



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.



E ba moanegi wa dikanegelo wa naletšana!

Go anega dikanegelo go ka ba le dipelo le boipshino ... gape ke tsela ye botse ya go hlaboša dikgopolo tša bana le ka fao ba dirišago polelo. Ge o gotše o na le batho ba bagolo bao ba bego ba go anegela dikangelo, gona o tla gopola lethabo la go sobelela ka gare ga kanegelo ya go anegwa gabotse! Fa ke dintlha tše hlano tša go o thuša gore o be moanegi wa mohuta woo.

- 1. Go thoma.** Ka mehla go bonolo go thoma ka se o se tsebago ge o thoma go anega kanegelo, ka fao thoma ka tšeo o di tsebago kudu. Tše e kaba dikagenelo tše ba go anegetšego ge o be o sa le yo monnyane goba tše o ipshinneo ka go di bala mengwageng ya go feta.
- 2. Nagana ka batheeletši ba gago.** Kgetha kanegelo yeo e tla kgahago batheeletši ba gago gomme e swanele mengwaga ya bona. Mohlala o ka se anegele bana ba mengwaga ye meraro kanegelo ya dipoko, efela baswa ba go tšwa mahlalagading ba ka ipshina ka yona! Bana ba bannyane ba rata dikanegelo tša go bolela ka bona le ka wena ge o be o sa le yo monnyane, kudu tša go segiša goba tša go bolela ka go seleka ga gago!
- 3. Penta seswantšho.** Thuša go hlama kwešišo ya makalo le diswantšho menaganong ya batheeletši ba gago ka go diriša:
 - ★ mantšu a go kgahliša a go ba le tlhagišo
 - ★ dipotšišo tša go laletša bana ba gago gore ba tšeye karolo, mohlala, "O nagana gore go diregile eng go ya pele?"
 - ★ ketšišo, mohlala, go leka go bontšha botelele bja mohlare goba bja lekgema
 - ★ ditlhagišo tša sefahlego, go swana le go myemyela o laetša ka fao moanegwa a thabilego ka gona
 - ★ tlhagišo ya lentšu la gago: o ka fa baanegwa ba go fapana mantšu a go fapana, bjalo ka lentšu la bolele, la go hlaba la legotlo le lentšu le legolo le lekima la lekgema
 - ★ lebelela batheeletši ka mahlong – o se be le dihlong, ba lebelele ka mahlong!
- 4. Itlwaetše.** Ge o anegela sehlopha sa bana kanegelo, itlwaetše e sa le nako. Lefelo la botse la go itlwaetša ke pele ga seipone. O tla kgona go bona ditlhagišo tša sefahlego sa gago, diketšišo le ge eba o dirišitše "di-uh" goba "di-ah" tše dintši!
- 5. Tše diswa gape tša go kgahliša.** Dira gore go anega dikanegelo go be bose ka go hwetša dikanegelo tše diswa tšeo o ka di anegago – lebelela ka dipukung goba mo inthaneteng. Fetolela o be o diriše dikanegelo tša go ba ka polelo e tee fela.

Hwetša dikeletšo tše dintši ka ga go anega dikanegelo tše di bosego www.nalibali.org.



Drive your
imagination

Story Power.
Anywhere. Anytime. Anyone.
Kae goba kae. Nako efe goba efe. Motho ofe goba ofe.

Nalibali
It starts with a story...

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 Sibiya, 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 ...

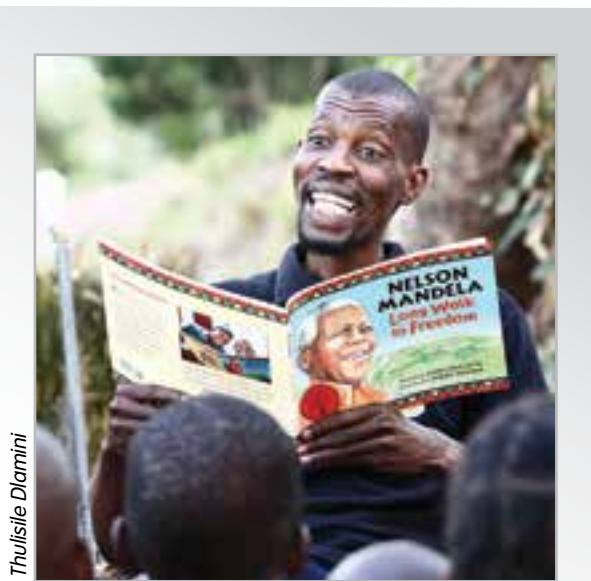
... dull, boring and with no history or lessons.

Books are ...

... friends and the world in your hands.

Find the Times Knowledge Learning Foundation on Facebook.

Hwetša Times Knowledge Learning Foundation go Facebook.



Melusi Sibiya



Dinaledi tša dikanegelo

Go phatlalatša lethabo

Times Knowledge Learning Foundation kua KwaZulu-Natal e šoma ka maatla go godiša go balela boipshino. Ka baetapele ba dihlopha ba 57, e fihlelela bana ba 478 kua Durban le ditikologo tša kgauswi – gomme ba fihleletše se go thoma ka Oktobere 2015! Re boletše le Melusi Christian Sibiya, yoo e lego mohwetši wa yona ebile e le CEO, ka ga lerato la gagwe la go bala.

Naa Times Knowledge Learning Foundation e dira eng?

Re fa bana sekgoba sa go lora gomme ra phela ditiro tša rena! Re godiša go bala le go ngwala baneng. Gabjale re na le dihlopha tša go bala kua Masepaleng wa EThekweni le kua Swayimane (Pietermaritzburg), efela leano la rena ke go fihlelela bana profenseng ka bophara – gomme ka morago, go latele Afrika Borwa ka bophara!

Ke ka lebaka la eng o dira se?

Go bonolo: re nyaka gore bana bohle ba be le lerato la go bala le la dipuku! Re nyaka go fetola bana go ba babadi ba bophelo ka moka!

Ke ka lebaka la eng dikanegelo le dipuku di le bohlokwa kudu?

Di bula menagano ya rena tša re dumelela go hlohlomiša lefase, le go le kwešiša bokaone.

Ke eng seo se tlo thušago go kaonafatša tsebo ya go bala le go ngwala Afrika Borwa?

Go tšea karolo. Batswadi ba swanetše go tšea karolo maphelong a bana ba bona. Le ditšhaba di swanetše go tšea karolo. Re swanetše go ba le boitshwaro bja gore "ngwana wa gago ke ngwana wa ka".

Ge nkabe o le Mopresidente, o be o tla dira eng go kaonafatša tsebo ya go bala le go ngwala?

Ke be ke tla neelana ka tšhelete go mekgatlo ya go hlabolla go bala le go ngwala ga bana. Ke be ke tlo kgonthiša gore sekolo se sengwe le se sengwe se na le bokgobapuku.

Dipuku tša bana di swanetše go ba ka dipolelo dife?

Re hloka dipuku ka dipolelo ka moka tša Afrika Borwa. Go lokile gore bana ba ithute polelo ya tlaletšo dikolong, efela ba swanetše go ithuta go ipshina ka go bala le go ngwala ka dipolelo tša bona tša ka gae.

Ke mang yo a bego a go anegela dikanegelo ge o be o sa le ngwana?

Koko wa ka – o be a dula a na le dikanegelo tša seZulu!

Naa o balela morwedi wa gago?

Ee, ke mmalela ka seZulu! O na le mengwaga ye 10 gomme ke mmalela ka mehla pele a eya malaong. Le yena ke lelolo la sehlopha sa ka sa go bala gomme le gona kwa sehlopheng o kwa dikanegelo gape!

Dikanegelo di go rutile eng?

Re swanetše go ratana, tšhošwane e ka fenya tau, gomme o tlo buna seo o se bjalo.

Ntle le dikanegelo bophelo bo tlo ba ...

... bodutu, bja tena gomme bja hloka histori le dithuto.

Dipuku ke ...

... bagwera, gape le lefase ka diatleng tša gago.

NAL'IBALI ON RADIO!

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

Thobela FM on Tuesday and Thursday at 2.50 p.m., on Saturday at 9.20 a.m. and on Sunday at 7.50 a.m.

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



SABC EDUCATION
Enriching minds. Enriching lives.

NAL'IBALI DIYALEMOYENG!

Ipshine ka go theeletša dikanegelo ka Sepedi le Seisemane lenaneong la seyaemoya la Nal'ibali:

Thobela FM ka Labobedi le Labone ka 2.50 p.m., ka Mokibelo ka 9.20 a.m. le ka Sontaga ka 7.50 a.m.

SAfm ka Mošupologo, Laboraro le Labohlano ka 1.50 p.m.



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

Kanegelo ya gago

Fa ke kanegelo ya bana ya go ngwalwa ke Thobeka Sinxo wa mengwaga ye masomepedi-tshela wa go tšwa Port Elizabeth kua Kapa Bohlabela. Thobeka ka mehla o tšea karolo go Jozi Book Fair le go Wordfest kua Grahamstown. Ke mongwadi wa go rata go ngwala wa go duma ge kanegelo ya gagwe e ka phatlalatšwa bjalo ka puku ya diswantšho.

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.

Masiy'eMbo. Masiy'eMbo, eMbo."

And off they went taking flight towards the east.

Ezintakeni

Ka Thobeka Sinxo

Kgale go be go na le nonyana ya maleatlana ya go fofa go putla noka ye kgolo, Thukela. E be e bitšwa N'goni e na le koša ya yona ya go bitšwa eMpumalanga (ge letšatši le hlabal).

E be e le eNtshonalanga (ge letšatši le sobela) ge e kopana le nonyana ya go ikgokgomoša, Mna Phikoko, wa go ikgantšha ka mafafa a mebalabala. Efela le ge Mna Phikoko a be a le botse, o be a duma mafafa a maso a N'goni.

E rile ge dinaledi le ngwedi di khuta ka morago ga maru, Mna Phikoko a swara N'goni a leka go mo nweletša ka gare ga noka ye kgolo, Thukela.

Phonkgo! Mna Phikoko a bona sefahlego sa gagwe botlase bja noka, "Ke befile mo? Ke botse mola?" Gomme N'goni ya fofela kgole!

Ka morago, N'goni o ile a hlakana le nonyana ya bohlale, Mna Flamingo, wa go kgona go ema ka leoto le tee sebaka se setelele. Mna Flamingo o be a duma go swarela sešupanako sa gagwe sa koša sa go robega nonyana, fao a rilego ge a bona N'goni, a se senye sebaka.

Hlabu! Mna Flamingo a leka go swara N'goni efela a swara moya fela. O redimogile a wa a ya tlase a letša sešupanako sa gagwe sa koša. N'goni a phologa.

Mna Peolane ile a opela ka tlhobogo go tšwa sehlageng sa go fifala kudu mo nageng. N'goni o kwele lentšu la gagwe efela ...

Sobee! O rile ge a mmona, a khuta ka sehlageng. N'goni o ile a fofela kgauswi le Mna Peolane, a leka go opela le yena. Efela maiteko a gagwe a dirile gore a sege kudu. Ge a be a tšwela pele go opela, Mna Peolane o be a sega, a le gare a etšwa fao a bego a khutle gona. Ke ka fao N'goni a hweditšego koša ya gagwe ka gona.

E rile ge letšatši le hlabal, dinonyana tše pedi tša opela:

"A re boeleng mathomong.

Masiy' eMbo. Masiy' eMbo, eMbo."

Di ile tša fofela thoko ya bohlabela.

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.

Le wena o ka re romela direto, dikanegelo le diswantšho! O ba le sebaka sa gore di phatlalatšwe ka tlaleletšong ya Nal'ibali, goba letlakaleng la Facebook la Nal'ibali. Gopola: e swanetše go ba mošomo wa go dirwa ke wena! Romela dingwalwa tša gago le diswantšho go: info@nalibali.org, goba PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wyecroft Road, 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



Naa ke wena moanegi wa kanegelo wa dinaledi?

Nal'ibali e itokišetša go thoma phadišano ya Story Bosso ya ngwaga ka ngwaga ka Setemere! Story Bosso ke monyetla wa batho ba bagolo le bana wa go abelana ka dikanegelo tšeo ba di ratago le go thuša go tsošološa histori ya Afrika Borwa ya go huma ya go anega dikanegelo.

Ka Setemere ye e tlogo, wena le Nal'ibali le tlo keteka lehumo la dikanegelo tša rena ka moka ga tšona – gomme la kgetha Story Bosso o tee! Go hwetša tše dintši, eya go www.nalibali.org.

Drive your imagination



Get creative!

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



E ba le boithamelolo!

Fa ke mešongwana ya boipshino ya go godiša boithamelolo bja bana ba gago le go ba hlohleletša gore ba be le boipshino ka go bala le go ngwala.

★ 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.



★ Kgweedi ya Agosetose ke Kgweedi ya Basadi mo Afrika Borwa, ka fao, ke nako ye botse ya go bala ka basadi ba bohlokwa ba mo nageng ya rena. Morago ga go bala puku ya ripa-o-boloke, *Mmogo re na le matla*, ngwala dilo tše hlano tše diswa tše o ithutilego tšona ka ga Albertina Sisulu. Ka morago o tla kgona go kwa ka ga bophelo bja gagwe ka moka ga biona goba ka ga bophelo bja mosadi yo mongwe, gomme o ngwale taodišophelo ye kopana.

DID YOU KNOW?

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

NAA O BE O TSEBA?

Kanegelophelo e bolela ka kanegelo ya bophelo bja gago. Taodišophelo ke kanegelo ye o e ngwalago ka ga bophelo bja motho yo mongwe.

★ 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.



★ Hwetša makuša a kgale gomme o a bofe go swana le ka fao bana ba dirilego ka gona ka pukung ya ripa-o-boloke, *Makuša a kgale, hle*. Gomme o ipshine le bagwera le bapale moraloko wa go fofa go tšwa kanegelong.

★ 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 ...".

★ Leka se morago ga go bala kanegelo ya Sekhutlwana sa Kanegelo, *Koketso o timetša dikgogo*. Nagana ka Koketso a ngwala ka gare ga pukutšatši ya gagwe mafelelong a letšatši. Ngwala ntlha ya pukutšatši ya letšatši le a timeditšego dikgogo ka lona. O ka thoma ka tsela ye: "Dumela Pukutšatši ...".

★ 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.



★ Letšatši la Anega Metlae ka di 16 Agosetose ke monyetla o mogolo wa go ba le nako ya go bala le go ipshina ka metlae. Go ba le mehutahuta ya metlae. Motlae e kaba kanegelo ye o e anegago, goba potšišo le karabo, fao karabo e bago le metlae. Ipshine ka go bala metlae letlakaleng la 16 gomme ka morago o leke go ngwala ya gago. Mo bekeng ya di 16 Agosetose, ka letšatši o botše batho ba babedi metlae gomme o be le nako ya go bala metlae ka pukung goba Inthaneteng.

★ 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!



★ O rata go tšea dinepe? Letšatši la Dinepe la Lefase le ka di 19 Agosetose, ka fao o reng o sa itšeye senepe goba wa tšea motho yo mongwe a bala lefelong leo le sa tlwaelegago? O ka re romela senepe sa gago go info@nalibali.org. Gopola go tšenywa leina la gago le la fao o dulago gona, gomme o lebelele senepe sa gago letlakaleng la Facebook la Nalibali – re tla posa tše dintši ka fao re ka kgonago!

★ 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.



★ Ge o rata theto, gona Letšatši la Bareti ka di 21 Agosetose ke letšatši la gago! Letšatši la Bareti ke segopotšo sa histori ye telele ya theto lefaseng. Le keteke ka go tšea pene o ngwale sereto ka ga selo goba motho wa bohlokwa go wena. Goba, hlama sereto ka go diriša mantšu ka ditsela tša go fapana go hlaloša selo se o bonago letšatši ka letšatši, bjalo ka teseke ya gago sekelelong goba mmila wo o dulago go wona. Gopola go kgetha mantšu a go re thuša go bona, go phophola, go dupa, go kwa tatso le/goba go kwa seo e lego "selo sa ka mehla" go wena.

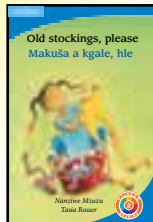
Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books

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.



Itlhameleng dipuku tša ripa-o-boloke tše PEDI

Makuša a kgale, hle

1. Niša letlakala la 9 la tlaleletšo ye.
2. Mena letlakala ka bogare go bapela le mothladi wa marontho a maso.
3. Le mene ka bogare gape go bapelale mothladi wa marontho a matalamorogo go dira puku.
4. Ripa go bapela le methaladi ya marontho a mahubedu go aroganya matlakala.

Mmogo re na le matla

1. Go dira puku ye diriša matlakala a 5, 6, 7, 8, 11 le 12.
2. Matlakala a 7 le 8 a be ka gare ga matlakala a mangwe.
3. Mena matlakala a pampiri ka bogare go bapela le mothladi wa marontho a maso.
4. A mene ka bogare gape go bapela le mothladi wa marontho a matalamorogo go dira puku.
5. Ripa go bapela le methaladi ya marontho a mahubedu go aroganya matlakala.



Drive your imagination

We believe every child should own a hundred books by the age of five.

Become a book-sponsor and help change the world.

Get involved at 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

Nal'ibali ke lesolo la go-balela-boipshino la bosetšhaba la go utulla bokgoni bja bana ka go anega dikanegelo le go bala. Go hwetša tshedimošo ka botlalo, etela www.nalibali.org goba www.nalibali.mobi

Drive your imagination

Together we're strong

The story of Albertina Sisulu

Mmogo re na le maatla

Kanegelo ya Albertina Sisulu

Liesl Jobson

Alice Toich

Nazli Jacobs

Soon enough there was a scholarship for Albertina! Matatzele 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.

Ka pelanyana Albertina a hwetša thuso ya tshelere ya dituto!

Matatzele e be e le kgole le Xolobe, e fela motse ka moka o ile wa ema. Mosetsana wa gabo bona o be a eya sekolong sa godimo. Ba ilo ikgantšha ka yena. Ba mo diretše molelwana o mogolo. Basadi ba ile ba titela bjala bja setso gomme ba gotša mello. Ba bolale dikgogo ba hudua dipoto tša nama. Albertina o ile a myemanela go fihlela sefahlego sa gagwe se eba bohloko.

She packed her brown suitcase and polished her shoes again. Before setting off on the bus to Matatzele, 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.

O ile a paka sutukheisi ya gagwe ye tsotho a pholeša le dieta gape. Pele a namela pase ya go ya Matatzele, o ile a laela Shishi. Albertina o ile a poratšha jase ya pere gomme a phaphatha boetse bjo bo sese. O ile a hebahabetša dipotišo ka tsebeng ya silica ya pere, "Ge nka timela? Ke dlo hwetša bagwera ba baswa? Ke dla tšwela pele go ba bohale ke le kgole le gae?" Shishi ya lla ya kiba mošito.

maoto a ya gae:
Morutši wa Albertina o ile a ngwalela kurantha ka ga sephetho sa go
se kgotsofatše. Buti Joe wa setešene sa baruti ba Khatholiki o ile a bala
kanegelo ka nako ya difihlole tša gagwe. O ile a bethiša lee la gagwe la
go bedišwa ka maatla kudu. O kgarammeditše kurantha go puda tafola go
Tate Bernard. Le yena ga se a rata diteng tša kanegelo yeo.

ya go ...”
Albertina a thibela selo.
“Se ga se a lokaj,” gwa goletša Betty, a tshela ka petelo. “Seo ga se a laetswa melaong!”
Albertina o tlo ya bjang sekolong sa godimo bjalet? O ile a goga

Ka morago go ile gwa fihla moofisi wa bohlokwa a biletsa bathuti ba babedi ba go hwetsa mepusto ya godimo sefaleng. “O somile Albertina ka go kgona dikarabo ka moka,” ecela o yo mogolo kudu go ka thopa sefoka se. “Inso ya tshelole ya ditluto e

all the way home.
Albertrina'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.

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

Albertaina tried not to cry.

"That's unfair," shouted Betty, hopping with fury. "That wasn't in the rules!"

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.

Ka marega a mangwe a go tonya kudu, batho ba bantši mo nageng ba be ba lwala. Marama a Ma Monikazi a ile a swa. Mmele wa gagwe o be o elela sethitho. O be a nyaka go fodiša phišo ka mabyang a go ba le aese mo tlase. Ka dikobong, o ile a swara mpa ya gawe, a opelela ngwana yo a lego ka gare ga gagwe, “E ba le maatla, ngwana. Marega ke a makopana. E ba bogale, ngwana. Mmogo re na le maatla!”

Mala a gagwe a be a lla ge ngwana a raga ka maatla a mo tsoša bošego. O jele nama ye e bego e šetše ka potong, o be a swerwe ke tšala kudu.

Bošego bjo bongwe bja seetša, ngwedi e be e le o
mogolwane, wa go nonanyana ebile e le o mopinki go
feta mehleng. O ile a hema ka lebelo. Ngwana o be a
le tseleng.

Matšatsi a sekolo a thomile gabotse pele lešatsi le hlaba. Basetsana ba hlapiile ka lebelo ka meetse a go tonya gomme ba swela bodulo pele ga Mas. Motepa wa maswi o be o sa ke o lekana; setshuu le sona se be se se bose go swana le sa Mmane morago ga. Efe! Albertina o ile a iihuta ka maatla. O be a bapala kgwele ya diatla go go fisa mosegare.



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 Alberta studied hard. She played netball on sunny afternoons.

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!”

Walter o ile a swarwa gomme gwa latela mengwaga ye mentši ya boima. O lahlelwa kgolegong ya Robben Island mengwaga ye masomepedi-tshela. Albertina le yena, o rometšwe kgolegong mengwaga ye mentši. Gantši o be a fšega. Gantši o be a bolawa ke bodutu.

Efela, le mašegong a leswiswi o be a bona seetša sa ngwedi ka lefasetere la phapoši ya gagwe kgolegong. O opetše koša ya go opelwa ke Ma Monikazi pele a belegwa, “E ba le maatla, ngwana. Marega ga se a matelele. E ba bogale, ngwana. Mmogo re na le maatla!”

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.” Ka maikhušo a dikolo Albertina o be a šoma setšiceng sa baruti. O ile a gohla go boro to ya go hlatswa ya lesenke. O bediše malakane ka gare ga dikolelo tša koporo, gomme a di phara segamodiny. O ile a lema le go hlogola tšahengwana ya sekolo. Efela Albertina o be a hlolosela ba lapa la gagwe. Ke mang yo a bego a anegela bana ba gabo dikanegele tša go segiša? Ke mang yo a bego a ba tsikiditla go fihlela ba sega? Albertina o be a rata bosetere bao ba bego ba mo ruta. A ka ba sesi yo mokgethwa? “Efela bosetere ga ba lefwe moputso,” a realo Tate Bernard. “Mogongwe o swaneše go ba mooki? O tlo hwetša moputso o sa le moithuti.”

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



Albertina o thekgile basadi ba bangwe ba beakanya mogwanto ba go ya Pretoria. Basadi ba be ba gana go swara pasa. Ba be ba opela, “*Wathint’ abafazi; wathint’ imbokodo!* Ge o betha mosadi; o betha leswika!”

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 o ile a ithuta go fihlela lekerese le felela. O ile a itwaeša mopeloto. O betlile diphensele a phadimiša dieta tša gagwe kudu. Mesong ya letšatši la phadišano, o fetile Shishi ka setaleng. Pere e be e lla e kiba mošito. Moleko o ile a wa thoma. Menwana ya Albertina ya thothomela. Dipalo di be di le bothata. Molomo wa gagwe o ile wa oma. Scata se ile sa kgomarela phensele a tšwela pele. “O šomile, Albertina!” a realo morutiši wa gagwe mafetšong.



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.



Bommane bao ba bego ba le ka phapošing ya pelegišo ba be ba tsikitla mokokotlo wa gagwe ba tutetša le meetse. Monikazi o rile ge a swara morwedi wa gagwe yo mobotse ka diatleng, a tseba gore ke mosetsana wa go kgethega, molwi. Tšhegofatšo ye kaakaal! O file morwedi wa gagwe leina la Nontsikelelo. E tla ba tšhegofatšo ya go feta ditšhegofatšo tšohle.

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."

Mmago Albertina o be a fela a lwala gomme a nyaka gore Albertina a hlokomela legae.

Ka mengwaga ya gagwe ya matlelo sekolong sa phoracmar, Albertina o be a feta bathuti bohle sekolong. O ile a kgethwa go ba moetsana gomme a apara petšhe ka boikgokgomošo.

Mogwera wa gagwe wa potego, Betty, o ile a mmoša ka phadišano a re, "O swanetše go dira kgopelo mogwera wa ka yo bohale."

"Go thopiwa eng?" gwa botšiša Albertina, a nyaka go tseba.

"Thušo ya tšhelete ya go ya sekolong sa godimo!" a realo Betty. "O swanetše go dira kgopelo. Ke dumela gore o tlo thopa sefoka."

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 e be e le yo mobotse a na le maatla le mahlo a dihlaka tše diso a mašošo. O be a rata buti wa gagwe, Mcengi. O be a dira gore a sege gomme sesego sa golela pele.

O thomile go rata goja nama pele a mela meno. Mmane wa gagwe wa mmamoratwa o be a phela a beela Ntsiki seripana sa nama ka poleiting ya gagwe.

Mcengi o ile a koba dikgogo tseo di bego di fata ka tšhengwaneng fao Ma Monikazi a bjetšego sepenetšhe le sekwaše sa go fepa lapa la gagwe. Ntsiki o be a kitima ka morago ga gagwe ge maoto a gagwe a tšilela.

Albertina o ile a namela setimela a ya Johannesburg. O rekile yunitomo ye tšhweu ya botse, dieta tše dinebi tše diswa le pene ye hubedu ya go phadima.

Batho ba go lwala ba tla bookelong letšatši lohle.

Albertina o be a hlwekiša dintso tša bona ka menwana ya tlhokomelo. O be a swara batšofadi ka bolata.

Ge masca a lla, o be a ba opelela, "E ba le maatla, ngwana. Marga ga se a matlele. E ba bogale, ngwana. Mmogo re na le maatla?"



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!"



“Ella o bapale le rena mo leroleng.”



“Come and play with us in the dust.”

“Re nyaka ona.”



“They are just what we need.”

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Old stockings, please Makuša a kgale, hle



Nanziwe Mzuzu
Tasia Rosser



“These are old and they have holes
in them. They are too big for you,”
said Mom.
“A ke makuša a kgale gomme a na le
mašoba. Ke a magolo kudu go lena,” a
realo Mma.



“Please can we have some old
stockings, Mom?”
“O ka re fa makuša a kgale, Mma?”

“A re ipshine mo letšatšing.”



“Let’s have some fun in the sun.”



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

“Fofa, fofela godimo le tlase.
Fofa, fofela ka gare le ka ntle.
Efla o bapale le rena.”

Mašego a mangwe Albertina o be a šoma go fihlela ka masa. O lebeletše ka lefescetere a gopola ba lapa la gabo. Bana ba be ba swerwe ke tšalar? Ba ile sekolong? Ke mang yo a bego a nametše Shishir? O ile a gopola sepepetšhe se setalamorogo. O be a gopola monkgo wa lefase. Ea go be go se na tšhengwana ya mrogo. Go be go se na lefelo la dipere. Albertina o be a sa ye meletdwaneng. O bolokile tšhetelele yohle. Ge a be a sa ye mošomong o be a ithuta go bapala thenese. *Wump! Phaa!* A betha kgwele go puša nte. O ba a duma go ba le tšhetešana ye mngwe gore a e romele gae, ka mchla.

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 Shishir? 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.

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.

Maphodisa a ile a tla gare ga mpa ya bošego gomme ba betha lelati. Albertina o ile a omanya banna bao ba sentšego ntlo ya gagwe.

“Le ba babe gakaakang,” a realo, “le tsenya leraga ka legaeng la ka!”

Mesong ke ge matšoba a Albertina a mmamoratwa a phuhlame ka tlase ga mehlala ya dieta tša bona. A gopola a koba dikgogo ka tšhengwaneng ya gagwe ya merogo kua Xolobe a nagana go bjala tšhengwana ya gagwe leswa. Lefase, o tsebile gore le tlo boela sekeng.

O thekgile monna wa gagwe wa go ba le diphiri tše dintši ebile a khutela le maphodisa.

Ntsiki o ile a ya sekolong ka ngwaga wa gagwe wa matswalo wa bosela.

“O swanetše go kgetha leina la Seisemane,” a realo morutiši, ešela Ntsiki o be a rata leina la gagwe.

“Ke ka lebaka la eng ke hloka leina le leswa?” a botšša. Morutiši ka pefelo a bala maina a hlaboša lentšu:

“Adah, Agnes, Albertina, Anna.”

A be a emetše go reng? Ntsiki o be a rata kudu leina le letetele. Al-ber-ti-nal Leina la go ba le morethetho. Al-ber-ti-nal Leina le na le motabogo. Albertina ke leina le o sa dirego phošo ka lona.



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.

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 o ile a ba le ngwana o mongwe wa mošemane, Velaphi, le o mongwe, Qudalele. Mafelelong, Ntsiki o ile a ba le moratho wa mosetsana, Nomyaleko. Ntsiki o be a phutha maleiri a hlatswa le diaparo tša lesea. O be a swiela ntlo a gotša le mollo. Ge moratho wa gagwe wa mošemane a lla o be a mo kuka a mo tsikiditla go fihlela a sega.

Ntsiki o rutila bobuti ba gagwe le bosesi ba gagwe go opela, “E ba le maatla, ngwana. Marega a fetile. E ba bogale, ngwana. Mmogo, re na le maatla!”

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.

E rile ge tatago Ntsiki, Bonilizwe, a boa gae ka Keresemose, go tšwa mepong, a inametsa mokokotlong wa Shishi o mophara. O ile go mo gahlametsa boemapase ka peretshadi. Ntsiki o ile a dula thwi ka boetelele bja gagwe. Dikhuru tša gagwe di be di tieletše. O be a swere maleisele ka menwana ye bolela.

Bonilizwe o ile a itumela ka morwedi wa gagwe. Ntsiki o bone myemelo ye a sa kago a e bona sefahlegong sa tatagwe.

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."



Qingqiwe, rakgolo wa gagwe, o ruile dipere. O be a rata Shishi, peretshadi ye ntsho ya go phadima. Ntsiki o rile go gola, a mo kuka a mmea saleng pele ga gagwe. Matsogo a gagwe a go tia a mo dikologa. O ile a tsenya maleisele menwaneng ya gagwe.

O ile a mo ruta go bolediša Shishi ka bolela le go e hlwekiša ka poraše ya bothata. Ge Ntsiki a be a kgwatha jase ya go phadima ya Shishi, o be a hebahebetša, "O sebopiwa sa botse kudukudu. Ke leboga ge o ntumeletše go namela mokokotlong wa gago."

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 e be e le monna wa bogale gape yo bohale wa go lora ka tokologo ya Afrika Borwa. Myemelo ya gagwe ye kgolo ya tala leihlong la Albertina. Ba sepetše mmogo mebileng ya ka toropong. Letsogo la gagwe la bolela le le legedeng la gagwe. Walter o be a nyaka gore Albertina e be mmago bana ba gagwe.

Ka letšatši la lenyalo la bona, dirpone tša go taga di kgaibisiše Lefelo la tša Leago la Bantu Men. Roko ya Albertina ya matsogo a matelele e be e na le mosela wa manyokenyotake wa go dirwa ka leisi. Letšatši la bona la go kgethega le ile la šegofatšwa ke bagwera ba bona ba bantši.



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 o ile a bjala matsoba ka tšhengwaneng ya gagwe ya nnyane.

Max o ile a belegwa ngwageng woo. Albertina ya ba mma. Ka letšatši le lengwe batho ba ile go mmitša mmago setšhaba.

Max o be a na le mahlo a go swana le a mmae a dihlaka tše diso le seledu sa tatagwe sa nkgokolo. E be e le yena kholofelo ya bokamoso. Albertina o be a nyaka go lwela Afrika Borwa ye mpsha, gore Max a lokologe.

Ge a be a lla, o be a opela, "E ba le maatla, ngwana. Marega ga se a matelele. E ba bogale, ngwana. Mmogo re na le maatla!"

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 o timetša dikgogo

Ka Patricia de Villiers ★ Moswantšhi ke Vian Oelofsen

Sekhuti-
wana
sa kanegelo

Mesong ye mengwe le ye mengwe Koketso o thuša Koko go fepa dikgogo ka hokong ye e lego ka jarateng ya bona.

“Kip, kip, kip,” Koko o bitša dikgogo gomme di tlo kitimela legoreng. “Kip, kip, kip,” ba realo. “Paak, paak, paaaak!” Gomme ge Koko le Koketso ba ithekga ka legora la tlase gore ba gaše peu, dikgogo di a kgarametšana, tša phaphatha maphego, tša fofafofa, di leka go fofana gore ye nngwe le ye nngwe e fihle dijong pele.

Koketso o be a dula a balela dikgogo. “Ke dikgogo tše tee, pedi, tharo, nne,” a realo, “le ye nngwe ye tee, pedi, tharo, nne. Di gona ka moka, Koko!”



Mesong ye mengwe Koketso o rile ge a tsoga a bona koko wa gagwe a apere jase ye botse kudu le lephephe.

“Lehono ke swanetše go thuša Mtšana Solomon kua kliniking,” Koko a hlaloša, “ka fao, ga ke na nako ya go fepa dikgogo. Naa o tla di fepa, Koketso? O tseba se o swanetšego go se dira.”

Koko o ile a tšea mokotla wa gagwe a bula lebatlala ka pele. Morago a retologela go Koketso a re, “Bjale, o se lebale go fa dikgogo meetse, gomme se o se ratago, O SE di ntšhe ka hokong!”

“Aowa, Koko,” a realo Koketso, “ke tseba SEO!”

“Ke holofela bjalo,” a realo Koko. “O hlokomele, hle! Ke tla go bona ka morago. Šala gabotse, Koketso.”

Koko wa gagwe o rile go tšwa, Koketso a dula fase a ja dijo tša go fihlola. “Ke swerwe ke tlala kudu,” a ipotša bjalo. “Dikgogo tšela di swanela go emanyana!”

Koketso o ile a ja bogobe bja go tlala sekotlalo se segolo a nwa le galase ya maswi. Morago a dula setupung sa ka pele gomme a ja apola.

“Dumela!” a realo go Malome Koos yo a bego a feta ka teroli ya gagwe ya mabenkeleng le mpšanyana ya gagwe.

“Dumela, Mme!” a realo a emišetša Mtšana Zihlangu yo a bego a putla tseleng seatla.

“Etlala o bapale le nna, Pinky,” a bitša motswala wa gagwe, yo a bego a etšwa ka lebenkeleng la mo sekhutlwane, a swere lofo ya borotho.

“Tshwarelo hle, nka se kgone, ke na le mešomo ye ke swanetšego go e dira,” Pinky a fetola. “Wena ga o na mošomo?”

Gateetee, Koketso a gopola gore ga se a fepa dikgogo. “Ijoo,” a realo, “dikgogo tša batho, tša go swarwa ke tlala!”

Ka nnete, dikgogo di be di lla ka hokong. Koketso o ile a bula keiti ya tlase ka tlhokomelo ye kgolo. “Kip, kip, kip,” a realo. “Le ntshwareleng, dikgogo, dijo tša lena ke tše.” Gomme a gaša dipeu mo fase.

“Ke dikgogo tše tee, pedi, tharo nne,” a balela, “le ye yengwe ye tee, pedi, tharo, nne.”

O ile a lemoga gore sekotlalo sa meetse a dikgogo se omile gomme a sepediša a ya go kga meetse ka moralleng – efela a lebala go tswalela keiti ge a etšwa!

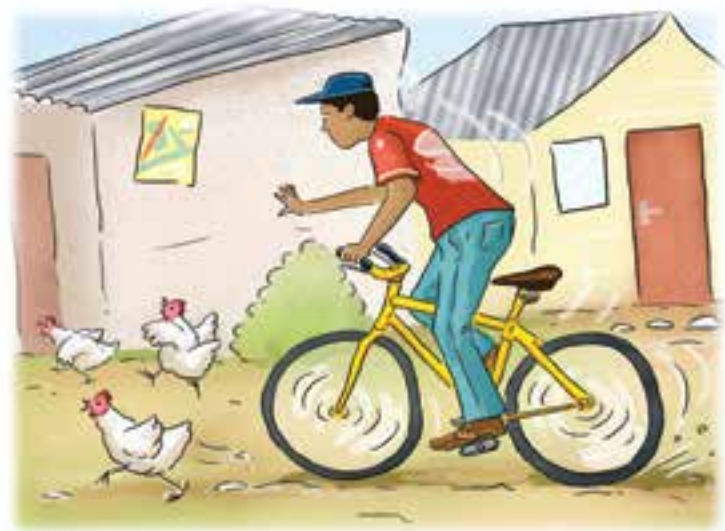
“Aowaowa!” a realo Koketso ge a boa le meetse a bona dikgogo di kitima gohle ka jarateng. “Aowaowa, aowa, aowa! Dikgogo tše di be! Boang gona BJALO!”

Efela dikgogo tša tšwela pele ka go kitima – go ya ka thoko ga ntlo, tselaneng ye kopana, tša ya mmileng!

Go ile gwa tšwela monna a reila paesekele ye serolane.

“Thuša! Thuša!” a realo Koketso. “Nthuše go swara dikgogo tša Koko hle!”

“Ke tla go thuša,” monna a realo, gomme a di kitimiša ka paesekele, a tšama a letša pele ya gagwe.



E rile ge Koketso a kitima ka morago ga gagwe, a nyaka go thula teroli ya Malome Koos.

“Thuša! Thuša!” a realo Koketso a hemelana ebile a fegelwa. “Malome Koos, nthuše go swara dikgogo tša Koko hle!”

“Ke tla go thuša,” a realo Malome Koos, a kitimiša dikgogo le monna wa paesekele ye serolwane. Mpšanyana ya gagwe e ile ya mo šala morago, e goba kudu.

E rile ge Koketso a kitima mo tseleng ka morago ga Malome Koos, a bona mogwera wa gagwe, Dikeledi. Dikeledi o be a itlwaetša makatika ka sekeitiboto sa gagwe.

“Thuša! Thuša, Dikeledi!” a realo Koketso. “Nthuše go swara dikgogo tša Koko hle!”

“Ke tla go thuša,” a realo Dikeledi a šetše dikgogo morago.

E rile ge Koketso a kitima ka morago ga Dikeledi a nagana ka dilo tše dimpe ka moka tšeo di ka hlalago dikgogo. Di ka gatwa goba tša jewa ke dimpša. Goba di ka wela ka nokeng tša nwelela. “Aowaowa, Koko o tla reng?” a fegelwa. Koketso o be a nyaka go lla.

“Bona gore ke swere eng!” lentšu la realo. E be e le monna wa paesekele ye serolane. O be a swere dikgogo tše pedi ka mokotleng wa go ya mabenkeleng.

“Ke dikgogo tše tee, pedi,” Koketso a balela. “Ijoo, ke a leboga! Bjale ke swanetše go hwetša tše dingwe.”

★ E tšwela pele letlakaleng la 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!"

Ka nako yeo Malome Koos a fihla le tše dingwe dikgogo ka gare ga lepokisi la khatepote la go bulega a le tsentshe ka teroling ya gagwe. "Ke tše, moratiwa!" a realo, a felelwa ke moya.

"Ke dikgogo tše tee, pedi, tharo nne," Koketso a balela. "Go ra gore ke na le dikgogo tše tee, pedi go tšwa go monna wa paesekele, le tše dingwe tše tee, pedi, tharo, nne go tšwa go Malome Koos. Ijoo, ke a leboga, ke a leboga! Bjale, ke swanetše go hwetša tše dingwe."

Ka nako yeo Dikeledi a tšwelela ka sekeitipoto sa gagwe. "Lebelela gore ke hweditše eng, Koketso!" a realo a swere kgogo ka lehwapeng.

"Ke dikgogo tše tee, pedi, tharo, nne," a realo Koketso, "le dikgogo tše dingwe tše tee, pedi, tharo. Ijoo, ke a leboga, ke a leboga, ke a leboga! Efela go sa timeletše kgogo e tee!"

Bagwera ba Koketso ba ile ba mo thuša go bušetša dikgogo ka hokong. Ka morago ba mo thuša go lebelela kgogo ye nngwe gohle, efela ga se ba e hwetša.

E rile ge Koko a boa kliniking, Koketso a mo direla teye. "Dula fase, Koko," a realo Koketso. "O swanetše go ba o lapile kudu! Dula fase o nwe teye ya bose ka pisikiti!"

Koko a tsitsinkela Koketso. "Naa tšohle di sepela gabotse?" a botšiša. "Ga o ke o ntirela teye."

Koketso o ile a lla. "Aowa, Koko," a hlaba mokgoši. "Go diregile se sengwe se sebe ge o sepetše!" A anegela Koko wa gagwe ditaba ka moka. "Gomme, gomme, gomme," a se kgitla sello, "kgogo ye nngwe ga e gona. Gomme ke ye o e ratago kudu – ya go ba le marontho."

"Tšeo di ješa dihlong, Koketso," Granny a realo a tlišitše. "E be e bea mae a mantši go di feta ka moka. Efela, ke dumela o ithutile go ba le tlhokomelo ye ntši!"

"Ee, ke ithutile, Koko," a sekhumula Koketso. "Ke ithutile ka nnete!"

Ka nakao yeo gwa kwagala sello sa kgogo khoneng ya morale. E rile ge Koko le Koketso ba lebelela, ba bona kgogo ye e bego e timeletše. E be e dutše e thabile godimo ga mokgobo wa diaparo tša go hlatswiwa ka gare ga manki wa go swara diaparo!



Koko o ile a swara kgogo a e kgwatha molomo. "Ke a thaba ge o boile," a realo Koko.

"Lebelela, Koko," a realo Koketso a šupa manki wa diaparo, "e beile lee!"

Go be go na le lee la marontho le letsotho, le legolo, mo godimo ga diaparo!

"Re tla lalala ka lona," Koko a realo a efa Koketso kgogo. "Bušetša kgogo ye ka hokong, hle – gomme gabjale o se lebele go tswalela keiti!"

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.

Boipshino bja Nal'ibali

O rata go bala le go bolela metlae? Thala seswantšho sa go sepela le metlae ye mehlano ya mathomo gomme o leke go ngwala motlae wa gago ka lepokising la mafelelo. Ipshine ka go abelana metlae le ba lapa la geno le bagwera.

1.

Teacher: What sentence is said the most at school?

Child: I don't know.

Teacher: Correct!

Morutiši: Ke lefoko lefe leo le bolelwago gantši sekolong?

Ngwana: Ga ke tsebe.

Morutiši: O nepile!

2.

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

Doctor: Absolutely nothing!

Monna: Ngaka, ngaka, naa x-ray ya hlogo ya ka e bontšhitše eng?

Ngaka: Ga go na selo!

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!

Ngwana 1: Ke eng ya go ba le mmele o mo talamorogo wa marontho, maoto a boya a lesomepedi le mahlo a magolo manakeng?

Ngwana 2: Ga ke tsebe, efela e tee e gagaba leotong la gago!

4.

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

Answer: The dentist!

Potšišo: Naa ntatauwane e jele eng morago ga gore ngaka ya meno e ntšhe leino la yona?

Karabo: Ngaka ya meno!

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!

Morutiši: Ge go na le dintši tše lesomepedi tesekeng gomme ka betha e tee ka rula, go šetše tše kae?

Ngwana: Ya go bethwa fela!

6.

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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Naa o na le dipotšišo ka ga go bala le go ngwala le bana ba gago goba ka ga dihlopha tša go bala? Re romele dipotšišo tša gago weposaeteng ya Nal'ibali - www.nalibali.org. Eya fase go "Ask the Expert" letlakaleng la gae, tobetša konopi, tlanya potšišo ya gago gomme o kgotle "Submit". Re tla kgopela yo mongwe wa bao ba lego sehlopheng sa rena sa ditsebi tša tsebo ya go bala le go ngwala gore a go romele karabo.

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