



Stories of Africa

By Gcina Mhlophe

My grandmother was the first person to tell me stories. She encouraged my imagination to run wild, and I really believed in those laughing crocodiles and flying tortoises that she told me about. I loved her tales about the scary *amaZimzim* – the man-eating ogres – and many more fantastic creatures. Because of the way my grandmother told those stories to me, I learnt at a very young age to love language and to understand its power. But sometimes, when I have to express myself in English, which is the language I now use most often, I find that some things are not possible to say. Then I get frustrated and catch myself wishing that everyone spoke my mother tongue. Yet that never stops me from continuing to tell the wonderful stories of my people and share their imaginative richness with others.

Many of the stories I tell are taken from well-known traditional tales that the people of Africa have been telling to each other since the world began. Some of these stories from my childhood I have found in stories told and written in many other parts of the world. This is proof to me of the way in which people have always tried to make sense of life's mysteries and used stories to explain them to each other.

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

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

Let's keep passing on the magic of Africa!



This article is adapted from the "Author's note" of *Stories of Africa* by Gcina Mhlophe, and published by University of KwaZulu-Natal Press.

Stories uit Afrika

Deur Gcina Mhlophe

My ouma was die eerste persoon wat vir my stories vertel het. Sy het my verbeeldingsvlugte aangemoedig, en ek het regtig geglo in die laggende krokodille en vlieënde skilpaaie waarvan sy my vertel het. Ek was lief vir haar stories van die skrikwekkende *amaZimzim* – die mensvretende monsters – en ander fantastiese skepsels. Die manier waarop my ouma die stories aan my vertel het, het my reeds op 'n baie vroeë ouderdom 'n liefde vir taal asook 'n begrip vir die krag daarvan geleer. So dikwels, wanneer ek myself in Engels moet uitdruk, die taal wat ek deesdae die meeste gebruik, vind ek dit onmoontlik om sekere dinge te sê, om die krag van die vertelling te behou. Dit frustreer my en dan wens ek dat almal my moedertaal kon praat. Tog keer dit my nie om die wonderlike stories wat ek by my mense gehoor het te vertel en die rykdom van hul verbeelding met ander te deel nie.

Baie van die stories wat ek vertel, kom uit welbekende tradisionele verhale wat die mense van Afrika van die begin van die wêreld aan mekaar vertel het. Sommige van hierdie stories uit my kinderdae kom uit stories wat in baie ander dele van die wêreld vertel en geskryf is. Dit is vir my 'n bewys van die wyse waarop mense nog altyd stories gebruik het om sin te probeer maak van die wêreld se geheimenisse.

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

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

So kom ons deel die betowering van Afrika!



Hierdie artikel is aangepas uit die "Skrywersopmerking" van *Stories uit Afrika* deur Gcina Mhlophe, uitgegee deur die University of KwaZulu-Natal Press.



Drive your
imagination

Story Power.
Bring it home.
Bring dit huis toe.



The Nal'ibali bookshelf

Nal'ibali-boekrak

Africa Day is celebrated each year on 25 April. It is the day on which we celebrate the start of the Organisation of African Unity (OAU) in 1963, as well as the freedom fought for by African countries. Here are a few of the latest children's books that celebrate Africa, published by some South African publishers.

Afrika-dag word elke jaar op 25 April gevier. Dit is die dag waarop ons die totstandkoming van die Organisasie vir Afrika-Eenheid in 1963 vier, asook die vryheid waarvoor baie Afrika-lande geveg het. Hier is 'n paar van die jongste kinderboeke wat Afrika vier, en wat deur Suid-Afrikaanse uitgewers uitgegee is.

The African Orchestra

Author: Wendy Hartmann
Illustrator: Joan Rankin
Publisher: Jacana

With magical illustrations from Joan Rankin, and poetry from masterful storyteller, Wendy Hartmann, the rhyme lyrically captures the magic of the African sounds of nature. From the clicking of crickets to the crackle of the fire, follow the journey that celebrates these sounds, in the rhythm and music of Africa. *The African Orchestra* is also available in Afrikaans, isiXhosa and isiZulu.



Die Musiek van Afrika

Skrywer: Wendy Hartmann
Illustreerder: Joan Rankin
Uitgewer: Jacana

Met betowerende illustrasies deur Joan Rankin, en poësie van meesterstorieverteller, Wendy Hartmann, vang die rym die betowering van die Afrika-klanke van die natuur lities vas. Van die gekriek van die krieke tot die geknetter van die vuur, volg die reis wat hierdie klanke vier in die ritme en musiek van Afrika. *Die Musiek van Afrika* is ook in Engels, isiXhosa en isiZulu beskikbaar.

To stand a chance of winning a copy of *The African Orchestra* send your name, address and the title of the book in the language you would like it in to info@nalibali.org.

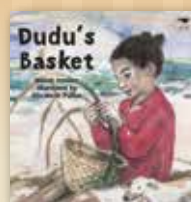


Om 'n kans te staan om 'n eksemplaar van *Die Musiek van Afrika* te wen, stuur jou naam, adres en die titel van die boek in die taal van jou keuse aan info@nalibali.org.

Dudu's Basket

Author: Dianne Stewart
Illustrator: Elizabeth Pulles
Publisher: Jacana

When Dudu finishes weaving her first basket, by the light of the plump full moon, her uncle Jojo tells her that a first basket should always be given away ... This is the story of Dudu's basket and its journey through a number of cultures. It is also available in Afrikaans, isiXhosa and isiZulu.



Dudu se Mandjie

Skrywer: Dianne Stewart
Illustreerder: Elizabeth Pulles
Uitgewer: Jacana

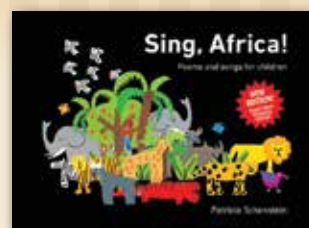
Wanneer Dudu haar eerste mandjie in die lig van die ronde volmaan klaar geweef het, sê haar oom Jojo vir haar dat 'n eerste mandjie altyd weggegee moet word ... Hierdie is die storie van Dudu se mandjie, en die mandjie se reis deur 'n aantal kulture. Dit is ook in Engels, isiXhosa en isiZulu beskikbaar.



Sing, Africa!

Author: Patricia Schonstein
Publisher: African Sun Press

This is a vibrant and magical collection of poems and songs based on themes of Africa, animals, peace and nature. It contains hand-action and counting rhymes and has a strong focus on ecology to stimulate in children a joyful awareness of the world around them. The drawings inside were done by children.



Sing, Africa!

Skrywer: Patricia Schonstein
Uitgewer: African Sun Press

Hierdie is 'n lewendige en betowerende versameling gedigte en liedjies met Afrika, diere, vrede en die natuur as temas. Dit bevat telrympies en rympies wat met handbewegings gepaardgaan, en het 'n sterk ekologiese fokus om sodoende 'n vreugdevolle bewustheid van die wêreld om hulle by kinders te kweek. Kinders het die prente in die boek geteken.

To stand a chance of winning a copy of *Sing, Africa!* send your name, address and the title of the book to info@nalibali.org.

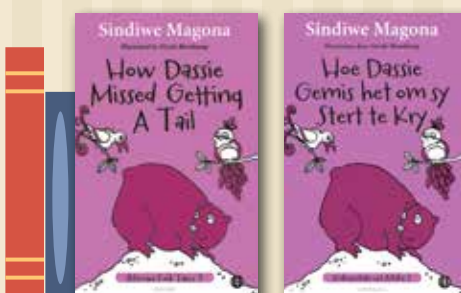


Om 'n kans te staan om 'n eksemplaar van *Sing, Africa!* te wen, stuur jou naam, adres en die titel van die boek aan info@nalibali.org.

How Dassie Missed Getting a Tail

Author: Sindiwe Magona
Illustrator: Nicole Blomkamp
Publisher: David Philip

All was well in the big, big forest. The king of the animals was very happy; his subjects were happy and they served him very well indeed. They served him so well that the king asked himself what he could do to make his people happier still. But one of the animals misses out on this opportunity. This story is available in all eleven official languages.



Hoe Dassie Gemis het om sy Stert te Kry

Skrywer: Sindiwe Magona
Illustreerder: Nicole Blomkamp
Uitgewer: David Philip

Alles is rustig in die yslike groot woud. Die koning van die diere is baie gelukkig; sy onderdane is baie gelukkig en hulle dien hom baie goed. Hulle dien hom so goed dat die koning homself afra wat hy kan doen om sy mense nog gelukkiger te maak. Maar een van die diere loop hierdie geleentheid mis. Hierdie storie is in al elf amptelike tale beskikbaar.

Maggie, Mango and Scottie

Author: Patricia Schonstein
Illustrator: Leigh Banks
Publisher: African Sun Press

Maggie, the Victorian doll, is tired of sitting all day in the toy shop window. When the shopkeeper isn't looking, she creeps out with her friends, Mango and Scottie. They catch a taxi into deepest Africa, where they have a wonderful adventure. "Earth Notes" at the end of the story give short descriptions of the animals, birds and insects that Maggie and her friends encounter on their adventure.



Maggie, Mango and Scottie

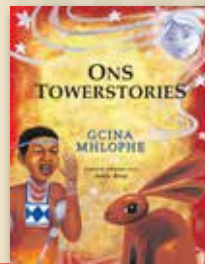
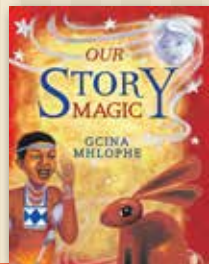
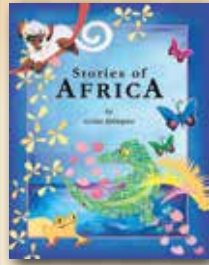
Skrywer: Patricia Schonstein
Illustreerder: Leigh Banks
Uitgewer: African Sun Press

Maggie, die Victoriaanse pop, is moeg om heeldag in die speelgoedwinkel se venster te sit. Wanneer die winkelier nie kyk nie, sluip sy saam met haar vriende, Mango en Scottie, uit. Hulle haal 'n taxi na die hart van Afrika, waar hulle 'n wonderlike avontuur beleef. "Earth Notes" aan die einde van die storie gee kort beskrywings van die diere, voëls en insekte wat Maggie en haar vriende op hulle avontuur teëkom.

Stories of Africa and Our Story Magic

Author: Gcina Mhlophe
Illustrators: Various
Publisher: University of KwaZulu-Natal Press

Stories of Africa and *Our Story Magic* are collections of enchanting tales, steeped in the richness of the African oral tradition. Each book features well-known and original stories told by South Africa's renowned storyteller, Gcina Mhlophe. The stories are beautifully illustrated by a variety of local artists. Although these books have been available for some time in English, they are now also available in all eleven official languages.



Stories uit Afrika en Ons Towerstories

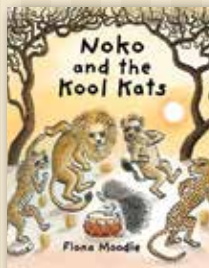
Skrywer: Gcina Mhlophe
Illustreerders: Verskeie
Uitgewer: University of KwaZulu-Natal Press

Stories uit Afrika en *Ons Towerstories* is versamelings betowerende verhale wat in die rykheid van die mondelinge verteltradisie van Afrika gewortel is. Elke boek bevat bekende en oorspronklike stories wat deur Suid-Afrika se bekroonde storieverteller, Gcina Mhlophe, vertel is. Die stories is pragtig geïllustreer deur verskeie plaaslike kunstenaars. Hoewel die boeke reeds 'n geruime tyd in Engels beskikbaar is, is hulle nou ook in al elf amptelike tale beskikbaar.

Noko and the Kool Kats

Author: Fiona Moodie
Illustrator: Fiona Moodie
Publisher: Tafelberg

It is the end of a long, hot day. The village friends had been in the fields planting mielies, and are now on their way home. But there is a big surprise waiting for them. There, on the road near the village, a great big bus is stuck in the sand. It is the Kool Kats rock band's bus!



Noko en die Koel Katte

Skrywer: Fiona Moodie
Illustreerder: Fiona Moodie
Uitgewer: Tafelberg

Dit was 'n lang, warm dag. Die vriende het heeldag lank mielies geplant en is nou op pad huis toe. Maar op pad wag daar 'n groot verrassing op hulle. Op die pad naby die dorpie staan daar 'n yslike groot bus wat in die sandpad vasgeval het. Dit is die Koel Katte se bus!

Today, We Plant a Chief

Author: Sindiwe Magona
Illustrator: Nicole Blomkamp
Publisher: David Philip

Nyaniso hates Sunday School. He knows all the Bible stories that the Sunday School teacher tells them. He heard those stories long before he was old enough to go to Sunday School – from his grandmother. Nyaniso used to like going to Sunday School, but that was before Lunga arrived ... This story is available in all eleven official languages.



Vandag, Plant ons 'n Hoofman

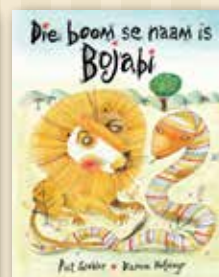
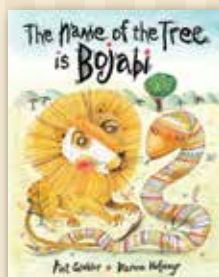
Skrywer: Sindiwe Magona
Illustreerder: Nicole Blomkamp
Uitgewer: David Philip

Nyaniso haat Sondagskool. Hy ken al die Bybelstories wat die Sondagskool-onderwyser hulle vertel. Hy het daardie stories gehoor lank voordat hy oud genoeg was om Sondagskool toe te gaan – by sy ouma. Nyaniso het daarvan gehou om Sondagskool toe te gaan, maar dit was voor Lunga gekom het ... Hierdie storie is in al elf amptelike tale beskikbaar.

The Name of the Tree is Bojabi

Author: Dianne Hofmeyr
Illustrator: Piet Grobler
Publisher: Human & Rousseau

The animals are so, so hungry. Then they see a beautiful tree, covered in ripe fruit smelling of the sweetest mangoes, fat as melons, juicy as pomegranates ... But wrapped around the tree is the largest python they have ever seen. And Python will only let the animals eat of the fruit if they can tell him the name of the tree. What could it be? Only the King of the Jungle knows, and he is far, far away ...



Die Naam van die Boom is Bojabi

Skrywer: Dianne Hofmeyr
Illustreerder: Piet Grobler
Uitgewer: Human & Rousseau

Die diere is verskriklik honger. Dan sien hulle 'n pragtige boom, oortrek met ryp vrugte wat ruik na die soetste veselperske, vet soos 'n spanspek, sappig soos 'n granaat ... Maar styf opgekrul om die boom is die grootste luislang wat hulle nog ooit gesien het. En die luislang sal die diere net van die vrugte laat eet as hulle hom kan sê wat die naam van die boom is. Wat kan dit wees? Net die Koning van die Oerwoud weet, en hy is baie, baie ver weg ...

Get creative!

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

- ✿ After you've read *Kasanko's dream*, talk about some of these things with your children.
 - ☉ How did Kasanko, King Dabulamanzi and Senzo each behave in good ways in the story?
 - ☉ Who do you think the real hero of the story is? Why?
 - ☉ Who of all the characters would you want as a friend? Why?
- ✿ Can you retell the story *I will help you* in your own way? Begin with, "Once upon a time there was a mother heron ..." and then let everyone have a turn to add a piece of the story. Add your own interesting details and words to the story as you retell it.
- ✿ Suggest that your children use scrap materials, Plasticine or playdough, glue and paint to recreate the glass mountain, magic dassie and the purple flowers he was sitting on from *The glass mountain*. Encourage them to think of ways to make the mountain look as if it is made of glass.
- ✿ 25 May is Africa Day and 1 June is International Children's Day. Celebrate these days together by encouraging your children to make their own "Children of Africa" poster (like the one on page 13) with their friends. They will need a large sheet of paper or cardboard, smaller pieces of paper or photographs, glue, scissors, kokis and/or pencil crayons. Let them start by finding photographs of themselves or drawing pictures of themselves on small pieces of paper. Next, they should arrange the photographs or pictures on a large sheet of paper so that there is space to write under or next to each photograph/picture. After they have pasted down the pictures or photographs, let them take turns writing a few interesting facts about each other.
- ✿ We are all Africans and together our memories create the story of Africa! Make your own memory cards to capture your stories. You will need pieces of cardboard that are about the size of a quarter of an A4 page, sheets of paper the same size, pencil crayons or crayons, scissors and glue. Start by spending some quiet time in which you each think of a memory that is special and important to you. Now think about six to eight moments in that memory that will help you tell the story of that memory. Draw a picture on a sheet of paper for each of these moments. Paste the pictures on the cardboard to create memory cards. Let everyone have a turn to show their memory cards one at a time as they tell the story of their memory.
- ✿ Together with your children, have fun with poetry puzzles. Cut out words from magazines or newspapers, or write down some of your favourite words (including ones you have made up!) on slips of paper. Lay them out in front of you and then arrange some or all of the words in different combinations to create as many different poems as you can!

Wees kreatief!

Hier volg prettige aktiwiteite om jou kinders se kreatiwiteit te stimuleer en hulle aan te moedig om pret te hê met lees en skryf.

- ✿ Nadat jy *Kasanko se droom* gelees het, praat oor sommige van die volgende dinge met jou kinders.
 - ☉ Hoe het Kasanko, Koning Dabulamanzi en Senzo elkeen op goeie maniere in die storie opgetree?
 - ☉ Wie dink jy is die werklike held van die storie? Waarom?
 - ☉ Wie van al die karakters sal jy as 'n vriend wil hê? Waarom?
- ✿ Kan jy die storie, *Ek sal jou help*, op jou eie manier oorvertel? Begin met: "Lank, lank gelede was daar 'n mamma reier ..." en laat almal dan 'n beurt kry om 'n stukkies van die storie by te voeg. Voeg jou eie interessante besonderhede en woorde by die storie terwyl jy dit oorvertel.
- ✿ Stel voor dat jou kinders afvalmateriaal, Plasticine of speeldeeg, gom en verf gebruik om die glasberg, towerdassie en die pers blomme waarop die dassie gesit het in die storie, *Die glasberg*, te maak. Moedig hulle aan om aan maniere te dink om die berg te laat lyk asof dit van glas gemaak is.
- ✿ 25 Mei is Afrika-dag en 1 Junie is Internasionale Kinderdag. Vier hierdie twee dae saam deur jou kinders aan te moedig om hulle eie plakkaat van "Kinders van Afrika" (soos die een op bladsy 13) saam met hulle maats te maak. Hulle sal 'n groot vel papier of karton, kleiner stukkies papier of foto's, gom, skêre, viltpenne en/of potloodkryte nodig hê. Laat hulle begin deur foto's van hulself te vind of prente van hulself op klein stukkies papier te teken. Daarna moet hulle die foto's of prente op 'n groot vel papier rangskik sodat daar plek is om onder of langs elke foto/prent te skryf. Nadat hulle die prente of foto's vasgeplak het, kan hulle beurte maak om 'n paar interessante feite oor mekaar te skryf.
- ✿ Ons is almal Afrikane en saam skep ons herinneringe die storie van Afrika! Maak jou eie herinneringskaarte om jou stories vas te vang. Jy sal stukke karton nodig hê wat omtrent so groot is soos 'n kwart van 'n A4- bladsy, velle papier van dieselfde grootte, potloodkryte of vetkryte, skêre en gom. Begin deur stil te raak en elkeen aan 'n herinnering te dink wat vir jou spesiaal en belangrik is. Dink nou aan ses tot agt oomblikke in daardie herinnering wat jou sal help om die storie van daardie herinnering te vertel. Teken 'n prent op 'n vel papier vir elkeen van hierdie oomblikke. Plak die prente op die karton vas om herinneringskaarte te maak. Laat almal 'n kans kry om hul herinneringskaarte een-een te wys terwyl hulle die storie van hul herinnering vertel.
- ✿ Geniet dit om poësielegkaarte saam met jou kinders te doen. Knip woorde uit tydskrifte en koerante uit, of skryf van jou gunstelingwoorde (ook dié wat jy opgemaak het!) op stukkies papier neer. Lê dit voor jou neer en rangskik dan sommige of al die woorde in verskillende kombinasies om soveel verskillende gedigte moontlik te skep!

NAL'IBALI ON RADIO!

Tune in to your favourite SABC radio station and enjoy listening to children's stories! To find out the days and times that Nal'ibali is on the radio, go to www.nalibali.org/audio-downloads/.

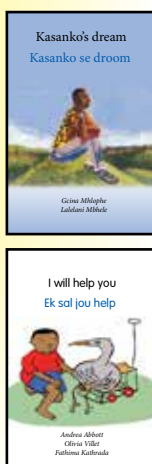


NAL'IBALI OP DIE RADIO!

Skakel in op jou gunstelingradiostasie op SABC en geniet dit om na kinderstories te luister. Om uit te vind op watter dae en tye Nal'ibali op die radio is, gaan na www.nalibali.org/audio-downloads/.

Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books

1. Take out pages 5 to 12 of this supplement.
2. The sheet with pages 5, 6, 11 and 12 on it makes up one book. The sheet with pages 7, 8, 9 and 10 on it makes up the other book.
3. Use each of the sheets to make a book. Follow the instructions below to make each book.
 - a) Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.
 - b) Fold it in half again along the green dotted line.
 - c) Cut along the red dotted lines.



Maak TWEE knip-uit-en-bêreboekies!

1. Haal bladsye 5 tot 12 van hierdie bylae uit.
2. Die vel met bladsye 5, 6, 11 en 12 daarop, maak een boek. Die vel met bladsye 7, 8, 9 en 10 daarop, maak die ander boek.
3. Gebruik elk van die velle om 'n boek te maak. Volg die instruksies hieronder om elke boek te maak.
 - a) Vou die vel in die helfte op die swart stippellyn.
 - b) Vou dit weer in die helfte op die groen stippellyn.
 - c) Knip uit op die rooi stippellyne.



Drive your imagination

Kasanko het nog altyd van Senzo gehou. Hy nooi hom om by
hom te kom sit. Maar gou begin hy oor sy moeilikhede praat. Senzo
luister aandagtig en dink dan fronsend 'n hele rukkie na. Toe sê hy:
"Kasanko, as ek jy was, is dit wat ek vir die Koning sal sê. Ek sal sê
dat ek sekere dinge nodig het om dié lewendige ysternens te maak.
Om die gewrigte te laat beweeg en die tong te laat praat – soek
jy 50 sakke menshare. Om die hart te laat klop en die brein te laat
dink – 100 liter mens-trane."

Kasanko kan skaars sy blydskap wegsteek. Wat 'n fantastiese
oplossing! Troef een lawwe idee met 'n ander! Hy skud Senzo se hand,
gee hom 'n druk en 'n soen, en bedank hom oor en oor. "Ag, jy in jou
mallerigheid is die slimste van ons almal. Jy het sopas my lewe gered!
Dankie, Senzo my vriend. Dankie."

Haastig gaan Kasanko huis toe, trek vinnig ander klere aan en
maak hom reg om die Koning by die Groot Paleis te gaan sien. Vir die
eerste keer in dae glimlag hy en is selfs lus vir die kos wat sy
vrou voorsit.

Die Koning verwelkom hom by die Paleis en gaan sit om te hoor
hoe hy vorder met die skepping van sy lewendige man. Kasanko maak
sy keel skoon en sê: "My respektabele Koning, ek werk dag en nag
daaraan om vir u 'n lewendige persoon uit yster te skep. Ek is byna
klaar, maar om dit te voltooi benodig ek twee dinge van u."

"Wat dit ook al is, sê net en ek sal sorg dat jy dit dadelik kry!" roep
Koning Dabulamanz, buite homself van opgewondenheid.

"Wat ek benodig is nie eenvoudig nie," waarsku Kasanko. "Maar
sonder hierdie dinge kan ek nie die ysterman lewendig maak nie. Om
die gewrigte te laat beweeg en die tong te laat praat, benodig ek
50 sakke menshare."

"Ag dis maklik, baie maklik," roep die Koning uit. "En wat nog,
Kasanko, praat gerus."



Kasanko had always liked Senzo. He called the man over to come
and sit beside him. Soon, he found himself pouring out all his troubles.
Senzo listened quietly to his story, and sat frowning in thought for a
long while. Then he said, "If I were you, Kasanko, this is what I would
say to the King. I would tell him that in order to complete your task and
make a living iron man, there are certain things you need. To make the
joints move and the tongue speak – 50 bags of human hair. To make the
heart beat and the mind think – 100 litres of human tears."

Kasanko couldn't contain his joy. What a brilliant solution! Match
one crazy idea with another! He shook Senzo's hand, hugged him,
kissed him and thanked him over and over again. "Oh you in your madness are
the smartest of us all. You have just saved my life! Thank you, Senzo, my friend.
Thank you."

Kasanko rushed off home, quickly changed his clothes and got ready to go to
the Great Palace to see the King. For the first time in days there was a smile on his
face, and he even had an appetite for the food his wife had prepared for him.

At the Palace, the King welcomed him and sat down to hear what progress
had been made on the creation of his living man. Kasanko cleared his throat and
said, "My respected King, I have been working day and night to make you your
living iron person. I am nearly there, but to finish the job, I need two things
from you."

"Whatever they are, tell me and I will make sure you get them immediately!"
cried King Dabulamanz, beside himself with excitement.

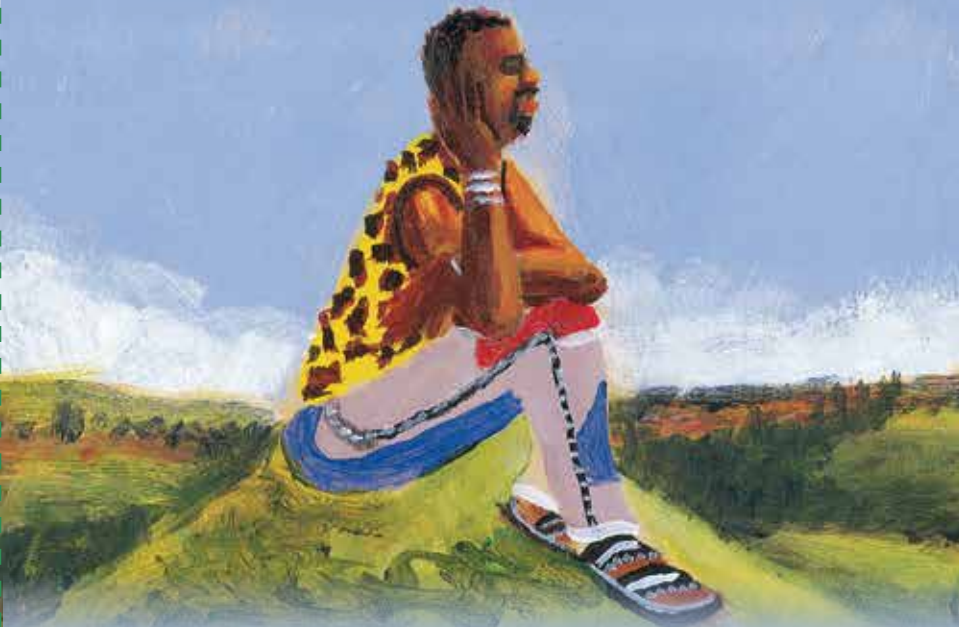
"What I require is not simple," cautioned Kasanko. "But without these things,
I cannot bring this iron man to life. To make the joints move and the tongue speak,
I need 50 bags of human hair."

"Easy, easy," cried the King. "What else do you need, Kasanko, speak freely!"
"To make the heart beat and the mind think, I need 100 litres of human tears."
The King's smile faded. He called his servants and told them what Kasanko
needed. He ordered them to shave the heads of as many people as was necessary
to fill 50 bags with hair. The servants were puzzled, but they went to obey the
King's orders.

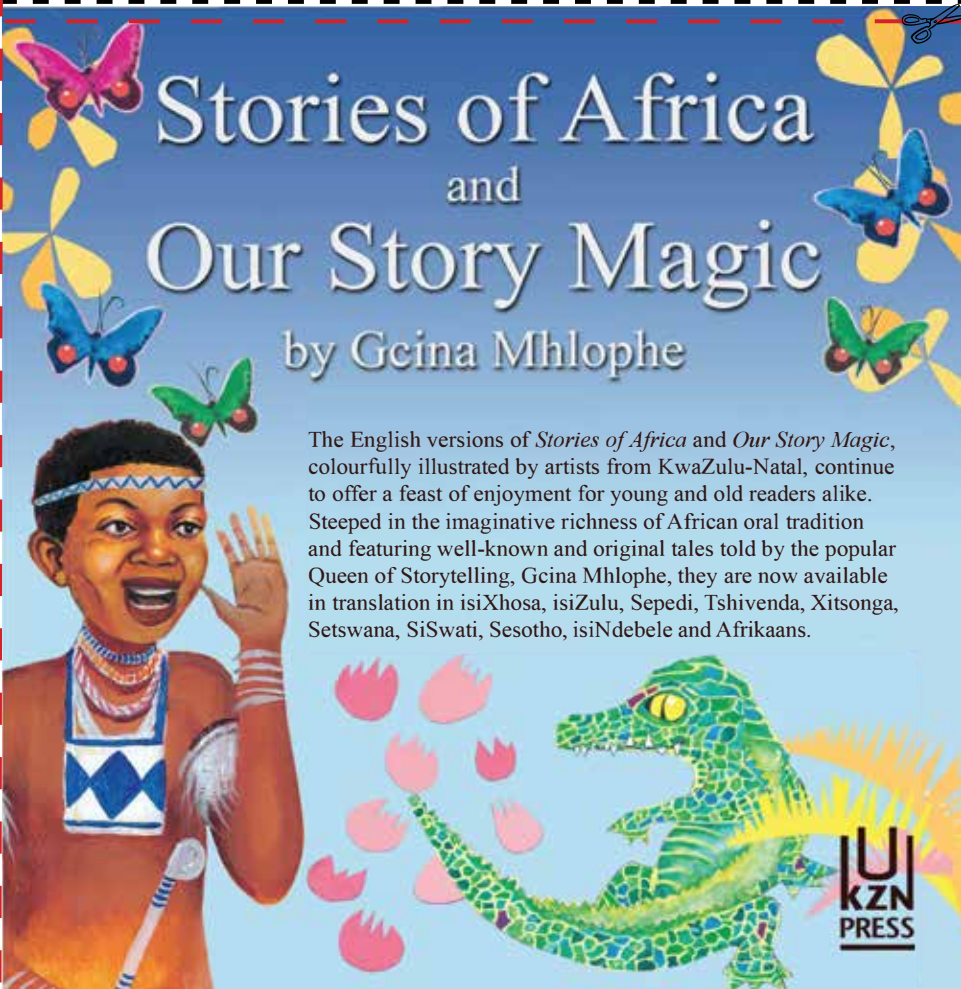


Kasanko's dream

Kasanko se droom



Gcina Mhlophe
Lalelani Mbhele



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“Kalmteer, Baba, moenie jou so ontstel nie,” pleit sy vrou. “Hoe verag die Koning dat jy hierdie onmoontlike ding moet doen?”

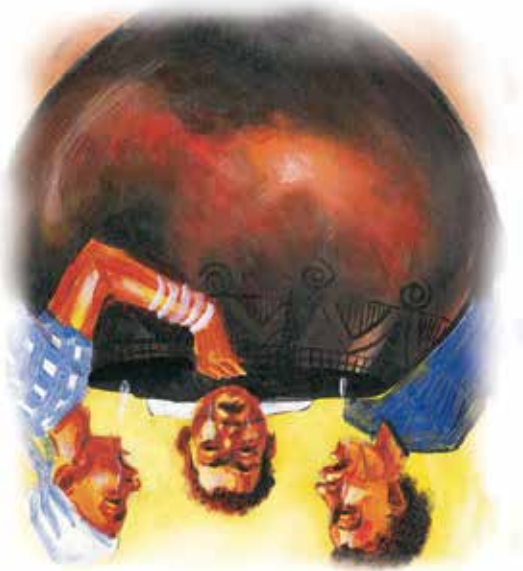
“Sien jy al die ysterrommel daarbuite? Wel, dit is vir die Iyf. Hoe hy verag dat ek die res moet byvoeg, het hy nie gesê nie. Maar ek weet net dat as ek misluk, is ek ’n dooie man.”

Kasanko is woedend vir die arrogante Koning, maar hy hou sy woede vir homself, terwyl hy probeer uitwerk wat om te doen. Dae gaan verby, maar sy skerp verbeelding kom hierdie keer nie tot sy redding nie. Sy vrou is vreeslik bekommerd oor hom.

Op ’n dag stap Kasanko in die berge. Bo-op ’n heuwel gaan sit hy om te rus. Hy is dankbaar vir die koel briesie op sy warm gesig, terwyl hy aan ’n oplossing vir sy dilemma probeer dink. Skielik kom iemand met die paadjie langs aangestap. Die man se naam is Senzo. Die dorpsmense noem hom eintlik “mal Senzo” omdat hy met homself praat, kliphard vir niks lag en soms vreemde dinge aanvang. Maar omdat hy nooit iemand skade doen nie, los die mense hom uit. Hulle sê dat hy jou soms kan laat lag wanneer jy hartseer voel.

Once there lived a man called Kasanko, who was a very well-liked and respected ironmonger. He made all sorts of wonderful things out of iron – tools and special metal boxes, unusual bracelets, necklaces and rings. Most of all, he enjoyed making things that others could not make. Kasanko took great pride in his work and everything he made was so special to him that he sometimes found it hard to part with his things. His work was always in demand and he was often asked to make special items for the King.

Whenever King Dabulamanzi called him to the Great Palace, Kasanko was never sure what to expect. The King often got bored and sometimes, just to amuse himself, he would ask people to do the most impossible things for him. When they failed, he chased them out of his Kingdom. So far, Kasanko had escaped this fate. He was one man the King really respected, so people said.



“You can go home now, Kasanko. The bags of hair will be delivered to your house in the next few days and the 100 litres of tears will soon follow.”

And so the King made his promise. But Kasanko could see that Dabulamanzi was not as excited as before. Kasanko said goodbye and left. A few days later, the 50 bags of hair arrived on Kasanko’s doorstep. The King’s soldiers had gone from village to village shaving everybody – men, women and children – on the King’s orders.

Then the news spread all over the kingdom that the King needed 100 litres of tears to help make a living iron man. Big clay pots were brought for people to cry into. As commanded, everyone walked around looking very sad. Some people managed to cry as instructed, but others just could not cry on command.

So the King ordered his soldiers to beat the people up and make them cry. Yes, thousands of people were reduced to tears by the painful beatings. This soon had them fighting back. Even the soldiers hated the stupidity of what they were being ordered to do. In the end, it did not help very much anyway, because it was almost impossible to collect the tears. People wiped their tears away from habit. Or the hot African sun dried the tears on their cheeks as fast as they flowed.

En sy woord was sy eer. Kasanko se dorp het mettertyd bekend geword vir die voortreflike handewerk wat daar gemaak is. Mense het hul kinders van heinde en verre na Kasanko se skool gestuur om die vaardighede van weef, houtsneewerk, pottebakkerie en ystermee te leer. Kasanko was baie trots op sy skool en op die prestasies van sy talentvolle leerlinge. Onthou julle “mal” Senzo? Hy het een van Kasanko se beste vriende geword. Van toe af het hy bekendgestaan as Senzo die Wyse, en is hy deur almal met baie meer respek hanteer.

Wat Koning Dabulamanzi aanbetref – hy het geleer om sy onderdane te respekteer. Hy het opgehou om mense onmoontlike take op te lê en het een van die gewildste konings van alle tye geword.



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



Op pad winkel toe stop hy om met sy
maats in die rivier te speel.

On the way, he stops to play with his
friends in the river.



The next day, Gogo sends Lungile
to the shop to buy bread.

Die volgende dag stuur Gogo vir
Lungile winkel toe om te gaan
brood koop.

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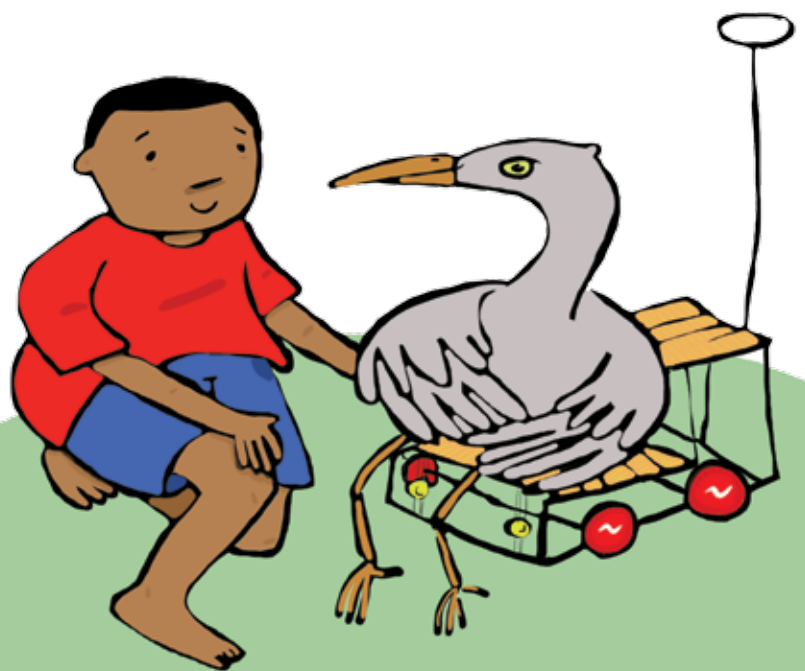
It starts with a story...

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Drive your
imagination

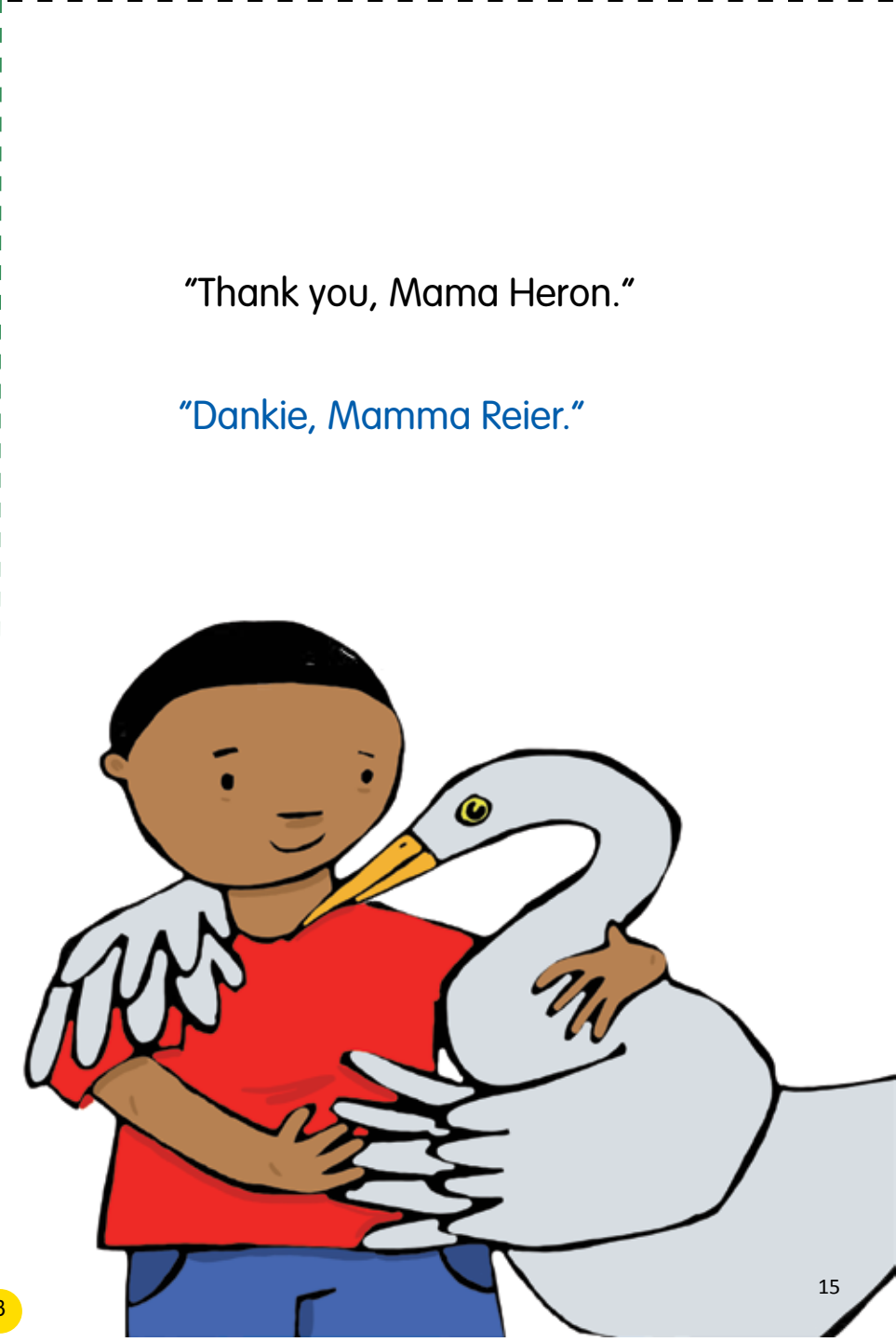
I will help you
Ek sal jou help



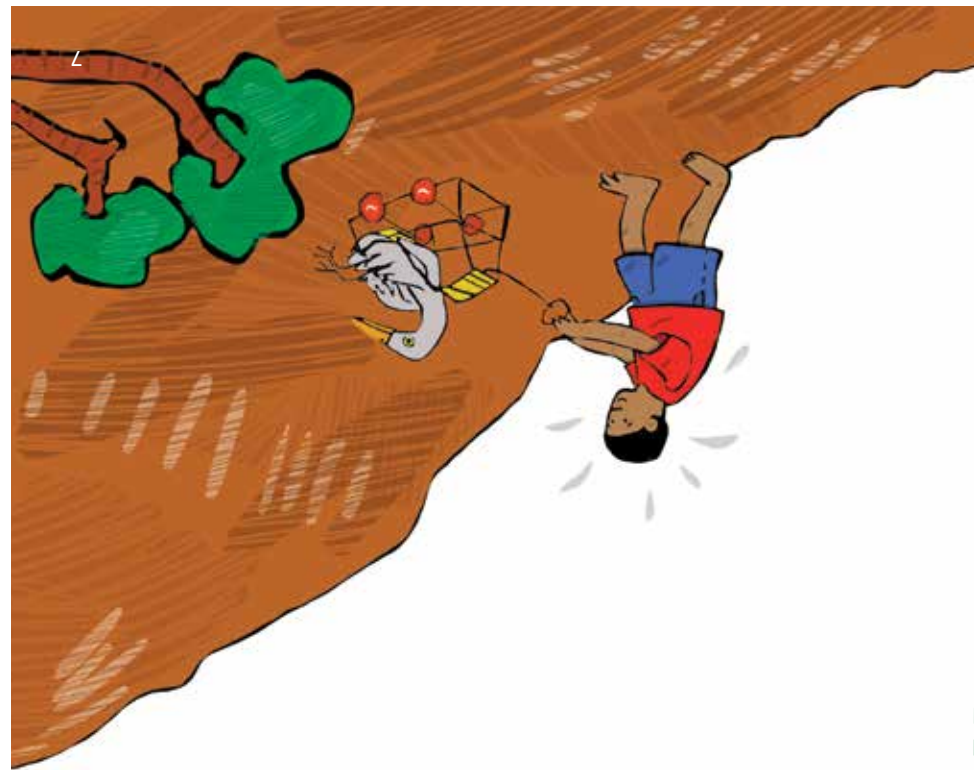
Andrea Abbott
Olivia Villet
Fathima Kathrada



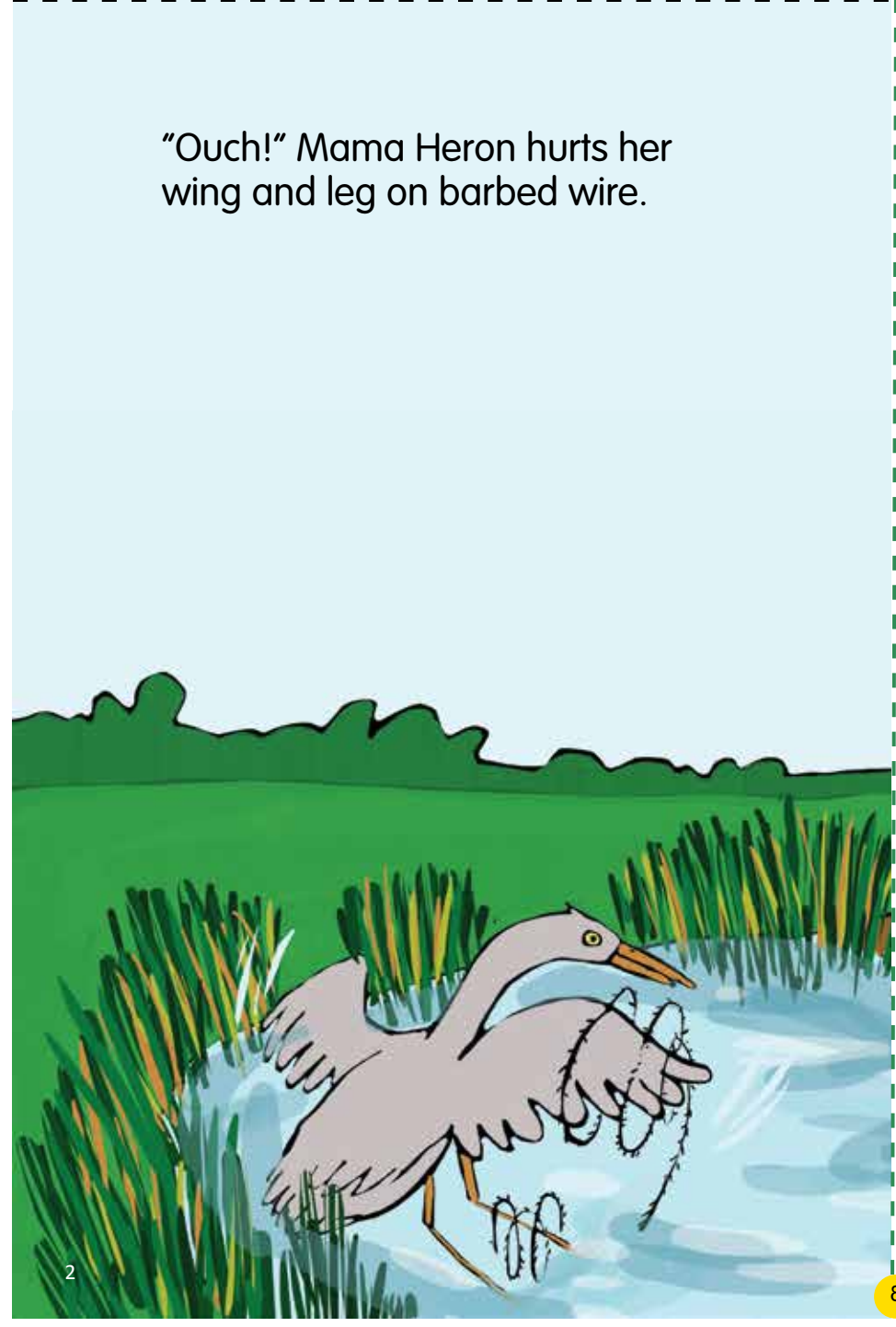
Eishi! The money is gone.
Eishi! Die geld is weg.



"Thank you, Mama Heron."
 "Dankie, Mamma Reier."



"I will help you," says Lungile.
 "Thank you, Lungile!"
 "Ek sal jou help," se Lungile.
 "Dankie, Lungile!"



"Ouch!" Mama Heron hurts her wing and leg on barbed wire.

“Moenie huis toe kom voor jy daardie geld gekry het nie!” raas Gogo.

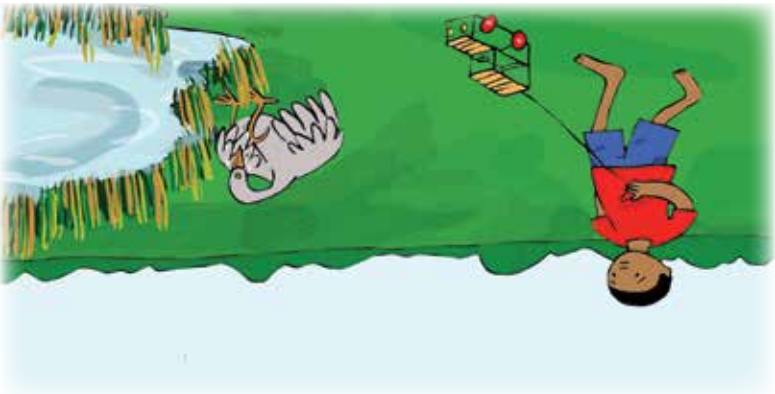


“Don’t come home until you find that money!” shouts Gogo.



Mamma Reier se skerp oë sien die muntstukke in die water blink.

“Hoekom hui jy, Mamma Reier?” vra Lungile.
“Ek kan nie huis toe gaan na my kinders toe nie,” sê sy.



“Why are you crying, Mama Heron?” asks Lungile.
“I can’t get home to my children,” she says.

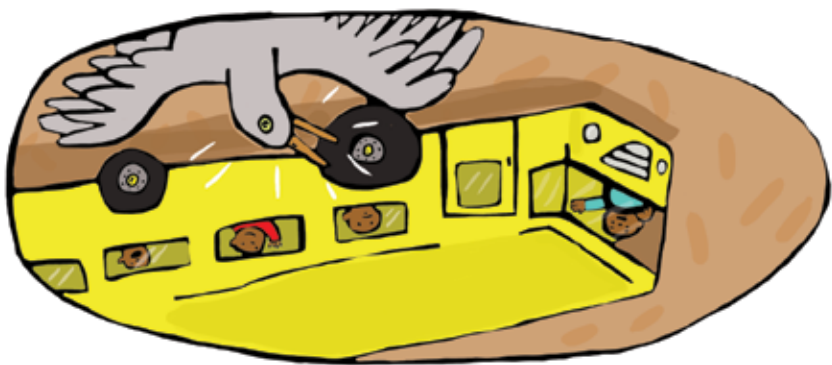
“Eina!” Die doringdraad maak Mamma Reier se vlerk en poot baie seer.





“Help my, asseblief.”

“Please help me.”



“Hoekom huil jy, Lungile?”
vra Mama Reier.

“Why are you crying, Lungile?”
asks Mama Heron.

“I am hurt. I can’t get home to my children,” she says.

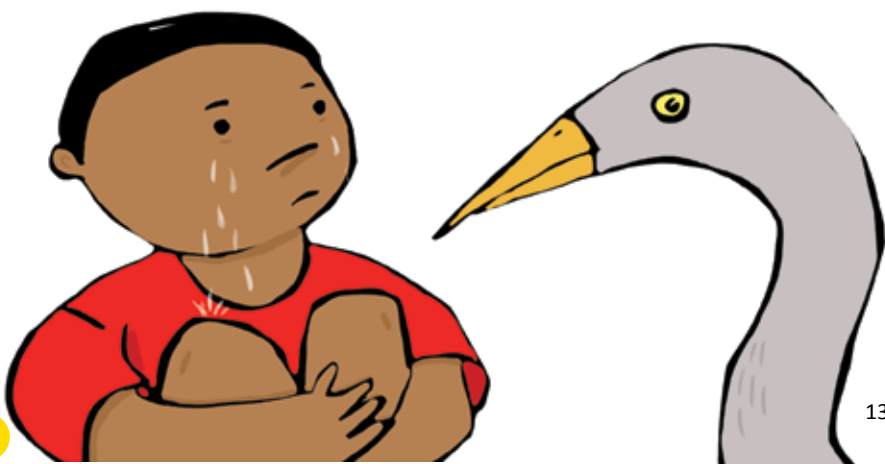
“Ek het seergekry. Ek kan nie huis toe gaan na my kinders toe nie,” sê sy.

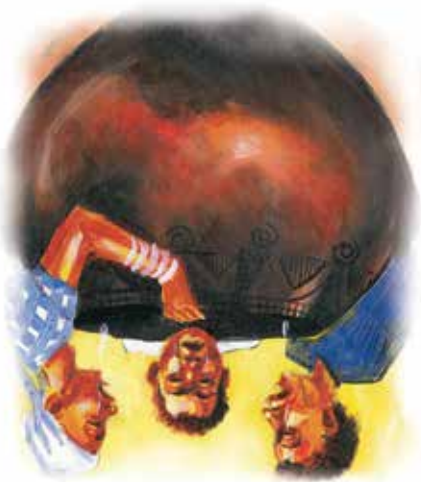
“I lost the money Gogo gave me to buy bread. We have no supper now.”

“I will help you,” says Mama Heron.

“Ek het die geld wat Gogo my gegee het om brood mee te koop, verloor. Nou het ons niks vir aandete nie.”

“Ek sal jou help,” sê Mama Reier.





“Om die hart te laat klop en die brein te laat dink, benodig ek ’n 100 liter mens-trane.”

Die Koning se glimlag verdwyn. Hy roep sy dienaars en verduidelik wat Kasanko nodig het. Hy beveel hulle om soveel mense se koppe kaal te skeer as wat nodig was om 50 sakke met hare te vul. Die knegte is verbysterd, maar gehoorzaam die Koning se bevel.

“Jy kan nou huis toe gaan, Kasanko. Die sakke vol hare sal by jou huis afgelewer word en die 100 liter trane sal binnekort volg.”

En so maak die Koning ’n belofte, maar Kasanko kan sien dat Koning Dabulamanzi nie so opgewonde is soos voorheen nie. Kasanko groet en verlaat die Paleis.

’n Paar dae later word 50 sakke menshare op Kasanko se drumpel afgelewer. Die Koning se soldate het van dorp tot dorp gegaan en op die Koning se bevel almal se hare geskeer – mans, vrouens en kinders.

Die nuus dat die Koning 100 liter trane soek om te help om sy systeman lewendig te maak, het regoor die Koninkryk versprei. Groot kleipotte is gebring vir mense om in te huil. Soos bevel het almal met hartseer gesigte rondgeloop. Sommiges kon dit regkry om te huil wanneer hulle bevel word, maar ander kon eenvoudig nie op bevel huil nie.

Dus eis die Koning nou dat sy soldate die mense moet slaan todat hulle huil. Ja, duisende mense is in trane oor die pynlike loesings wat hulle kry. Maar dit laat hulle terugbake! todat die soldate self begin om die onnoselheid van hulle opdrag te haat. Maar later help dit ook nie meer nie, want eintlik is dit mos



“You see all that scrap iron outside? Well that is for the body. How he expects me to do the rest he did not say. But if I fail, I am a dead man.”

Kasanko was furious with the arrogant King. He kept his anger to himself, however, while he tried to work out what to do next. Days went by, but his usually clever imagination did not come to his rescue. His wife was desperately worried about him.

One day, Kasanko went walking alone in the hills. He sat down on a hilltop to rest, grateful for the cool breeze on his hot face as he tried to think of some way out of his dilemma. All at once, he saw someone coming up the path towards him. It was a man called Senzo, who the people of the village called “crazy Senzo”. This was because he talked to himself, laughed out loud at nothing, and sometimes did strange things. But since he never harmed anyone, everyone left him alone. Sometimes, people said, he could help you laugh on a sad day.

Kasanko was very proud of his school and the achievements of its talented pupils. And remember “crazy” Senzo? Well, he became one of Kasanko’s closest friends. He was known from then on as Senzo the Wise, and treated with a lot more respect by everyone.

As for King Dabulamanzi, he learnt to respect his people. He stopped dishing out impossible commands that no one could carry out and became one of the most popular kings of all time.



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



L ank gelede was daar ’n man genaamd Kasanko, ’n welbekende en gerespekteerde ystersmid. Hy het allerlei wonderlike dinge uit yster gesmee – gereedskap en spesiale bokse van metaal, buitengewone armbande, halssnoere en ringe. Wat hy veral geniet het, was om dinge te maak wat ander nié kon maak nie. Kasanko was baie trots op sy werk en alles wat hy gemaak het was vir hom so spesiaal dat hy soms gesukkel het om daarvan afskeid te neem as hy dit verkoop het. Sy werk was altyd in aanvraag en hy is ook dikwels gevra om spesiale items vir die Koning te maak.

Hy het nooit geweet presies wat om te verwag wanneer Koning Dabulamanzi hom na die Groot Paleis laat roep het nie. Die Koning was gereeld verveeld en vra mense soms om, vir sy eie plesier, die mees onmoontlike take vir hom te verrig. As hulle misluk, jaag hy hulle uit sy Koninkryk weg. Tot dusver het Kasanko dit vrygespring. Hy was die een persoon wat werklik deur die Koning gerespekteer word, het die mense gesê.

Op 'n dag het een van die Koning se boodskappers egter by Kasanko opgedaag en hom na die paleis ontbied. Hy moes douvoordag daar wees. Kasanko het gewonder wat op hom wag. Vroeg die volgende oggend staan hy op en gaan na die Groot Paleis waar Koning Dabulamanzi op hom wag. Hy sê vir Kasanko dat hy iets baie spesiaal van hom verwag en lei hom buitentoe waar 'n groot hoop gebreke ysterstoele, spiese, messe en allerlei ander gereedskap lê wat nie meer gebruik word nie. Hy vra Kasanko om al die ystertrommel te vat en vir hom 'n mens daartoe te smee. Ja, 'n mens – met 'n brein wat dink, 'n stem wat praat en lunge wat asemhaal. 'n Mens op elke manier, behalwe dat hy 'n iyf van yster sou hê wat nooit oud kon word nie. Die Koning se versoek verbyster Kasanko. Geskok en moedeloos sê hy: “Ek moet nou al vir u sê, o Koning, dat ek nie hierdie taak vir u kan uitvoer nie. Dis onmoontlik om 'n lewendige mens uit yster te maak. U kan my dus netsoewel nou al doodmaak!”

Maar die Koning lag: “Ag Kasanko, jy is so beskeie! Natuurlik kan jy dit doen. Ek weet van jou spesiale talent. Jy kan enigiets doen waarop jy fokus. Ek maak staat op jou – moet my asseblief nie teleurstel nie.”

Kasanko probeer verder beswaar maak, maar die Koning wil niks hoor nie en beveel sy dienaars om die ystertrommel na Kasanko se huis te neem. Die hele dorp is stomverbaas oor die koninklike groep wat 'n berg ou ystertrommel daar kom aphaal. Kasanko se vrou sien die radelose uitdrukking op haar man se gesig en weet dat 'n baie slegte ding besig is om te gebeur.

“As ek 'n kind was, het ek myself nou op die vloer gegooi en gehuil!” sê Kasanko. “Die Koning het hierdie keer te ver gegaan. Hy wil hê dat ek 'n lewendige wese uit hierdie ystertrommel moet maak – een wat kan dink, praat en asemhaal soos 'n mens. Is ek dan God, vra ek myself?”



One day the King’s messenger arrived to summon Kasanko to the palace, instructing him to be there first thing the following morning. Kasanko wondered what awaited him. He rose early the next day, and went to the Great Palace, where King Dabulamanzi was waiting for him. He told Kasanko that he wanted him to do something very special for him. The King then led him outside, to a large pile of broken iron chairs, spears, knives and all kinds of old tools that were no longer used. He told Kasanko that he wanted him to take these things away, and out of them, make a person. Yes, a person – with a mind to think, a voice to speak and lungs to breathe. In every way just like a human, except that he would have an iron body which would never grow old.

Kasanko stood shocked and dismayed by the King’s request. “I must tell you right now that I can’t perform this task for you. It is impossible, O King, to make a living person out of iron. So you might as well kill me right now!”

But the King just laughed at his words and said: “Oh you are so modest Kasanko! Of course you can do this thing. I know your special talent. You can do anything you put your mind to. I am counting on you – so please, don’t disappoint me.”

Kasanko tried to protest further. But the King would not listen to anything he said. Instead, he ordered his servants to carry the big pile of scrap metal off to Kasanko’s home. The whole village stared in open-mouthed amazement as the royal party arrived bearing the mountain of old iron junk. Kasanko’s wife took one look at her husband’s distraught face and knew that something very bad was happening.

“If I was a child, I would throw myself on the ground and cry!” Kasanko told her. “The King has gone too far this time. He has ordered me to make a living being out of scrap metal – one who can think, speak and breathe like a human. Am I God, I ask myself?”

“Please, Baba, calm down, calm down,” begged his wife. “How does the King expect you to do this impossible thing?”



King Dabulamanzi was furious. He just didn’t know what more he could do to squeeze the necessary tears out of his subjects. How could he tell Kasanko that he had failed to keep his part of the bargain? He was greatly tormented by the thought that he would not receive his living iron man, the miracle he had so desperately desired.

Then it dawned on the King what was really going on. He realised that Kasanko was asking the impossible from him, just as he had asked the impossible from Kasanko. The ironmonger had matched one crazy idea with another. There was nothing the King could do except swallow his pride and tell Kasanko to forget the whole thing.

All that night the King lay sleepless, thinking many troubled thoughts. The next day, he went straight to Kasanko’s house and humbly apologised to him.

“You have made me realise, Kasanko, what a cruel and thoughtless King I have been to my subjects. I have given impossible commands and harshly punished those who failed to carry them out. How can I begin to ask for forgiveness from you and the many others that I have hurt? To make it up to you, you may ask me for anything that your heart desires. Anything.”

“It has always been my dream that this village of ours would become a centre of excellence, known far and wide for the quality of its crafts,” Kasanko told him. “What my heart desires most of all is to start a school, where I can pass on my skills to others and teach them to put the best of themselves into the beautiful things they make.”

“I will see to it that you get everything you need,” promised the King. And he was as good as his word. In time, Kasanko’s village became famous throughout the land for the excellent crafts it produced. From far and wide people sent their children to Kasanko’s school to learn the skills of weaving, pottery, carving, and ironmongery.



onmoontlik om trane bymekaar te maak! Uit gewoonte vee mense hul trane af, of die warm Afrikason droog mense se wange so vinnig as wat die trane kan vloei.

Koning Dabulamanzi is briesend. Hy weet nie meer wat hy kan doen om die nodige trane in die hande te kry nie. Hoe kan hy vir Kasanko sê dat hy nie sy kant van die ooreenkoms kan nakom nie? Daarby maak die gedagte hom rasend dat hy dalk nooit sy lewende ysterman gaan kry nie – die wonderwerk wat hy so wanhopig begeer.

Toe besef die Koning wat eintlik aan die gang is: Kasanko het die onmoontlike van hom gevra, net soos hy die onmoontlike van Kasanko gevra het. Die ystersmid het een lawwe idee met 'n ander geëwenaar. Daar is niks anders wat die Koning nou kan doen as om sy trots in sy sak te steek en vir Kasanko te sê om van die hele ding te vergeet nie.

Die Koning het daardie hele nag wakker gelê met troebel gedagtes. Die volgende dag is hy reguit na Kasanko se huis en vra hom nederig om verskoning.

“Jy het my laat besef watter wrede en onnadenkende Koning ek vir my onderdane is. Ek lê hulle onmoontlike take op en dié wat misluk, word swaar gestraf. Waar begin ek om jou en die vele ander wat ek seergemaak het, om vergifnis te vra? Jy mag my enigiets vra wat jou hart begeer om op te maak hiervoor. Enigiets.”

“Dit was nog altyd my droom dat hierdie dorp van ons 'n middelpunt van voortreflikheid moet wees, wyd en syd bekend vir die kwaliteit en kuns van sy handewerk,” sê Kasanko. “Wat my hart begeer is om 'n skool te stig, waar ek my vaardighede aan ander kan oordra, en hul leer om altyd hulle beste te sit in die mooi dinge wat hul maak.”

“Ek sal sorg dat jy alles kry wat jy nodig het,” belowe die Koning.



Children of Africa

To celebrate Africa Day on 25 May and International Children's Day on 1 June, here is a special poster of the Nal'ibali children for you to cut out and keep.

Name: Neo
Age: 8 years
Brothers/sisters: Mbali
Languages: IsiZulu, IsiXhosa, English
Favourite colour: red
Favourite snack: ice cream
Favourite books: stories about pirates
Favourite activity: playing soccer

Naam: Neo
Ouderdom: 8 jaar
Broers/susters: Mbali
Tale: IsiZulu, IsiXhosa, Engels
Gunstelingkleur: rooi
Gunstelinghappie: roomys
Gunstelingboeke: stories oor seerowers
Gunstelingaktiwiteit: speel sokker



Kinders van Afrika

Om Afrika-dag op 25 Mei en Internasionale Kinderdag op 1 Junie te vier, is hier 'n spesiale plakkaat van die Nal'ibali-kindere wat jy kan uitknip en bêre.

Name: Dintle
Age: 9 months
Brothers/sisters: Afrika
Languages: Sesotho
Favourite colour: doesn't have one yet
Favourite snack: strawberry yoghurt
Favourite books: books with pictures of babies and animals
Favourite activity: splashing in water

Naam: Dintle
Ouderdom: 9 maande
Broers/susters: Afrika
Tale: Sesotho
Gunstelingkleur: het nog nie een nie
Gunstelinghappie: aarbeijogurt
Gunstelingboeke: boeke met prente van babas en diere
Gunstelingaktiwiteit: plas in die water



Name: Bella
Age: 5 years
Brothers/sisters: none
Languages: IsiXhosa, English
Favourite colour: green
Favourite snack: bananas
Favourite books: stories about animals, queens and witches
Favourite activity: reading to her dog, Noodle

Naam: Bella
Ouderdom: 5 jaar
Broers/susters: geen
Tale: IsiXhosa, Engels
Gunstelingkleur: groen
Gunstelinghappie: piesangs
Gunstelingboeke: stories oor diere, koninginne en hekse
Gunstelingaktiwiteit: lees vir haar hond, Noodle



Name: Mbali
Age: 2 years
Brothers/sisters: Neo
Languages: IsiZulu
Favourite colour: pink
Favourite snack: pink cupcakes
Favourite books: rhymes
Favourite activity: dressing up

Naam: Mbali
Ouderdom: 2 jaar
Broers/susters: Neo
Tale: IsiZulu
Gunstelingkleur: pienk
Gunstelinghappie: pienk kolwyntjies
Gunstelingboeke: rympies
Gunstelingaktiwiteit: aantrekspeletjies



Name: Hope
Age: 10 years
Brothers/sisters: none
Languages: English, Afrikaans, IsiZulu
Favourite colour: purple
Favourite snack: cheese and tomato rolls
Favourite books: novels about children the same age as her
Favourite activity: doing karate

Naam: Hope
Ouderdom: 10 jaar
Broers/susters: geen
Tale: Engels, Afrikaans, IsiZulu
Gunstelingkleur: pers
Gunstelinghappie: kaas-en-tamatie-broodrolletjies
Gunstelingboeke: romans oor kinders wat net so oud soos sy is
Gunstelingaktiwiteit: doen karate



Name: Afrika
Age: 7 years
Brothers/sisters: Dintle
Languages: Sesotho, English, IsiXhosa
Favourite colour: brown
Favourite snack: watermelon
Favourite books: books about how to make things
Favourite activity: building things, and anything to do with science

Naam: Afrika
Ouderdom: 7 jaar
Broers/susters: Dintle
Tale: Sesotho, Engels, IsiXhosa
Gunstelingkleur: bruin
Gunstelinghappie: waatlemoen
Gunstelingboeke: boeke oor hoe om dinge te maak
Gunstelingaktiwiteit: bou dinge, en enigiets wat oor wetenskap gaan



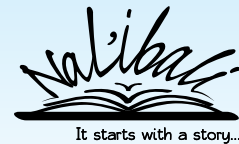
Name: Josh
Age: 12 years
Brothers/sisters: none
Languages: Afrikaans, English, Sesotho
Favourite colour: blue
Favourite snack: salt and vinegar chips
Favourite books: teen novels and books about aeroplanes
Favourite activity: building and flying kites

Naam: Josh
Ouderdom: 12 jaar
Broers/susters: geen
Tale: Afrikaans, Engels, Sesotho
Gunstelingkleur: blou
Gunstelinghappie: sout-en-asyn-tjips
Gunstelingboeke: tienerromans en boeke oor vliegtuie
Gunstelingaktiwiteit: bou en vlieg vlieërs



The glass mountain

Retold by Kai Tuomi ★ Illustrations by Natalie and Tamsin Hinrichsen



A long time ago, the place at the foot of Table Mountain that we now call Cape Town, was dry and empty. At that time, it was said that Table Mountain was made of glass and that a magic dassie who granted wishes, lived at the very top.

Men and women came from all across South Africa and tried to climb the glass mountain to get to the magic dassie, but the sides of the mountain were very slippery and no matter how hard they tried, no one could make it to the top.

One day, a young boy called Khwezi arrived in Cape Town. He wanted to get to the top of the mountain. That night, he went into the veld and found Leopard.

"Leopard," Khwezi said, "I need to ask you a favour. If you help me, I promise that I will fill this dry, empty land with plants and animals. You will never go hungry again."

Leopard looked hungrily at the boy. "Why should I help you? I could just eat you, you know," said Leopard licking his lips. And then Leopard thought some more about Khwezi's offer and said, "Actually a land filled with plants and animals sounds wonderful. I accept. What do you need?"

"You are very good at climbing, and with your sharp claws, we should be able to get to the top of the glass mountain," said Khwezi, getting onto Leopard's back.

They walked through the veld, across the dry land, all the way to the glass mountain.



At the bottom of the mountain, Leopard dug his claws into the slippery glass sides, and started to climb up. It took a long time and they had to climb very slowly. When they were about halfway up, Leopard sighed. "I'm too tired to carry on," he said, lying down against the glass. "It's impossible to get to the top, even with my claws."

Vulture, who was a big scary bird, circled in the sky above them.

"I have an idea," said Khwezi, "let's lie here and pretend to be dead."

So they lay down on the glass and pretended to be dead. Soon, Vulture landed, thinking he had found something good to eat.

"How tasty," said Vulture. "What good luck!"

"Hiya!" shouted Khwezi, jumping from Leopard's back and grabbing hold of Vulture's claws. He held on tightly. Vulture shrieked in surprise and flew into the sky, carrying Khwezi off with him. Leopard watched them go and then slid slowly back down the side of the mountain.

"What do you want with me?" asked Vulture, struggling to fly.

"Vulture," said Khwezi, "could you fly me up to the top of the mountain? If you do, I will fill this dry, empty land with plants and animals. Then you will never go hungry again."

"That sounds wonderful," said Vulture, "and I am very hungry. Okay, I'll try and fly you to the top of the glass mountain."

So Vulture flew Khwezi up through the clouds. It took a very long time, but in the end they reached the top of the mountain. Khwezi jumped from Vulture down onto the flat top of the glass mountain.

"Hello," said a silky voice.

Khwezi saw a golden dassie sitting on a cushion of small purple flowers, eating a long piece of yellow grass.

"You must be the magic dassie," said Khwezi.

"I am," said the dassie. "What is your wish? I could make you the richest person in the world, or maybe you want to be handsome, or famous."

Khwezi thought about all these things and then he thought about Leopard, and Vulture, and all the hungry people living in the place we now call Cape Town.

"No," said Khwezi, "I wish to fill this dry, empty land with plants and animals."

"If you say so," said the magic dassie, blinking.

There was a loud *POP!* and golden sparks filled the sky. Khwezi closed his eyes and when he opened them again, the mountain was no longer made of glass, it was wild and natural and filled with many wonderful plants, much as it is today. He looked out over the land further away, and he saw that it was filled with plants and animals. Vulture swooped past with a big smile on his face. Khwezi looked for the golden dassie, but he had disappeared.



On his way down the mountain, Khwezi found Leopard sleeping in the shade of a tree.

"Well done," said Leopard, half asleep.

Khwezi patted him and carried on walking down the mountain. When he reached the bottom, Khwezi was met by a crowd of people who cheered and lifted him onto their shoulders. Then they had a big party to celebrate. After a long time more and more people came to live in the land around Table Mountain, and they made a city that would later be called Cape Town.

Die glasberg

Oorvertel deur Kai Tuomi ★ Illustrasies deur Natalie en Tamsin Hinrichsen

Storiehoekie

Lank, lank gelede was die plek aan die voet van Tafelberg wat ons nou Kaapstad noem, dor en verlate. Daar word gesê dat Tafelberg in daardie tyd van glas gemaak was, en dat 'n towerdassie, wat wense waar kon maak, heel bo-op die berg gewoon het.

Mans en vroue van oral in Suid-Afrika het gekom en probeer om die glasberg uit te klim om by die towerdassie uit te kom, maar die hange van die berg was baie glibberig en hoe hard hulle ook al probeer het, niemand kon tot bo klim nie.

Eendag het 'n jong seun met die naam Khwezi in Kaapstad aangekom. Hy wou tot bo-op die berg klim. Daardie aand het hy in die veld gaan stap en vir Luiperd raakgeloop.

“Luiperd,” sê Khwezi, “ek wil jou 'n guns vra. As jy my help, belowe ek jou ek sal hierdie dor, verlate land met plante en diere vul. Jy sal nooit weer honger ly nie.”

Luiperd kyk hongerig na die seun. “Waarom sou ek jou help? Jy weet ek kan jou sommer net opeet,” sê Luiperd en lek sy lippe af. En toe dink Luiperd nog 'n bietjie oor Khwezi se aanbod en sê: “Eintlik klink 'n land vol plante en diere wonderlik. Goed dan. Wat het jy nodig?”

“Jy kan baie goed klim, en met jou skerp kloue behoort ons tot bo-op die glasberg te kan klim,” sê Khwezi, en klim op Luiperd se rug.

Hulle stap deur die veld, oor die dor land, al die pad tot by die glasberg.



Aan die voet van die berg slaan Luiperd sy kloue in die glibberig glashange en begin opklim. Dit neem 'n lang tyd en hulle moet baie stadig klim. Toe hulle omtrent halfpad teen die berg op is, sug Luiperd. “Ek is te moeg om verder te gaan,” sê hy, en gaan lê teen die glas. “Dit is onmoontlik om bo uit te kom, selfs met my kloue.”

Aasvoël, wat 'n groot, vreesaanjaende voël is, sirkel bo hulle in die lug.

“Ek het 'n idee,” sê Khwezi, “kom ons lê hier en maak of ons dood is.”

Hulle gaan lê toe op die gras en maak of hulle dood is. Gou kom sit Aasvoël, want hy dink hy het iets lekkers gevind om te eet.

“Hoe lekker,” sê Aasvoël. “Dis nou 'n meevallertjie!”

“Hiya!” skree Khwezi, spring van Luiperd se rug af en gryp Aasvoël se kloue vas. Hy hou styf vas. Aasvoël krysvan verbasing, vlieg in die lug op en dra Khwezi saam met hom. Luiperd kyk hoe hulle wegraak en gly toe stadig teen die berghange af.

“Wat wil jy van my hê?” vra Aasvoël, wat sukkel om te vlieg.

“Aasvoël,” sê Khwezi, “kan jy met my tot bo-op die berg vlieg? As jy dit doen, sal ek hierdie dor, verlate land met plante en diere vul. Dan sal jy nooit weer honger ly nie.”

“Dit klink wonderlik,” sê Aasvoël, “en ek is baie honger. Goed, ek sal probeer om met jou tot bo-op die glasberg te vlieg.”

Aasvoël vlieg toe met Khwezi op-op deur die wolke. Dit neem baie lank, maar op die ou end is hulle bo-op die berg. Khwezi spring van Aasvoël af tot op die plat bokant van die glasberg.

“Hallo,” sê 'n strelende stem.

Khwezi sien 'n goue dassie wat op 'n kussing van klein pers blommetjies sit en 'n lang stingel geel gras knibbel.

“Jy moet die towerdassie wees,” sê Khwezi.

“Ek is,” sê die dassie. “Wat is jou wens? Ek kan jou die rykste mens in die wêreld maak, of dalk wil jy aantreklik of beroemd wees.”

Khwezi dink aan al hierdie dinge, en toe dink hy aan Luiperd, en Aasvoël, en aan al die honger mense in die plek wat ons vandag Kaapstad noem.

“Nee,” sê Khwezi, “ek wens hierdie dor, verlate land kan vol plante en diere wees.”

“As jy so sê,” sê die towerdassie en knip sy oë.

Daar is 'n harde *KNAL!* en die lug is vol goue vonke. Khwezi maak sy oë toe en toe hy hulle weer oopmaak, is die berg nie meer van glas gemaak nie, maar is dit wild en natuurlik en vol baie wonderlike plante, baie soos dit vandag is. Hy kyk uit oor die land wat verder weg is, en hy sien dat dit met plante en diere gevul is. Aasvoël swiep verby met 'n groot glimlag op sy gesig. Khwezi soek na die goue dassie, maar hy het verdwyn.



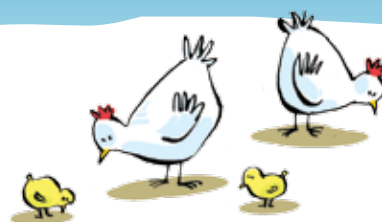
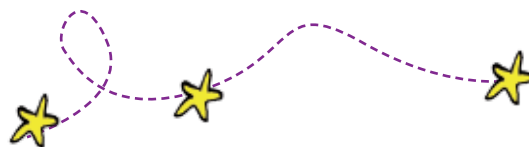
Op pad terug teen die berg af, kry Khwezi vir Luiperd wat in die skaduwee van 'n boom lê en slaap.

“Knap gedaan,” sê Luiperd, half aan die slaap.

Khwezi streel hom en stap verder teen die berg af. Toe hy onder kom, is daar 'n skare mense wat vir hom wag en hom toejuig en hom op hulle skouers tel. Hulle hou toe 'n groot partytjie om fees te vier. Na 'n lang tyd het meer en meer mense op die grond rondom Tafelberg kom woon, en hulle het 'n stad gebou wat later Kaapstad genoem is.

Nal'ibali fun

Nal'ibali-pret



✿ Use your imagination to tell the rest of this story.

Neo put the book under his pillow and got out of bed. He crept quietly to the front door so that he wouldn't wake anyone up. He opened the door slowly. On the front doorstep was ...

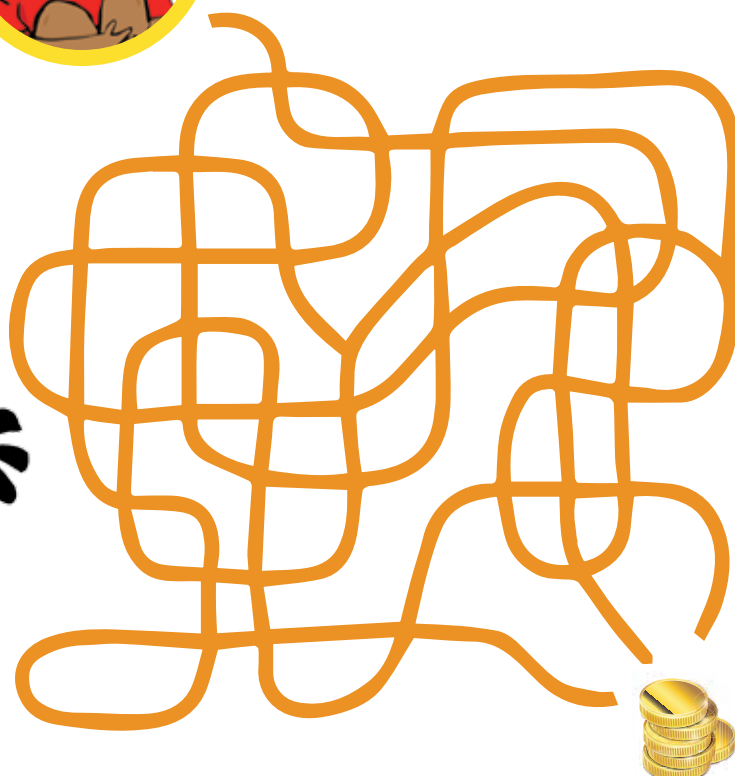
✿ Gebruik jou verbeelding om die res van hierdie storie te vertel.

Neo sit die boek onder sy kussing en klim uit die bed. Hy sluip stilletjies tot by die voordeur sodat hy niemand wakker maak nie. Hy maak die deur stadig oop. Op die voorstoep ...



✿ Can you help Lungile get to his lost money?

✿ Kan jy vir Lungile help om die geld wat hy verloor het, terug te vind?



✿ Be a word detective and find these words in the story, "Kasanko's dream".

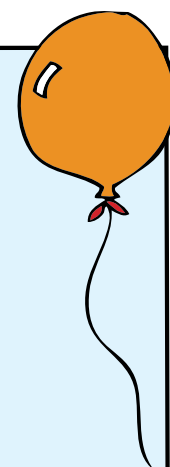
Choose any word:

- that describes Kasanko _____
- that describes Senzo _____
- that describes a feeling _____
- that names a place _____
- that rhymes with "night" _____
- that starts with the letters **pr-** _____
- that ends with the letters **-ness** _____
- with 7 letters _____
- with more than 10 letters _____
- that is new to you _____

✿ Wees 'n woordspeurder en vind hierdie woorde in die storie, "Kasanko se droom".

Kies enige woord:

- wat vir Kasanko beskryf _____
- wat vir Senzo beskryf _____
- wat 'n gevoel beskryf _____
- wat 'n plek benoem _____
- wat met "trein" rym _____
- wat met die letters **ko-** begin _____
- wat met die letters **-skap** eindig _____
- met 7 letters _____
- met meer as 10 letters _____
- wat vir jou nuut is _____



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Daily Dispatch

The Herald

Sunday Times

SundayWorld



Drive your imagination