



Our languages, our heritage

By Somikazi Deyi

Languages play an essential role in our lives. They are the bearers of our culture and identity. Each language is not just a series of words. It communicates a particular experience and understanding of the world. Language is therefore tied to a sense of belonging, which is linked to society and its values.

For many decades Africa has been the only place in the world where most children are taught in a language that is not their own. This places African languages at the centre of the national discussion on education.

Teaching in African languages is critical. It can help learners to grasp concepts more easily, pass well, and support their success later in life. But if children are going to be taught in African languages, they are going to need good quality textbooks and assessment questions in those languages too. Improving existing materials usually means translating from English to an African language, not necessarily developing original African language materials.

One of the questions often debated is this: do African languages have enough terminology and vocabulary to be languages of teaching and learning all the way from preschool to the end of university studies? Of course they do!



African languages have a wealth of knowledge in them. If we are committed to decolonising our education system, African language users need to play a leading role in designing a curriculum that is inclusive of their languages.

Access to printed materials in all our languages is equally important in preserving and promoting African languages. Nal'ibali promotes the use of mother language as an essential part of reading for enjoyment. It believes that we should all be able to read and listen to stories in the languages we speak and understand.

Nal'ibali is proud of how it contributes to promoting multilingualism in South Africa. Each week, 53 000 reading-for-enjoyment supplements are distributed free of charge directly to reading clubs, community organisations, libraries, schools and other partners in the Eastern Cape, Western Cape, Gauteng, Free State, Limpopo, North West and KwaZulu-Natal. A limited number of free supplements are now also available at selected post offices in Limpopo and North West Province.

Every human being under the sun defines themselves by the language/s they speak and the people who speak the same language/s. Our values, ways of socialisation and dignity are carried in our languages. Our heritage is displayed in our languages.

Somikazi Deyi is a lecturer in the School of Languages and Literatures: Department of African Languages, University of Cape Town.

Ons tale, ons erfenis

Deur Somikazi Deyi

Tale speel 'n noodsaaklike rol in ons lewens. Tale is die draers van ons kultuur en identiteit. Elke taal is nie bloot 'n reeks woorde nie. Dit kommunikeer 'n spesifieke ervaring en begrip van die wêreld. Taal is dus gekoppel aan 'n gevoel van behoort, wat gekoppel is aan die samelewing en sy waardes.

Vir baie dekades is Afrika die enigste plek in die wêreld waar die meeste kinders onderrig word in 'n taal wat nie hul eie is nie. Dit maak Afrikatale die brandpunt van die nasionale bespreking oor onderwys.

Onderrig in Afrikatale is kritiek. Dit kan leerders help om konsepte makliker te snap, en dan ook goed te slaag, en ondersteun ook hul sukses later in die lewe. Maar as kinders in Afrikatale onderrig gaan word, het hulle ook handboeke en assesseringsvrae van goeie gehalte in daardie tale nodig. Om bestaande materiaal te verbeter, beteken gewoonlik dat daar uit Engels in 'n Afrikataal vertaal word, en nie noodwendig dat oorspronklike materiaal in 'n Afrikataal ontwikkel word nie.

Een van die vrae wat dikwels gedebatteer word, is die volgende: het Afrikatale genoeg terminologie en woordeskat om tale van onderrig en leer te wees van die voorskoolse jare tot na die voltooiing van universiteitstudies? Natuurlik het hulle! Afrikatale bevat 'n rykdom van kennis. As ons daartoe verbind is om ons onderwysstelsel te dekoloniseer, moet gebruikers van Afrikatale 'n leidende rol speel om 'n kurrikulum te ontwerp wat inklusief van hul tale is.

Toegang tot gedrukte materiaal in al ons tale is net so belangrik om Afrikatale te bewaar en te bevorder. Nal'ibali bevorder die gebruik van moedertaal as 'n noodsaaklike deel van lees vir genot. Hulle glo dat ons almal in die tale wat ons praat en verstaan stories moet kan lees en daarna moet kan luister.

Nal'ibali is trots op hul bydrae tot die bevordering van veeltaligheid in Suid-Afrika. Elke week word 53 000 lees-vir-genot bylaes gratis direk aan leesklubs, gemeenskaps-organisasies, biblioteke, skole en ander vennote in die Oos-Kaap, Wes-Kaap, Gauteng, Vrystaat, Limpopo, Noordwes en KwaZulu-Natal versprei. 'n Beperkte aantal gratis bylaes is nou ook beskikbaar by uitgesoekte poskantore in Limpopo en Noordwes.

Elke persoon onder die son definieer hom- of haarself deur die taal/tale wat hy of sy praat, en die mense wat dieselfde taal/tale praat. Ons waardes, maniere om te sosialiseer en waardigheid word in ons tale gedra. Ons erfenis word sigbaar in ons tale.

Somikazi Deyi is 'n lektor aan die School of Languages and Literatures: Department of African Languages, Universiteit van Kaapstad.

INSIDE!

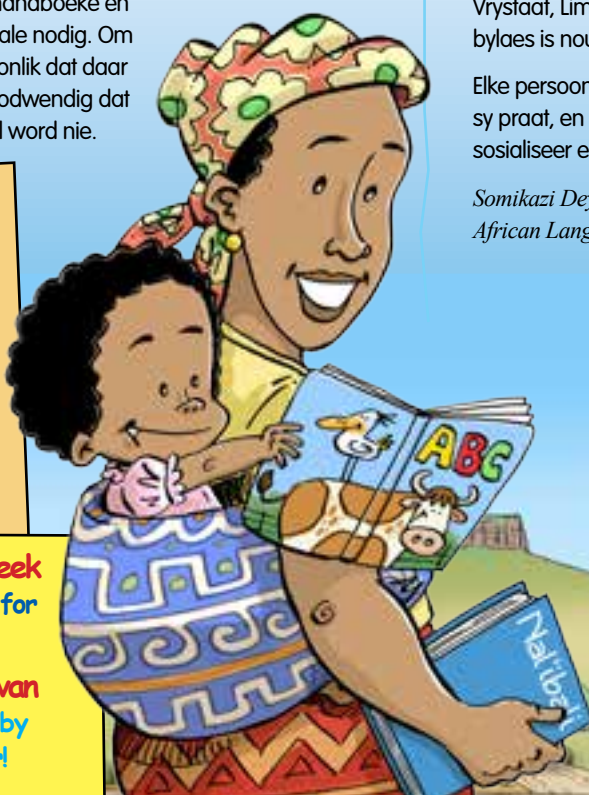
★ A bilingual poster on page 2 to help you create a print-rich environment for your children.

BINNE!

★ 'n Tweektalige plakkaat op bladsy 2 om jou te help om 'n omgewing wat ryk is aan gedrukte woorde vir jou kinders te skep.

We will be taking a break until the week of 14 October 2018. Join us then for more Nal'ibali reading magic!

Ons neem 'n blaaskans tot die week van 14 Oktober 2018. Sluit dan weer by ons aan vir nog Nal'ibali-leesplezier!



Drive your imagination

Join us. Share stories in your language every day.

Sluit by ons aan. Deel elke dag stories in jou taal.



★ 11 Suid-Afrikaanse maniere
om 'n beter leser te word ★

Buisang!

Hayani!

BALANG!

FUNDANI!

Fundani!

Fundani!

BALANG!

Fundzani!

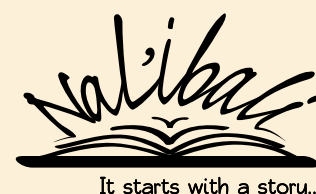
Vhalani!

LEES!

Read!



★ 11 South African ways to
become a better reader ★



Story stars

Inspiring children



Mrs Cecilia Kabai is the Head of Department for Languages at Chief Bambata Primary School in Evaton West, Gauteng. She is passionate about improving the reading and writing skills of children by exposing them to as many stories as possible in their home languages from a young age. We chatted to Mrs Kabai about the importance of stories and reading in our communities.

What do you enjoy most about your work?

I love working with children, so it brings me a great sense of fulfilment.

Why do you think we have a problem with literacy in South Africa?

Literacy is a problem because reading is not encouraged in the years before children go to school. Young children don't visit libraries to read for fun because libraries do not have enough books that children can relate to in their home languages.

If you were the president, what is the one thing you would do to make a difference to literacy?

I would build libraries in our communities and even introduce mobile libraries where children could go and read over the weekend.

Who told you stories when you were a child?

My grandmother used to tell us stories in Setswana.

Did anyone read to you when you were a child?

My mother used to read stories to me when I was still very young. They were mainly in English.

Why do you read to your children?

I read to them often because I understand that reading helps them to be good writers and speakers.

What languages do you read in?

I read in English and Sesotho.

Please complete these sentences for us.

Every child should read ... a book every day.

My favourite place to read is ... sitting under a tree or in a quiet place.

At the moment I'm reading ... *Things Fall Apart* by Chinua Achebe.

Life without stories would be ... gloomy and boring.

Storiesterre

Inspireer kinders



Mev. Cecilia Kabai is die Departementshoof vir Tale by Chief Bambata Primary School in Evaton-Wes, Gauteng. Sy is passievol daarvoor om die lees- en skryfvaardighede van kinders te verbeter deur hulle van 'n jong ouderdom af aan soveel stories moontlik in hul huistaal bloot te stel. Ons het met mev. Kabai gesels oor die belangrikheid van stories en lees in ons gemeenskappe.

Wat geniet jy die meeste van jou werk?

Ek hou baie daarvan om met kinders te werk, en vind dit baie bevredigend.

Waarom dink jy het ons 'n probleem met geletterdheid in Suid-Afrika?

Geletterdheid is 'n probleem omdat lees nie in kinders se voorskoolse jare aangemoedig word nie. Jong kinders gaan nie biblioteek toe om vir genot te lees nie, want biblioteke het nie genoeg boeke in hul huistale waarby kinders aanklank kan vind nie.

As jy die president was, wat is die een ding wat jy sou doen om 'n verskil aan geletterdheid te maak?

Ek sou biblioteke in ons gemeenskappe bou en selfs reisende biblioteke instel waar kinders oor naweke kan gaan lees.

Wie het vir jou stories vertel toe jy 'n kind was?

My oma het vir ons stories in Setswana vertel.

Het enigiemand vir jou geles toe jy 'n kind was?

My ma het vir ons stories geles toe ek baie jonk was. Dit was meestal in Engels.

Waarom lees jy vir jou kinders?

Ek lees dikwels vir hulle, want ek verstaan dat lees hulle help om goed te skryf en te praat.

In watter tale lees jy?

Ek lees in Engels en Sesotho.

Voltooi asseblief hierdie sinne vir ons.

Elke kind behoort ... elke dag 'n boek te lees.

My gunstelingplek om te lees is ... onder 'n boom of op 'n stil plek.

Op die oomblik lees ek ... *Things Fall Apart* deur Chinua Achebe.

'n Lewe sonder stories ... sou mistroostig en vervelig wees.



Daniel Born

Cecilia Kabai



Will you be SA's next Story Bosso?

Go to www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi to enter the Nal'ibali Story Bosso storytelling talent search for the chance to win great prizes - and to find stories in all 11 South African languages.



Is jy SA se volgende Story Bosso?

Gaan na www.nalibali.org of www.nalibali.mobi om in te skryf vir Nal'ibali se Story Bosso-storievertel-talentkompetisie en staan 'n kans om groot pryse te wen - en om stories in al 11 Suid-Afrikaanse tale te vind.

Get creative!



Here are some ideas for using the two cut-out-and-keep picture books as well as the Story Corner story in this supplement, as well as some fun Heritage Month activities to grow your children's creativity and encourage them to have fun with reading and writing. Remember to choose the activities that are best suited to your children's ages and interests.



After you have read *Modjadji, the Rain Queen* (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12), encourage your children to paint or draw pictures of Modjadji or their favourite part of the story. If you run a reading club, you could ask the children to retell the story in their own way by acting it out.



After you have read *The rainmaker* (page 14), suggest that your children create rain pictures. They could use cotton wool for the clouds and then cut out raindrops from blue paper. Or, they could finger paint the clouds and the rain. They might even want to add rainbows to their pictures!



Together with your children, compare *Modjadji, the Rain Queen* and *The rainmaker*. What are the similarities and differences between these stories? Which things do your children like most in each story? Encourage them to make up their own stories that include these things.



Vergelyk saam met jou kinders *Modjadji, die Reënkonigin* en *Die reënmaker*. Wat is die ooreenkomste en verskille tussen hierdie stories? Van watter dinge hou jou kinders die meeste in elke storie? Moedig hulle aan om hul eie stories op te maak wat hierdie dinge insluit.



After you have read *The lazy ant* (pages 7 to 10), invite your children to use playdough or clay to make an ant city in which lots of ants are busily working together.



Write a review of this story and stand a chance of winning some books! See page 13 for details.



Nadat jy *Die lui mier* (bladsye 7 tot 10) gelees het, nooi jou kinders om speeldeeg of klei te gebruik om 'n mierestad te maak waarin baie miere bedrywig saamwerk.

Skryf 'n resensie oor hierdie storie en staan 'n kans om boeke te wen. Kyk op bladsy 13 vir besonderhede.



To celebrate Heritage Month in September, share a story with your children that you were told or that someone read to you when you were a child. Or, share the story of something that happened to you as a child.



Om Erfenismaand in September te vier, deel 'n storie met jou kinders wat iemand vir jou gelees of vertel het toe jy 'n kind was. Of deel die storie van iets wat met jou gebeur het toe jy 'n kind was.



Our languages are part of our heritage. Talk about the poster on page 2 with your children. Here are some questions you can ask.

- ☉ How many of these words do you know?
- ☉ Can you try reading the words you don't know? What do you think they mean?
- ☉ How many words are there? [Answer: 11]
- ☉ Why do you think some of the words are repeated? [Answer: "Read" is the same word in some South African languages.]
- ☉ Do you know how to say "Read!" in any other languages?



Ons tale is deel van ons erfenis. Gesels met jou kinders oor die plakkaat op bladsy 2. Hier is 'n paar vrae wat jy kan vra.

- ☉ Hoeveel van hierdie woorde ken julle?
- ☉ Kan julle probeer om die woorde wat julle nie ken nie te lees? Wat dink julle beteken dit?
- ☉ Hoeveel woorde is daar? [Antwoord: 11]
- ☉ Waarom dink julle word sommige van die woorde herhaal? [Antwoord: "Lees" is dieselfde woord in sommige Suid-Afrikaanse tale.]
- ☉ Weet julle hoe om "Lees!" in enige ander tale te sê?



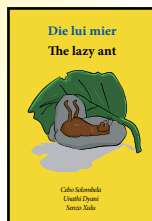
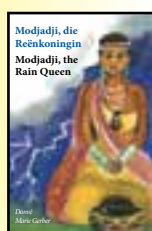
Celebrate our natural heritage at your reading club by creating your own "tree" stories. Divide the children into groups of three or four. Give each group a large sheet of paper and crayons. Ask them to draw a picture which tells a story that includes a tree. Ask the groups to swap pictures and talk about the picture they received. Then let them use it to tell a story of their own. (Older children can write down the story, if they want to.) Display the pictures (and stories) for everyone to enjoy!



Vier ons natuurerfenis by jou leesklub deur jou eie "boom"-stories te skep. Verdeel die kinders in groepe van drie of vier. Gee vir elke groep 'n groot vel papier en kryte. Vra hulle om 'n prent te teken wat 'n storie vertel wat 'n boom insluit. Vra die groepe om prente te ruil en te gesels oor die prent wat hulle ontvang het. Laat hulle dit dan gebruik om hul eie storie te vertel. (Ouer kinders kan die storie neerskryf, as hulle wil.) Stal die prente (en stories) uit vir almal om te geniet!

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

The beautiful woman looked at the big, black clouds and she ordered the lightning to brighten the darkness. Arrows of white fire came shooting across the sky and the smell of rain filled the air. The clouds burst open, and big, fat raindrops began to fall.

The next day, a strange and beautiful woman came to Bolobedu. Around her neck were many strings of coloured beads and a small pouch made of rabbit skin. When she spoke, her voice was gentle, like the song of a mountain stream. She looked at the clouds that were resting on the mountains and she ordered them to rise up and fill with water. For a few moments, a huge silence settled on the earth. Then, suddenly, the clouds rose up and became black and heavy and full of water, and a roar like the sound of a hundred lions was heard throughout the land.

Die volgende dag het 'n vreemde en beeldskone vrou in Bolobedu aangekom. Om haar nek was daar baie stringe gekleurde krale en 'n klein sakkie wat van haasvel gemaak is. Wanneer sy gepraat het, was haar stem so helder soos die lied van 'n bergstroom. Sy het gekyk na die wolke wat op die bergtoppe gerus het en het hulle beveel om op te styg en vol water te word. 'n Paar oomblikke lank het daar 'n doodse stilte oor die aarde gehang. Skielik het die wolke opgestyg en swart en swart en vol water geword, en daar was 'n geluid soos die brul van 'n honderd leus wat dwarsoor die land gehoor is. Die beeldskone vrou het na die groot, swart wolke gekyk en sy het die weerlig beveel om die donkerre te verlig. Pyle wit vuur het deur die lug geflits en die geur van reën was in die lug. Die wolke het oopgebars en groot, vet reëndruppels het begin val.



Hierdie is 'n aangepaste weergawe van *Modjadji, die Reënkoningin*, uitgegee deur New Africa Books en beskikbaar in boekwinkels en aanlyn by www.loot.co.za en www.takealot.com. Hierdie storie is in die elf amptelike Suid-Afrikaanse tale beskikbaar en is deel van die reeks, Nuwe Stories uit Afrika – 'n reeks pragtig geïllustreerde kinderstories van oral oor Afrika.

This is an adapted version of *Modjadji, the Rain Queen*, published by New Africa Books and available in bookstores and online from www.loot.co.za and www.takealot.com. This story is available in the eleven official South African languages and is part of the New African Stories series – a series of beautifully illustrated children's stories collected from across Africa.

dp davidphilip
Trading as **New Africa Books**

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

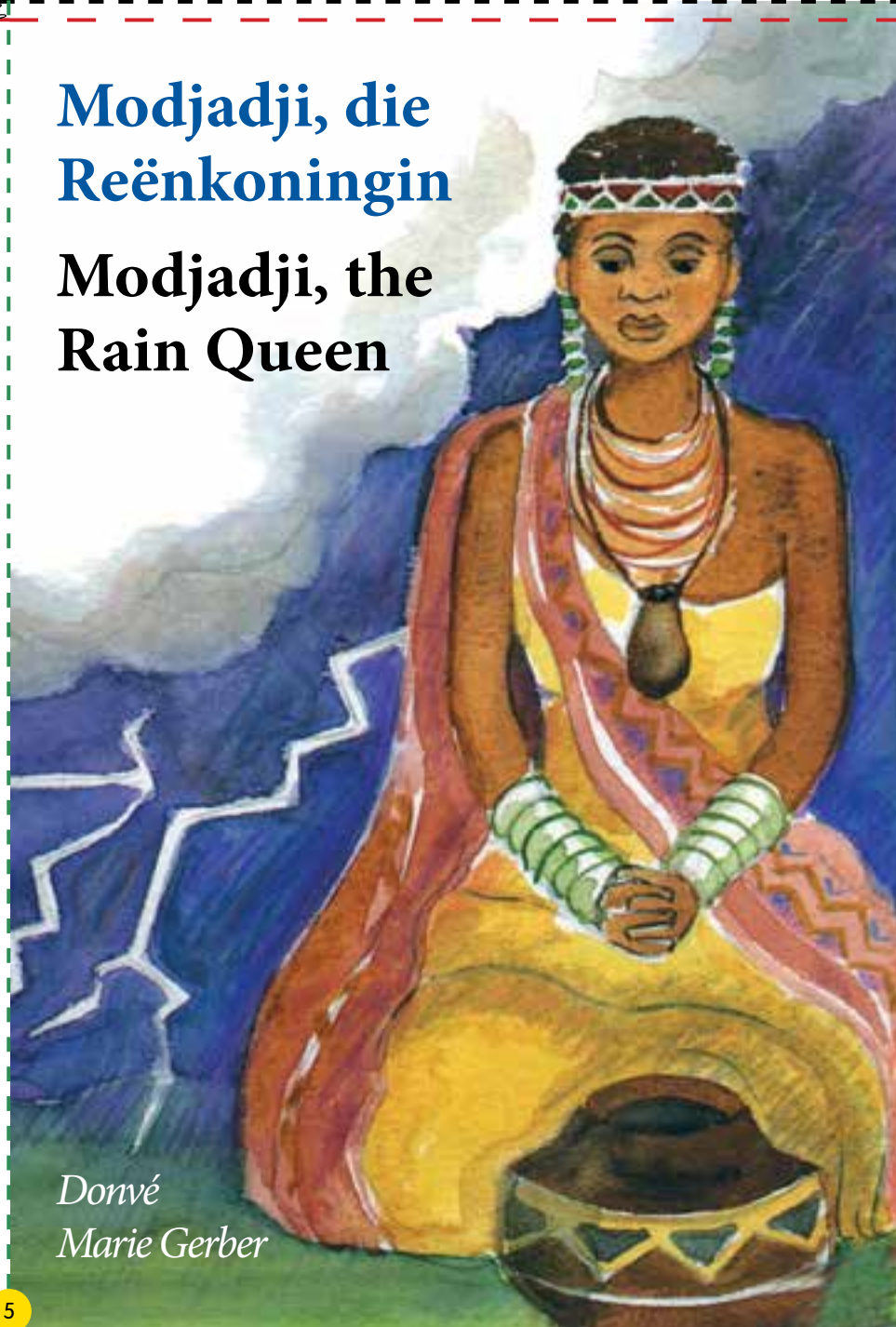


Nal'ibali is 'n nasionale lees-vir-genot veldtog. Dit wil 'n leeskultuur regoor Suid-Afrika laat vlam vat en vaslê. Vir meer inligting, besoek www.nalibali.org of www.nalibali.mobi



Modjadji, die Reënkoningin

Modjadji, the Rain Queen



Donvé
Marie Gerber



In Bolobedu het dit baie jare lank nie gereën nie. Al die riviere het opgedroog en die bruin grond was dor en vol krake, soos die gesig van die oudste oumatjie in die land.

Die klein kinders van Bolobedu het nie geweet wat reën is nie. Al wat hulle geken het, was die warm, geel son wat op hulle bak, wat die aarde verskroei en die blomme en blare laat verbleik het. Die kinders was honger en dors. Hulle het nie geglimlag of gelag of in die son gespeel nie.

The people of Bolobedu loved the beautiful Modjadji because she was wise and she could make the rains come with her magic medicine and her magic beads and her voice that sounded like the song of a mountain stream.

So, Modjadji became the ruler of Bolobedu. Every year she talked to the clouds and made them rise up and fill with rain. And every year the rains fell for many days and many nights, and the land turned green, and the children played in the rivers and rolled in the green grass and grew fat and healthy.

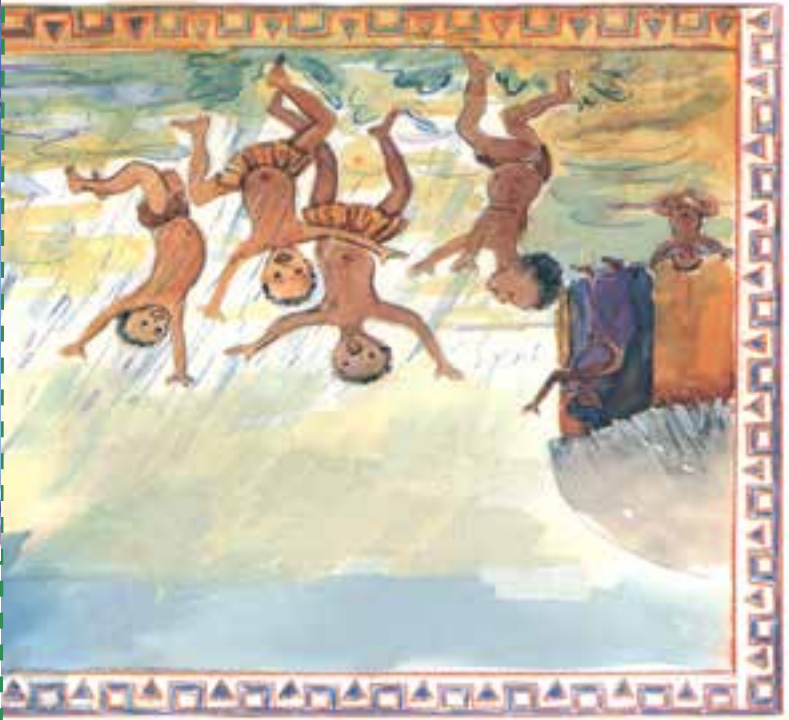
Modjadji had many daughters and she taught them all the rain-making magic. She gave them the magic beads and the magic medicine, and sent them to dry and thirsty places in the land so that all the children could eat and drink and smile and laugh again.



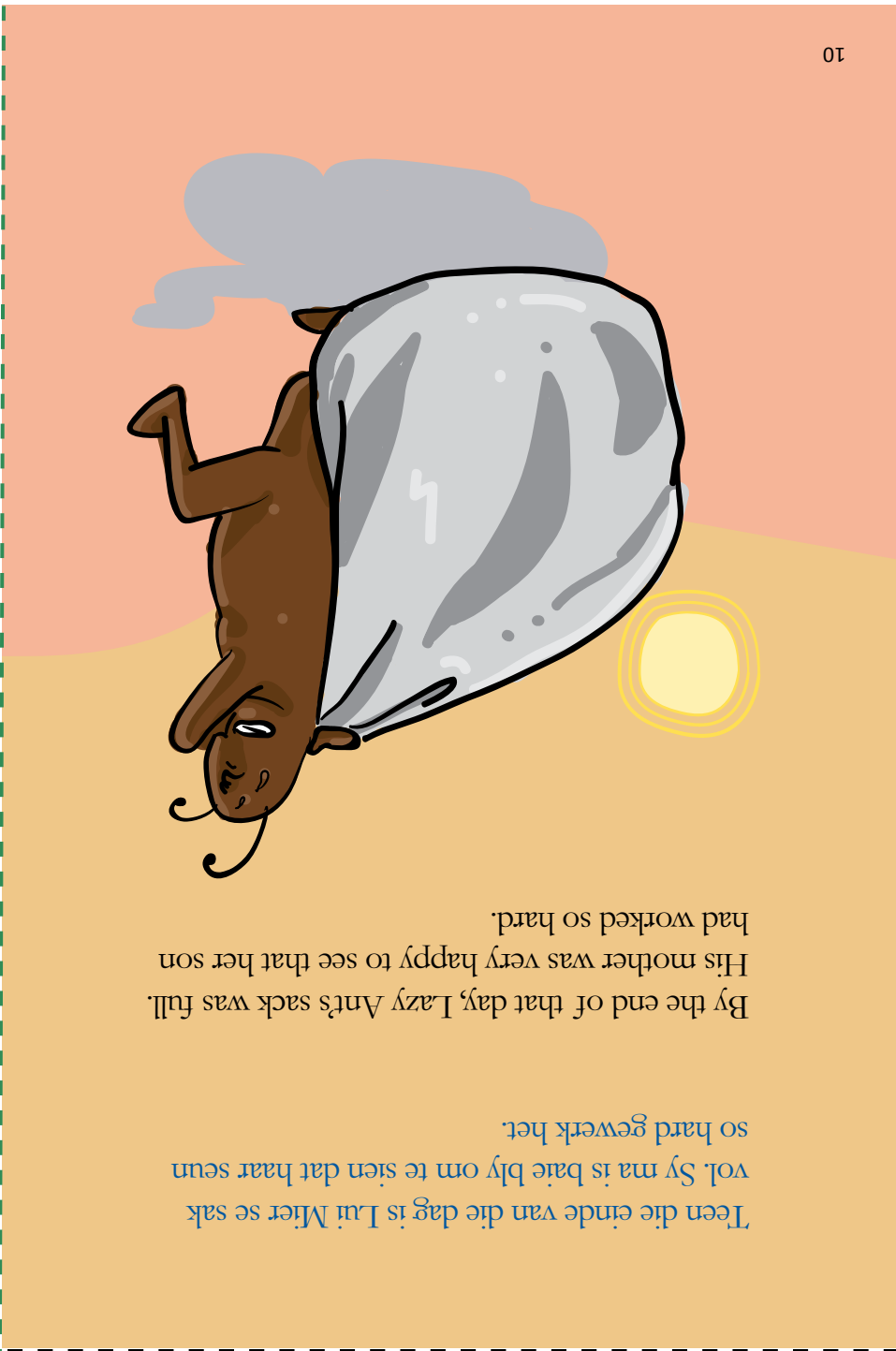
The old people looked at their children, who were hungry and thirsty and had never seen the rain. They looked at the clear, blue sky and the big, yellow sun, and they began to pray. They prayed to the gods to water their land. They prayed to the gods to fill the rivers and feed the earth so that the crops could grow and their children could eat and drink and smile and laugh again.



The children shouted with joy and ran out into the falling rain. They were laughing and singing and dancing. They were running and jumping and splashing in the puddles. They were opening their hands and opening their mouths, trying to catch the raindrops.



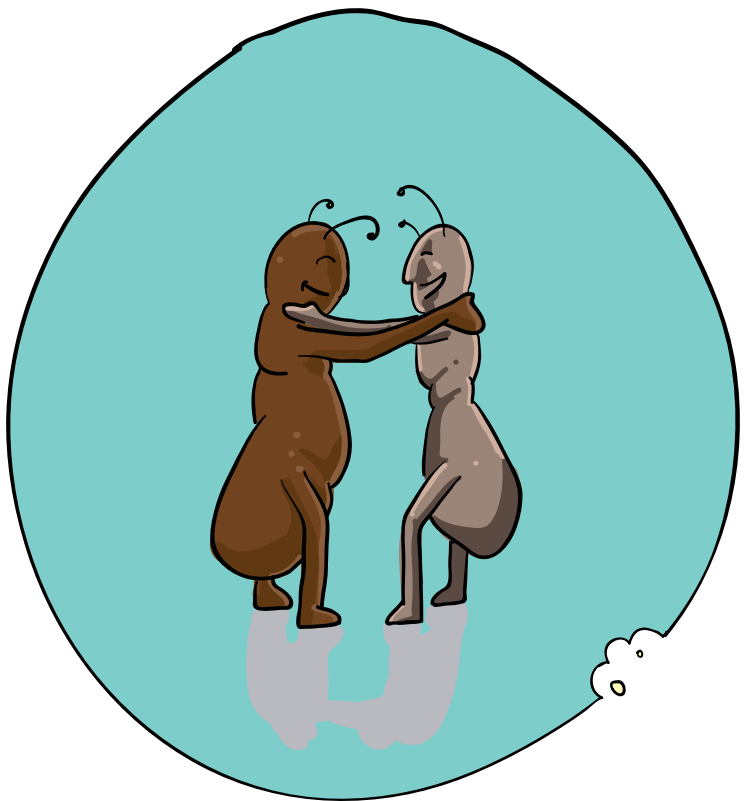
Die kinders het van vreugde geskreë en buitentoe gehardloop in die reën. Hulle het gelag en gesing en gedans. Hulle het gehardloop en gesprong en in die poele gespeel. Hulle het hul hande oopgehou en hul monde oopgemaak en die reëndruppels probeer vang.



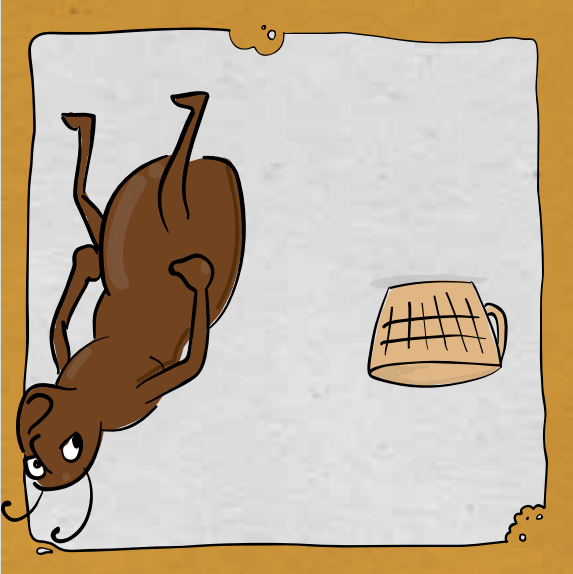
Teen die einde van die dag is Lui Mier se sak vol. Sy ma is baie bly om te sien dat haar seun so hard gewerk het.

By the end of that day, Lazy Ant's sack was full. His mother was very happy to see that her son had worked so hard.

En van daardie dag af sien Lui Mier hoe belangrik dit is om saam met ander te werk. Om saam te werk, skep vrede, vreugde en harmonie.



And from that day, Lazy Ant saw the importance of working together with others. Working together creates peace, joy and harmony.



Lui Mier kla altyd wanneer hy werk kry om te doen. Trouens, hy is so lui dat hy selfs daaroor huil!

In plaas daarvan om te werk, klets Lui Mier een stryk deur, en wanneer dit tyd is om huis toe te gaan, los hy sy werk net so halfklaar.

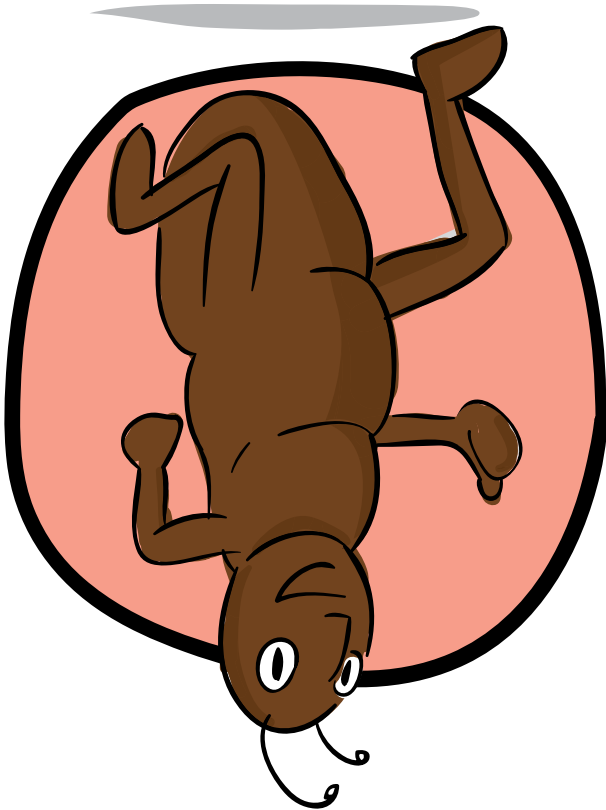
Lazy Ant always complained when he was given work to do. In fact, he was so lazy that he would even cry!

Instead of working, Lazy Ant would chat non-stop, and so when it was time to go home, his work was left unfinished.

Dit is somer en die meeste miere in Mierstad maak kos bymekaar. Maar Lui Mier lê op die naat van sy rug op 'n rots en bak in die son.

It was summer time and most of the ants in Ant City were collecting food. But Lazy Ant was lying on his back on top of a rock basking in the sun.

But when it was time to eat, Lazy Ant would suddenly jump up.



Maar wanneer dit etenstyd is, spring Lui Mier skielik op.

Lazy Ant's mother prepared a special meal for supper to reward her son. He enjoyed the meal along with the other ants who had worked hard all day.



Lui Mier se ma berei 'n spesiale maaltyd vir aandete voor om haar seun te beloon. Hy geniet die ete saam met die ander miere wat ook heel dag hard gewerk het.



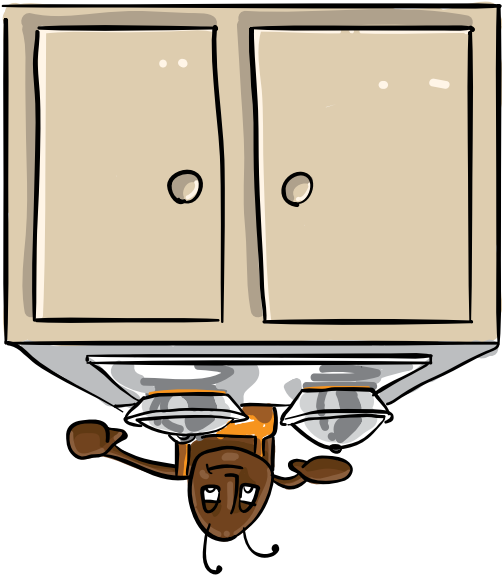
Die oudstes van Mierstad vier selfs die verandering in Lui Mier se gedrag saam met hom.

The elders of Ant City even celebrated the change in Lazy Ant's behaviour with him.



Die volgende oggend word Lui Mier eerste wakker en maak vir sy ma ontbyt.

The next morning, Lazy Ant was the first one to wake up and he prepared breakfast for his mother.



Al die ander miere is geskok oor die verandering in Lui Mier se gedrag. Hy stap op en af en bied aan om enige mier wat hulp nodig het, te help.

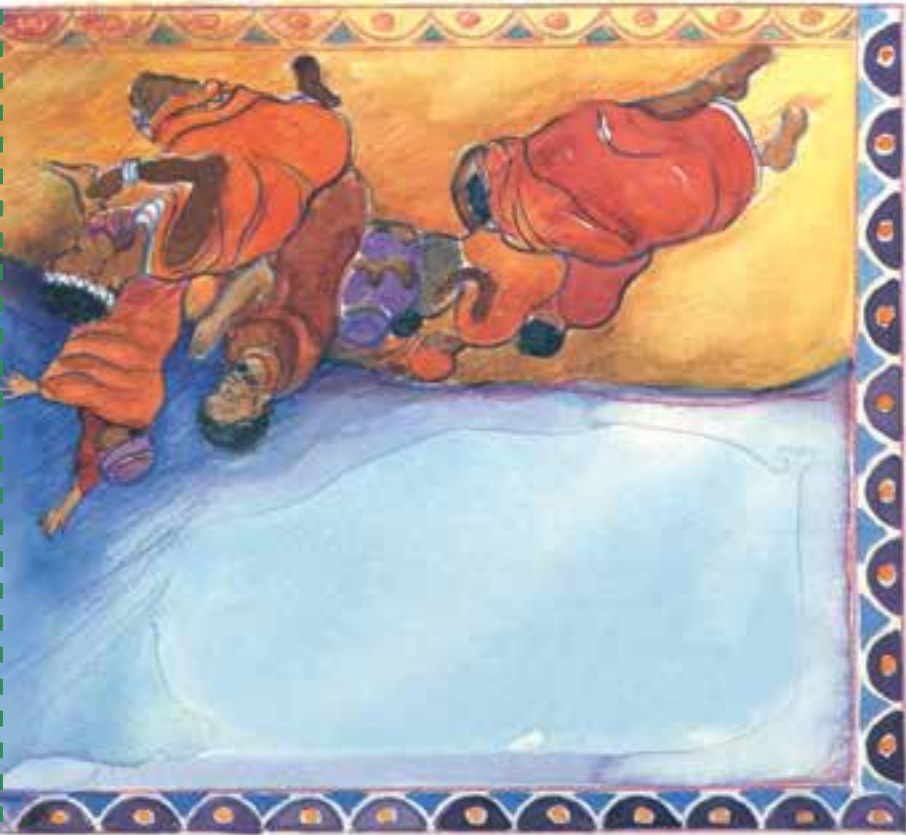
All the other ants were shocked by the change in Lazy Ant's behaviour. He went up and down offering help to any ant who needed it.



Terwyl Lui Mier se ma en susters kos bymekaarmaak, loer hy net na hulle, fluit, en wag vir hulle om klaar te maak.

As Lazy Ant's mother and sisters were busy collecting food, he just glanced at them, whistling and waiting for them to finish.





Die oumense het gekyk na hul kinders wat honger en dors was en nog nooit die reën gesien het nie. Hulle het opgekyk na die helder blou lug en die groot, geel son, en hulle het begin bid. Hulle het die gode gesmeek om water na hul land te stuur. Hulle het die gode gesmeek om die riviere vol te maak en die aarde te voel sodat die oeste kan groei en hul kinders weer kan eet en drink en lag.



Die oumense het gekyk hoe hul kinders in die reën dans. En skielik het die pappas en mamas en tantes en ooms en oumas en oupas ook almal uitgehardloop in die reën en saam met hul kinders begin dans en sing en in die poele geplas.

The old people watched their children dancing in the rain. Then, suddenly, the mothers and fathers and aunts and uncles and granies and grandpas all ran out into the rain too, and started dancing and singing and splashing in the puddles with their children.



There had been no rain in Bolobedu for many years. All the rivers had dried up and the brown earth was cracked and wrinkled, like the face of the oldest grandmother in the land. The little children of Bolobedu did not know the rain. They only knew the hot, yellow sun that warmed their bodies and baked the earth and robbed the flowers and leaves of their colours. The little children were hungry and thirsty. They did not smile or laugh or play in the sun.

Die mense van Bolobedu was lief vir die beeldskone Modjadji, want sy kon met haar towermedisyne en towerkrale en haar stem soos die lied van 'n bergstroom, die reën aanbring. Modjadji het die koningin van Bolobedu geword. Sy het elke jaar met die wolke gepraat en hulle laat opstyg sodat hulle vol reën kon word. En die reën het elke jaar baie dae en baie nagte lank geval, en die land was groen en die kinders het in die riviere gespeel en op die groen gras gerol en vet en gesond geword. Modjadji het baie dogters gehad en sy het hulle almal geleer hoe om reën te maak. Sy het vir hulle die towerkrale en die towermedisyne gegee en hulle na die droë, dorstige dele van die land gestuur sodat al die kinders weer kon eet en drink en lag.





Hulle ouer broers en susters het gepraat van 'n tyd toe die wolke groot en swart en kwaai geword het, en pyle wit vuur deur die lug geflits en die reën baie dae en baie nagte lank geval het. Hulle het gepraat van 'n tyd toe hulle in die poele geplas en op die groen gras gerol en die koel water uit die vol rivier gedrink het.

Die kleintjies het na die woorde van die ouer kinders geluister. Hulle het opgekyk na die hemel en gewens hulle kon daardie pyle wit vuur en die groot, swart wolke sien. Hulle het gewens hulle kon voel hoe die groot, vet reëndruppels op hul gesiggies plons. Hulle het gewens hulle kon in die poele plas en die koel, skoon water in hul monde proe.

Their older brothers and sisters spoke of the time when the clouds grew big and black and angry, and arrows of white fire came shooting through the sky, and rain fell for many days and many nights. They spoke of the time when they splashed in the puddles and rolled in the green grass and drank cool water from the flowing river.

The little children listened to the words of the older children. They looked at the sky and wished they could see those arrows of white fire and those big, black clouds. They wished they could feel the big, fat raindrops on their faces. They wished they could splash in the puddles and taste the cool, clean water in their mouths.

En toe kyk hulle na die beeldskone vrou wat met die wolke kan praat en hulle kan laat opstyg sodat hulle vol reën word en vra: “Wie is jy en hoe kry jy dit reg om iets so wonderliks te doen?”

“Ek is Modjadji,” het sy geantwoord. “Ek kom van die land van die son. Toe julle mense vir reën gebid het, was die son so sterk dat my vader, die Songod, julle gebede gehoor het. Hy het vir my die towerkrale en die towermedisyne gegee en vir my die geheime maniere gewys om reën te maak. Toe het hy my na Bolobedu gestuur om julle Reënkoningin te wees.”

And then they looked at the beautiful woman who could talk to the clouds and make them rise up and fill with rain. They said to her, “Who are you and how are you able to do this wonderful thing?”

“I am Modjadji,” she said. “I come from the land of the sun. When your people prayed for rain, the sun was so strong that my father, the Sun God, heard your prayers. He gave me the magic beads and the magic medicine and showed me the secret ways of making rain. Then he sent me to Bolobedu to be your Rain Queen.”

More languages, more resources



Meer tale, meer hulpbronne

Being read to in your own language should not be an optional extra for children. It is really an essential and powerful part of learning language and developing literacy. When you regularly read to children in their home language/s, you give them a strong language foundation that makes all learning easier.

If you don't understand what you are reading, then you are not really reading – no matter how well you can say the words on the page! It takes many years to learn another language well. So, because understanding is at the heart of reading, children need to listen to stories being read in their home language/s. They can then concentrate completely on the flow of the story instead of struggling to understand a language they don't know properly.

You should also read some stories to children in their additional language – this helps them learn the new language.

And the more languages you have in your classroom and your school, the more resources you have to draw on! Celebrate and use all the languages in some of these ways.

- Sing songs and say rhymes in the home language/s of all the children, and then gradually introduce them in their additional language too.
- Surround children with print in all their languages by making your own bilingual or multilingual posters on topics that interest them. Or, write rhymes, songs and riddles in different languages onto large sheets of paper and display them.
- Use all the languages that you can speak and read, to read aloud to the children. If not all of the children know these languages, use another adult as an interpreter to translate for you after you have read each page.
- Use a cellphone to record parents, grandparents and other caregivers telling and/or reading stories in their home language/s – then let the children listen to these stories.
- Let the children who speak the same home language, read and talk about storybooks together in groups.
- Create a message wall where teachers and children can write messages to each other in the language of their choice.

Vir kinders behoort dit nie 'n opsionele ekstra te wees dat iemand vir hulle in hul eie taal lees nie. Dit is regtig 'n noodsaaklike en kragtige deel daarvan om taal aan te leer en geletterdheid te ontwikkel. Wanneer jy gereeld vir kinders in hulle huistaal/-tale lees, gee jy vir hulle 'n sterk taalgrondslag wat leer soveel makliker maak.

As jy nie verstaan wat jy lees nie, lees jy nie regtig nie – ongeag van hoe goed jy die woorde op die bladsy kan opsê! Dit neem baie jare om 'n ander taal goed te leer lees. Omdat begrip die kern van lees is, moet kinders in hulle huistaal/-tale na stories luister. Hulle kan dan heeltemal op die vloei van die storie fokus, in plaas daarvan om te sukkel om 'n taal wat hulle nie goed ken nie, te verstaan.

Jy behoort ook vir kinders stories in hul addisionele taal te lees – dit help hulle om die nuwe taal aan te leer.

En hoe meer tale jy in jou klaskamer of in die skool het, hoe meer hulpbronne het jy om uit te put! Vier en gebruik al die tale op een of al die volgende maniere.

- Sing liedjies en sê rympies op in die huistaal/-tale van al die kinders, en stel dit dan geleidelik ook in hul addisionele taal bekend.
- Omring kinders met die gedrukte woord in al hul tale deur jou eie tweetalige of veeltalige plakkate te maak oor onderwerpe waarin hulle belangstel. Of skryf rympies, liedjies en raaisels in verskillende tale op groot velle papier en stal dit uit.
- Gebruik al die tale wat jy kan praat en lees, en lees dan vir die kinders hardop in hierdie tale. As nie al die kinders hierdie tale ken nie, gebruik dan 'n ander volwassene as tolk om elke bladsy wat jy lees, te vertaal.
- Gebruik 'n selfoon om ouers, grootouers en ander versorgers op te neem wat stories in hul huistaal/-tale vertel – en laat die kinders dan na hierdie opnames van die stories luister.
- Laat kinders wat dieselfde huistaal praat, in groepe storieboeke lees en daarvoor gesels.
- Skep 'n boodskapmuur waar onderwysers en kinders vir mekaar boodskappe kan skryf in die taal van hul keuse.

Make reading for enjoyment part of your school! For more information and guidance on how to do this, go to www.storypowerschools.org.



Maak lees vir genot deel van jou skool! Vir meer inligting en leiding oor hoe om dit te doen, gaan na www.storypowerschools.org.

Putting stories at the heart of your school ★ Laat stories eerste staan in julle skool



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The rainmaker

Retold by Kgosi Kgosi ★ Illustrations by Magriet Brink and Leo Daly



Once upon a time in the Kgalagadi, there was a powerful old man named Rapula. Rapula had one of the greatest gifts in the world. He had the power to bring the clouds close together when they were far apart. He had the power to make it rain. He was known all over the land as Rapula, the rainmaker.

For Rapula, making rain was a very painful process. It took all the energy he had, but it

also gave him joy to see his people benefit from the water falling from the clouds. When it rained, the people would collect the water and use it for drinking and cooking. The rivers would fill up and so the animals had water to drink. The rain also fed the farmlands of the Kgalagadi.

After many years of making rain, Rapula, the rainmaker, became ill and his power weakened. The land of the Kgalagadi slowly started to dry up. The green grass and the trees started to disappear. Although the old man kept trying, he could only make small amounts of rain. And each time he tried, he became weaker and weaker.

Soon the old man became so ill and weak that he could not make any rain at all. When that happened, there was a great drought. The lands dried up and the crops failed. There was not enough food. Animals died, plants died, and people died.

The people of the Kgalagadi waited. They still hoped that the rainmaker would get well again. While they waited, they shared what little they had with each other and they gave the rainmaker the best food they had. "Maybe he will get back his strength soon," they said.

Eventually the people realised that Rapula would never get better. The wise men of the village knew that all they could do now, was wait for Rapula to pass on his special power to someone else.

When Rapula, the rainmaker, died, the people of the Kgalagadi were sad. They had lost a valuable member of their community. However, the elders of the village took comfort in knowing that Rapula's gift would not be lost. It would be passed on to a younger person.

There was a big funeral to honour the great rainmaker. People came from the faraway parts of the Kgalagadi to be there. They brought with them the little food and drink they had to share with everyone.

Before Rapula, the rainmaker, could be buried in the ground to rest forever, a strange thing happened – something that would show the people of the Kgalagadi who the new rainmaker would be. The colours of the rainbow left the old rainmaker's body and entered into a young girl named Mapula, who was Rapula's great-grandchild. This was the most amazing thing anyone had ever seen, but everyone knew that it was the way that rainmakers passed on their power. It happened very seldom because rainmakers lived for many, many years.

Mapula was now the new rainmaker of the Kgalagadi. For days after the funeral, the people celebrated the young girl's new power. They celebrated with music and food. Everyone in the Kgalagadi brought her gifts of new clothing, flowers, special foods and other things.

It took a few days for Mapula to get used to her power, but soon they became stronger. Now she had to use her gift properly. If she was angry while making rain, she could create a thunderstorm or a flood. This could destroy her entire community.

Even though the Kgalagadi had been without rain for so long, Mapula had to learn slowly how to use her power. First, she learnt to make it rain a little by bringing small clouds together. She practised doing this once a week. Just like her great-grandfather, she became very tired after making the clouds rain. At times she had to sleep for two days to regain her strength.

The people of the Kgalagadi were clever. They learnt new ways to save the precious water. They learnt how to build dams and make big tanks to store water in.

After many months of practise, Mapula was finally able to bring good rains to the Kgalagadi again. Everyone celebrated the big rain with dancing and singing. It had been many years since they had seen that much rain and they knew that the drought was finally over. They were happy that there was a new rainmaker – a rainmaker who would make everyone's life better.



Die reënmaker

Oorvertel deur Kgosi Kgosi ★ Illustrasies deur Magriet Brink en Leo Daly



Lank, lank gelede was daar in die Kgalagadi 'n magtige ou man met die naam Rapula. Rapula het een van die grootste gawes in die wêreld gehad. Hy het die krag gehad om die wolke bymekaar te bring wanneer hulle ver uit mekaar was. Hy het die krag gehad om dit te laat reën. Hy was oor die hele land bekend as Rapula, die reënmaker.

Vir Rapula was die reënmakery 'n uiters pynlike proses. Dit het al sy energie geverg,

maar dit het hom ook vreugde verskaf om te sien hoe al sy mense baat by die water wat uit die wolke val. Wanneer dit gereën het, het die mense die water opgevang en dit gebruik om te drink en mee te kook. Die riviere het vol geraak en die diere het water gehad om te drink. Die reën het ook die landerye van die Kgalagadi gevoed.

Na baie jare van reën maak, het Rapula die reënmaker siek geword en sy kragte het afgeneem. Die grond in die Kgalagadi het stadig begin uitdroog. Die groen gras en die bome het begin verdwyn. Al het die ou man aanhou probeer, kon hy net klein bietjies reën maak. En elke keer wat hy probeer het, het hy swakker en swakker geword.

Gou het die ou man so siek en swak geword dat hy nie meer reën kon maak nie. Toe dit gebeur, was daar 'n groot droogte. Die landerye het opgedroog en die oeste het misluk. Daar was nie genoeg kos nie. Diere het gevrek, plante het gevrek en mense het gesterf.

Die mense van die Kgalagadi het gewag. Hulle het bly hoop dat die reënmaker weer gesond sou word. Terwyl hulle gewag het, het hulle die bietjie wat hulle gehad het met mekaar gedeel en vir die reënmaker hul beste kos gegee. "Dalk sal hy gou weer sy kragte terugkry," het hulle gesê.

Uiteindelik het die mense besef dat Rapula nooit weer gesond sou word nie. Die wyse manne van die dorp het geweet al wat hulle nou kon doen, was om te wag dat Rapula sy spesiale krag aan iemand anders oordra.

Toe Rapula die reënmaker sterf, was die mense van die Kgalagadi hartseer. Hulle het 'n kosbare lid van hul gemeenskap verloor. Die oudstes van die dorp is egter getroos deur die wete dat Rapula se gawe nie verlore sou gaan nie. Dit sou oorgedra word aan 'n jonger persoon.

Daar was 'n groot begrafnis om die groot reënmaker te eer. Mense het van die verafgeleë dele van die Kgalagadi gekom om daar te wees. Hulle het die bietjie kos en drinkgoed wat hulle gehad het saamgebring om met almal te deel.

Voordat Rapula die reënmaker in die grond begrawe kon word om vir ewig te rus, het 'n vreemde ding gebeur – iets wat vir die mense van die Kgalagadi sou wys wie die nuwe reënmaker sou wees. Die kleure van die reënboog het die ou reënmaker se liggaam verlaat en in die liggaam van 'n jong meisie met die naam Mapula, Rapula se agterkleinkind, ingegaan. Dit was die verstommendste ding wat enigiemand nog ooit gesien het, maar almal het geweet dat dit die manier was waarop reënmakers hul kragte oordra. Dit het baie selde gebeur, want reënmakers het baie lank geleef.

Mapula was nou die nuwe reënmaker van die Kgalagadi. Dae lank na die begrafnis het die mense die jong meisie se nuwe krag gevier. Hulle het met musiek en kos feesgevier. Almal in die Kgalagadi het vir haar geskenke van nuwe klere, blomme, spesiale kos en ander dinge gebring.

Dit het 'n paar dae geduur voor Mapula gewoon was aan haar krag, maar dit het gou sterker geword. Nou moes sy haar gawe behoorlik gebruik. As sy kwaad was terwyl sy reën maak, sou sy 'n donderstorm of oorstroming veroorsaak. Dit kon haar hele gemeenskap vernietig.

Selfs al was die Kgalagadi so lank sonder reën, moes Mapula stadigaan leer hoe om haar krag te gebruik. Eers moes sy leer om reën te maak deur klein wolke bymekaar te bring. Sy het een keer per week geoefen om dit te doen. Net soos haar oupagrootjie, was sy baie moeg nadat sy die wolke laat reën het. Soms moes sy vir twee dae slaap om haar kragte te herwin.

Die mense van die Kgalagadi was slim. Hulle het nuwe maniere gevind om die kosbare water te spaar. Hulle het geleer hoe om damme te bou en groot tenke te maak waarin die water opgeberg kon word.

Na baie maande kon Mapula uiteindelik weer goeie reëns oor die Kgalagadi laat uitsak. Almal het die groot reën gevier deur te sing en te dans. Hulle het baie jare laas soveel reën gesien, en hulle het geweet die droogte is uiteindelik verby. Hulle was bly dat daar 'n nuwe reënmaker was – 'n reënmaker wat almal se lewens sou verbeter.





September is Story Bosso month at Nal'ibali. It's a special celebration of storytelling! Here are some activities to help you join in the storytelling fun!

September is Story Bosso-maand by Nal'ibali. Dit is 'n spesiale viering van storievertelling! Hier is 'n paar aktiwiteite om jou te help om te deel in die storievertelpret!



Nal'ibali fun Nal'ibali-pret

1.

Use your imagination to complete the story. Tell a friend or parent your story.

Gebruik jou verbeelding om die storie te voltooi. Vertel jou storie vir 'n maat of ouer.

The escape

Long ago, a wicked giant stole two children and made them his slaves. All day they cooked and cleaned and washed his smelly clothes.

The giant never locked the door, because he knew his pet crow wouldn't let the children escape. This bird had very sharp eyes, and it told the giant everything it saw.

Late one night, as the giant snored loudly, the children sat whispering together. "We'll never escape!" whispered Neo to Nunu. "That bird will tell the giant as soon as we try!"

They thought for a while. Then Nunu said, "I know! Let's ...



Die ontsnapping

Lank gelede het 'n nare reus twee kinders gesteel en hulle sy slawe gemaak. Heeldag lank moes hulle kos maak, skoonmaak en sy vuil klere was.

Die reus het nooit die voordeur gesluit nie, want hy het geweet sy troetelkraai sou nie toelaat dat die kinders ontsnap nie. Die voël het baie skerp oë gehad en vir die reus alles vertel wat hy sien.

Laat een aand, toe die reus hard snork, sit die kinders saam en fluister. "Ons sal nooit ontsnap nie!" fluister Neo vir Nunu. "Daardie voël sal vir die reus vertel sodra ons probeer!"

Hulle dink 'n rukkie na. Toe sê Nunu: "Ek weet! Kom ons ...

2.

Neo and Bella are each telling a story. What do you think they could be telling stories about? Write the beginning of their stories in the speech bubbles.

Neo en Bella vertel elkeen 'n storie. Waaroor dink julle gaan elkeen se storie? Skryf die begin van hul stories in die praatborrels neer.





Don't forget that we will be taking a break until the week of 14 October 2018. Enjoy the holidays, and join us after the holiday for more Nal'ibali reading magic! In the meantime, visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi to find stories and reading-for-enjoyment inspiration.



Onthou dat ons 'n blaaskans neem tot die week van 14 Oktober 2018. Geniet die vakansie en sluit na die vakansie weer by ons aan vir nog Nal'ibali-leesplesier! Gaan intussen na www.nalibali.org of www.nalibali.mobi vir stories en lees-vir-genot-inspirasie.

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