



Be a star storyteller!

Telling stories can be rewarding and fun ... and it's a great way to stimulate children's imagination and their use of language. If you grew up having adults tell you stories, then you will probably remember the thrill of being completely swept up in a story that is well told! Here are five tips to help you be that kind of storyteller.

- 1. Getting started.** It's always easiest to start with what you know when you first start telling stories, so start with ones that you know well. These could be stories that were told to you as a child or ones that you have enjoyed reading over the years.
- 2. Think about your listeners.** Choose a story that will interest your listeners and is appropriate for their ages. For example, you wouldn't tell a ghost story to three year olds, but teenagers might enjoy it! Young children love stories about themselves and about you when you were young, especially ones that are funny or about you being naughty!
- 3. Paint a picture.** Help to create a sense of wonder and pictures in the minds of your listeners by using:
 - ★ interesting and expressive words
 - ★ questions that invite your listeners to participate, for example, "And what do you think happened next?"
 - ★ gestures, for example, reaching up to show how tall a tree or giant is
 - ★ facial expressions, like smiling to show how happy a character was
 - ★ expression in your voice: you can give different characters different voices, such as a soft, squeaky voice for a mouse and a big, booming voice for a giant
 - ★ eye contact with your listeners – don't be shy, look them in the eye!
- 4. Practise.** If you are telling a story to a group of children, practise in advance. The best place to practise is in front of a mirror. You'll be able to check your facial expressions, gestures and whether you have used too many "ums" or "ahs"!
- 5. Fresh and interesting.** Keep storytelling exciting for yourself by finding new stories to tell – look in books or on the Internet. Translate and adapt those stories that are only available in one language.

Find more tips for telling great stories at www.nalibali.org.



Wees 'n topstorieverteller!



Om stories te vertel kan lonend en lekker wees ... en dit is 'n wonderlike manier om kinders se verbeelding en taalgebruik te stimuleer. As jy grootgeword het met mense wat vir jou stories vertel het, sal jy waarskynlik onthou hoe wonderlik dit was om heeltemal weggevoer te word deur 'n storie wat goed vertel is! Hier volg vyf wenke om jou te help om daardie soort storieverteller te wees.

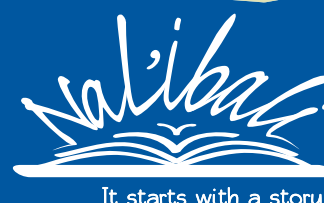
- 1. Hoe om te begin.** Dit is altyd die maklikste om te begin met dit wat jy reeds ken, wanneer jy begin stories vertel. Begin dus met dit wat jy goed ken. Dit kan stories wees waarna jy as kind geluister het, of stories wat jy deur die jare graag gelees het.
- 2. Dink na oor jou luisteraars.** Kies 'n storie waarin jou luisteraars sal belangstel en wat geskik is vir hulle ouderdomme. Jy sal byvoorbeeld nie vir driejarige 'n spookstorie vertel nie, maar tieners sal dit dalk geniet! Jong kinders geniet stories oor hulself en oor jou toe jy jonk was, veral stories wat snaaks is, of wat gaan oor kattekwaad wat jy aangevang het!
- 3. Skilder 'n prentjie.** Help om 'n gevoel van verwondering en prentjies vir jou luisteraars te skilder deur die volgende te gebruik:
 - ★ interessante en gevoelvolle woorde
 - ★ vrae wat jou luisteraars uitnoui om deel te neem, byvoorbeeld: "En wat dink julle het toe gebeur?"
 - ★ gebare, byvoorbeeld, reik uit om te wys hoe hoog 'n boom of hoe lank 'n reus is
 - ★ gesigsuitdrukings, soos 'n glimlag om te wys hoe bly 'n karakter was
 - ★ uitdrukking in jou stem: jy kan aan verskillende karakters verskillende stemme gee, soos 'n sagte, piepstemmetjie vir 'n muis, en 'n diep, bulderende stem vir 'n reus
 - ★ oogkontak met jou luisteraars – moenie skaam wees nie; kyk hulle in die oë!
- 4. Oefen.** As jy vir 'n groep kinders 'n storie gaan vertel, oefen voor die tyd. Die beste plek om te oefen, is voor die spieël. Jy sal jou gesigsuitdrukings en gebare kan sien, en ook of jy te veel "um's" of "aa's" gebruik!
- 5. Vars en interessant.** Maak die vertel van stories vir jouself opwindend deur gereeld nuwe stories te vind om te vertel – kyk in boeke of op die internet. Vertaal en pas stories aan wat slegs in een taal beskikbaar is.

Vind meer wenke om wonderlike stories te vertel by www.nalibali.org.



Drive your
imagination

Story Power.
Anywhere. Anytime. Anyone.
Oral. Altyd. Almal.



Story stars

Spreading the joy

The Times Knowledge Learning Foundation in KwaZulu-Natal works hard to promote reading for enjoyment. Through its 57 reading club leaders, it reaches 478 children in Durban and surrounding areas – and they have achieved all of this since October 2015! We spoke to founder and CEO, Melusi Christian Sibiyi, about his passion for reading.

What does Times Knowledge Learning Foundation do?

We provide the space for children to dream and then live out their dreams! We promote reading and writing amongst children. We currently have reading clubs in EThekweni Municipality and in Swayimane (Pietermaritzburg), but our plan is to reach children throughout the province – and then, the whole of South Africa!

Why do you do this?

It's simple: we want all children to love reading and books! We want to turn children into lifelong readers!

Why are stories and books so important?

They open our minds and allow us to explore the world, and to understand it better.

What would help to improve literacy in South Africa?

Participation. Parents need to be involved in their children's lives. Communities need to be involved too. We need to have an attitude that "your child is my child too".

If you were President, what would you do to improve literacy?

I'd give money to organisations that develop children's reading and writing. I'd also make sure that every school had a library.

What languages should children's books be in?

We need books in all South African languages. It's fine for children to learn an additional language at school, but they also need to learn to enjoy reading and writing in their home languages.

Who told you stories as a child?

My grandmother – she was always full of stories in isiZulu!

Do you read to your daughter?

Yes, in isiZulu! She's 10 years old and I read to her every day at bedtime. She's also a member of my reading club so she hears stories there too!

What have stories taught you?

We should love one another, an ant can defeat a lion, and what goes around comes around.

Life without stories would be ...

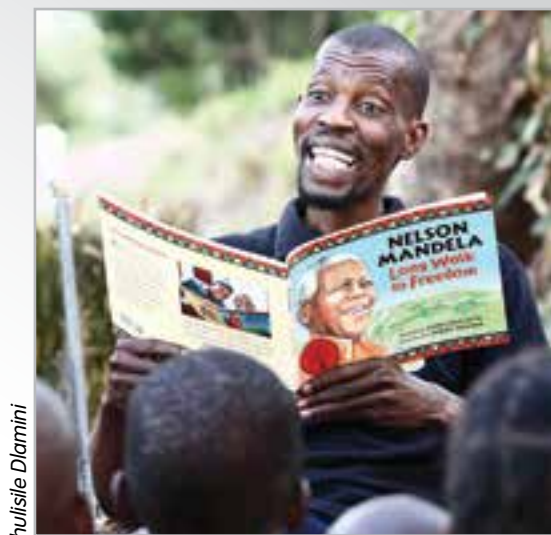
... dull, boring and with no history or lessons.

Books are ...

... friends and the world in your hands.

Find the Times Knowledge Learning Foundation on Facebook.

Vind die Times Knowledge Learning Foundation op Facebook.



Thulisile Dlamini

Melusi Sibiyi



Ons bied aan kinders 'n ruimte om te droom en dan hulle drome uit te leef! Ons bevorder lees en skryf by kinders. Ons het tans leesklubs in EThekweni-munisipaliteit en in Swayimane (Pietermaritzburg), maar ons plan is om kinders in die hele provinsie te bereik – en dan in die hele Suid-Afrika!

Waarom doen julle dit?

Dit is eenvoudig: ons wil hê alle kinders moet lief wees vir lees en boeke! Ons wil hulle in lewenslange lesers verander!

Waarom is stories en boeke so belangrik?

Hulle verbreed ons denke en laat ons toe om die wêreld te verken en dit beter te verstaan.

Wat sal help om geletterdheid in Suid-Afrika te bevorder?

Deelname. Ouers moet betrokke wees by hul kinders se lewens. Gemeenskappe moet ook betrokke wees. Ons moet 'n ingesteldheid hê dat jou kind ook my kind is.

As jy president was, wat sou jy doen om geletterdheid te bevorder?

Ek sou geld gee aan organisasies wat kinders help om te lees en skryf. Ek sou ook seker maak dat elke skool 'n biblioteek het.

In watter tale moet kinderboeke wees?

Ons het boeke in al die Suid-Afrikaanse tale nodig. Dit is goed vir kinders om 'n addisionele taal by die skool aan te leer, maar hulle moet ook leer om lees en skryf in hulle huistale te geniet.

Wie het as kind vir jou stories vertel?

My oma – sy was altyd vol stories in isiZulu!

Lees jy vir jou dogter?

Ja, in isiZulu! Sy is 10 jaar oud en ek lees elke aand met slaapyd vir haar. Sy is ook 'n lid van my leesklub, en hoor dus daar ook stories!

Wat het stories jou geleer?

Ons moet lief wees vir mekaar, 'n mier kan 'n leeu verslaan, en wat jy aan ander doen, kom terug na jou toe.

'n Lewe sonder stories sou ...

... vaal, vervelig en sonder enige geskiedenis of lesse wees.

Boeke is ...

... vriende en die wêreld in jou hande.



NAL'IBALI ON RADIO!

Enjoy listening to stories in Afrikaans and in English on Nal'ibali's radio show:

RSG on Monday to Wednesday at 9.10 a.m.

SAfm on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.50 p.m.



NAL'IBALI OP DIE RADIO!

Geniet dit om in Afrikaans en Engels na stories te luister op Nal'ibali se radioprogram:

RSG van Maandag tot Woensdag om 9.10 vm.

SAfm op Maandag, Woensdag en Vrydag om 1.50 nm.



Drive your imagination

Your story

Here is a children's story written by twenty-six year old Thobeka Sinxo from Port Elizabeth in the Eastern Cape. Thobeka is a regular participant at the Jozi Book Fair and the Wordfest in Grahamstown. She is a keen writer who would like to have her story published as a picture book.



Thobeka Sinxo

Jou storie

Hier is 'n storie vir kinders wat deur die 26-jarige Thobeka Sinxo van Port Elizabeth in die Oos-Kaap geskryf is. Thobeka is 'n gereelde deelnemer aan die Jozi Book Fair en die Wordfest in Grahamstad. Sy is 'n ywerige skrywer wat graag haar storie as 'n prentboek wil publiseer.

Ezintakeni

By Thobeka Sinxo

In the beginning, there was a magical bird that flew across the great river, Thukela. Her name was N'goni who found her song eMpumalanga (in the sunrise).

It was eNtshonalanga (in the sunset) when she met the vain bird, Mr Peacock, who was proud of his coloured feathers. Yet, even as beautiful as Mr Peacock was, he could not help but envy N'goni for her black feathers.

As the stars and moon hid behind the violet clouds, Mr Peacock caught N'goni and tried to drown her in the great river, Thukela.

Splash! Mr Peacock saw his face on the river's surface, "Am I ugly here? Am I pretty there?" And away N'goni fled!

Then, N'goni met the clever bird, Mr Flamingo, who could stand on one leg for a very long time. Mr Flamingo so wished to catch a bird for his broken cuckoo clock, that, when he saw N'goni, he wasted no time.

Swoop! Mr Flamingo snatched at N'goni but grabbed empty air. He tripped and fell and went cooing down his own cuckoo clock. Once again, N'goni escaped.

From the darkest nest in the land sang Mr Swallow, mournfully. N'goni heard his voice but ...

Hark! As soon as he sees her, he hides himself in the nest. N'goni flew closer to Mr Swallow, trying to sing along. But her attempts made him laugh ever so hard. The more she sang, the more Mr Swallow laughed, and the more he crept out of his hiding place. That is how N'goni found her song.

As the sun rose, the two birds sang:
"Let us return to the beginning.
MasiyeMbo. MasiyeMbo, eMbo."

And off they went taking flight towards the east.

Ezintakeni

deur Thobeka Sinxo

In die begin was daar 'n towervoël wat oor die groot rivier, die Thukela, gevlieg het. Haar naam was N'goni, wat haar lied eMpumalanga (met sonsopskoms) gevind het.

Dit was eNtshonalanga (met sonsondergang) toe sy die ydel voël, mnr. Pou, ontmoet het, wat baie trots was op sy helderkleurige vere. Tog, hoe mooi mnr. Pou ook al was, hy was steeds jaloers op N'goni se swart vere.

Toe die maan en sterre agter die donkerpers wolke inkruip, vang mnr. Pou vir N'goni en probeer haar in die groot rivier, die Thukela, gooi.

Kaplaas! Mnr. Pou sien die weerkatsing van sy gesig in die rivier: "Is ek lelik hier? Is ek mooi daar?" vra hy. En toe vlieg N'goni weg!

Toe ontmoet N'goni die slim voël, mnr. Flamingo, wat baie lank op een been kan staan. Mnr. Flamingo wil so graag 'n voël vir sy stukkende koekoekhorlosie vang, en toe hy N'goni sien, verspil hy geen tyd nie.

Swiep! Mnr. Flamingo probeer vir N'goni gryp, maar al wat hy gryp is die lug. Hy struikel en val en word die koekoekvoël in sy eie horlosie. N'goni het weer weggekom.

In die donkerste nes in die land sing mnr. Swaeltjie droewig. N'goni hoor sy stem, maar ...

Wag! Toe hy haar sien, kruip hy in die nes weg. N'goni vlieg nader aan mnr. Swaeltjie en probeer saamsing. Maar haar pogings laat hom kliphard lag. Hoe meer sy sing, hoe meer lag mnr. Swaeltjie, en hoe verder kruip hy uit sy wegkruipplek. En dit is hoe N'goni haar lied gevind het.

Terwyl die son opkom, sing die twee voëls:
"Kom ons keer terug na die begin.
MasiyeMbo. MasiyeMbo, eMbo."

En toe vlieg hulle saam weg na die ooste toe.

You too can send us your poems, stories and drawings! You stand a chance of having them published in the Nal'ibali supplement, or on the Nal'ibali Facebook page. Remember: it has to be all your own work! Send your writing and pictures to: info@nalibali.org, or PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wyecroft Road, Mowbray, 7700.

Jy kan ook vir ons jou gedigte, stories en tekeninge stuur! Jy staan 'n kans dat hulle in die Nal'ibali-bylae of op Nal'ibali se Facebook-blad gepubliseer sal word. Onthou, dit moet alles jou eie werk wees! Stuur jou skryfwerk en prente aan: info@nalibali.org, of PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Gebou 17, Waverley-besigheidsparke, Wyecroft-weg, Mowbray, 7700.



Are you a star storyteller?

Nal'ibali is getting ready to launch its annual Story Bosso competition in September! Story Bosso is an opportunity for adults and children to share the stories they love and to help revive South Africa's rich history of storytelling.

This September, together with you, Nal'ibali will celebrate the richness of all our stories – and pick one ultimate Story Bosso! To find out more, go to www.nalibali.org.

STORY BOSSO



Is jy 'n topstorieverteller?

Nal'ibali maak gereed om sy jaarlikse Story Bosso-kompetisie in September van stapel te stuur! Story Bosso is 'n geleentheid vir volwassenes en kinders om die stories waarvoor hulle lief is te deel, en om te help om Suid-Afrika se ryk geskiedenis van storievertelling te laat herleef.

Hierdie September wil Nal'ibali saam met jou die rykheid van al ons stories vier – en een Story Bosso vind! Om meer uit te vind, gaan na www.nalibali.org.



Get creative!

Here are some fun activities to grow your children's creativity and encourage them to have fun with reading and writing.



Wees kreatief!

Hier is 'n paar prettige aktiwiteite om jou kinders se kreatiwiteit aan te wakker en hulle aan te moedig om pret te hê met lees en skryf.

★ August is Women's Month in South Africa, so it's a good time to read about women who are important to our country. After you've read the cut-out-and-keep book, *Together we're strong*, write down five new things that you learnt about Albertina Sisulu. Then you could find out about the rest of her life or about another woman's life, and write a short biography.



★ Augustus is Vrouemaand in Suid-Afrika, en dit is dus 'n goeie tyd om te lees van vroue wat belangrik is vir ons land. Nadat jy die knip-uit-en-bêreboekie, *Saam is ons sterk*, gelees het, skryf vyf dinge neer wat jy van Albertina Sisulu geleer het. Dan kan jy meer oor die res van haar lewe of oor enige ander vrou se lewe uitvind en 'n kort biografie skryf.



DID YOU KNOW?

An autobiography is the story of your life. A biography is the story you write about someone else's life.

HET JY GEWEET?

'n Outobiografie is die storie van jou lewe. 'n Biografie is die storie wat jy oor iemand anders se lewe skryf.

★ Find some old stockings and tie them together like the children did in the cut-out-and-keep book, *Old stockings, please*. Then have fun with some friends playing the jumping game from the story.



★ Vind ou kouse en bind hulle aan mekaar vas soos die kinders in die knip-uit-en-bêreboekie, *Ou kouse, asseblief*, gedoen het. Geniet dit dan om saam met 'n paar maats die springspeletjie in die storie te speel.

★ Try this after you've read the Story Corner story, *Koketso loses the chickens*. Imagine that Koketso is writing in her diary at the end of the day. Write her diary entry for the day on which she lost the chickens. You could start like this: "Dear Diary ...".



★ Probeer die volgende nadat jy die Storiehoekie-storie, *Koketso verloor die hoenders*, gelees het. Stel jou voor dat Koketso aan die einde van elke dag in haar dagboek skryf. Skryf haar dagboekinskrywing vir die dag waarop sy die hoenders verloor het. Jy kan soos volg begin: "Liewe Dagboek ...".

★ Tell a Joke Day on 16 August is a great opportunity to spend time reading and enjoying jokes. You get different kinds of jokes. A joke can be a story that you tell, or just a question and answer, where the answer is the funny bit. Enjoy reading the jokes on page 16 and then try writing your own one. In the week of 16 August, tell a joke to at least two people each day and spend some time reading jokes in a book or on the Internet.



★ Vertel 'n Grap-dag op 16 Augustus is 'n wonderlike geleentheid om grappe te lees en te geniet. 'n Mens kry verskillende soorte grappe. 'n Grap kan 'n storie wees wat jy vertel, of net 'n vraag en antwoord, waar die antwoord die snaakse deel is. Geniet dit om die grappe op bladsy 16 te lees en probeer dan jou eie skryf. In die week van 16 Augustus kan jy elke dag vir minstens twee mense 'n grap vertel en tyd deurbring deur grappe in 'n boek of op die internet te lees.

★ Do you like taking photos? World Photography Day is on 19 August so why not take a photo of yourself or someone else reading in an unusual place? You can send your photo to us at info@nalibali.org. Remember to include your name and where you are from, then look out for your photo on the Nalibali Facebook page – we'll post as many as we can there!



★ Hou jy daarvan om foto's te neem? Wêreldfotografiedag is op 19 Augustus. Waarom neem jy nie 'n foto van jouself of van iemand anders wat op 'n ongewone plek lees nie? Jy kan jou foto vir ons stuur by info@nalibali.org. Onthou om jou naam in te sluit en waar jy vandaan kom, en kyk dan uit vir jou foto op Nalibali se Facebook-blad – ons sal soveel foto's moontlik daar oplaai!

★ If you enjoy poetry, then Poet's Day on 21 August is the day for you! Poet's Day is dedicated to the long history of poetry in the world. Celebrate it by picking up your pen and writing a poem about something or someone important to you. Or, create a poem by using words in interesting ways to describe something you see every day, like your desk at school or the street you live in. Remember to choose words that help us to see, feel, smell, taste and/or hear what your "everyday something" is like.



★ As jy poësie geniet, is Digterdag op 21 Augustus net die dag vir jou. Digterdag word gewy aan die lang geskiedenis van poësie in die wêreld. Vier dit deur jou pen op te neem en 'n gedig oor iets of iemand te skryf wat vir jou belangrik is. Of skep 'n gedig deur woorde op interessante maniere te gebruik om iets wat jy elke dag sien, te beskryf, soos jou lessenaar by die skool, of die straat waarin jy woon. Onthou om woorde te kies wat ons sal help om te sien, voel, ruik, proe en/of hoor hoe jou "alledaagse iets" is.

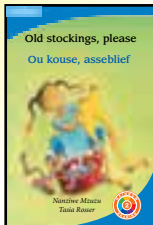
Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books

Old stockings, please

1. Tear off page 9 of this supplement.
2. Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.
3. Fold it in half again along the green dotted line to make the book.
4. Cut along the red dotted lines to separate the pages.

Together we're strong

1. To make this book use pages 5, 6, 7, 8, 11 and 12.
2. Keep pages 7 and 8 inside the other pages.
3. Fold the sheets in half along the black dotted line.
4. Fold them in half again along the green dotted line to make the book.
5. Cut along the red dotted lines to separate the pages.



Maak TWEE knip-uit-en-bêreboekies

Ou kouse, asseblief

1. Skeur bladsy 9 van hierdie bylae af.
2. Vou die bladsy in die helfte op die swart stippellyn.
3. Vou dit weer in die helfte op die groen stippellyn om die boek te maak.
4. Knip op die rooi stippellyne om die bladsye te skei.

Saam is ons sterk

1. Om hierdie boek te maak, gebruik bladsye 5, 6, 7, 8, 11 en 12.
2. Hou bladsye 7 en 8 binne-in die ander bladsye.
3. Vou die velle in die helfte op die swart stippellyn.
4. Vou dit weer in die helfte op die groen stippellyn om die boek te maak.
5. Knip op die rooi stippellyne om die bladsye te skei.



Drive your imagination

Sy het haar bruin koffer gepak en weer haar skoen
gepoets. Voordat sy op die bus na Matatiele geklim het,
het sy vir Shishi tot siens gese. Albertina het die perd se
pels geborsel en haar krappertige maanhhaar gestreel. Sy
het al haar vrae in die perd se sysagte oor gefluister: “Wat
as ek verdwaal? Sal ek nuwe maats maak? Sal ek steeds
slim wees as ek so ver weg van die huis af is?” Shishi het
geruimlik en die grond gestamp.

She packed her brown suitcase and polished her shoes
again. Before setting off on the bus to Matatiele, she said
goodbye to Shishi. Albertina brushed the horse's coat and
stroked her wiry mane. She whispered all her questions
into the horse's silky ear, “What if I get lost? Will I make
new friends? Will I still be clever so far from home?”
Shishi whinnied and stamped the ground.



Sommer gou was daar 'n beurs vir Albertina!
Matiazell naby Matatiele was ver van Xolobe af, maar
die hele dorpie het ontplof. Die meisie van hulle tuisdorp
was op pad hoërskool toe. Sy sou hulle trots maak. Hulle
het 'n fees gehou soos nog nooit tevore nie. Die vroue
het die sorgvullig gebrou en die vure aangesteek. Hulle
het hoenders geslag en potte vleis geroer. Albertina het
geglimlag tot haar gesig gepyn het daarvan.

Soon enough there was a scholarship for Albertina!
Matiazell near Matatiele was a long way from Xolobe,
but the whole village erupted. Their home girl was off to
high school. She would make them proud. They threw a
party like no other. The women brewed the sorghum beer
and lit the fires. They slaughtered chickens and stirred up
pots of meat. Albertina smiled till her face ached.

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should own a hundred books
by the age of five.

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bookdash.org



Nal'ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment
campaign to spark children's potential through
storytelling and reading. For more information,
visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi



It starts with a story...

Nal'ibali is 'n nasionale lees-vir-genot veldtog
wat kinders se potensiaal help ontwikkel deur
middel van lees en die vertel van stories.
Vir meer inligting, besoek www.nalibali.org
of www.nalibali.mobi



Drive your
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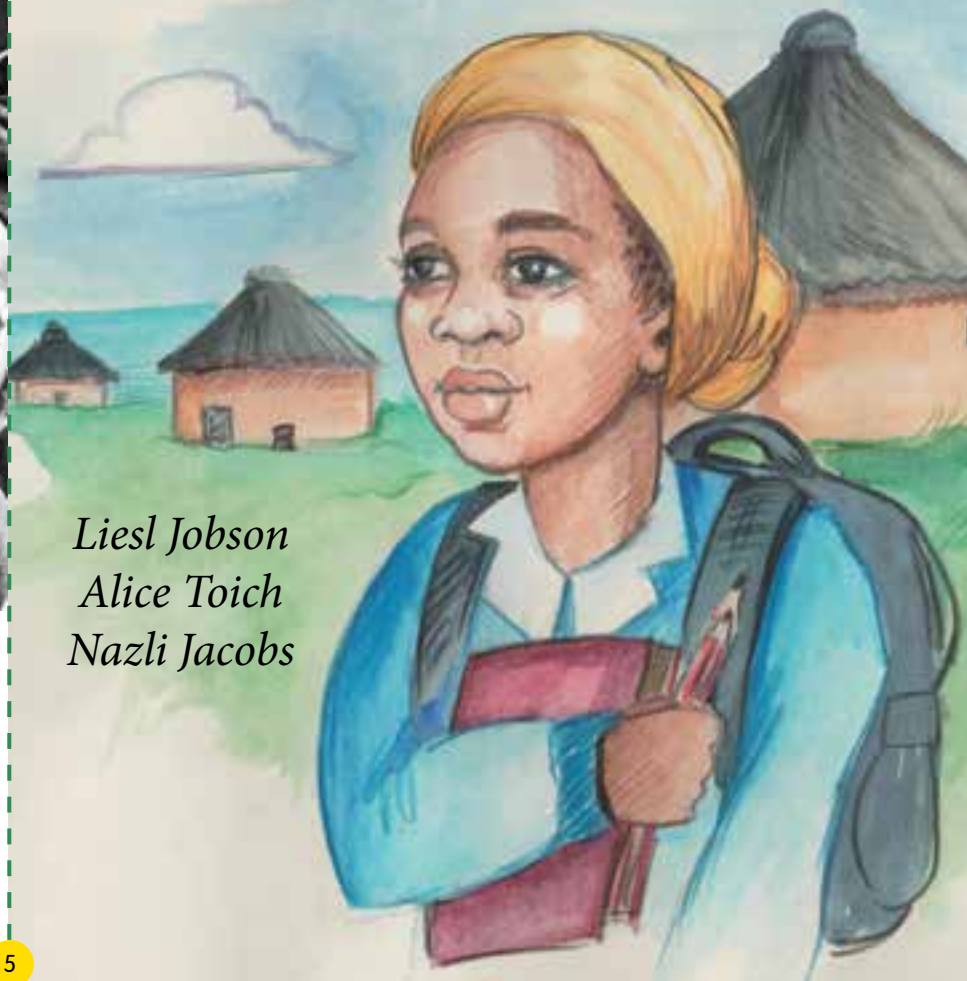
Together we're strong

The story of Albertina Sisulu

Saam is ons sterk

Die storie van Albertina Sisulu

Liesl Jobson
Alice Toich
Nazli Jacobs



Later het 'n belangrike amptenaar gekom en die twee beste leerders na die verhoog geroep, “Knap gedaan, Albertina, jy het volpunte gekry,” het hy gesê, “maar ongelukkig is jy te oud om te wen. Die beurs gaan aan ...”

Albertina het probeer om nie te huil nie. “Dis onregverdig,” het Betty woedend gesê. “Dit was nie in die reëls nie!”

Hoe kon Albertina nou hoërskool toe gaan? Sy het haar voete al die pad huis toe gesleep.

Albertina se onderwyser het aan die koerant geskryf oor die onregverdigheid besluit. Broer Joe by die Katolieke sendingsstasie het die storie tydens ontbyt gelees. Hy het sy hardgekookte eier ekstra hard gekap. Hy het die koerant oor die tafel na Vader Bernard aangegoe. Hy het ook glad nie van die storie gehou nie.

Later an important official arrived and called the top two students to the stage. “Well done to Albertina for getting full marks,” he said, “but you are too old to win. The scholarship goes to ...”

Albertina tried not to cry.

“That’s unfair,” shouted Betty, hopping with fury. “That wasn’t in the rules!”

How would Albertina go to high school now? She dragged her feet all the way home.

Albertina’s teacher wrote to the newspaper about the unfair decision. Brother Joe at the Catholic mission station read the story over his breakfast. He cracked his boiled egg extra hard. He pushed the newspaper across the table to Father Bernard. He didn’t like the story one bit either.

One harsh winter, many people in the land were sick. Ma Monikazi’s cheeks burned. Sweat dripped from her body. She wanted to hold the icy grass to her face to cool down. Under her blanket she held her belly and sang to the baby inside her, “Be strong, little one. Winter’s not long. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!”

Her stomach growled when the baby’s powerful kicks woke her at night. She ate the leftover meat in the cooking pot, hungry for life.

One bright night the moon was bigger, fatter and pinker than ever. Her breath came fast. The baby was ready.

Een strawwe winter het baie mense in die land siek geword. Ma Monikazi se wange het soos vuur gebrand. Sweet het van haar liggaam afgedrup. Sy wou die yskoue gras teen haar gesig druk om af te koel. Onder haar kombers het sy haar maag vasgehou en vir die baba binne-in haar gesing: “Wees sterk, kleinding. Die winter duur nie lank nie. Wees dapper, kleinding. Saam is ons sterk!”

Haar maag het gegrom wanneer die baba haar snags hard geskop en haar wakker gemaak het. Sy het die oorskietvleis in die kookpot geëet, honger vir die lewe.

Een helder nag was die maan groter, ronder en pienker as ooit. Sy het vinnig asemgehaal. Die baba was gereed.

School days started well before sunrise. The girls washed quickly in the cold water and swept the dormitories before Mass. The milky porridge was never quite enough, the stew not as tasty as Aunt’s back home. But Albertina studied hard. She played netball on sunny afternoons.

Skooldae het lank voor sonop begin. Die meisies het vinnig in die koue water gewas en die slaapsale voor die Mis gevee. Die melkerige pap was nooit heeltemal genoeg nie; die breë nie so smaaklik soos haar tante by die huis s’n nie. Maar Albertina het hard geleer. Op sonnige middagde het sy netbal gespeel.



Then Walter was arrested and many hard years followed. He was jailed on Robben Island for twenty-six years. Albertina, also, was sent to jail many times. Often she was scared. Often she was lonely.

But even on the darkest nights, she could see a sliver of moon through the window in her jail cell. She sang the song that Ma Monikazi sang before she was born, “Be strong, little one. Winter’s not long. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!”



Toe is Walter in hegtenis geneem en baie, swaar jare het gevolg. Hy is ses-en-twintig jaar lank in die tronk op Robbeneiland aangehou. Albertina is ook baie kere tronk toe gestuur. Sy was dikwels bang. Sy was ook dikwels eensaam.

Maar selfs op die donkerste nagte kon sy ’n skrefie maan deur haar tronksel sien. Sy het die lied gesing wat Ma Monikazi voor haar geboorte gesing het: “Wees sterk, kleinding. Die winter duur nie lank nie. Wees dapper, kleinding. Saam is ons sterk!”

In her school holidays Albertina worked at the mission station. She rubbed and scrubbed against the zinc washboard. She boiled sheets in copper tubs, then wound them through the wringer. She hoed and tilled the school garden. But Albertina missed her family. Who was telling her brothers and sisters funny stories? Who wiped their eyes when they cried? Who tickled them until they laughed? Albertina loved the nuns who taught her. Could she become a holy sister? “But nuns earn no salary,” said Father Bernard. “Perhaps you should become a nurse? You’ll be paid while you study.” Tydens haar skoolvakansies het Albertina by die sendingstasie gewerk. Sy het teen die sink wasplank gevryf en geskrop. Sy het lakens in koperbadde gewas en dit dan deur die wringmasjien gedraai. Sy het die skool se tuin geploeg en bewerk. Maar Albertina het na haar familie verlang. Wie het vir haar broers en susters snaakse stories vertel? Wie het hulle tranes afgevee wanneer hulle huil? Wie het hulle gekielie tot hulle lag? Albertina was lief vir die nonne wat haar geleer het. Kon sy dalk ’n heilige suster word? “Maar nonne verdien geen salaris nie,” het Vader Bernard gesê. “Dalk moet jy ’n verpleegster word? Jy sal betaal word terwyl jy studeer.”

Albertina joined other women and worked to organise a march to Pretoria. The women refused to carry a pass. They sang, “*Wathint’ abafazi; wathint’ imbokodo!*” You strike a woman; you strike a rock!”



Albertina het by ander vroue aangesluit en ’n opmars na Pretoria beplan. Die vroue het geweier om ’n pas te dra. Hulle het gesing: “*Wathint’ abafazi; wathint’ imbokodo!*” As jy ’n vrou slaan, slaan jy ’n rots!”



Albertina studied until the candle burned down. She practised sums. She practised spelling. She sharpened her pencils and gave her shoes an extra shine. On the morning of the competition, she passed Shishi in her paddock. The horse whinnied and stamped the ground. The test began. Albertina’s fingers shook. The sums were tricky. Her mouth went dry. Her hand cramped on her pencil but she continued. “Well done, Albertina!” said her teacher at the end. Albertina het geleer tot die kers uitgebrand het. Sy het haar somme geoefen. Sy het haar spelwoorde geoefen. Sy het haar portode skerpgemaak en haar skoene nog blinker gepoets. Die oggend van die kompetisie het Albertina verby Shishi in haar stal geloop. Die perd het geruimik en die grond gestamp. Die toets het begin. Albertina se vingers het gebewe. Die somme was moeilik. Haar mond het droog geword. Haar hande het gekramp soos sy die portood vashou, maar sy het voortgegaan. “Knap gedaan, Albertina!” het die onderwyser aan die einde gesê.

The aunties in the birthing room rubbed her back and warmed the water. When Monikazi held her beautiful daughter in her arms, she knew she was a special girl, a fighter. What a blessing! She named her daughter Nontsikelelo. She would be the mother of all blessings.



Die tantes in die geboortekamer het haar rug gevryf en die water warm gemaak. Toe Monikazi haar pragtige dogter in haar arms vashou, het sy geweet sy is ’n spesiale dogter, ’n vegter. Wat ’n seën! Sy het haar dogter Nontsikelelo genoem. Sy sou die moeder van alle seëninge wees.

Albertina's mother was often sick and needed Albertina to look after the home.

In her last year of primary school, Albertina was the oldest pupil in the school. She was chosen to be the head girl and wore her badge with pride.

Her best friend, Betty, told her about a competition, saying, "You must apply, my clever friend!"

"What is the prize?" asked Albertina, growing curious. "A scholarship to high school!" said Betty. "You must apply. You'll win it, for sure."

Albertina se ma was dikwels siek en Albertina moes na die huis omsien.

In haar laaste jaar op laerskool was Albertina die oudste leerder in die klas. Sy is as hoofmeisie gekies en het haar wapen met trots gedra.

Haar beste maat, Betty, het haar van 'n kompetisie vertel en gesê: "Jy moet inskryf, my slim vriendin."

"Wat is die prys?" het Albertina nuuskierig gevra.

"'n Beurs om hoërskool toe te gaan!" het Betty gesê. "Jy moet inskryf. Jy sal beslis wen."

Nontsikelelo was beautiful and strong with crinkling black button eyes. She loved her older brother, Mcengi. He made her laugh and so the laughter spread.

She loved to eat meat before she had teeth. Her favourite aunt always kept a little portion on the side of her plate for Ntsiki.

Mcengi chased the chickens that scratched in the garden where Ma Monikazi grew spinach and squash to feed her family. Ntsiki ran after him as her legs grew strong.



Nontsikelelo was beeldskoon en sterk, met oë wat soos blink, swart knope geskitter het. Sy was lief vir haar ouer boetie, Mcengi. Hy het haar laat lag en so het die lag versprei.

Sy het graag vleis geëet voor sy nog tande gekry het. Haar gunstelingtante het altyd 'n klein porsie aan die kant van haar bord vir Ntsiki gehou.

Mcengi het die hoenders gejaag wat in die tuin geskrop het waar Ma Monikazi spinasie en pampoene geplant het om haar familie kos te gee. Ntsiki het agter hom aangehardloop namate haar bene sterk geword het.

Albertina het 'n trein gehaal tot in Johannesburg. Sy het 'n netjiese wit uniform, nuwe vlootblou skoene en 'n blink rooi vulpen gekoop.

Elke dag het siek mense na die hospitaal gekom. Albertina het hulle wonde met versigtige vingers skoonmaak. Sy het die ou mense sagkens vasgehou.

Wanneer die babas gehuil het, het sy gesing: "Wees sterk, kleinding. Die winter duur nie lank nie. Wees dapper, kleinding. Saam is ons sterk!"



Albertina took a train to Johannesburg. She bought a smart white uniform, new navy shoes and a shiny red fountain pen.

Sick people came to the hospital all day. Albertina cleaned their wounds with careful fingers. She held the old people gently.

When the babies cried, she sang, "Be strong, little one. Winter's not long. Be brave, little one. Together we're strong!"



“Kom speel saam met ons in die stof.”

“Dis net wat ons nodig het.”



“Come and play with us in the dust.”

“They are just what we need.”

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Old stockings, please Ou kouse, asseblief



Nanziwe Mzuzu
Tasia Rosser



“These are old and they have holes in them. They are too big for you,” said Mom.

“Hierdie kouse is oud en vol gate. Hulle is te groot vir julle,” sê Mamma.



“Please can we have some old stockings, Mom?”

“Kan ons asseblief ou kouse kry, Mamma?”



“Jump, jump up and down. Jump, jump in and out. Come and play with us.”



“Spring, spring op en af. Spring, spring in en uit. Kom speel saam met ons.”

“Kom ons baljaar in die son.”



“Let’s have some fun in the sun.”

Some nights Albertina worked till dawn. She looked out the window and thought of her family. Were the children hungry? Did they go to school? Who was riding Shishi? She remembered the dark green spinach. She missed the scent of the earth. There was no vegetable garden here. There was nowhere for a horse. Albertina never went to parties. She saved every shilling. On her days off, she learnt to play tennis. *Whoosh! Pop!* She whacked the ball across the net. Always, she wished for a little more money to send home.

Sommige nagte het Albertina tot ligdag gewerk. Dan het sy by die venster uitgekyk en aan haar familie gedink. Was die kinders honger? Het hulle skool toe gegaan? Wie het op Shishi gery? Sy het die donkergeroen spinasie onthou. Sy het na die reuk van die grond verlang. Hier was daar geen groentetuin nie. Daar was nêrens plek vir 'n perd nie.

Albertina het nooit na partytjies toe gegaan nie. Sy het elke spjeling gespaar. Op die dae wat sy vry was, het sy leer tennis speel. *Whoosh! Pop!* Sy het die bal oor die net gemokker. Altydduur het sy gewens sy het 'n bietjie meer geld gehad om huis toe te stuur.

Police came in the middle of the night, banging on the door. Albertina scolded the men who messed up her house.

“How rude you are,” she said, “trampling mud inside my home!”

In the morning Albertina’s favourite flowers lay crushed beneath their footprints. She remembered chasing the chickens from her vegetable garden back in Xolobe and set about replanting her garden. The earth, she knew, would recover.

She would support her husband who kept many secrets and hid from the police.

Die polisie het in die middel van die nag gekom en aan die deur gehamer. Albertina het met die mans wat haar huis omgekrap het, geraas.

“Hoe onbeskof is julle nie,” het sy gesê, “julle trap my huis vol modder!”

Die volgende oggend was Albertina se gunsteling-blomme platgetrap onder hulle voetspore. Sy het onthou hoe sy die hoenders uit haar groentetuin in Xolobe verjaag het, en het begin om haar tuin weer aan te plant. Die grond, het sy geweet, sou herstel.

Sy sou haar man, wat baie geheime bewaar en vir die polisie weggekruip het, ondersteun.

On her sixth birthday Ntsiki went to school. “You must choose an English name,” said the teacher, but Ntsiki liked her own name.

“Why do I need a new name?” she asked.

The teacher scowled and read the names aloud, “Adah, Agnes, Albertina, Anna.”

What did they mean? Ntsiki liked the long name best.

Al-ber-ti-nal The name had rhythm. Al-ber-ti-nal The name had bounce. Albertina was a name you didn’t mess with.

Op haar sesde verjaardag is Ntsiki skool toe.

“Jy moet ’n Engelse naam kies,” het die onderwyser gesê, maar Ntsiki het van haar eie naam gehou.

“Waarom het ek ’n nuwe naam nodig?” het sy gevra.

Die onderwyser het geraas en die name hardop voorgelê: “Adah, Agnes, Albertina, Anna.”

Wat beteken hulle? Ntsiki het die meeste van die lang naam gehou. Al-ber-ti-nal Die naam het ritme gehad.

Al-ber-ti-nal Die naam kon bons. Albertina was ’n naam waarmee ’n mens nie skoor soek nie.



Ma Monikazi had another baby boy, Velaphi, and another, Qudalele. Finally, Ntsiki had a sister, Nomyaleko. Little Ntsiki folded napkins and washed the baby clothes. She swept the house and fed the fire. She picked up her baby brother when he cried and tickled him till he laughed.

Ntsiki taught her brothers and sisters to sing, “Be strong, little one. Winter is gone. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!”



Ma Monikazi het nog ’n babaseun, Velaphi, ryker geword, en nog een, Qudalele. Uiteindelik het Ntsiki ook ’n sussie, Nomyaleko, ryker geword. Klein Ntsiki het doeke gevou en die babaklere gewas. Sy het die huis uitgevee en die vuur gestook. Sy het haar bababoetie opgetel wanneer hy gehuil het en hom gekielie tot hy lag.

Ntsiki het haar broers en susters leer sing: “Wees sterk, kleinding. Die winter is verby. Wees dapper, kleinding. Saam is ons sterk!”

When Ntsiki's father, Bonilizwe, came home from the mines at Christmas, she pulled herself up onto Shishi's broad back. She rode out to meet him at the bus stop. Ntsiki sat tall and straight. Her knees held firm. She handled the reins with gentle fingers.

How proud Bonilizwe was of his daughter. The biggest smile Ntsiki had ever seen covered her father's face.

Toe Ntsiki se pa, Bonilizwe, Kerstfees van die myne af teruggekeer het huis toe, het sy haarself op Shishi se breë rug opgeheys. Sy het uitgeroep om hom by die bushalte te gaan ontmoet. Ntsiki het fier en regop gesit. Haar knieë het die perd styf vasgehou. Sy het die teuels saggies vasgehou.

Hoe trots was Bonilizwe nie op sy dogter nie. Die grootste glimlag wat Ntsiki nog ooit gesien het, het haar pa se gesig verhelder.

Qingqiwe, her grandfather, raised horses. His favourite was Shishi, a glossy black mare. As soon as Ntsiki was old enough, he hoisted her onto the saddle in front of him. His strong arms reached around her. He laced the reins through her fingers.

He taught her to talk softly to Shishi and to groom her with a hard bristled brush. When Ntsiki stroked Shishi's glossy coat, she whispered, "You are the most beautiful creature. Thank you for letting me ride on your back."



Haar oupa, Qingqiwe, het perde aangehou. Sy gunsteling was Shishi, 'n blink, swart merrie. Toe Ntsiki oud genoeg was, het hy haar opgetel en in die saal voor hom gesit. Sy sterk arms het om haar gevou. Hy het die teuels deur haar vingers gevleg.

Hy het saggies met Shishi gepraat en haar met 'n harde borsel geroskam. Wanneer Ntsiki Shishi se blink pels gestreel het, het sy gefluister: "Jy is die mooiste dier. Dankie dat ek op jou rug mag ry."

Walter Sisulu was a brave and clever man who dreamed of freedom for South Africa. His big smile captured Albertina's eye. They walked together down the city streets. Her delicate hand rested on his arm. Walter wanted Albertina to be the mother of his children. Bright ribbons decorated the Bantu Men's Social Centre on their wedding day. Albertina's long-sleeved dress had a swirling train of lace. Many friends blessed their special day.

Walter Sisulu was 'n dapper, slim man, wat gedroom het van vryheid vir Suid-Afrika. Sy breë glimlag het Albertina se oog gevang. Hulle het saam deur die stad se strate gewandel. Haar delikate hand het op sy arm gerus. Walter wou hê Albertina moes die ma van sy kinders wees. Helderkleurige linte het die Bantu Men's Social Centre op hul troudag versier. Albertina se langmourok het 'n lang kantsleep gehad. Baie vriende het hulle op hul spesiale dag gesien.



Albertina planted flowers in her little garden. Within a year, Max was born. Albertina had become a mother. One day, people would call her the mother of the nation.

Max had his mother's black button eyes and his father's round chin. He was the hope for their future. Albertina wanted to fight for a new South Africa, so that Max could be free.

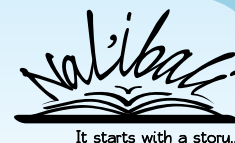
When he cried, she sang, "Be strong, little one. Winter's not long. Be brave, little one. Together we're strong!"

Albertina het blomme in haar klein tuintjie geplant. Binne 'n jaar is Max gebore. Albertina was 'n ma. Eendag sou mense haar die moeder van die nasie noem. Max het sy ma se swart knopiesoë geërf en sy pa se ronde ken. Hy was die hoop vir hulle toekoms. Albertina wou vir 'n nuwe Suid-Afrika veg, sodat Max vry kon wees.

Wanneer hy gehuil het, het sy gesing: "Wees sterk, kleinding. Die winter duur nie lank nie. Wees dapper, kleinding. Saam is ons sterk!"

Koketso loses the chickens

By Patricia de Villiers ★ Illustrations by Vian Oelofsen



Every morning Koketso helps her granny feed the chickens in the chicken coop in their back yard.

"Pok, pok, pok," calls Granny and the chickens come running up to the fence. "Pok, pok, pok," they say. "Paak, paak, paaaak!" And when Granny and Koketso lean over the low fence to scatter the seed, the chickens push and flap and flutter around, and try to jump over each other to get to the food first.

Koketso always counts the chickens. "One, two, three, four chickens," she says, "and another one, two, three, four chickens. They're all here, Granny!"



One morning when Koketso woke up she saw her granny dressed in her best jacket and hat.

"I have to help Mrs Solomon at the clinic this morning," explained Granny, "so I don't have time to feed the chickens. Will you do it by yourself, Koketso? You know what to do."

Granny picked up her handbag and opened the front door. Then she turned to Koketso and said, "Now don't forget to give the chickens water, and, whatever you do, DON'T let them out of the coop!"

"Oh, Granny," said Koketso, "I know THAT!"

"Well, I hope so," said Granny. "Be careful now! See you later. Bye, Koketso."

As soon as her granny had left, Koketso sat down to eat her breakfast. "I'm very, very hungry," she said to herself. "Those chickens will just have to wait for a little while!"

Koketso ate a big bowl of porridge and drank a glass of milk. Then she sat on the front doorstep and ate an apple.

"Hello!" she said to old Uncle Koos when he came past with his shopping trolley and his little dog.

"Good morning, Mme!" she said waving to Mrs Zihlangu across the road.

"Come and play with me, Pinky," she called to her cousin, who was coming out of the shop on the corner, carrying a loaf of bread.

"Sorry, I can't. I've got chores," Pinky called back. "Don't you?"

Koketso suddenly remembered that she hadn't fed the chickens. "Oh dear," she said, "those poor, hungry chickens!"

Sure enough, the chickens were clucking and squabbling in their coop. Koketso opened the low gate very carefully. "Pok, pok, pok," she said. "Sorry, chickens, here's your food." And she scattered the seed on the ground.

"One, two, three, four chickens," she counted, "and another one, two, three, four chickens."

Then she saw that the chickens' water bowl was empty and she hurried off to fetch some water from the kitchen – but she forgot to close the gate behind her!

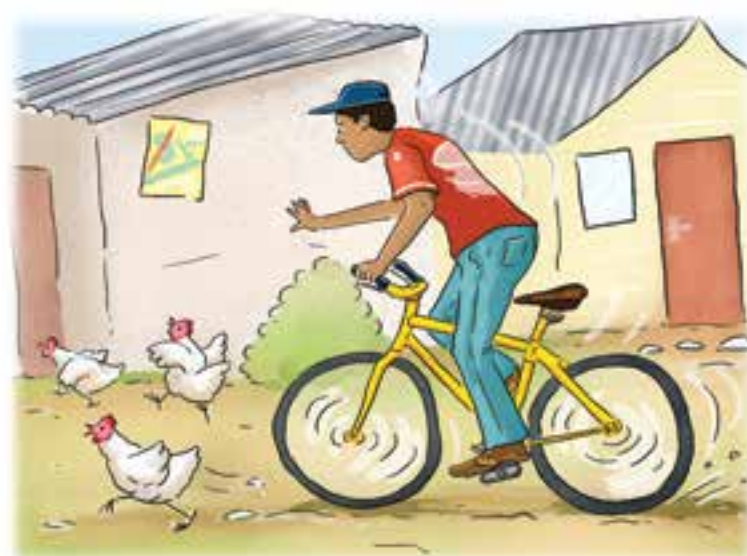
"Oh no!" said Koketso when she returned with the water and saw the chickens running all over the yard. "Oh no, no, no! Bad chickens! Come back NOW!"

But the chickens kept running – right around the side of the house, down the short path and into the street!

A man on a yellow bicycle came riding along.

"Help! Help!" cried Koketso. "Please help me catch Granny's chickens!"

"Of course I'll help you," said the man, and he raced after the chickens on his bicycle, ringing his bell.



As Koketso ran after him, she nearly bumped into Uncle Koos's trolley.

"Help! Help!" said Koketso puffing and panting. "Uncle Koos, please help me catch Granny's chickens!"

"Of course I'll help you," said Uncle Koos, and off he went after the chickens and the man on the yellow bicycle. His little dog ran behind him, barking loudly.

As Koketso ran down the road behind Uncle Koos, she saw her friend, Dikeledi. Dikeledi was practising doing tricks on her skateboard.

"Help! Help, Dikeledi!" cried Koketso. "Please help me catch Granny's chickens!"

"Of course I'll help you," said Dikeledi as she zoomed off after the chickens.

As Koketso ran behind Dikeledi she thought about all the terrible things that could happen to the chickens. They could get run over, or they could be eaten by a dog. Or, they could fall into the river and drown. "Oh no, what will Granny say?" she panted. Koketso felt like crying.

"Look what I've got!" said a voice. It was the man on the yellow bicycle. He was carrying two of the chickens in a shopping bag.

"One, two chickens," counted Koketso. "Oh, thank you! Now I just have to find the others."



Continued on page 15



Koketso verloor die hoenders

Deur Patricia de Villiers ★ Illustrasies deur Vian Oelofsen

Storiehoekie

Elke oggend help Koketso haar ouma om die hoenders in die hoenderhok in hulle agterplaas kos te gee.

“Kôk, kôk, kôk,” roep Ouma, en die hoenders hardloop na die heining toe. “Kôk, kôk, kôk,” sê hulle. “Pe-kêk, pe-kêk, pe-kêk!” En wanneer Ouma en Koketso oor die lae heining leun om die saad te strooi, druk en klap en fladder die hoenders hulle vlerke, en probeer oor mekaar spring om eerste by die kos uit te kom.

Koketso tel altyd die hoenders. “Een, twee, drie, vier hoenders,” sê sy, “en nog een, twee, drie, vier hoenders. Hulle is almal hier, Ouma!”



Een oggend toe Koketso wakker word, sien sy Ouma het haar beste baadjie aan en haar beste hoed op.

“Ek moet vanoggend vir mev. Solomon by die kliniek help,” verduidelik Ouma, “en ek het nie tyd om die hoenders kos te gee nie. Sal jy dit asseblief doen, Koketso? Jy weet wat om te doen.”

Ouma tel haar handsak op en maak die voordeur oop. Dan draai sy na Koketso en sê: “Moenie vergeet om vir die hoenders water te gee nie, en wat jy ook al doen, MOET hulle NIE uit die hok laat kom NIE!”

“Ai, Ouma,” sê Koketso, “DIT weet ek!”

“Wel, ek hoop so,” sê Ouma. “Wees versigtig, hoor! Sien jou later. Tata, Koketso.”

Toe haar ouma weg is, gaan sit Koketso om haar ontbyt te eet. “Ek is baie, baie honger,” sê sy vir haarself. “Daardie hoenders sal maar net so ’n rukkie moet wag!”

Koketso eet ’n groot bak pap en drink ’n glas melk. Toe gaan sit sy op die trappie op die voorstoep en eet ’n appel.

“Hallo!” sê sy vir ou Oom Koos toe hy met sy winkeltrollie en sy klein hondjie verbystap.

“Goeiemôre, Mme!” sê sy en waai vir mev. Zihlangu oorkant die straat.

“Kom speel saam met my, Pinky,” roep sy haar niggie, wat uit die winkel op die hoek kom met ’n brood onder haar arm.

“Jammer, ek kan nie. Ek het werk om te doen,” roep Pinky terug. “Het jy nie?”

Koketso onthou skielik dat sy nog nie die hoenders kos gegee het nie. “O, toggie,” sê sy, “daardie arme, honger hoenders!”

En sowaar, die arme hoenders kloek en kekel in hulle hok. Koketso maak die lae hekkie baie versigtig oop. “Kôk, kôk, kôk,” sê sy. “Jammer, hoenders, hier’s julle kos.” En sy strooi die saad op die grond.

“Een, twee, drie, vier hoenders,” tel sy, “en nog een, twee, drie, vier hoenders.”

Toe sien sy dat die hoenders se waterbak leeg is, en sy skarrel weg om in die kombuis te gaan water haal – maar sy vergeet om die hek agter haar toe te maak!

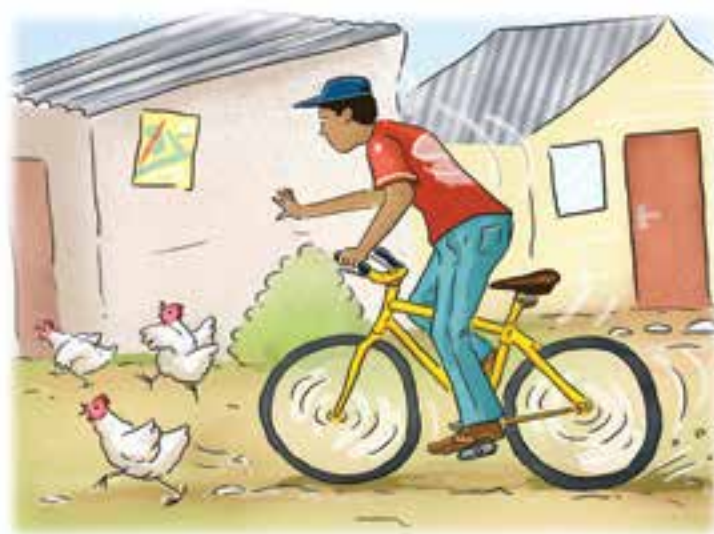
“Ag, nee!” sê Koketso toe sy terugkom met die water en sien dat die hoenders die hele werf vol hardloop. “Ag, nee, nee, nee! Stoute hoenders! Kom NOU DADELIK terug!”

Maar die hoenders hou aan hardloop – reg om die huis, met die kort paadjie af tot in die straat!

’n Man op ’n geel fiets ry verby.

“Help! Help!” skree Koketso. “Help my asseblief om Ouma se hoenders te vang!”

“Natuurlik sal ek jou help,” sê die man en jaag op sy fiets agter die hoenders aan terwyl hy sy klokke lui.



Terwyl Koketso agter hom aanhardloop, hardloop sy byna in Oom Koos se trollie vas.

“Help! Help!” sê Koketso hoesend en proesend. “Oom Koos, help my asseblief om Ouma se hoenders te vang!”

“Natuurlik sal ek jou help,” sê Oom Koos, en hy kry koers agter die hoenders en die man op die geel fiets aan. Sy klein hondjie hardloop blaffend agterna.

Terwyl Koketso agter Oom Koos in die straat af hardloop, sien sy haar maat, Dikeledi. Dikeledi oefen om toertjies op haar skaatsplank te doen.

“Help! Help, Dikeledi!” skree Koketso. “Help my asseblief om Ouma se hoenders te vang!”

“Natuurlik sal ek jou help,” sê Dikeledi terwyl sy agter die hoenders aan skaats.

Terwyl Koketso agter Dikeledi aanhardloop, dink sy aan al die verskriklike goed wat met die hoenders kan gebeur. Hulle kan raakgery word, of ’n hond kan hulle vang en opeet. Of hulle kan in die rivier val en verdrink. “Ag, nee, wat gaan Ouma sê?” hyg sy. Koketso voel lus om te huil.

“Kyk wat het ek!” sê ’n stem. Dit is die man op die geel fiets. Hy dra twee van die hoenders in ’n inkopiesak.

“Een, twee hoenders,” tel Koketso. “Baie dankie! Nou moet ek net die ander ook kry.”



Vervolg op bladsy 15

Just then Uncle Koos arrived with some of the chickens in an open cardboard box in his trolley. "Here you go, sweetheart!" he said, out of breath.

"One, two, three, four chickens," counted Koketso. "That means I have one, two chickens from the man on the yellow bicycle, and another one, two, three, four from Uncle Koos. Oh thank you, thank you! Now I just have to find the others."

Just then Dikeledi whizzed up on her skateboard. "Look what I've found, Koketso!" she said holding a chicken under her arm.

"That makes one, two, three, four chickens," said Koketso, "and another one, two, three chickens. Oh thank you, thank you, thank you! But there's still one chicken missing!"

Koketso's friends helped to put the chickens back into their coop. Then they helped her to look everywhere for the last chicken, but no one could find it.

When Granny got home from the clinic, Koketso made her some tea. "Sit down, Granny," said Koketso. "You must be very tired! Sit down and have a nice cup of tea and a biscuit!"

Granny looked at Koketso closely. "Is everything alright?" she asked. "You don't usually make me tea."

Koketso burst into tears. "Oh, Granny," she wailed. "Something terrible happened while you were out!" Then she told her granny the whole story. "And, and, and," she sobbed, "one of the chickens is still missing. And it's your favourite one – the one with the speckles."

"That is a shame, Koketso," Granny said sternly. "That one laid more eggs than any of the others. Well, I hope you've learnt to be more careful!"

"Oh, I have, Granny," sniffed Koketso. "I really have!"

Just then there was a squawking noise in the corner of the kitchen. When Granny and Koketso looked, they saw the missing chicken. She was sitting happily on top of a pile of clean washing in the washing basket!



Granny picked up the chicken and stroked its beak. "I'm glad to have you back," Granny said.

"And look, Granny," said Koketso pointing to the washing basket, "she's laid an egg!"

There, on top of the washing, was a big, brown, speckled egg!

"We'll have that for supper," said Granny handing the chicken to Koketso.

"Take this chicken back to the coop, please – and this time don't forget to shut the gate!"

Net toe kom Oom Koos daar aan met van die hoenders in 'n oop kartonboks in sy trollie. "Hierso, meisiekind!" sê hy uitasem.

"Een, twee, drie, vier hoenders," tel Koketso. "Dit beteken ek het een, twee hoenders by die man op die geel fiets gekry, en nog een, twee, drie, vier by Oom Koos. Ag, dankie, dankie! Nou moet ek net die ander opspoor."

Net toe kom Dikeledi op haar skaatsplank verbygerits. "Kyk wat het ek gekry, Koketso!" sê sy met 'n hoender onder haar arm.

"Dit maak een, twee, drie, vier hoenders," sê Koketso, "en nog een, twee, drie hoenders. Ag, dankie, dankie, dankie! Maar daar kort nog steeds een hoender!"

Koketso se vriende help haar om die hoenders in hulle hok terug te sit. Toe help hulle haar om oral na die laaste hoender te soek, maar niemand kan die hoender vind nie.

Toe Ouma van die kliniek af kom, maak Koketso vir haar 'n koppie tee. "Sit gerus, Ouma," sê Koketso. "Ouma is seker baie moeg! Sit 'n bietjie en geniet 'n lekker koppie tee en 'n koekie!"

Ouma kyk stip na Koketso. "Is alles reg?" vra sy. "Jy maak nie gewoonlik vir my tee nie."

Koketso bars in tranes uit. "Ag, Ouma," huil sy. "Iets vreesliks het gebeur terwyl jy weg was!" Toe vertel sy vir haar oma die hele storie. "En, en, en," snik sy, "een van die hoenders is nog steeds weg. En dis jou geliefkoosde een – die een met die spikkels."

"Dis 'n nargigheid, Koketso," sê Ouma streng. "Daardie hoender het meer eiers as enige van die ander gelê. Wel, ek hoop jy het nou geleer om versigtiger te wees!"

"O, ek het, Ouma," snuif Koketso. "Ek het regtig!"

Net toe is daar 'n kloekgeluid in die hoek van die kombuis. Toe Ouma en Koketso opkyk, sien hulle die hoender wat weg was. Sy sit heel tevrede op 'n stapel skoon wasgoed in die wasgoedmandjie!



Ouma tel die hoender op en streel oor haar snawel. "Ek is bly jy's terug," sê Ouma.

"En kyk, Ouma," sê Koketso en wys na die wasgoedmandjie, "sy't 'n eier gelê!"

Daar, bo-op die wasgoed, lê 'n groot, bruin, gespikkelde eier!

"Ons sal dit vir aandete eet," sê Ouma en gee die hoender vir Koketso aan.

"Neem hierdie hoender terug na die hok toe, asseblief – en onthou hierdie keer om die hek toe te maak!"

Nal'ibali fun

Do you enjoy reading and telling jokes? Draw pictures to go with the first five jokes and then try writing your own joke in the last box. Enjoy sharing these jokes with your family and friends.

Nal'ibali-pret

Geniet jy dit om grappe te lees en te vertel? Teken prente wat by die eerste vyf grappe pas en probeer dan jou eie grap in die laaste kassie skryf. Geniet dit om hierdie grappe met jou familie en vriende te deel



1.

Teacher: What sentence is said the most at school?

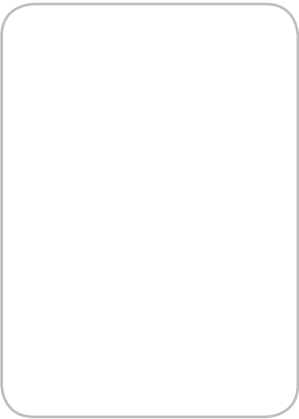
Child: I don't know.

Teacher: Correct!

Onderwyser: Watter sin word die meeste by die skool gebruik?

Kind: Ek weet nie.

Onderwyser: Korrek!



2.

Man: Doctor, Doctor, what did the x-ray of my head show?

Doctor: Absolutely nothing!

Man: Dokter, Dokter, wat wys die X-straal van my kop?

Dokter: Absoluut niks nie!



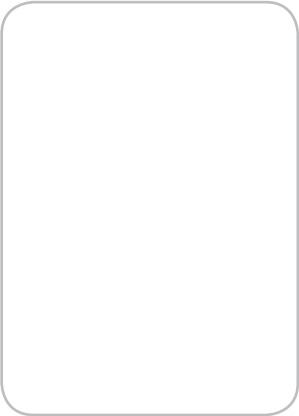
3.

Child 1: What has a green spotted body, twelve hairy legs and big eyes on stalks?

Child 2: I don't know, but there's one crawling up your leg!

Kind 1: Wat het 'n groen lyf met kolle, twaalf harige pote en groot oë op stelte?

Kind 2: Ek weet nie, maar een is besig om teen jou been op te kruip!



4.

Question: What did the monster eat after the dentist pulled his tooth out?

Answer: The dentist!

Vraag: Wat het die monster geëet nadat die tandarts sy tand getrek het?

Antwoord: Die tandarts!



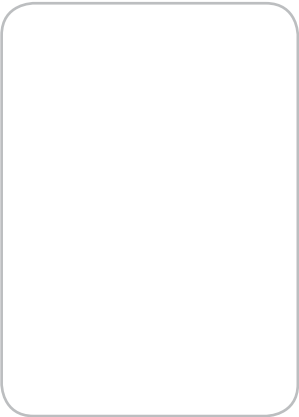
5.

Teacher: If there are twelve flies on a desk and I hit one with a ruler, how many are left?

Child: Only the squashed one!

Onderwyser: As daar twaalf vlieë op die tafel sit en ek slaan een met 'n liniaal, hoeveel bly oor?

Kind: Net die een wat platgeslaan is!



6.

Blank box for writing a joke, with horizontal lines for text.



Do you have questions about reading and writing with your children or about reading clubs? Send your questions to us through the Nal'ibali website - www.nalibali.org. Scroll down to "Ask the Expert" on the home page, click on the button, type in your question and then press "Submit". We'll ask someone from our team of literacy experts to send you a response.



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Het jy vrae oor lees en skryf saam met jou kinders of oor leesklubs? Stuur jou vrae aan ons op die Nal'ibali-webwerf - www.nalibali.org. Rol af tot by "Ask the Expert" op die tuisblad, klik op die sleutel, tik jou vraag in en druk dan "Submit". Ons sal een van ons span geletterdheidskenners vra om vir jou 'n antwoord te stuur.

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