

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 Nal'ibali 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.

Letlotlo la rona

Motho e mong le e mong wa Afrika Borwa ya ratang dipale, o tseba lebitso lena la Gcina Mhlophe!

Mphalane ke kgwedi ya tswalo ya mohlalani enwa wa dipale ya makatsang. Kahoo, kgatisong ena ya Tlatsetso ya Nal'ibali, re hlomphe lerato le boitelo tseo a nang le tsona bakeng sa ho pheta dipale tsa Afrika le ho kgothaletsa bana hore e be babadi le bangodi ba dipale, e leng seo esale a se etsa ka dilemo tse mashomeshome. "Batho beso ba ile ba nthea lebitso la Gcinamasiko le bolelang 'mmoloki wa meetlo'," ho hlalosa Gcina. "Ke apara lebitso lena jwaloka kobo mme ke le hlomphe ka botho ba ka."

Kahoo, ke mang ya ka lokelwang ke ho hlalosa bohlokwa ba dipale ho feta Gcina! Mantswe a hae ke ana, a qotsitsweng ho "Selelekela sa Mongodi" pokellong ya hae ya dipale, *Dipale tsa Afrika*.

“ Nkgono wa ka ke yena motho wa pele wa ho mphetela dipale. A leka ka hohle ho nkgothaletsa hore ke bone tse sa bonweng ke mang kapa mang, mme ke ne ke kgolwa e le kannete ditaba tsa dikwena tse tshelang le dikgudu tse fofang tseo a neng a nqoqela ka tsona. Ke ne ke rata ditshomo tsa hae tsa *amaZimzim* ya neng a tshosa haholo – dikgodumodumo tse neng di ja batho – le dibata tsa naha tse ngata.

Ka mkgwa oo nkgono a neng a mphetela dipale tseo ka ona, ke ile ka ithuta ke sa le monyenyanane ho rata puo le ho utlwisisa matla a yona. Dipale tse ngata tseo ke di phetang di tswa dipaleng tse tsebahalang tsa kgalekgale tseo batho ba Afrika esale ba di phetelana ho tloha esale lefatsheng le eba teng. Tse ding tsa dipale tse neng tsa bongwaneng ba ka ke di fumane dipaleng tse phetilweng le ho ngolwa dikarolong tse ngata tsa lefatsheng. Bona ke bopaki ho nna ba kamoo batho esale ba leka ho etsa moelelo ka diphiri tsa bophelo le kamoo ba neng ba sebedisa dipale ho hlalotsana diphiri tseo.

Na ho ntse ho ena le sebaka sa dipale tse neng tsa kgalekgale maphelong a rona a kajeno? Ke re, "Ee!" Hobane pale efe kapa efe ya dipale tse neng e ka phetwa hape ka mekgwa e fapaneng, mme he ho na le kgonahalo ya hore batho ba dilemo tse fapaneng le ditso tse fapaneng ba ka fumana seo ba se hlokang ho yona pale ena.

E nngwe ya dipale tseo ke di ratang haholo ke ya mosadi ya ileng a theohela tlase botebong ba lewatle a ilo batlana le dipale ho di kgutlisetsa hape lefatsheng la batho. Ke qoqetse batho pale ena makgetlo a mangata haholo, dinaheng tse fapaneng lefatsheng ka bophara, mme ka makgetlo ao a mangata ke fumane karabo: "Wa tseba, pale eo e entse hore ke hlokomele hore ho fumana dikarabo tseo ke di hlokang bophelong ba ka, ke lokela ho shebisisa ka hare ho nna ka botebo. Ke tlameile ho batlisisa botebo ba lewatle ka hare ho pelo le moya wa ka." Ekaba jwale mophethi wa pale o lokela ho reng ho seo? ”

Dr Nokugcina Mhlophe, re o rolela kgaebana!

Fumana haholwanyana ka *Dipale tsa Afrika* leqephe la 3.



INSIDE!

★ Read a story by Gcina Mhlophe and then read the story of her life!

KAHARE!

★ Bala pale ka Gcina Mhlophe mme ebe o bala pale ya bophelo ba hae!



Drive your imagination

Join us. Share stories in your language every day.
Eba le rona. Bala le ho phetela bana ba hao dipale ka puo ya lapeng kamehla.



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 ...

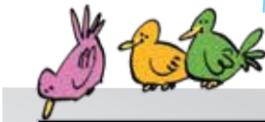
So much! by Trish Cooke and Helen Oxenbury. For a while we talked about the characters in the book as if they were our family friends – especially Uncle Didi.

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.



Daniel Born

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

Gcina a pheta pale ha ho ne ho thakgolwa Story Bosso ya Nal'ibali ka 2017.

Dinaledi tsa dipale

Mopheti wa dipale wa Afrika Borwa eo e leng naledi

Gcina Mhlophe hantlentle ke mopheti wa dipale ya tsebahalang ka ho fetisisa Afrika Borwa. O se a hahlautse lefatshe lohle a ntse a pheta dipale – mme hape ke mongodi, sethotokisi, mongodi wa ditshwantshiso, molaodi le sebapadi sa kalaneng! Haesale ho tloha ka 1988, Gcina a ntse a tshwara diwekeshopo tsa ho pheta dipale dilaaboraring le dikolong naheng ena ka bophara. O pheta dipale ka English, Afrikaans, isiXhosa le isiZulu. Empa ha a felle moo feela ...

Gcina o sebeditse ka ho inehela ka dilemo tse 11 tse fetileng a tsamaisa "Nozincwadi Mother of Books Literacy Campaign" bakeng sa ho thusa ho etsa hore Afrika Borwa e be naha ya setjhaba se balang. O inehetse ka botebo bakeng sa ho boloka bonono ba ho pheta dipale bo phela mme bo kgothaletsa bana ho bala.

Ke mang ya neng a o phetela dipale ha o ne o sa le ngwana?

Nkgono wa ka.

O qadile neng ho pheta dipale mme o ne o di phetela bomang?

Pele ke ne ke di phetela metswalle ya ka ya sekolong, mme yaba ke di phetela le bana bao ke neng ke ba hlokomela ha ke ne ke le mohlakomedi wa bana ka dikgwedi tse mmalwa. Ke ile ka qala ho pheta dipale ka boitelo ha ke ne ke pheta dipale dilaaboraring le dimuseamong ha ke ne ke le leetong la ho ya USA jwaloka sebapadi sa kalaneng le molaodi.

O fumana dipale hokae?

Dipale tseo ke di phetang ke tsa mehleng ya kgale kapa ke di utlwa ha ke ntse ke hahlaula dinaheng tsa matjhaba. Ehlile, kaha ke mongodi, ke bile ke ngola le dipale tse ntjha!

Na o kgetha ho bala dipale tse qapilweng kapa tse sa iqapelwang?

Di le pedi – seo ke se batlang feela ke pale e phetilweng ha monate.

Sebaka seo ke ratang ho balla ho sona ke ...

betheng ya ka le boemafofaneng ha ke ntse ke hahlaula.

O bala ka dipuo dife?

Haholoholo ka English, empa hape le ka isiZulu le isiXhosa, haholoholo dithotokiso.

Thuto e kgole eo nkileng ka ithuta yona ho tswa bukeng kapa paleng ke ...

lentswe la mongodi le ka tlola ho tswa leqepheng le ye pelong ya ka! Ba bang ba bangodi ba kileng ba etsa sena ho nna ke Isabel Allende, Alice Walker, AC Jordan, Sindiwe Magona, Paulo Coelho, Maya Angelo le Mariama Ba.

Ngwana e mong le e mong o lokela ho bala ...

Haroun and the Sea of Stories ka Salman Rushdie.

Ha moradi wa ka a ne a sa le monyenyanane, buka eo a neng a e rata ya ditshwantsho e ne e le ...

So much! ka Trish Cooke le Helen Oxenbury. Ka nakwana e itseng re ne re bua ka baphetwa ba ka bukeng jwaloka haeka ke metswalle ya lelapa la rona – haholoholo Uncle Didi.

O ne o balla moradi wa hao neng le hokae?

Ka nako tsohle le hohle – tshimong, betheng! O ne a rata dibuka le dipale ho tloha qalong.

O ne o mmalla ka puo/dipuo dife?

IsiZulu le English – ho ne ho le monate! Ntatae o ne a mmalla ka Sejeremane.

“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”



“Ha ke bua ka Gcina, pelo ya ka e tloha nyakallo. Ke ne ke kopane le yena dilemong tsa bo1980 mane Market Theatre. Kajeno ke ngwaneso, empa e se e bile e le motho e moholo, ka lebaka la bohale boo a nang le bona. Mpho ya hae e tswa ka ho otloha ho badimo. Nalane ya nnete ya seo re leng sona, haesale e fetisetswa melokong ka ho pheta dipale ho tloha mengwahakgolong e fetileng. Ha o ne o mametse tsela eo Gcina a neng a etsa ka yona, o ne o ka fumana hore dipale di re hlomela ka tsebo, thuto, boitokisetso le fadimehiso. Gcina ke mmoloki wa meetlo ya rona, nalane ya rona, motlotlo wa rona le bokamoso ba rona. Ke moetapele wa sebele ya se nang meedi. *Halala Maz'anethole. O na le mapheo. Batjha, moetapele ke enwa, mo saleng morao!* Ngaka John Kani, sebapadi sa kalaneng, molaodi le mongodi”



Drive your imagination

The Na'ibali bookshelf



Shelofu ya dibuka ya Na'ibali



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.

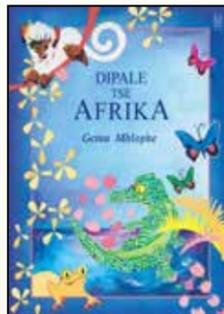
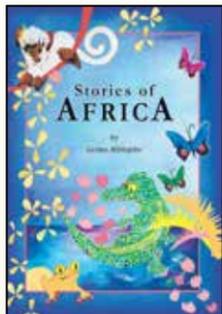
Gcina Mhlophe o bile le dingolwa tsa hae – ditshwantshiso, dipalekgutshwe, dithotokiso le dibuka tsa bana – tse phatlaladitsweng ho potoloha lefatshe lohle. Tse ding tsa dibuka tsa bana tseo a di phatlaladitseng Afrika Borwa ke tsena.

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.



Dipale tsa Afrika

Batshwantshisi: Ba fapaneng

Mophatlalatsi: University of KwaZulu-Natal Press

Pokello ena ya dipale tse leshome e fana ka mokete wa thabo. Dipale tse hohelang di ntshitswe mononong wa meetlo ya Afrika ya tse buuwang mme di tshwantshitswe ke batshwantshi ba fapaneng. *Dipale tsa Afrika* ke tlelasiki ya Afrika Borwa e fumanehang ka dipuo tsohle tse leshome le motso o mong tsa semmuso.

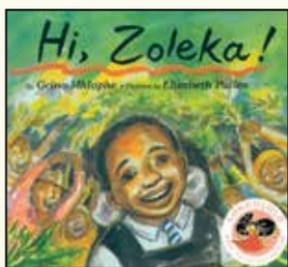


Hi, Zoleka!

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.

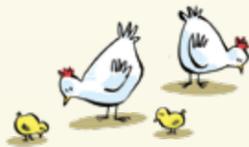


Hi, Zoleka!

Motshwantshi: Elizabeth Pulles

Mophatlalatsi: Songololo

A iphpanyetsa mantswe a mmitsang ka thabo a metswalle ya hae, Zoleka o kena tseleng e lebang kerekeng le ba lelapa labo. Tseleng, o ikwetlisa mantswe a temana eo a lokelang ho e etsa bakeng sa tshabeletso ya Sontaha sa Mahlaku. Empa na o tla hopola mantswe ao ha a tlameha ho etsa temana eo ka pela phutheho yohle? Pale ena ke ya babadi ba banyenyane mme e fumaneha ka English, isiXhosa le isiZulu.

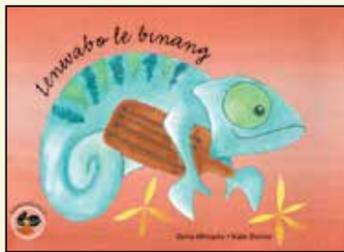
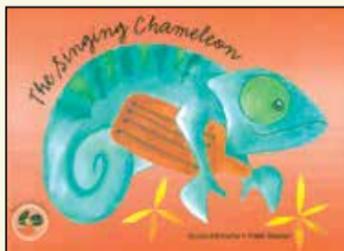


The Singing Chameleon

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.



Lenwabo le binang

Motshwantshi: Kalle Becker

Mophatlalatsi: Songololo

Ha nako e ntse e tsamaya, Lenwabo o qetella a kgolwa mantswe a kgopo ao setjhaba sa habo se mo omanyang ka ona. Empa lehlohono le mo wela hodimo – o kopana le tsirwane le monnamoholo ya mahlahlaha ya tlang diketsahalo tse fetolang bophelo ba hae. *Lenwabo le binang* ke pale ya Malawi e phetwang hape e kgothatsang le e hohelang. E fumaneha ka dipuo tsa English, isiXhosa, isiZulu, Sesotho le Afrikaans.

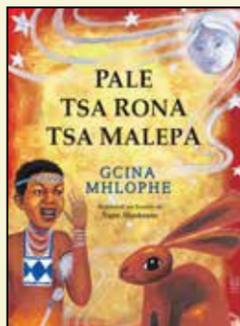
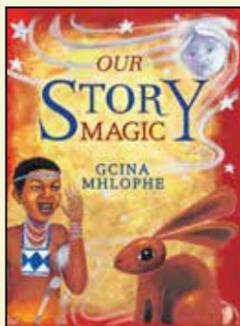


Our Story Magic

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.

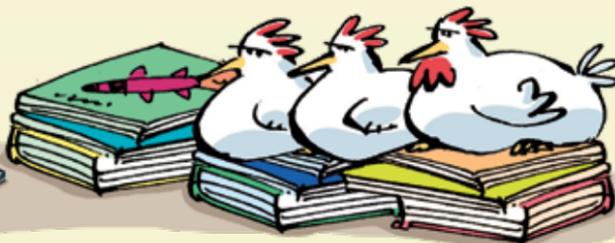
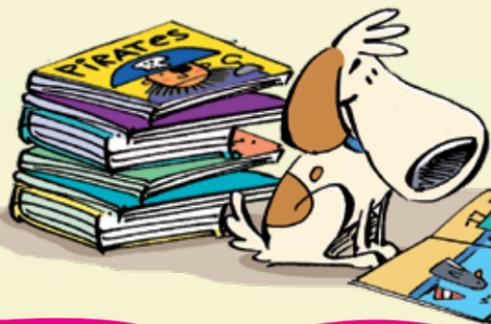


Pale tsa Rona tsa Malepa

Batshwantshisi: Ba fapaneng

Mophatlalatsi: University of KwaZulu-Natal Press

Pokello ena e hlahisa dipale tsa sethatho tse tsejwang haholo tse phetwang ke mopheti ya tsebahalang wa Afrika Borwa, Gcina Mhlophe. Dipale tseo di tshwantshitswe ka bokgabane ke dinono tse fapaneng tsa lapeng mona. Leha buka ena e ne e ntse e fumaneha ka English nako e itseng, jwale e se e fumaneha ka dipuo tsohle tse leshome le motso o mong tsa semmuso.



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.



Eba mahlahlaha ka pale!

Mehopolo e itseng ke ena bakeng sa ho sebedisa dibuka tse pedi tse sehwanang-le-ho-apolokelwa, *Letsatsi le Kgwedi* (maqephe ana, 5, 6, 11 le 12) le *Leeto la mme wa dibuka* (maqephe ana, 7, 8, 9 le 10), esitana le pale ya Hukung ya Dipale, *Sefofelamarung* (leqephe la 15). Kgetha mehopolo e tshwanelang hantle dilemo le dithahasello tsa bana ba hao.

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.

Letsatsi le Kgwedi

Letsatsi le Kgwedi ba ne ba phela ha monate mmoho le bana ba bona, Dinaledi. Letsatsi o ne a rata ho sibolla lefatsho leo a phelang ho lona, mme ka tsatsi le leng, ho le leng la maeto a hae, o mema Lewatle hore a mo etele ha hae – mme seo se fetola tsohle. Haeba o sebedisa pale ena ho bana ba banyenyane, e ka ba natefela haholo ha o ka ba phetela yona ho ena le ho ba balla yona.

- ★ Hlahisa hore bana ba hao ba bope ketsahalo e nyane e tswang paleng ka hara lebokoso la khateboto le lenyane kapa hodima sekwahelo. Ba ka nna ba sebedisa letsopa la ho bapala esitana le dintho tse resaekelwang (jwaloka mahlakana a ho nwa, mabokoso a mollo le dikwahelo tsa dibotlolo) le dintho tsa tlhaho (jwaloka majwana le mahlaku) ho etsa sena.
- ★ Kgothaletsa bana ba hao ho taka karolo eo ba e ratang paleng mme ebe ba ngola mantswe a karolo eo ya pale ka tlasa ditshwantsho tsa bona.
- ★ Kopa bana ba hao hore ba o thuse ho ngola thotokiso e monate eo Letsatsi a ileng a e ngola kamora hoba a tsamaile ho ya batlana le ba lelapa la hae mme a se ba fumane.
- ★ Haeba o tsamaisa tlalapo ya ho bala, mema bana ho pheta pale hape ka mantswe a bona ka ho e tshwantshisa ba le ka dihotshwana. Kapa hlahisa hore bana ba qape le ho tshwantshisa tlaleho ya ditaba tsa TV tse mabapi le ketsahalo e le nngwe kapa ho feta tse tswang paleng ena.

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.

Leeto la mme wa dibuka

Ena ke bayokerafi e kgutshwane e nang le ditshwantsho ya bophelo ba Gcina Mhlophe. E qala ka thotokiso e hlalosang tselo ea o kgothatsang batho ba bang ka teng hore le bona e be baphepi ba dipale le bangodi.

- ★ Pele o qala ho bala, sheba bokapele ba buka mmoho le bana ba hao mme o re ba tshwaele ho yona. O ka nna wa hloka ho ba hlalose hore bayokerafi ke pale ya bophelo ba motho ya itseng e ngotsweng ke motho e mong. Othobayokerafi ke pale eo o e ngolang mabapi le bophelo ba hao ka sebele.
- ★ Kamora hoba o qetile ho bala, kopa bana ba hao ho nahana ka potso e le nngwe kapa tse pedi tseo ba ka ratang ho di botsa Gcina haeba ba ne ba ka kopana le yena.
- ★ E re bana ba hao ba sebedise maqephe a pampiri le kgwele (kapa seteipolar) ho etsa dibuka tse sa ngolang. Mme e re ba fetole dibuka tseo e be diotshobayokerafi tsa maphelo a bona.

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.

Sefofelamarung

Ka tsatsi le leng pula e ena, Josh o etsa qeto ya ho etsa khaete. Tsatsing le hlhlangamang o tswela ka ntle ho ya fofisa khaete eo le metswalle ya hae. Empa moya o matla haholo hoo khaete e fofelang hole – hodimodimo marung!

- ★ E re bana ba hao ba rale dikhaete tseo e leng tsa bona. Ba botse dipotso tse tla ba thusa ho qala – ho etsa mohlala: O tla etsa khaete ya hao ka sebopeho sefe? O ka sebedisa matheriale ofe ho e etsa? O ka e kgabisa jwang?
- ★ Natefelwa mmoho le bana ba hao ka ho butswela dibalunu mme le di tlohele di fofe. (Le se ke la tlama lefito qetellong ya balunu e butswetsweng.) Shebang kamoo di fofang hohle sebakeng ha moya o tswa ho tsona!
- ★ Paleng, Neo o rwala katiba e entsweng ka dikoranta. Efa bana ba hao dikoranta, selotheipi, dikere le kgwele mme o ba phephetse ho etsa ntho e itseng ba sebedisa dintho tseo.

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.



Iketsetse dibuka tse sehwanang-le-ho-apolokelwa tse PEDI

1. Ntsha leqephe la 5 ho isa ho la 12 tlatsetsong ena.
2. Leqephehadi le nang le maqephe ana, 5, 6, 11 le 12 ho lona le etsa buka e le nngwe. Leqephehadi le nang le maqephe ana, 7, 8, 9 le 10 ho lona le etsa buka e nngwe.
3. Sebedisa leqephehadi ka leng ho etsa buka. Latela ditaelo tse ka tlase ho etsa buka ka nngwe.
 - a) Mena leqephehadi ka halofo hodima mola wa matheba a matsho.
 - b) Le mene ka halofo hape hodima mola wa matheba a matala.
 - c) Seha hodima mela ya matheba a mafubedu.

“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.

“Oho – jwalo kaha o tjo jwalo – nlo ya rona ha e kgolo hakalo ka nte. Ke ta tlamcha ho etsa ho hong ka seo. Ke ta kgutla ke o tsebisa ha re se re ekeditse nlo ya rona, ebe wena le bana ba hao le amohelile ho re etela,” ha bua Letsatsi, a potakela lapeng.

A jwetsa ba lelapa la hae hore o kopile Lewate hore a ba etele. Mosebetsi o lokelwang ho etswa wa eba mongata, ho thuba le ho aha nlo ho e eketsa – ho feta boholo ba yona ba pele habedi. Le mabota a tlamcha ho phahama haholo le ona, ha boela Letsatsi, ho amohela bana ba bangata ba Lewate.

Ha ba geta ka nlo ba lokisa dijo, ba phecha dijo tse ngata tsa mefuta kaofela. Ha ba se ba getile tsohle, Letsatsi a phakisa ho ya bita Lewate. A thabetsa hore o dlo tseba mosadi wa hae e motle le bana.

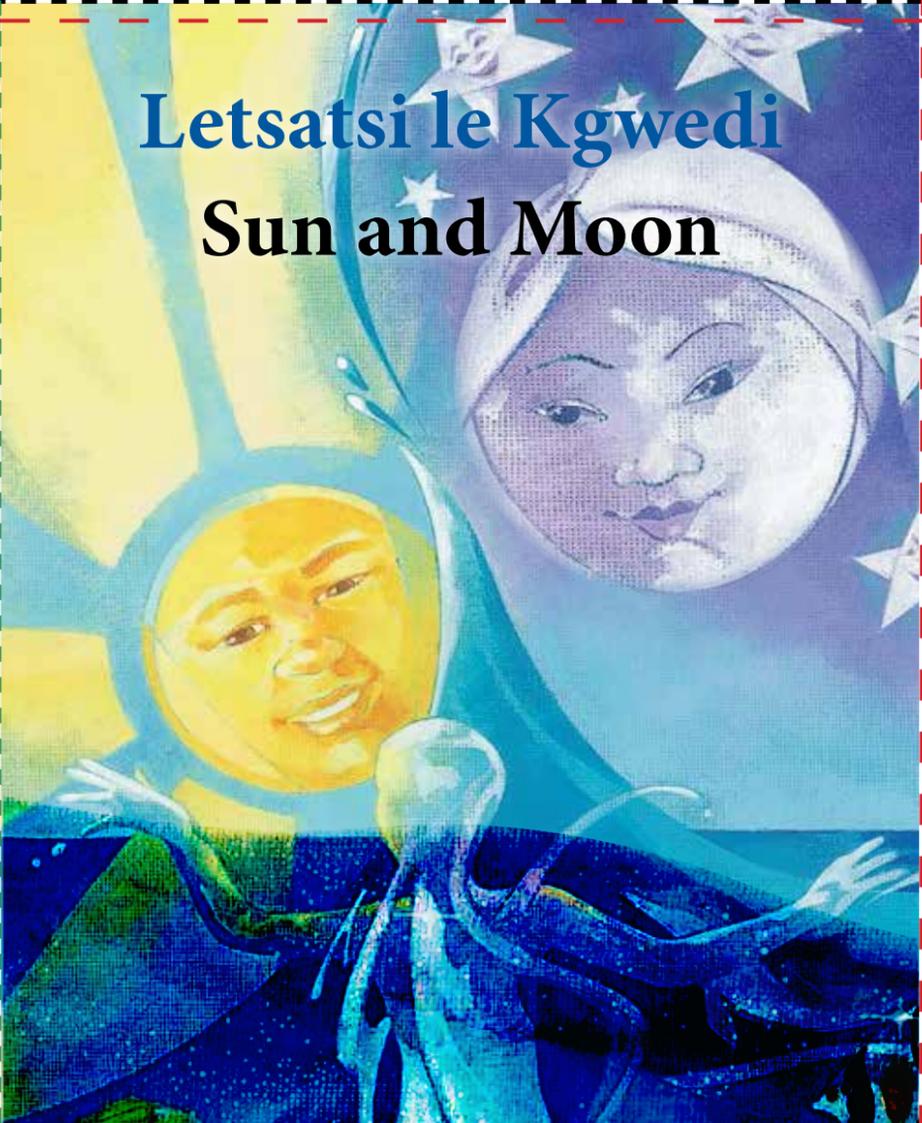
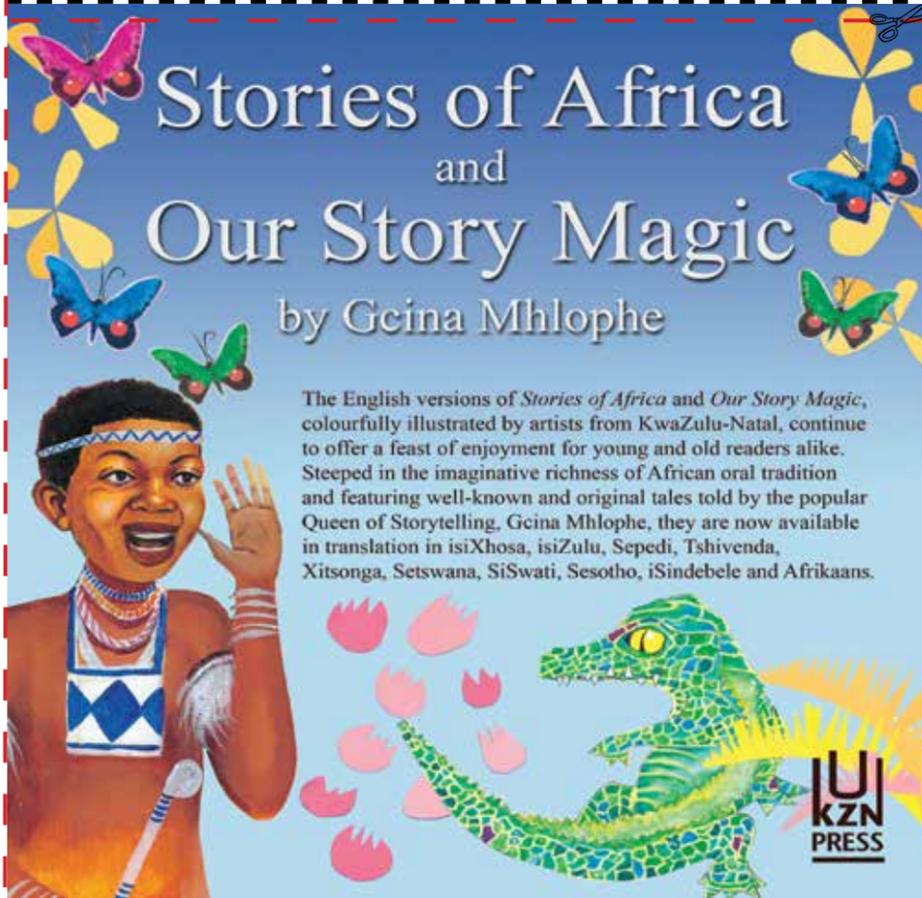
“Hela Lewate! Nako e fihlele! Re o emetse. Tloho, re etele!” Letsatsi a bua a thabile.

Lewate o ne a eme ka tebello e kgolo mme a se ke a senya nako. A re whoooooosh, a re whaaaaa hodima maralla le dithaba a setse Letsatsi morao. Leeto la tswela pele ho fhlela Letsatsi a fihla lapeng mme a bitsa ba lelapa a thabile: “Bonang mane ...! Lewate ke eo, o a atamela!”

Le jwale ba bona Lewate a atamela a feta ka hara moru a tatile, a phalla ka lebelo le lehlo, “Whoooooosh!” Hodima diphula, “Whoooooosh!” Ka potakoko. Metsi a mangata a dala hohle.

O ne a ntse a atamela.

O ne a se a atametse pela monyako o ka pele wa nlo ha Kgwedi mmele wa hae o ne o ntse o setse morao hole moo mahlo a Kgwedi a neng a sa fihlele jo, Letatshe lohle ke ha le tsetse metsi a Lewate.



“Sun and Moon” is reproduced from *Our Story Magic* by Gcina Mhlophe with the permission of the author and the publisher, UKZN Press.

“Letsatsi le Kgwedi” e ntshitswe ho *Pale tsa Rona tsa Malepa* ka Gcina Mhlophe ka tumello ya mongodi le mophatlalatsi, UKZN Press.

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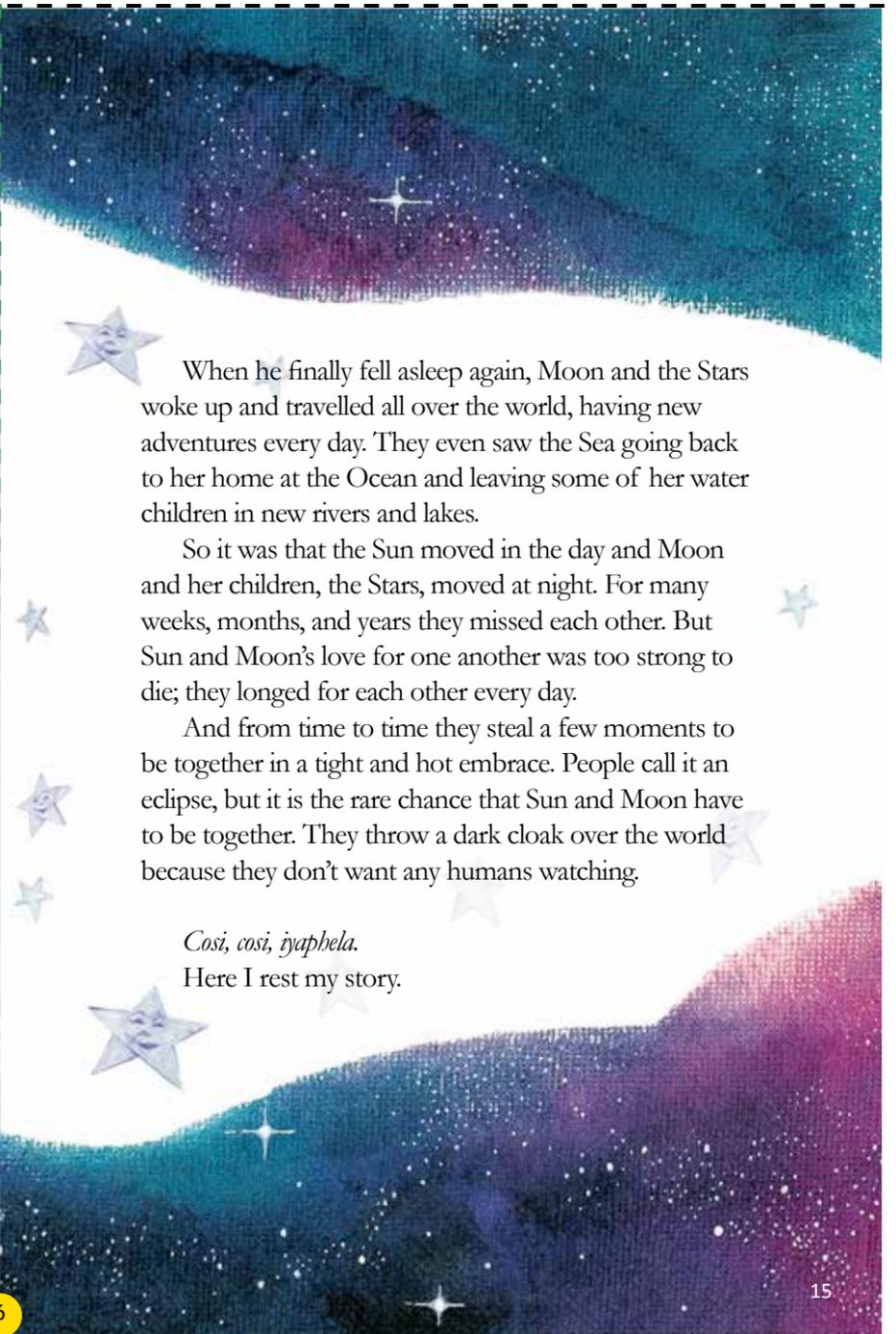
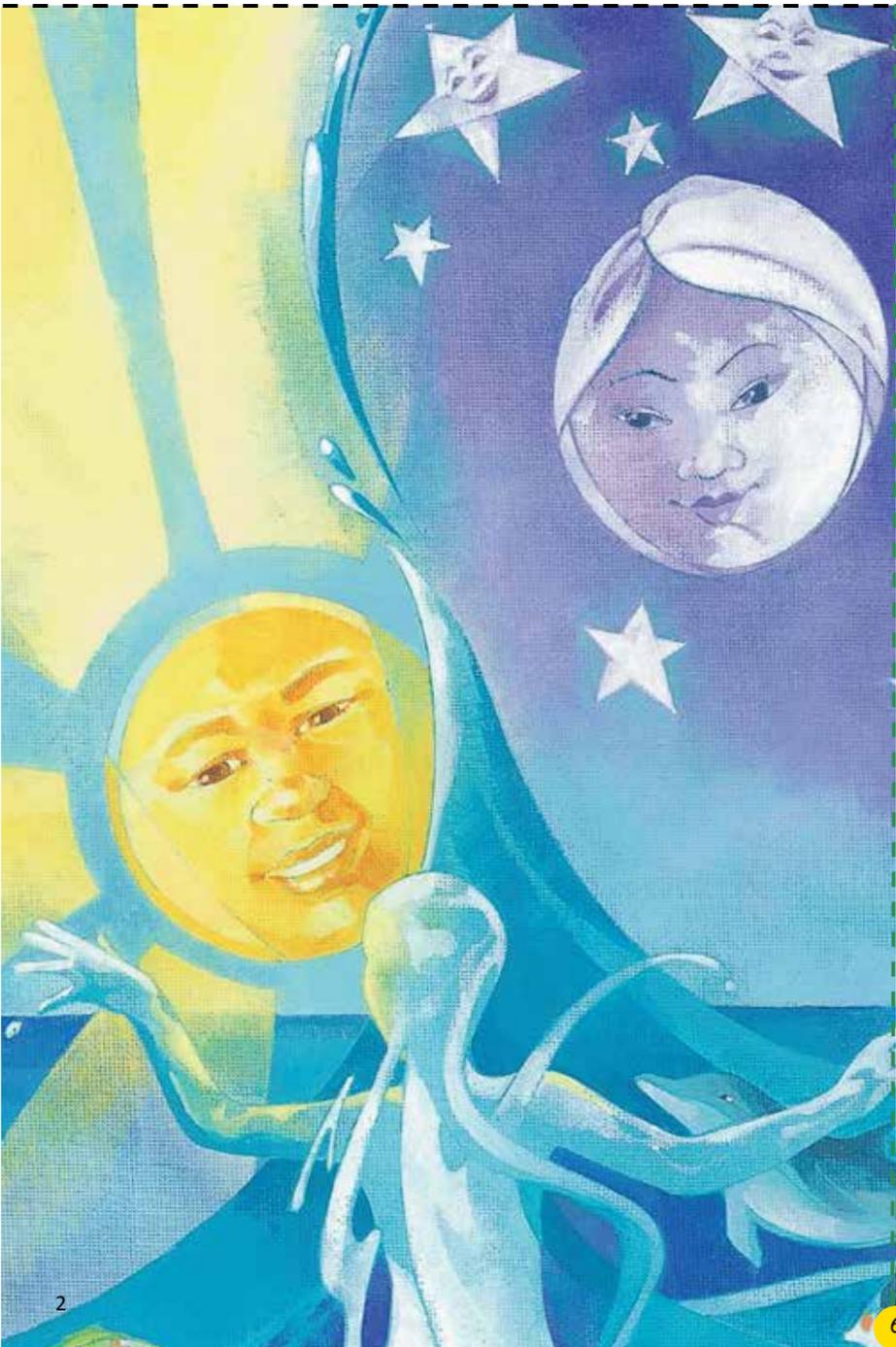
It starts with a story...

Nal'ibali ke letsholo la naha la ho-balla-boithabiso bakeng sa ho tsoseletsa le ho jala tlwaelo ya ho bala Afrika Borwa ka bophara. Bakeng sa tlhahisoleseding e nngwe, etela www.nalibali.org kapa www.nalibali.mobi





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 "Ummm" (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.



Ka 1979, Gcina o ile a dloha hae ho leba Johannesburg moo a ileng a sebetsa e le mosebetsi wa malapeng, a sebetsa batho ba fapaneng. Empa mosebetsi ona ha o a ka wa sitisa ho ngola ha hae – o ile a ba a gala le ho ngola ka English.

In 1979, Gcina left home for Johannesburg where she worked as a domestic worker in different people's homes. But this work did not interfere with her writing – she even started writing in English too.



O ile a kena sekolo sa Sekondari e Phahameng sa Mfundisweni motseng o bitswang Mfundisweni Mission. Mona ke moo a ileng a gala ho ngola ditshomo le dirame tsa isiXhosa. O ile a geta lengo la matetiki ka 1979.

She went to Mfundisweni Senior Secondary School in a village called Mfundisweni Mission. This is where she started writing folktales and rhymes in isiXhosa. She matriculated in 1979.

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Leeto la mme wa dibuka:

Bayokerafi ya Gcina Mhlophe

The journey of the mother of books:

A biography of Gcina Mhlophe

Cebo Solombela
Moses Dhladhla



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Mme Gcina ya ratchang
 Ha ke na mantswe a lekaneng ho ka o leboha.
 Ke lakatsa eka nka be ke ena le melomo e sekete.
 Ke mpa feela ke rata ho re ke a leboha, Mme.
 Ho kopana le wena ho ekeditse boitshepo ba ka
 le tumelo ya ka ho nna.
 Ka nako tse ding ke ne ke belaella ditalente tseo
 Modimo a mphileng tsona
 Ke ne ke nahana hore ke phela fatsheng la ditoto,
 hobane ha ho le a mong lapeng lesa ya neng a
 dumela ho seo ke se etsang
 Empa tshehetso eo ke neng ke e fumana
 ho wena,
 E ne e mpha matla.
 Ke a leboha, motswadi wa ka, ka ho
 ba mohlala ho rona difate tse sa ntseng di hola.
 Ke a leboha ka ho mpha tshepo ka nako tsohle
 le ka ho nkgopotsa hore mamello
 e tswala kateleho.
Cebo Solombela



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.

Zimbabwe (ZBC). Mme ha a ka a getela moo – o ile a ngolla makasine wa *Learn and Teach*.

Ha moranyana, Gcina o ile a etsa thuto ya bogolotsi ba ditaba Yunivesiting ya Rhodes mane Grahamstown, Eastern Cape. Hape o ile a etsa thuto ya ho etsa difilimi mme a gaba ho sebetsa ho bala ditaba ho Press Trust, e leng Tshabeliso ya BBC Radio Africa le Lekgotla la Kgaso la



Dibuka tse pedi tsa Gcina ke tsena ho tsa bana tse tsebahalang tseo a fumaneng dikgau ka tsona: *Queen of the Tortoises* le *Hi, Zoleka!*



Ka 1987 Gcina o ile a fumana kgau e bitswang OBIE Best Actress Award bakeng sa karolo ya hae ho *Born in the RSA*. Ka 1988 o ile a bitswa Seapadi se Hlwahlwa (Best Actress) ho Joseph Jefferson Awards mane Chicago bakeng sa karolo ya hae ho *Have you seen Zandile?*

Gcina o se a ile a abelwa lengolo la bongaka la tlotlo ke London Open University le University of KwaZulu-Natal. O tswela pele ho ngola dibuka le ho ba mmaletsholo wa tsebo ya ho bala le ho ngola.

Here are 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.

Gcina o ile a holela tlasa tlhokomelo e lerato ya nkgonwae. O ne a rata ho dula le mmangwanac le nkgonwae. Bobedi ba bona ba ne ba mopheti wa mme tsona di ile tsa mo kgothaletsa ho ba mopheti wa dipale eo a leng yena kajeno. Bana ba bangata motseng wa habo Gcina ba ne ba dula ba le tung ya habo, ba mametse dipale tsa nkgonwae!

Ha Gcina a le dilemo tse leshome, o ile a toha Hammarsdale mme a ya dula Eastern Cape.

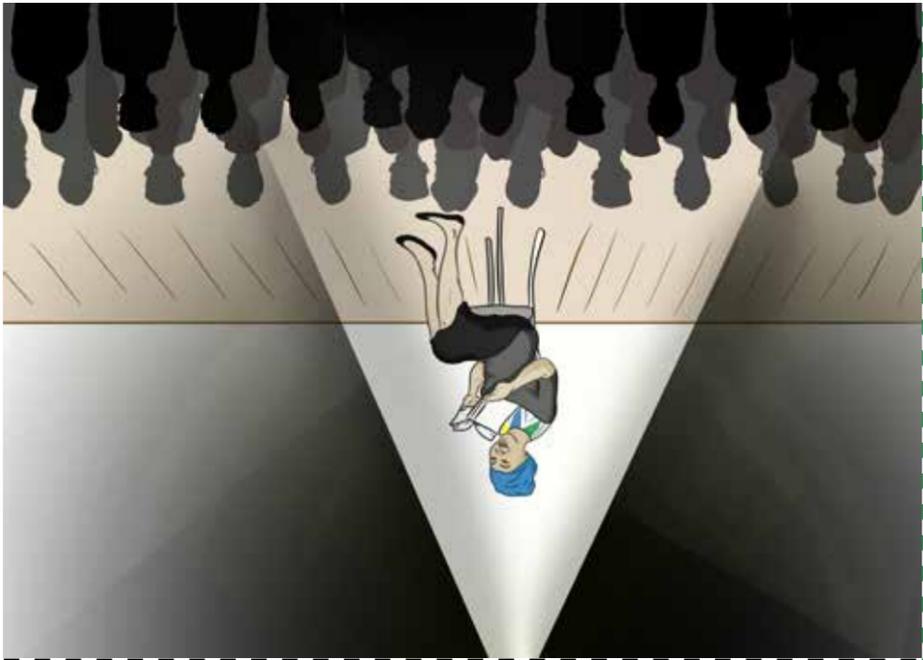
Gcina grew up in the loving care of her grandmother. She enjoyed living with her aunt and her grandmother. Both of them told her stories and these inspired her to become the storyteller she is today. Most of the children in Gcina's area spent time at her house, listening to her grandmother's stories!

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



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

Ka 1981, buka ya Gcina ya pele ya English, *My Dear Madam*, e ile ya phatalatswa. Buka ena e ne e bua ka mathata le diphephetso tseo a leng a kopana le tsona jwaloka mosebetsi wa malapeng mane Johannesburg. Ka nako ena, o ne a se a qadile ho ngola dipale tsa bana. 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.



Ka 1998 Gcina o ile a sebetsa lenaneong la thelevishene ho SABC le bitswang *Gcina and friends*. Ho tloha ka 2005 ho isa ka 2006, o ile a hasa lenaneo le leng hape la SABC le bitswang *Zindala zombili*. Mme ka 2016, o ile a nka karolo moving wa *Kalushi*, o leng mabapi le bophelo ba Solomon Mahlangu.



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.

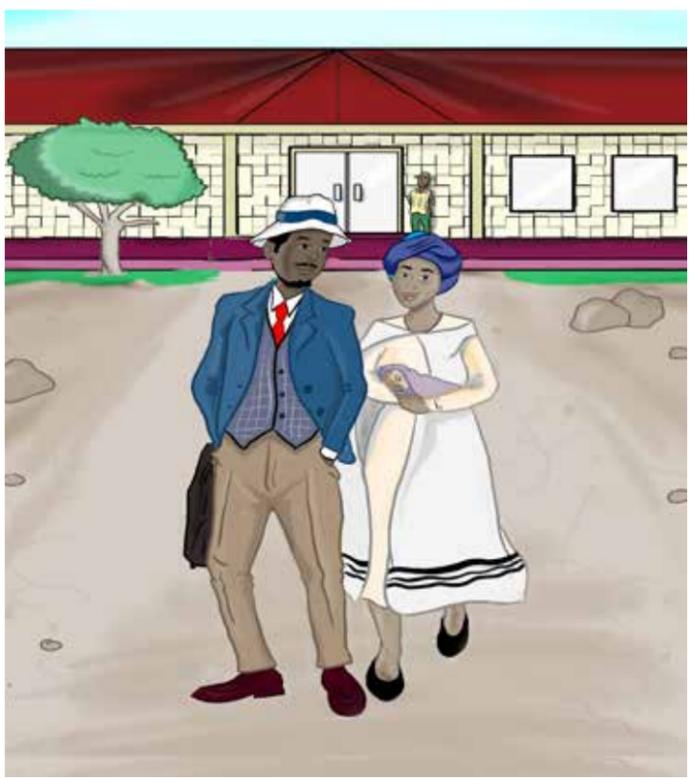


Nokugcina Mhlophe, ya tsqwang ka la tswalo la Gcina Mhlophe, o ne a tswalwe ka la 24 Mphalane 1958. O ile a holela motsaneng wa Hammarsdale mane provensing ya KwaZulu-Natal, Afrika Borwa. Nokugcina Mhlophe commonly known as Gcina Mhlophe was born on 24 October 1958. She grew up in Hammarsdale township in the province of KwaZulu-Natal, South Africa.

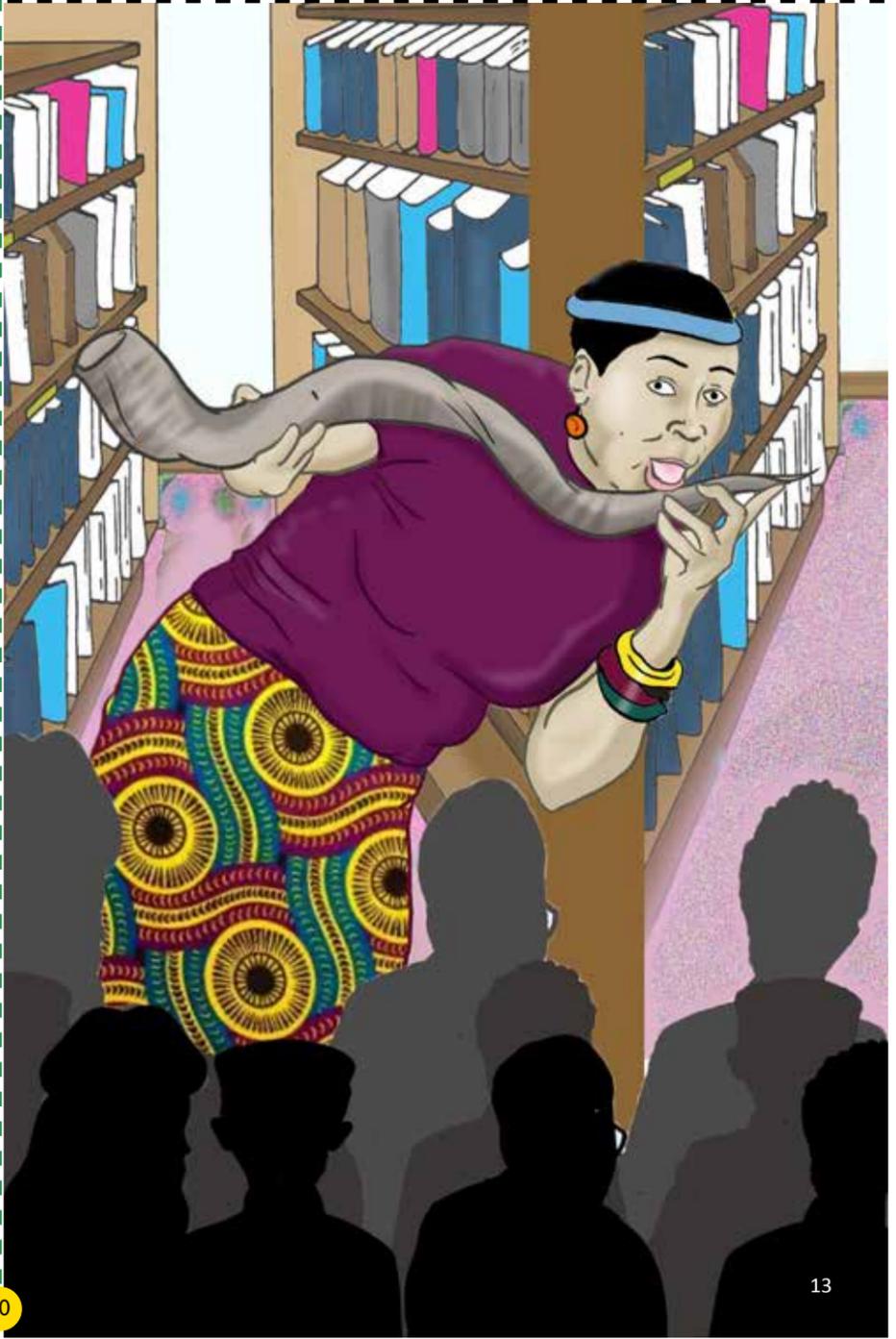
As time passed, Gcina realised that she had many different skills that included being a praise poet, actress, playwright and storyteller. In 1982, she started acting on stage and in 1983 she was the lead actress in the play, *Umongikazi* (The Nurse) written by Maishe Maponya. In 1986, Gcina played a 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.

Ha nako e ntshe e tsamaya, Gcina o ile a ehlwa hore o na le bokgoni bo bongata bo fapaneng bo kenyelletsang ho ba seroki, sebapadi sa kalaneng, mongodi wa ditshwantshiso le mopheti wa dipale. Ka 1982, o ile a gata ho bapala kalaneng mme ka 1983 e ne e le yena sebapadi se ka sehloohong tshwantshiso ya kalaneng, *Umongikazi* (Mooki) e ngotsweng ke Maishe Maponya. Ka 1986, Gcina o ile a bapala karolo e ka sehloohong moving wa, *Place of weeping*. Ka nako ena, o ne a ngotse le papadi e mabapi le yena e bitswang *Have you seen Zandile?* Gcina o se a etse dinaha tse ngata haholo a pheta dipale, ho kenyelletsa Lesotho, Europe le USA. O pheta dipale tsa hae ka isiXhosa, isiZulu, Sesotho le English.

Dilemong tse mashome a tshelatseng tse fetileng, Modimo o ile a fana ka lesea le letle la ngwanana ho monna le mosadi ba Maxhosa ba mane KwaZulu-Natal. Ha ngwananyana eo a ne a bososela, ho ne ho hlaha dikoti marameng, mme hoo ho etsa hore a be motle le ho feta.



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.





A bososela. "Whoooooosh, whaaaaa! Whoooooosh, whaaaaa!" Letsatsi a kgahlwa haholo. A tsamaya, a tsamaya, a phatsima a bile a tjeke ka morethetho wa hae.

"Empa ha ke o tsebe mai! Ke kopa o mpolle hore o mang?" ha kopa Letsatsi a maketse.

"Ke ma Lewatle, ebile esale ke le teng ho toha tshimolohong. Ha ke tsebe o bolala eng ha o re o gala ho mpona," a araba, a bososela, a bile a tsamaisa mmele wa hae o moholo ka tsela e ikgethleng.

A gala ho bontsha Letsatsi bana ba hae ba bangata ba phelang ka hara mmele wa hae – didolimi, maruarua, dikgudu tsa metsi, le tse ding tse ngata. Tsa hlodisa Letsatsi ebile di kgutlela ka hara mmele wa Lewatle, tse ding di bososela ka ditlhong, tse ding di bua hore mahlasedi a Letsatsi a motlhu o monate.

Mantsiboya a tsatsi leo Letsatsi a kgutlela hae, a qogela mosadi taba ena eo a e boneng. Bana ba ne ba haphile maikundo ebile ba lakatsa ho bona tsena tsohle. Ba ne ba ipotsa dintho tse ngata, feela Kgweedi yena a mametse mogogo o thabetsweng – le mokgwa oo Letsatsi a neng a hlalosa Lewatle – a itholetse. A araba felela ka hore "Uhhmm" (ho yena ka pelong).

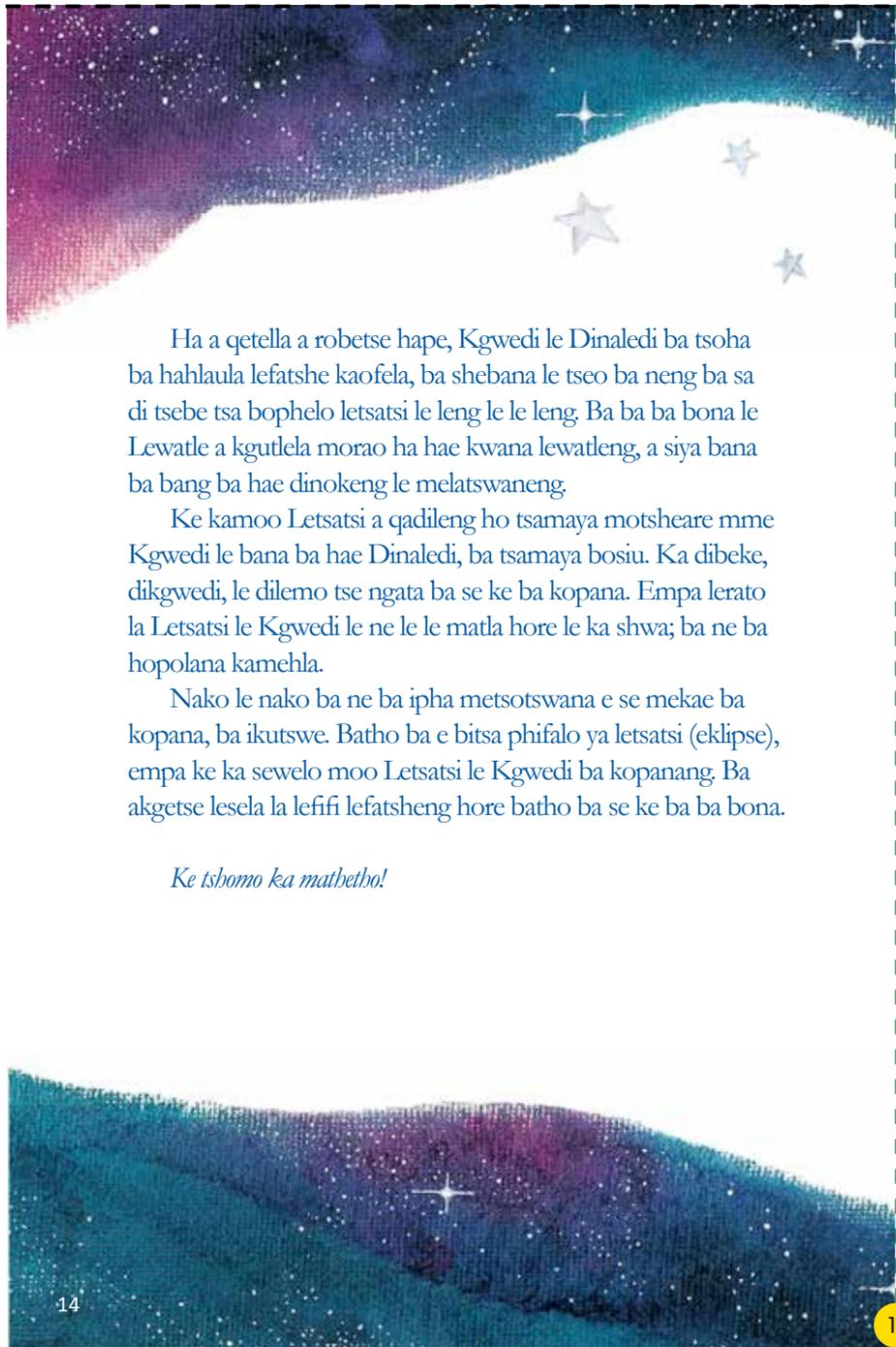
Kgetlo le latelang ha Letsatsi a etela Lewatle ba bua ka mosadi wa hae e motle haholo le bana.

"Ke lakatsa eka o ka ba bona kaofela. Ba bohlokwa haholo ho ma," Letsatsi a ralo.

"Hoo ho ka ba hote. Mohlomong ke ta kopana le bona ka tsatsi le leng," ha araba Lewatle.

"Helal! Empa peli! Ke na le mohopolo. Hobaneng o sa tle ho re etela hosane?" ha bosa Letsatsi a thabile.

"Nka rata seo, empa nlo ya hao e kgolo hakae? Wa iponela le wena, ke mosadi ya mmele o moholo," ha araba Lewatle.



Ha a qetella a robetse hape, Kgweedi le Dinaledi ba tsoha ba hahlaula lefatshe kaofela, ba shebana le tseo ba neng ba sa di tsebe tsa bophelo letsatsi le leng le le leng. Ba ba bona le Lewatle a kgutlela morao ha hae kwana lewatleng, a siya bana ba bang ba hae dinokeng le melatswaneng.

Ke kamoo Letsatsi a qadileng ho tsamaya motsheare mme Kgweedi le bana ba hae Dinaledi, ba tsamaya bosiu. Ka dibeke, dikgweedi, le dilemo tse ngata ba se ke ba kopana. Empa lerato la Letsatsi le Kgweedi le ne le le matla hore le ka shwa; ba ne ba hopolana kamehla.

Nako le nako ba ne ba ipha metsotswana e se mekae ba kopana, ba ikutswe. Batho ba e bitsa phifalo ya letsatsi (eklipse), empa ke ka sewelo moo Letsatsi le Kgweedi ba kopanang. Ba akgetse lesela la lefifi lefatsheng hore batho ba se ke ba bona.

Ke tsbomo ka mathetho!

Kgalekgale, ho kile ha eba le nako, moo lefatshe le neng le le lenyane haholo, ebile bophelo bo fapane le ka moo re bo tsebang ka teng. Matsatsi a ne a le malelele. Masiu a le makgutshwanyane. Letsatsi le Kgweedi di ne di nyalane.

Ba ne ba dula tlung e ntle bohareng ba Afrika. Ba ena le lerato le tiileng haholo. O ne o le bona difahlehong tsa bona. Kgweedi a na le sefahleho se tjihitja, se boreledi se renang lerato. Lentswe la hae le monate le ne le netefatsa lerato ho bao a ba ratang. Letsatsi o ne a tletse mofuthu, a bile a rateha haholo, a ena le moya wa ho tseba tse patehileng tsa lefatshe. O ne a hlile a rata ho utulla tsohle lefatsheng. Ere ha a qetile a kgutlele lapeng ho ilo qogela mosadi le bana ka tsohle tseo a di boneng.

Bana ba bona ba ne ba le batle ka nnete; ba ne ba kganya, ba benya ke lerato leo mmele wa bona Kgweedi, le nntate wa bona, Letsatsi ba neng ba ba fa lona.

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.

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.

Kgweedi a sebela mona wa hae a tshohile, "Ha o nahane hore o moholo haholo mme a ke ke a fella ka hara nlo ya rona e nyha? Ke nahana ho lokile ho mo fa dijo hona mona, hona jwale?"

Empa Letsatsi a sutuletsa mosadi wa hae ka thoko, a swabile ka seo a se buang. A bososela Lewatle. "Tseba mosadi wa ka, Kgweedi, ke kopa o kene ka tung. Dijo di se di lokile?"

Lewatle ha a ka a dumedisana. O ile a phakisetsa ka tung le bana ba hae ba lapileng, ba gallela ho ja. Ba kene ba potlakile, ba kgadile. Bana ba Lewatle ba ne ba sa kgathalle ho kopana le Dinaledi.

Lewatle la nna la dala ka tung, metsi a lona a letswai a senya taso ya dijo tse phehlweng ka makgethe. Ka pelenyana ha hlocha sebaka bakeng sa Letsatsi, Kgweedi le bana ba bona, Dinaledi – mme ka nako eo Lewatle o ne a ntse a so ka a fella. Metsi a mangata a ne a ntse a da.



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."



Ba ne ba ena le bana ba bangata – kaofela ha bona ba batlile ba tshwana hantle! Ho ne ho le thata ho nahanela e mong le e mong lebitso hoo Kgweddi le Letsatsi ba ileng ba qetela ba ba bitsa ... Dinaledi. Ba ba rehile lebitso le le leng kaofela hobane ba ne ba ba rata ka ho lekana le bona bana ba ne ba tseba lerato leo batswadi ba bona ba neng ba ba rata ka lona.

Nako le nako Letsatsi o ne a tsamaya lapeng hoseng ho ilo hlahloba dibaka tse ntjha tseo a sa di tsebenng. O ne a qhomela hodima maralla le dithaba, a lekola a bile a ipotsa dipotso, mme a kgutlele lapeng ho qoqela mosadi le bana ka tseo a di boneng. Nakong e tlang a ka nna a tshetshetha ka hodima meru, moo jwang bo paqameng ha monate ebile bo mmitisa hore a ke a tlo tjeka hanyane. Mantsiboya a mang le a mang ha a kgutlela lapeng, bana ba ne ba dula fatshe, ba mamela dipale tsa ntatabona mme ba leka ho nahana ka dibaka tseo a ba bolellletseng tsona. Kgweddi o ne a mamela ka pososelo a thotse. A shebahala a le motle!

Hoseng ho hong Letsatsi a tsamaya hape, a tshepisa ho kgutla ka dipale tse ding. Kgetlong lena o ne a ya hole kwana, tulong eo a qalang ho ya ho yona. A hla a tswela pele, pelo ya hae e ntse e otlaka potlako ka lebaka la thabo. O ne a tshpile ho bona hoo a qalang ho ho bona, ho sa tlwaelehang. A hlile a batlana le ho hong ho fapaneng. O tsamaile jwalo ho fihlela a bona ho hong ho benyang ho le sebakanyana. A phakisa ho fumana hore ebe ke eng.

A tshoha haholo! Ho ne ho na le ho hong – kapa motho – ya neng a phatsima a bile a tjeka kganyeng ya hae. Ha a tona mahlo a hae a bona ... metsi, metsi le metsi a mangata.

Letsatsi a ema moo, a shebile ka ho makala ho hoholo. "O mang? Ho tla jwang ebe ha ke so ka ke o bona pele?" a botsa.

"Whoooooosh, whaaaaa! Whoooooosh, whaaaaa!" a seba. "Ho ka etsahala ebe ha o tsebe hore ke mang empa nna ke a o tseba, ke o bone o ntse o hahlaula hodima lefatshe."



Qetlong mabota a nlo a se kgone ho tshwarella ho hang, a phathoha, a wela fatshe. "Aiyhe! Ha ke nahana hore ke mmoleletseli! Aiyhe!" Kgweddi a honotha a le mong. Ho ne ho lekane! A shebela ka ho bana ba hae, a re: "Tlohong le na. Re a tsamaya!"

Ba nyolohela hodimodimo lehodimong. Bana ba thabetsa sepakapakaka se bullehileng se bitswang mahodimo.

"Oh mme, re rata tulo ena, ke hobaneng re sa ka ra da mona pele?" ba lla.

"Ke na le maikutlo a hore mona ke tulo e re loketseng?" a araba, a qobella ho bososela.

"Empa nate wa rona, Letsatsi, o da neng?" Dinaledi tsa botsa. "Mpf! Le se ke la mpotsa ka eo!" mmabona a araba, a ntse a halefetsa mona hae.

Bana ba se ke ba tseba hore ba utlwisisa se bolelwang, feela ba ne ba thabetsa tulo ena e monate! Ba ne ba doha tulong e nngwe ya lehodimo ba leba ho e nngwe, jwalo kaha nate wa bona Letsatsi a ne a etsa.

Morao lapeng Letsatsi o ne a tshola ka se etsahetseng a bile a utlwile bohloko. O ne a sa ikemisetse ho tsebela mosadi wa hae ya ratehang. A leka ho mo sala morao, a nahana mantsewe a monate ao a ka a buang ho bontsha kamoo a ntse a rata mosadi wa hae le bana. Feel a o ne a ferekane. A batla hore le bona ba utlwisisa hore lecto la Lewate e ne e le ho ba bontsha le ho ba arolela tse mo natefetseng, tse o kopaneng le tsona ha a ntse a tsamaya bophelong. Ho ne ho hlile ho le thata ho yena, a hlile ho le ho nahana hantle. A dula fatshe, a phomola hanyane empa a kgaleha ka pelo e sisang.

Ba lelapha la hae ba tsamaya hohle lehodimong ho fihlela le bona ba kgatshala, ba robala. Letsatsi ha a tsoha a tswa letsholo ho ba mme a benya, a tshesha ke lerato. Empa leha a ne a leka ho podaka lehodimong ha a kaba a ba fumana.



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 Na'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.



Huku ya tlelapo ya ho bala



Matsatsi a kgethehileng ka kgwedi ya Pudungwana a re fa menyetla e mengata ya ho bala, ho ngola le ho pheta dipale. Mehopolo e itseng ke ena eo o ka itekelang yona.

Pudungwana ke Kgwele ya Matjhaba ya Dibuka tsa Ditshwantsho! Lebella mehopolo ya kamoo o ka ketekang sena kgatisong e latelang ya Tlatsetso ya Na'ibali!

♥ **2 Pudungwana Letsatsi la Naha la Bana:** Batla tlhahisoleseding e ka thusang bana e mabapi le United Nations International Convention mabapi le Ditokelo tsa Bana mme o kgethe ditokelo tse mmalwa tseo le ka buisanang ka tsona le bana. Ba botse hore ebe ba ka nahana ka diitela tseo ka tsona ditokelo tse di hlalotswang ka tsona e le hore bana bohle ba tle ba di utlwisise. E re ba sebetse ka dihlotswana ho etsa phousetara bakeng sa tokelo ka nngwe mme e hlalose tokelo eo ka puo e le nngwe kapa tse mmalwa, mme e na le setshwantsho bakeng sa ho e bontsha.

♥ **15 Pudungwana Letsatsi la Temoso ya Mahlomola a Bana:** Dirurubele tse bolou ke letshwao la letsatsi lena. Kopa bana ho seha dirurubele ka dipampiri mme ba di kenye mmala o bolou. Jwale hlalisa hore ba ngole molaetsa o mokgutshwane wa tshepo ho tshedisa bana ba ka beng ba lahlehetswe ke baratuwa ba bona. (Haeba bana ba bang ba eso ka ba kgona ho ngola ka bobona, e re ba o bolelle melaetsa ya bona mme o ba ngolle mantse ao ba o bolellang ona.) Etsa "lebota la tshepo" ka ho bea pepeneng dirurubele tsohle kapa o di fe bana ba di hlokanang.

♥ **16 Pudungwana Letsatsi la Matjhaba la Mamellano:** O tla hloka dikgetjhana tse ngata tsa pampiri bakeng sa ketso ena – tse ka bang halofo ya bohloko ba A5! Qalang ka ho buisana ka hore ho bohlokwa hore motho e mong le e mong a hlomphele le ho ananelwa. Jwale efa ngwana ka mong dikgetjhana tse lekaneng tsa pampiri hore ba be le se le seng bakeng sa batho bohle tlelapong le bakeng sa bona. (Haeba o ena le bana ba fetang 20 tlelapong ya hao, arola bana ba hao ka dihlotswana tsa ba pakeng tsa 10 le 15.) E re bana ba ngole ho hong fatshe hoo ba ho ratang ka ngwana ka mong – le bona ba ikenyeditse! Ha bohle ba qetile, e re ba fane ka dinoutsu tsa bona mme ba natefelwe ke ho di bala.

To Igsaan

I like the way you are always friendly to everyone.

To Thuli

I like the pictures that you draw.

Ho Igsaan

Ke rata tsela eo o dulang o thabile, o tseheha le batho bohle.

Ho Thuli

Ke rata ditshwantsho tseo o di takileng.

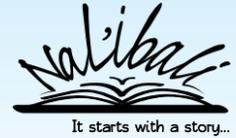
♥ **21 November World Hello Day:** With the children, find out how to say "hello" in each of South Africa's 11 languages and other languages used in our country. Are some of the greetings in different languages similar? Ask the children to make a poster with all or some of the greetings on it, and display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



♥ **21 Pudungwana Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Dumela:** Mmoho le bana, batlisisang hore ho thwe "dumela" jwang ka puo ka nngwe ya tse 11 tsa Afrika Borwa le dipuo tse ding tse sebediswang naheng ena ya rona. Na ditumediso tse ding di a tshwana ka dipuo tse fapaneng? Kopa bana ho etsa phousetara ka ditumediso tsohle kapa tse ding tsa tsona ho yona, mme o di manehe bakeng sa ho etsa tikoloho e kenyeletsang bohle tlelapong ya hao.

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.

E ne e le letsatsi la pula mme Josh o ne a dutse tafoleng ya kitjhine a ntse a etsa khaete. O ne a ena le dipatsinyana tseo a neng a di sebedisa ho etsa foreimi ya khaete. Hape o ne a ena le pampiri ya thishu e bolou le e kgubedu le e tala le e pinki. O ile a kwahela khaete yohle ka pampiri ya thishu e bolou.

“Pampiri ena e bolou ke sefahleho sa khaete!” Josh a qeta jwalo. A seha pampiri e kgubedu ya thishu ho etsa molomo o thabileng, o bososelang, pampiri e tala ya thishu ho etsa mahlo, le e pinki ho etsa didikadikwe bakeng sa marama. Yaba o etsa mohatla o molelele wa khaete ka pampiri e bolou, e kgubedu le e tala le e pinki.

“Mohatla wa hao o tswana le diaparotse tantshang moyeng terateng ya diaparotse ya Nkgono,” ha rialo Josh a bua le khaete. Yaba o harela kgwele e telele *haholo* tjhupung ya khateboto mme a tlamella lehlakore le leng la yona foreiming ya khaete, e le hore e se ke ya fofela hodimo ho feta ha e se e le moyeng.

“Lebitso la hao e tla ba Sefofelamarung!” ha rialo Josh a bua le khaete.

Hoseng ha letsatsi le hlahlamang, Josh a dula setulong sa hae sa mabidi ka ntle ka pela ntlo a beile Sefofelamarung hodima hae. E ne e le letsatsi le loketseng ho fofisa khaete hantle. O ne a emetse Hope. O ne a tla mo sututsa ka thoko ho mmila ka potlako kamoo a ka kgonang, e le hore Sefofelamarung se kgone ho tshwara moya mme se fofe. O ne a le hokae?

“Ke nna enwa!” ha rialo Hope. “Ke maswabi ke fihlile morao. Khaete ya hao e se e loketse ho fofa?”

“Ee, ke se ke tatetse ho e fofisetsa marung kwana!” ha rialo Josh.

“Ha re tsamaye he!” ha rialo Hope a tshwara setulo sa mabidi ka morao ka thata. A qala ho tsamaya ka potlako, mme a qetella a matha a theosa tselana e ka thoko. Mabidi a ntse a re *tjhuku-tjhuku*, *tjhuku-tjhuku*, a eketsa lebelo ha Hope yena a ntse a matha. Josh a lokolla kgwele hanyane feela hore e thatolohle tjhupung ya khateboto eo a neng a e tshwere. Hanghang khaete ya fofa! Ya phaphalla moyeng ka hodima dihlooho tsa bona.

Josh le Hope ba matha ka lebelo ba feta Neo ya neng a le ka pela ntlo yabo a bapala le Bella. O ne a rwetse katiba ya diphaerete e ntsweeng ka koranta mme a ena le lerumo la khateboto. Bella o ne a rwetse katiba ya moloi.

“Ha o phaerete e lokileng!” ha rialo Bella, a tsoka thupa ya hae ya mehlolo.

“Hobu! Hobu!” ha bohola Noodle, empa Neo o ne a sa mamela Noodle kapa Bella. Neo o ne a shebile Josh le Hope ba etla tselaneng e ka thoko ka lebelo le lehlo. Yaba Bella le yena o lebala ka papadi ya bona mme le yena a shebella Josh le Hope!

“Na re ka tla le lona?” ha botsa Neo.



“Ee, tlohong! Re ilo fofisa Sefofelamarung!” ha rialo Josh a ba feta.

“Tloo, Bella, ha re yeng!” ha rialo Neo.

“Tloo, Noodle,” ha rialo Bella.

“Hobu! Hobu!” Noodle a bohola.

Yaba Hope le Neo le Bella le Noodle ba matha ba kolokile ka mora Josh, ba ntse ba re *Tjhuku-tjhuku!* le *hobu! hobu!* pela tsela.

Ha ba fihla thoteng haufi le matlo a mang, Josh a lokolla kgwele e nngwe mme Sefofelamarung sa fofela hodimo moyeng. Sa nna sa ya hodimo. Sa phaphalla hantle butle hodima marulelo a matlo le difate ho ya lehodimong le bolou. Josh le Hope le Neo le Bella ba shebella khaete mme ba lakatsa eka le bona ba ka be ba fofa le yona ho ya hodimo marung.

“Hobu! Hobu!” Noodle a bohola haholo. Le yena o ne a shebile hodimo khaeteng.

“Neo, o batla ho leka ho fofisa khaete le wena?” ha botsa Josh.

“Eya hle!” ha rialo Neo, yaba o nka tjhupu ya khateboto ya kgwele ho Josh. Empa moya o ne o le mongata kahoo Sefofelamarung sa hula ka thata, mme Neo a diha tjhupu ya khateboto. Ya pitika fatshe e potoloha jwaloka ntho e hlaha e phelang mme ya nna ya thatolla kgwele ho ya pele, e le hore khaete e nne e nyolohela hodimodimo. E se kgale e ne e shebahala jwalo ka letheba le lenyenyane mane hodimo marung.



Noodle a hata hodima kgwele! A e tshwara ka thata ka meno a hae le ka tlasa maoto a ka pele hore e se ke ya potoloha. Yaba o tlolela hodimo ka maoto a hae mangweleng a Josh mme a fa Josh tjhupu. Qetellong, Sefofelamarung sa emisa ho fofela kwana mme sa ema moo se leng teng, ka mohatla wa sona o kganyang o ntse o eya kwana le kwana hodimo mane ka tlasa sona.

“Noodle, o phosositse khaete ya rona!” ha rialo Josh. Noodle a tsoka mohatla.

“Noodle, ke wena ya tsebang ho tshwara khaete ho feta bohle!” ha rialo Hope. Noodle a tsoka mohatla.

“Noodle, o ntjanyana e bohlale ruri!” ha rialo Bella. Noodle a tsoka mohatla.

Josh a harela khaete ya hae. A harela kgwele ka thata haholo rolong ya khateboto ho fihlela Sefofelamarung se dutse hodima hae kamora ho sibolla sepakapaka ho ya marung. Hope a fetola setulo sa mabidi, mme kaofela ha bona ba kgutlela lapeng ba ntse ba re *tjhuku-tjhuku!* *hobu! hobu!*

Ha Josh a robetse betheng bosiung boo, a nahana ka monate oo a bileng le ona ka khaete ya hae le kamoo a batlileng a lahlehlwa ke yona ka teng. “Ka lehlohonolo ke na le metswalle ya sebele lefatsheng lohle!” a rialo a fehelwa a tutubala.

Nal'ibali fun

Monate wa Nal'ibali

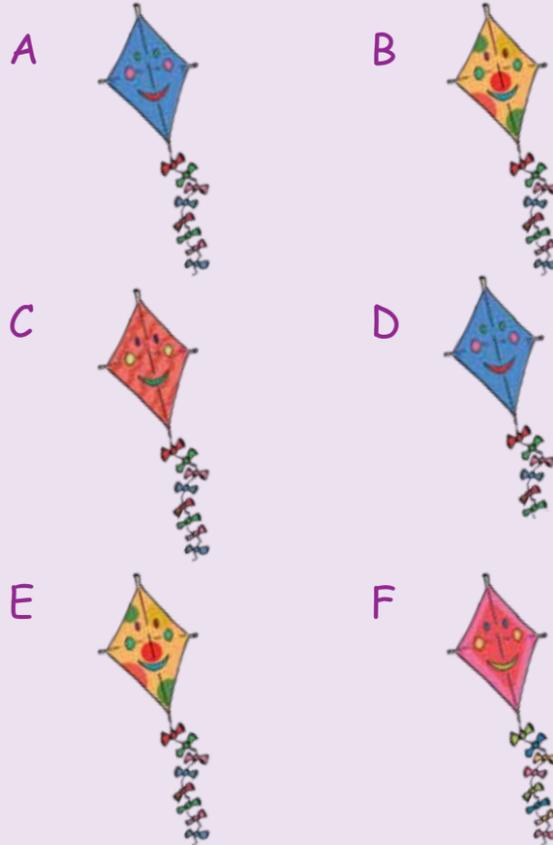
1.

- Can you help Josh catch his kite?
- Na o ka thusa Josh ho tshwara khaete ya hae?



2.

- Can you see which two kites make a matching pair? Are these two kites the same as the kite in the story, "Skycatcher"?
- Na o a bona hore ke dikhaete dife tse pedi tse tshwanang? Na dikhaete tsena di tshwana le khaete e paleng ya "Sefofelamarung"?



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 _____

- Eba leteketifi la mantswe mme o batle mantswe ana paleng ya *Letsatsi le Kgwedi*.



Kgetha lentswe lefe kapa lefe:

- le hlalolang Letsatsi _____
- le hlalolang Kgwedi _____
- le hlalolang Dinaledi _____
- le hlalolang kamoo Kgwedi a neng a tsamaya ka teng _____
- le hlalolang maikutlo _____
- le bolelang phoofolo ya lewatle _____
- le bolelang kontinente _____
- le raemang le "bohlale" _____
- leo e leng modumo _____
- le qalang ka ditlhaku tsena *mo-* _____
- le qetellang ka ditlhaku tsena *-ng* _____
- le nang le ditlhaku tse 7 _____
- le nang le ditlhaku tse fetang tse 9 _____
- le letjha ho wena _____

Answers: 2. B and E, no
Dikarabo: 2. B le E, the

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