paper to make happy smiling lips, green tissue paper for eyes, and pink tissue paper circles for cheeks. Then he made a long kite tail out of the blue, red, green and pink paper.

"Your tail looks like the clothes dancing in the wind on Gogo's washing line," said Josh to the kite. Then he wound a very long piece of string around a cardboard tube and tied the other end of the string to the frame of the kite, so that it wouldn't fly away from him later when it was in the air.

"Your name is Skycatcher!" said Josh to the kite.

The next morning, Josh sat in his wheelchair outside his front door with Skycatcher in his lap. It was the right sort of day to fly a kite. He was waiting for Hope. She was going to push him along the pavement as fast as she could go, so that Skycatcher could catch the wind and fly. Where was she?

"Here I am!" said Hope. "I'm sorry I'm a bit late. Is your kite ready to fly?"

"Yes, I can't wait to get it up into the sky!" said Josh.

"Let's go then!" said Hope as she held the handles at the back of the wheelchair tightly. She started to walk fast, and then to run all the way along the pavement. The wheels went *bumpity-bump, bumpity-bump*, picking up speed as Hope ran. Josh let a little bit of the string unwind from the cardboard tube he was holding. Suddenly the kite took off! It fluttered about in the air just above their heads.

Josh and Hope raced past Neo who was in his front garden playing with Bella. He was wearing a newspaper pirate hat and he had a cardboard sword. Bella was wearing a witch's hat.

"You're not a very good pirate!" said Bella, waving her magic wand.

"Woof! Woof!" barked Noodle, but Neo wasn't listening to him or Bella. Neo was watching Josh and Hope coming along the pavement at full speed. Then Bella forgot about their game too and she also watched Josh and Hope!

"Can we come with you?" asked Neo.



"Yes, come! We're going to fly Skycatcher!" said Josh as he went past.

"Come on, Bella, let's go!" said Neo.

"Come on, Noodle," said Bella.

"Woof! Woof!" barked Noodle.

So Hope and Neo and Bella and Noodle ran in a long line behind Josh, going *bumpity-bump* and *woof! woof!* all the way along the pavement.

When they got to the field next to some houses, Josh let out some more string and Skycatcher flew higher up into the air. And then higher. It glided gently over the rooftops and treetops with the blue sky around it. Josh and Hope and Neo and Bella watched the kite and wished they were flying up in the sky with it.

"Woof! Woof!" Noodle barked loudly. He was also looking up at the kite.

"Neo, do you want to try flying the kite?" asked Josh.



"Yes please!" said Neo, and he took the cardboard tube of string from Josh. But it was windy so Skycatcher pulled hard, and Neo dropped the cardboard tube. It whizzed round and round on the ground like a live, wild thing and it let more and more string out, so that the kite flew higher and higher. Soon it was just a small speck in the sky.

Noodle pounced on the tube of string! He held it in his jaws and under his paws so that it couldn't spin around. Then he jumped up with his paws on Josh's knees and passed the tube to Josh. Finally, Skycatcher stopped flying away and stayed where it was, with its bright tail waving about in the sky below it.

"Noodle, you saved our kite!" said Josh. Noodle wagged his tail.

"Noodle, you're the best kite catcher ever!" said Hope. Noodle wagged his tail.

"Noodle, you're such a clever dog!" said Bella. Noodle wagged his tail.

Josh reeled in his kite. Tighter and tighter he wound the string around the cardboard roll until Skycatcher lay still in his lap after its great adventure in the sky. Hope turned the wheelchair around, and they all went *bumpity-bump* and *woof! woof!* all the way home.

When Josh lay in bed that night, he thought about what fun he had had with his kite and how he had nearly lost it. "Luckily I have the best friends in the world!" he sighed as he closed his eyes.



Drive your  
imagination



Dit is 'n reënerige dag en Josh sit by die kombuistafel, besig om 'n vlieër te maak. Hy het 'n paar ligte houtstokkies wat hy vir die raam van die vlieër gebruik. Hy het ook blou en rooi en groen en pienk sneespapier. Hy trek die hele vlieër met blou sneespapier oor.

"Hierdie blou papier is die vlieër se gesig!" besluit Josh. Hy knip glimlaggende lippe uit rooi sneespapier, oë uit groen sneespapier en sirkels uit pienk sneespapier vir die wange. Dan maak hy 'n lang stert vir die vlieër uit blou, rooi, groen en pienk papier.

"Jou stert lyk soos die klere wat op Gogo se wasgoedlyn in die wind dans," sê Josh vir die vlieër. Dan draai hy 'n baie lang stuk tou om 'n kartonrol en bind die ander punt aan die raam van die vlieër vas sodat die vlieër nie sal wegvlieg wanneer hy dit later buitentoe neem nie.

"Jou naam is Sonvanger!" sê Josh vir die vlieër.

Die volgende oggend sit Josh in sy rolstoel buite sy voordeur, met Sonvanger op sy skoot. Dis die regte soort dag om 'n vlieër te vlieg. Hy wag vir Hope. Sy gaan hom so vinnig as wat sy kan op die sypaadjie stoot sodat Sonvanger die wind kan skep en kan vlieg. Waar bly sy?

"Hier's ek!" sê Hope. "Ek's jammer ek's 'n bietjie laat. Is jou vlieër gereed om te vlieg?"

"Ja, ek kan nie wag om dit in die lug te kry nie!" sê Josh.

"Kom ons gaan!" sê Hope terwyl sy die handvatsels van die rolstoel styf vashou. Sy begin eers stadig stap, en hardloop dan al met die sypaadjie langs. Die wiele maak *bompe-kebomp, bompe-kebomp*, en tel spoed op terwyl Hope hardloop. Josh laat 'n stukkie van die tou van die kartonrol wat hy vashou, afrol. Skielik styg die vlieër op! Dit wapper in die lug net bo hul koppe.

Josh en Hope jaag verby Neo wat in sy voortuin met Bella speel. Neo dra 'n seerowerhoed wat van koerantpapier gemaak is en hy het 'n kartonswaard. Bella dra 'n heksehoed.

"Jy's nie 'n baie goeie seerower nie!" sê Bella, en waai haar towerstaf.

"Woef! Woef!" blaf Noodle, maar Neo luister nie na hom of Bella nie. Neo kyk hoe Josh en Hope op volle vaart met die sypaadjie af kom. Toe vergeet Bella ook van hul speletjie en kyk ook vir Josh en Hope!

"Kan ons saamkom?" vra Neo.



"Ja, kom! Ons gaan Sonvanger laat vlieg!" sê Josh in die verbygaan.

"Komaan, Bella, kom ons gaan!" sê Neo.

"Kom, Noodle," sê Bella.

"Woef! Woef!" blaf Noodle.

Hope en Neo en Bella en Noodle hardloop toe in 'n lang ry agter Josh aan – *bompe-kebomp* en *woef! woef!* al met die sypaadjie langs.

Toe hulle by die veld langs 'n paar huise kom, laat Josh nog tou afrol en Sonvanger vlieg hoër in die lug op. En toe nog hoër. Dit sweef liggies oor die dakke en boomtoppe met die blou lug daaragter. Josh en Hope en Neo en Bella kyk verlangend na die vlieër en wens hulle kon ook in die lug rondvlieg.

"Woef! Woef!" blaf Noodle hard. Hy kyk ook op na die vlieër.

"Neo, wil jy ook probeer om die vlieër te vlieg?" vra Josh.



"Ja, asseblief!" sê Neo, en hy vat die kartonrol met tou by Josh. Maar dit is winderig en Sonvanger pluk hard aan die tou, sodat Neo die kartonrol laat val. Dit tol al in die rondte op die grond, soos 'n lewendige, wilde ding en meer en meer van die tou rol af sodat die vlieër al hoër en hoër vlieg. Gou is die vlieër net 'n klein spikkeltjie in die lug.

Noodle bespring die rol tou! Hy hou dit in sy bek en onder sy pote vas sodat dit nie kan rondtol nie. Dan spring hy teen Josh op en gee die rol vir Josh aan. Uiteindelik bly Sonvanger op die plek hang, met sy helder stert wat in die lug onder hom wapper.

"Noodle, jy het ons vlieër gered!" sê Josh. Noodle waai sy stert.

"Noodle, jy's die beste vlieërvanger ooit!" sê Hope. Noodle waai sy stert.

"Noodle, jy's so 'n slim hond!" sê Bella. Noodle waai sy stert.

Josh katrol sy vlieër in. Hy draai die tou stywer en stywer om die kartonrol totdat Sonvanger stil in sy skoot lê na die groot avontuur in die lug. Hope draai die rolstoel om en hulle *bompe-kebomp* en *woef! woef!* al die pad huis toe.

Toe Josh daardie aand in sy bed lê, dink hy aan die pret wat hy daardie dag met sy vlieër gehad het, en hoe hy dit byna verloor het. "Gelukkig het ek die beste maats in die wêreld!" sug hy toe hy sy oë toemaak.



# Nal'ibali fun

## Nal'ibali-pret

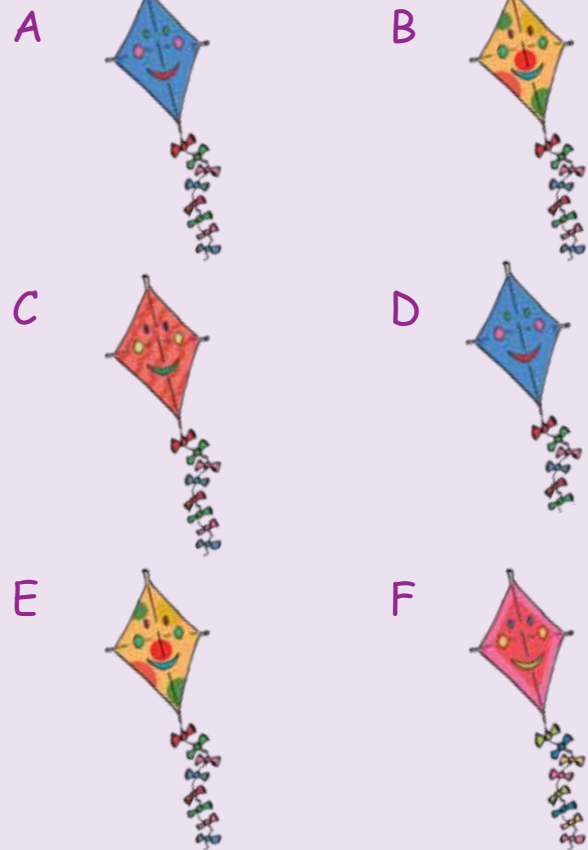
1.

- Can you help Josh catch his kite?
- Kan julle vir Josh help om sy vlieër te vang?



2.

- Can you see which two kites make a matching pair? Are these two kites the same as the kite in the story, "Skycatcher"?
- Kan julle sien watter twee vlieërs presies dieselfde is? Is hierdie twee vlieërs dieselfde as die vlieër in die storie, "Sonvanger"?



3.

- Be a word detective and find these words in the story, *Sun and Moon*.



Choose any word:

- that describes Sun \_\_\_\_\_
- that describes Moon \_\_\_\_\_
- that describes the Stars \_\_\_\_\_
- that describes how Moon moved \_\_\_\_\_
- that describes a feeling \_\_\_\_\_
- that names a sea animal \_\_\_\_\_
- that names a continent \_\_\_\_\_
- that rhymes with "night" \_\_\_\_\_
- that is a sound \_\_\_\_\_
- that starts with the letters *mo-* \_\_\_\_\_
- that ends with the letters *-ly* \_\_\_\_\_
- with 7 letters \_\_\_\_\_
- with more than 9 letters \_\_\_\_\_
- that is new to you \_\_\_\_\_

- Wees 'n woordspeurder en vind hierdie woorde in die storie, *Son en die Maan*.



Kies enige woord:

- wat Son beskryf \_\_\_\_\_
- wat Maan beskryf \_\_\_\_\_
- wat die Sterre beskryf \_\_\_\_\_
- wat beskryf hoe Maan beweeg \_\_\_\_\_
- wat 'n gevoel beskryf \_\_\_\_\_
- wat 'n seedier benoem \_\_\_\_\_
- wat 'n vasteland benoem \_\_\_\_\_
- wat rym met "nag" \_\_\_\_\_
- wat 'n geluid namaak \_\_\_\_\_
- wat met die letters *vi-* begin \_\_\_\_\_
- wat met die letters *-tig* eindig \_\_\_\_\_
- met 7 letters \_\_\_\_\_
- met meer as 9 letters \_\_\_\_\_
- wat nuut is vir jou \_\_\_\_\_

Antwoorde: 2. B en E, nee  
Answers: 2. B and E, no

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