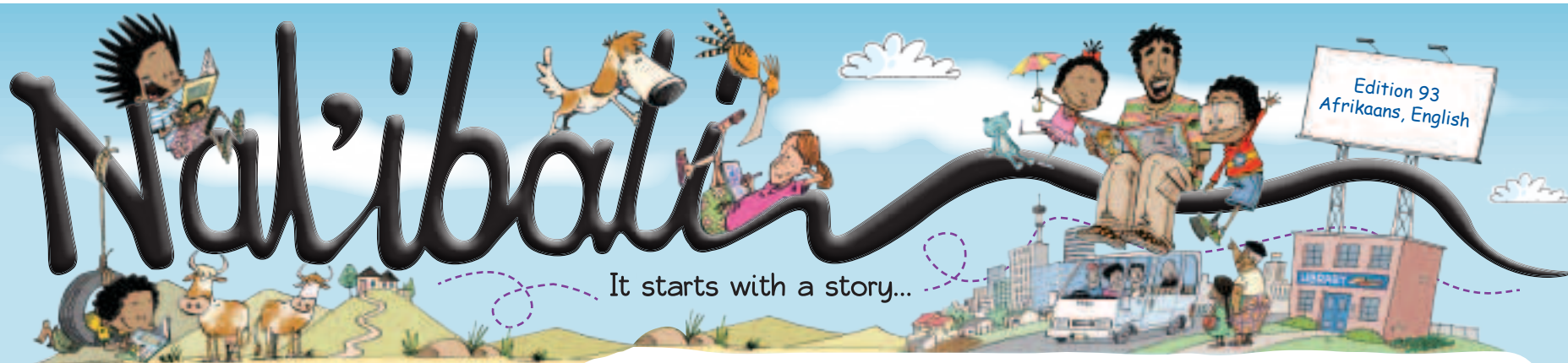




Stories make you brainy!

More and more adults are beginning to wake up to what a difference they can make in children's lives when they read stories to them. They are offering them brain food!

Great stories weave magic. When we read a story in which the character suffers pain or hardship, our hearts beat as fast as when we listen to our real friends and family talking about something that is painful for them. We feel the story characters' pain and their glory. And we now know from research why this is.

We have known for some time that stories feed the language parts of our brains. But now, brain scans can show how stories stimulate many other parts of our brains too. For example, brain areas dealing with smell come alive when we read words that are linked to particular smells, like "jasmine" or "petrol". In laboratories, scientists have also seen what happens when we read phrases that describe different textures, such as, "his leathery hands" and "her velvet voice" – the part of our brain that allows us to experience touch lights up!

All of this suggests that our brains do not see any difference between our reading about an experience and us actually having it. Our basic brain functions can't tell the difference between a real event and one in a story! This means that the worlds that we read about in stories allow us to experience so much more than we ever could experience in our own lives.

With stories, we weigh up our values and think about what our actions would be if we were in the shoes of others. When we grow up with the great stories from here and around the world, it helps us to be stronger when we are afraid or in danger, because we have the decisions and actions of inspiring story characters and heroes to draw on.

Reading aloud to children will not magically rocket them to the top of the school ladder. But, there is a lot of research that shows that reading aloud to them will help them to develop excellent memories and vocabularies, to think critically and logically, and will help their comprehension skills to soar.

Stories maak jou slim!

Meer en meer volwassenes begin besef watter verskil hulle in kinders se lewens kan maak wanneer hulle vir kinders stories lees. Hulle gee vir hul kinders breinkos!

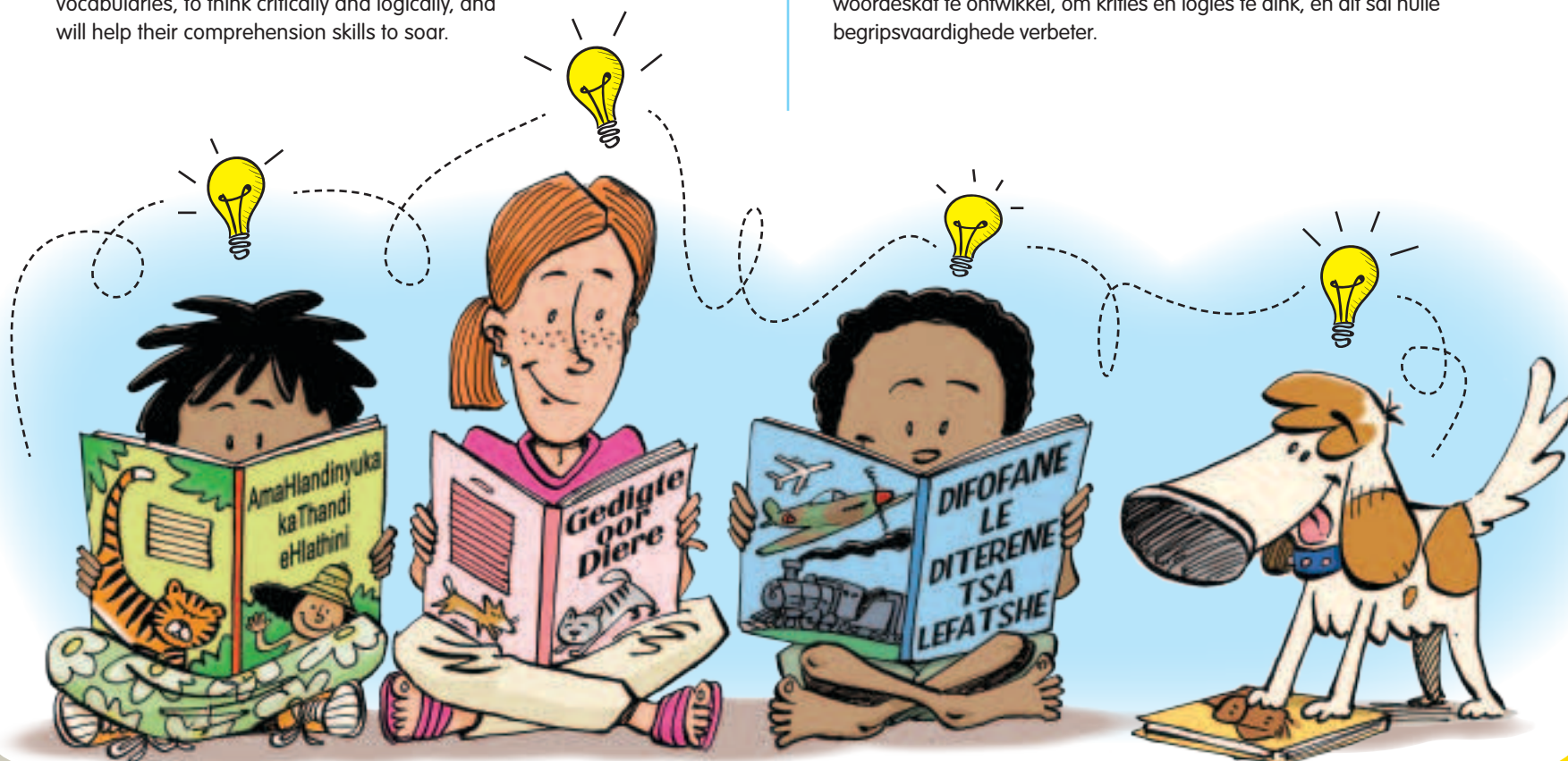
Goeie stories is betowerend. Wanneer ons 'n storie lees waarin die karakter seerkry of swaarkry, klop ons harte net so vinnig as wanneer ons luister hoe ons regte vriende en familie iets vertel wat vir hulle pynlik is. Ons voel die karakters in die stories se pyn en hulle glorie. En ons weet nou uit navorsing hoekom dit so is.

Ons weet al 'n geruime tyd dat stories die taalareas in ons brein voed. Maar nou kan breinskanderings wys hoe stories ook baie ander dele van ons brein stimuleer. Breinareas wat byvoorbeeld met reuk te make het, word aangeskakel wanneer ons woorde lees wat met spesifieke reuke verband hou, soos "jasmyn" of "petrol". Wetenskaplikes het ook in laboratoriums gesien wat gebeur wanneer ons frases lees wat verskillende teksture beskryf, soos "sy leeragtige hande" en "haar fluweelstem" – die deel van ons brein wat met aanraking te make het, word aangeskakel!

Dit dui alles daarop dat ons brein nie enige verskil sien tussen wanneer ons oor 'n ervaring lees en wanneer ons dit regtig ervaar nie. Ons basiese breinfunksies kan nie onderskei tussen 'n regte gebeurtenis en een in 'n storie nie! Dit beteken dat die wêreld waarvan ons in stories lees, ons toelaat om baie meer te ervaar as wat ons ooit in ons eie lewens kan ervaar.

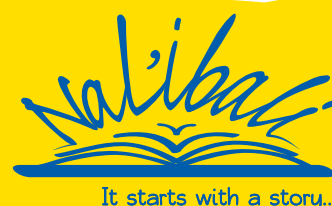
Met stories weeg ons ons waardes op en dink oor hoe ons sou opgetree het as ons in iemand anders se skoene was. Wanneer ons grootword met die wonderlike stories van hier en vanoor die hele wêreld, help dit ons om sterker te wees wanneer ons bang of in gevaar is, want ons kan uit die besluite en dade van inspirerende storiekarakters en -helde put.

Om hardop vir kinders te lees sal hulle nie vanself na die bopunt van die skoolleer laat klim nie. Maar daar is baie navorsing wat daarop dui dat om hardop vir kinders te lees hulle help om uitstekende geheue en woordeskat te ontwikkel, om krities en logies te dink, en dit sal hulle begripvaardighede verbeter.



Drive your imagination

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



Reading club corner

There are lots of days to celebrate in May. Rather than trying to focus on all of them, you could choose one or two and then plan reading club activities around them. Here are some ideas for the International Day of Families, which is celebrated on 15 May each year.

1. Invite the family members of the reading club children to join you at the reading club session closest to 15 May.
2. Read a story about families (for example, *The feast or It wasn't me* from last year's supplements) to everyone. Then ask if others would like to read or tell a story about families.
3. Allow some time for everyone to read stories and look at books together.
4. Offer some writing activities that let the children express what their families mean to them.
* Suggest that they write a poem about "My family" where each line of their poem starts with a letter from the word, "family". Here is an example of this type of poem. It is about "My mother".

Mom
Only loving and kind
Takes care of me
Home is wherever she is
Everything to me
Really loves me.

* Give younger children blank paper and crayons and ask them to draw pictures of themselves enjoying the International Day of Families celebration at your club. Display their pictures where it is easy for the children to look at them.

Leesklubhoekie

Daar is baie dae om in Mei te vier. Eerder as om op almal te probeer fokus, kan jy een of twee kies en dan leesklubaktiwiteite rondom hulle beplan. Hier volg 'n paar idees vir Internasionale Familiedag, wat elke jaar op 15 Mei gevier word.

1. Nooi die familielede van die kinders in die leesklub uit om by julle aan te sluit vir die leesklubsessie wat die naaste aan 15 Mei is.
2. Lees 'n storie oor families (byvoorbeeld, *Die fees*, of *Dit was nie ek nie* uit verlede jaar se bylaes) vir almal. Vra dan of iemand anders 'n storie oor families wil lees of vertel.
3. Maak tyd vir almal om stories te lees en saam na boeke te kyk.
4. Bied skryfaktiwiteite aan waarin die kinders uitdrukking kan gee aan wat hulle families vir hulle beteken.
* Stel voor dat hulle 'n gedig oor "My familie" skryf, waar elke reël van hulle gedig met 'n letter van die woord, "familie" begin. Hier volg 'n voorbeeld van so 'n soort gedig. Dit gaan oor "My mamma".

My mamma

Altyd liefdevol en gaaf

Maak ons huis 'n tuiste

Meer kan ek nie vra nie

Alles is sy vir my!

* Gee vir jonger kinders skoon velle papier en kryte en vra hulle om prente van hulself te teken, waar hulle die feesvieringe vir Internasionale Familiedag by jou klub geniet. Stal hulle prente uit waar die kinders maklik daarna kan kyk.

Dates to celebrate in May

1 May	Workers' Day
4 May	World Laughter Day
10 May	Mother's Day (Look out for our special Nal'ibali Mother's Day card template and story in your next supplement.)
15 May	International Day of Families
25 May	Africa Day
28 May	World Play Day

Dae om in Mei te vier

1 Mei	Werkersdag
4 Mei	Wêreldlagdag
10 Mei	Moedersdag (Kyk uit vir ons spesiale Nal'ibali-patroon vir 'n Moedersdagkaartjie en storie in jou volgende bylae.)
15 Mei	Internasionale Familiedag
25 Mei	Afrika-dag
28 Mei	Wêreldspeeldag



DID YOU KNOW?

Does your young child like to:

- ★ drop objects?
- ★ push or pull objects?
- ★ jump, throw, climb and run?
- ★ open and close drawers and cupboards?
- ★ ride a bike fast?

Did you know that when children do these things, they are learning about height, speed, distance and how things move?



HET JY GEWEET?

Hou jou jong kind daarvan om die volgende te doen:

- ★ voorwerpe te laat val?
- ★ voorwerpe te stoot of te trek?
- ★ te spring, gooi, klim en hardloop?
- ★ laaie en kaste oop en toe te maak?
- ★ vinnig op 'n fiets te ry?

Het jy geweet wanneer kinders hierdie dinge doen, leer hulle van hoogte, spoed, afstand en hoe voorwerpe beweeg?

NAL'IBALI ON RADIO!

Enjoy listening to stories in Afrikaans and in English on Nal'ibali's radio show: RSG on Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 7.10 p.m. to 7.20 p.m.
SAfm on Monday to Wednesday from 1.50 p.m. to 2.00 p.m.

NAL'IBALI OP DIE RADIO!

Geniet dit om in Afrikaans en Engels op Nal'ibali se radioprogram na stories te luister: RSG op Maandag, Woensdag en Vrydag vanaf 7.10 nm. tot 7.20 nm.
SAfm op Maandag tot Woensdag vanaf 1.50 nm. tot 2.00 nm.



Drive your imagination

Your story

Here is a beautiful drawing and some writing sent in by two of our readers. We hope you enjoy them!



Kelebogile (aged 13) from Champions Reading Club in Bloemfontein (Free State) wrote to tell us more about herself. Look at how beautifully she decorated her writing!

Who am I?

I'm Kelebogile. I live in Tau and I was born in Bloemfontein. Reading is my hobby. I have two little sisters, Letshego and Amogelang. I'm in Grade 7 in Monyatsi Primary School. My teacher's name is Mrs Nkwale.

I am a really good friend to my friends. And I love helping other people. I'm a self-confident girl. My favourite sport is tennis and I love going out with friends, but I spend most of my time reading books.

When I grow up I want to be a doctor and also build an orphanage for children who their parents died of HIV and AIDS. I am a really forgiving person.

Kelebogile (13 jaar) van Champions-leesklub in Bloemfontein (Vrystaat) het geskryf om vir ons meer van haarself te vertel. Kyk hoe pragtig het sy haar skryfwerk versier!

Wie is ek?

Ek is Kelebogile. Ek woon in Tau en is in Bloemfontein gebore. My stokperdjie is lees. Ek het twee kleinsussies, Letshego en Amogelang. Ek is in Graad 7 in Monyatsi Primary School. My onderwyser se naam is mev. Nkwale.

Ek is regtig goed vir my vriende. En ek hou daarvan om ander mense te help. Ek het baie selfvertroue. My gunstelingsport is tennis en ek hou daarvan om saam met vriende uit te gaan, maar die meeste van die tyd lees ek boeke.

Wanneer ek groot is, wil ek 'n dokter wees en ook 'n kinderhuis bou vir kinders wie se ouers dood is as gevolg van MIV en vigs. Ek is 'n baie vergewensgesinde persoon.

Why don't you also send us your writing and drawings?

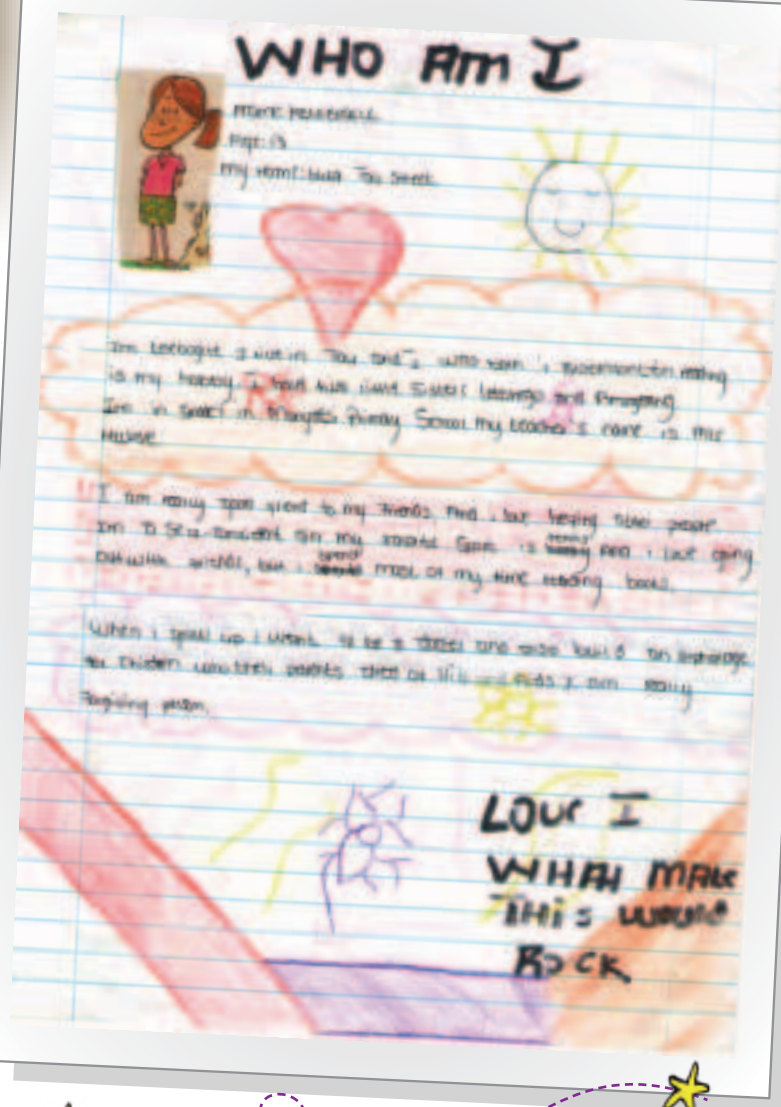
You'll stand a chance of having them published in the Nal'ibali supplement, or on the Nal'ibali website. (Remember: they have to be all your own work!) Send them to: info@nalibali.org, or PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wyecroft Road, Mowbray, 7700. Don't forget to include your name and surname, age, reading club (if applicable) and address.

Jou storie

Hier volg 'n pragtige tekening en 'n skryfstuk wat twee van ons lesers ingestuur het. Ons hoop jy geniet dit!

by Innocent Nape, Ikaneng Reading Club, Makubarate Primary School, Mamone, Limpopo

deur Innocent Nape, Ikaneng-leesklub, Makubarate Primary School, Mamone, Limpopo



Waarom stuur jy nie ook vir ons jou skryfwerk en tekeninge nie?

Jy staan 'n kans dat ons dit in die Nal'ibali-bylae of op die Nal'ibali-webwerf sal publiseer. (Onthou: dit moet alles jou eie werk wees!) Stuur dit aan: info@nalibali.org, of PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Gebou 17, Waverley-besigheidspark, Wyecroft-weg, Mowbray, 7700. Moenie vergeet om jou naam en van, ouderdom, leesklub (indien van toepassing) en adres in te sluit nie.

Nal'ibali news

During the December-January school break, Nal'ibali partnered with South African Airways (SAA) to inspire children and their families to read together and talk about stories – not only during the holiday, but throughout the year. Young SAA passengers were each given a copy of the *Your Story Power Magazine*, packed with stories, fun literacy activities and a holiday reading passport.

To help launch the magazine, Captain Eric Manentsa, SAA's chief pilot, shared a special storytelling morning at O.R. Tambo International Airport with children from a Nal'ibali Reading Club in Soweto. Captain Manentsa shared his own success story with everyone. He explained how reading and writing had helped him along his journey to become SAA's first black chief pilot! Then, well-known poet, Lebogang Mashile, started the children off on their holiday reading adventure by reading the story, *The king of the birds*, from the magazine. (You can read this story too! It's on pages 14 and 15 of this supplement.)

SAA passengers were invited to send in photographs of their children's holiday reading moments for a chance to win two free flight tickets.

"Young people are the foundation of a talent pipeline we are building for the future, not only to benefit SAA, but also the entire country. We are proud to be partnering with Nal'ibali to promote their call to all South African adults to read to, and with their children, and thereby support their emotional and educational success," said SAA spokesperson, Tlali Tlali.

Tebatso Mabotsa, SAA



Nal'ibali takes Story Power to the skies with SAA! Children were invited to attend the launch of the *Your Story Power Magazine* at O.R. Tambo airport. Here they are listening to a story read by Lebogang Mashile. Pictured from left to right: SAA spokesperson, Tlali Tlali; Captain Eric Manentsa and Nal'ibali's Bongani Godide.

Nal'ibali gee Story Power vlerke met SAA! Kinders is uitgenooi om die bekendstelling van die *Your Story Power Magazine* by O.R. Tambo-lughawe by te woon. Hier luister hulle na 'n storie wat Lebogang Mashile voorlees. Op die foto van links na regs is: SAA-woordvoerder, Tlali Tlali; Kaptein Eric Manentsa en Nal'ibali se Bongani Godide.

Nal'ibali-nuus

Gedurende die Desember-Januarie-skoolvakansie het Nal'ibali 'n vennootskap met die Suid-Afrikaanse lugdiens (SAA) gesluit om kinders en hulle families te inspireer om saam te lees en oor stories te gesels – nie nêr gedurende die vakansie nie, maar ook regdeur die jaar. Jong SAA-passasiers het elk 'n eksemplaar van die *Your Story Power Magazine* ontvang, wat propvol stories, prettige geletterdheidsaktiwiteite, en 'n leespaspoort vir die vakansie was.

Om te help om die tydskrif bekend te stel het Kaptein Eric Manentsa, hoofvlieënier van SAA, 'n spesiale storievertellende by O.R. Tambo Internasionale Lughawe met die kinders van 'n Nal'ibali-leesklub in Soweto gedeel. Kaptein Manentsa het sy eie suksesverhaal met almal gedeel. Hy het verduidelik hoe lees en skryf hom gehelp het op sy reis om SAA se eerste swart hoofvlieënier te word! Toe het die bekende digter, Lebogang Mashile, die kinders op hul vakansielesavontuur gestuur deur die storie, *Die koning van die voëls*, uit die tydskrif te lees. (Jy kan ook hierdie storie lees! Dit is op bladsye 14 en 15 van hierdie bylae.)

SAA-passasiers is uitgenooi om foto's van hulle kinders se vakansielesoomblikke in te stuur en 'n kans te staan om twee gratis vliegkaartjies te wen.

"Jongmense is die fondament van 'n pylyn van talent wat ons vir die toekoms bou, nie net tot voordeel van SAA nie, maar ook tot voordeel van die hele land. Ons is trots op ons vennootskap met Nal'ibali, en om hulle beroep op alle Suid-Afrikaanse volwassenes te bevorder om vir en saam met hulle kinders te lees, en sodoende hulle kinders se emosionele en opvoedkundige sukses te verseker," het SAA-woordvoerder, Tlali Tlali, gesê.



The lucky winner of the Holiday Reading Moments competition was Hannah Green. She sent us this picture of her four-year-old daughter, Jemima, who is enjoying reading the *Your Story Power Magazine* while on holiday in Namibia. Hannah said, "Jemima loved sitting in our roof tent in the desert flicking through the magazine and asking me to read bits to her."

Die gelukkige wenner van die Vakansielesoomblikke-kompetisie is Hannah Green. Sy het vir ons hierdie foto van haar vierjarige dogter, Jemima, gestuur wat die *Your Story Power Magazine* geniet terwyl hulle met vakansie in Namibië was. Hannah sê: "Jemima het daarvan gehou om in ons dakent in die woestyn te sit, deur die tydskrif te blaai en my te vra om vir haar daaruit te lees."

Create your own cut-out-and-keep books

1. Take out pages 5 to 12 of this supplement.
2. Separate pages 5, 6, 11 and 12 from pages 7, 8, 9 and 10.
3. 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.
 - c) Cut along the red dotted lines.

Maak jou eie knip-uit-en-bêreboekies

1. Haal bladsye 5 tot 12 van hierdie bylae uit.
2. Skei bladsye 5, 6, 11 en 12 van bladsye 7, 8, 9 en 10.
3. Volg die aanwysings hieronder om elke boek te maak.
 - a) Vou die vel in die helfte op die swart stippellyn.
 - b) Vou dit weer in die helfte.
 - c) Sny dit uit op die rooi stippellyne.



Drive your imagination



“Morning, Mrs Makabela!” he called, and smiled his biggest, brightest smile. But Mrs Makabela did not smile back.

There, at the zebra crossing, stood grumpy Mrs Makabela, the traffic cop. She looked cold, and wet, and miserable. The old man knew just what to do.

“Goieënôre, mev. Makabela!” sê hy en glimlag sy breedste, stralendste glimlag. Maar mev. Makabela glimlag nie terug nie.

Daar, by die sebraoorgang, staan die nors mev. Makabela, die verkeersbeampte. Sy lyk koud, nat en misetabel. Die ou man weet presies wat om te doen.

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



It starts with a story...

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



Drive your
imagination

Sizwe's smile

Sizwe se glimlag



Vianne Venter
Genevieve Terblanche

A bent old man opened the door. "Oh, no! You can't come inside. You're all wet!" he told the dog. But right away, the smile beamed up at the old man. "The old man stood a little straighter. "Eish," he said, "who cares if it's raining? Let's go for a walk, boy!" And off they went, splashing in the puddles.

'n Krom ou man maak die deur oop. "O, nee! Jy kan nie inkom nie. Jy's sopnat!" sê hy vir die hond. Maar dadelik straal die glimlag op na die ou man.

Die ou man staan 'n bietjie meer regop. "Eish," sê hy, "wat maak dit saak dat dit reën? Kom ons gaan stap, my honte!" En daar gaan hulle, al plassend deur die poeletyes.

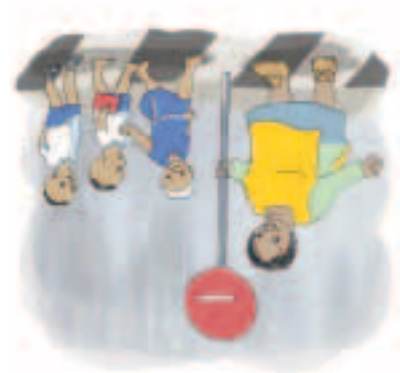


Om dae aaneen in die reën te staan kan 'n mens se gesig baie, baie stroef maak. Maar 'n glimlag het towerkrag, en teen hierdie tyd is die glimlag so sterk en so stralend dat dit baie moeilik is om dit in te hou. Dit werk nie onmiddellik nie, maar bietjie vir bietjie, begin dit naderkruip totdat, einde ten laaste . . . !

'n Groot glimlag oor mev. Makabela se gesig spreit Die skoolklok lui en die kinders hardloop om die straat oor te steek. Mev. Makabela hou haar verkeerstekke in die lug op en glimlag vir elke enkele kind.

The school bell rang, and children ran to cross the road. Mrs Makabela put up her sign, and smiled, and smiled, at each and every child.

A great, big smile lit up Mrs Makabela's face!



It had been raining for days, and everyone was grumpy. Everyone except Sizwe, who woke up with a smile every morning.

"Yoh! Sizwe! That smile is magic!" said Gogo. "Is it for me?"

Sizwe clapped his hand over his mouth. "But it's MY smile, Gogo," he whispered.



Dit reën al dae lank, en almal is iesegrimmig. Almal behalwe Sizwe, wat elke oggend met 'n glimlag wakker word.

"Yoh! Sizwe! Daardie glimlag het towerkrag!" sê Gogo. "Is dit vir my?"

Sizwe sit sy hand oor sy mond. "Maar dis MY glimlag, Gogo," fluister hy.





Vir 'n rukkie is dit stil en rustig in die dorpie. Dis die tyd van die jaar wanneer dit koel is, en dit nie reën nie. Maar gou is dit tyd om die grond te bewerk en gewasse te plant. Die reën sal gou weer kom. Dit raak weer warm en bedompig.

"Ten minste is Ram nie hier nie," sê een van die dorpenaars, "en ons hoef ook nie meer te luister hoe sy ma op hom skree nie."

For a while the village was quiet and peaceful. It was the time of the year when it was cool and there was no rain. But soon it was time to start preparing the land and plant crops. The rains would be coming again soon. It started to get quite hot and humid again.

"At least Ram is not here," said one of the villagers, "and we won't have to listen to his mother shouting either."



The villagers held a meeting with the king. They demanded that the king do something.

"Punish them!" they shouted. "Send Ram and his mother away!"

"You will leave our village," said the king. "Take your things and go now. You may not set foot in our village again."

So Ram and his mother went to live outside the village, by themselves.

Die dorpenaars bele 'n vergadering met die koning. Hulle dring aan dat die koning iets moet doen.

"Straf hulle!" skree hulle. "Stuur vir Ram en sy ma weg!"

"Julle sal ons dorpie verlaat," sê die koning. "Vat julle goed en gaan onmiddellik. En julle mag nie weer julle gesigte hier wys nie."

Ram en sy ma gaan woon toe op hulle eie buite die dorpie.

CAMBRIDGE

Thunder and lightning

Donder en Blits

Thunder and lightning is from the Rainbow Reading series by Cambridge University Press. Rainbow Reading is a graded series for primary schools. It provides a wealth of original stories and factual texts, which will help learners to develop the reading skills and vocabulary they need to meet the requirements of the curriculum – in all learning areas. Rainbow Reading consists of 350 titles which are grouped by level and theme. For further information, visit www.cup.co.za



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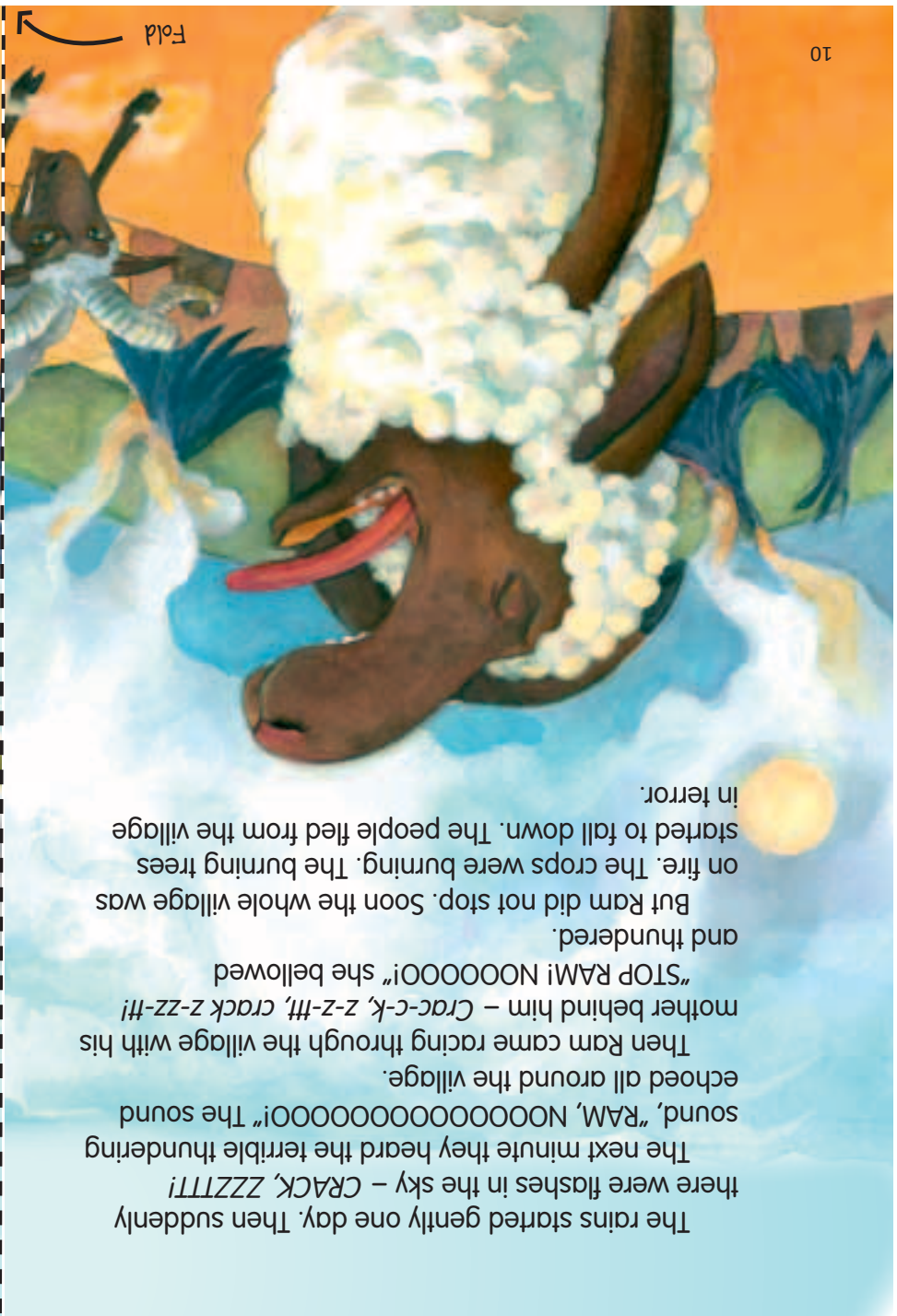
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Drive your
imagination

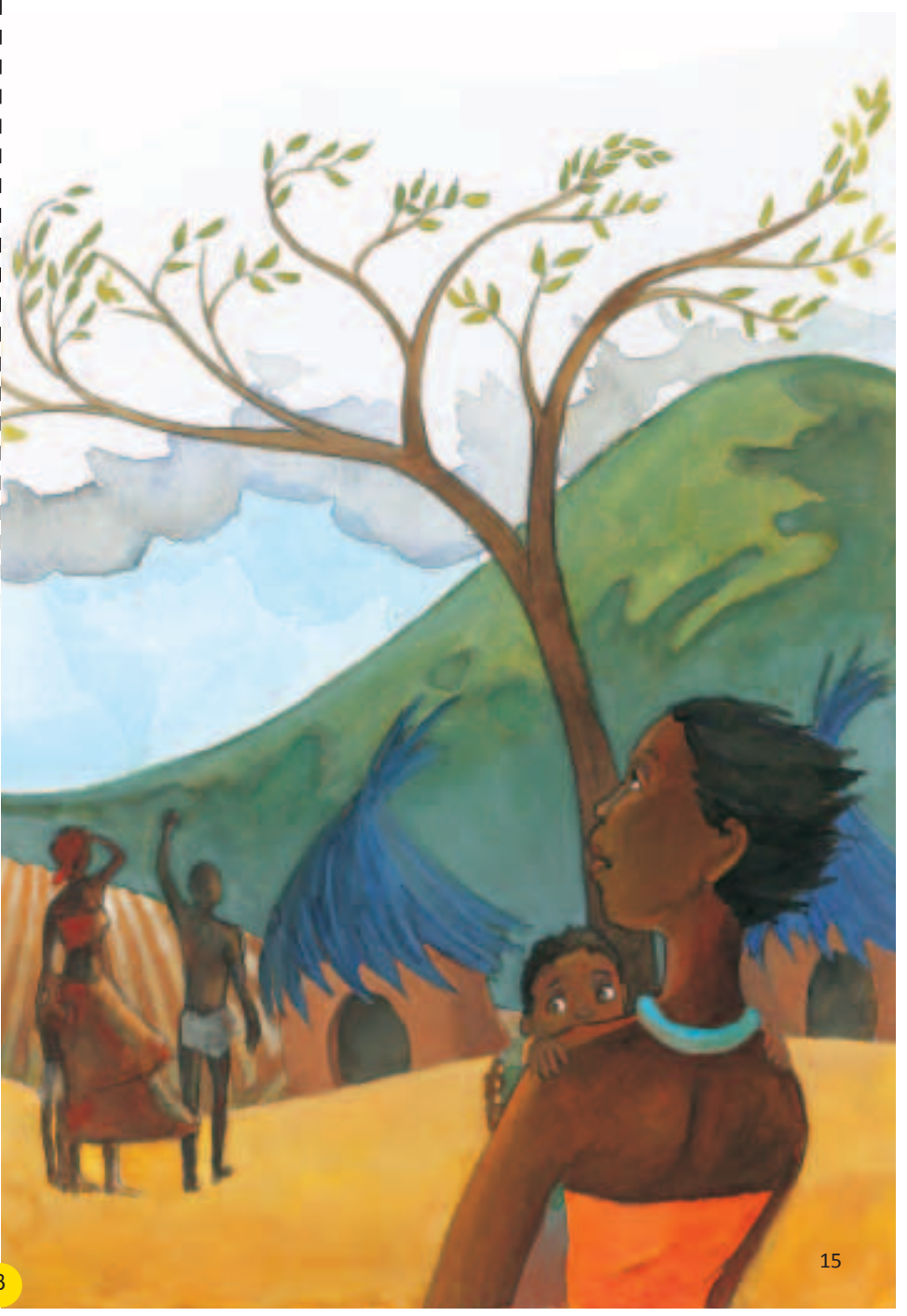
Daphne Paizee
Kathleen Arnott
Colette Kemp





The rains started gently one day. Then suddenly there were flashes in the sky – *CRACK, ZZZTTT!* The next minute they heard the terrible thundering sound, “RAM, NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” The sound echoed all around the village. Then Ram came racing through the village with his mother behind him – *Crac-c-k, z-z-z-fff, crack z-zz-fff!* “STOP RAM! NOOOOOOO!” she bellowed and thundered. But Ram did not stop. Soon the whole village was on fire. The crops were burning. The burning trees started to fall down. The people fled from the village in terror.

Fold



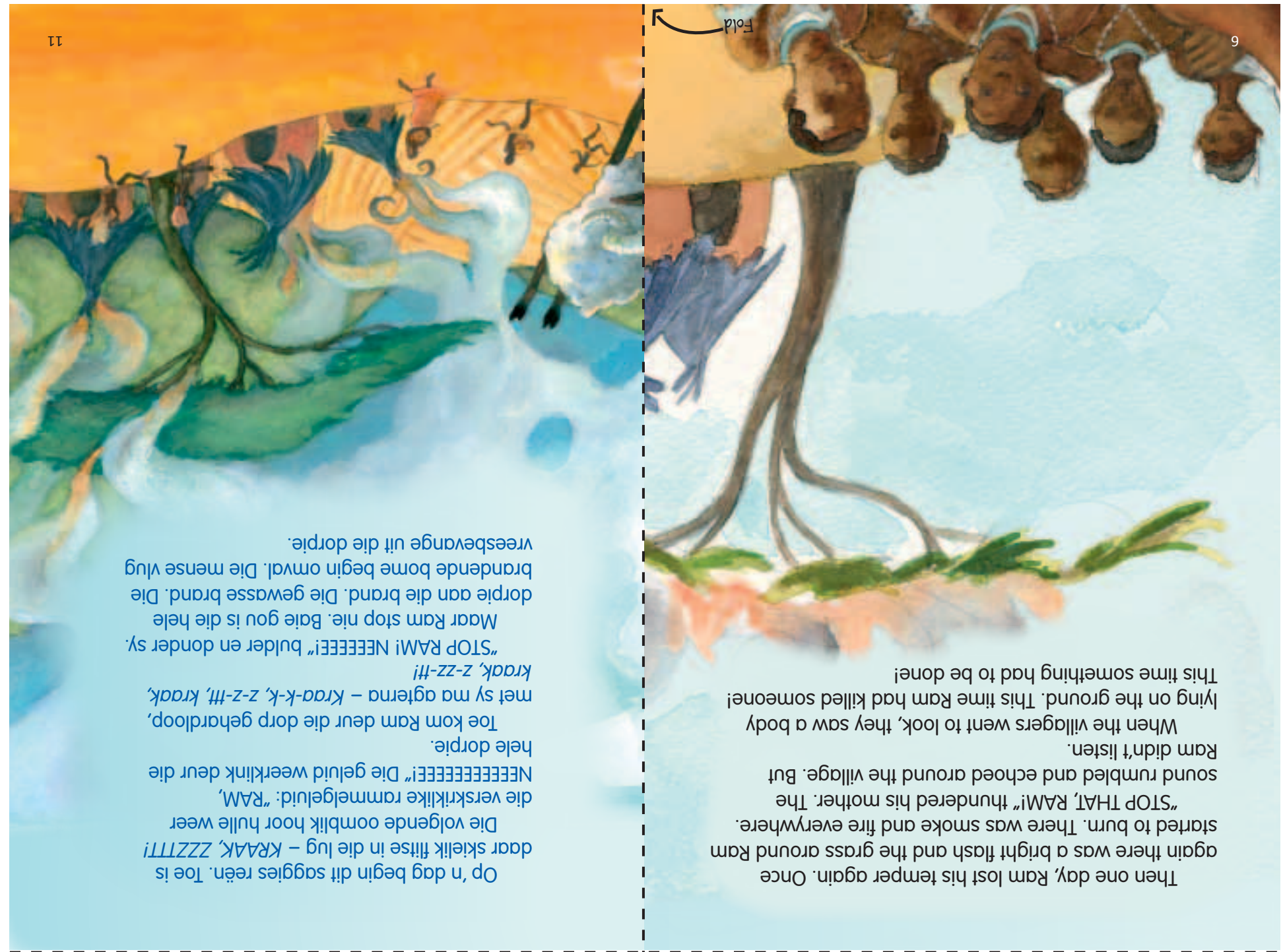
Toe, op 'n dag, verloor Ram weer sy huneur. Daar is weer 'n helder flitslig en die gras om Ram slaan aan die brand. Daar is orol rook en vlamme. “STOP DIT, RAM!” donder sy ma. Die geluid rammel en weerklink deur die dorpie. Maar Ram luister nie. Toe die dorpenaars gaan kyk wat gebeur het, sien hulle 'n liggaam op die grond lê. Hierdie keer het Ram iemand doodgemaak! Hierdie keer moet iets gedoen word!



Long, long ago thunder and lightning lived with the people on Earth. Thunder was an old sheep and lightning was a young ram. They lived in a small village, near a forest. But the people in the village did not like them very much.

Lank, lank gelede het Donder en Blits nog saam met die mense op die aarde gewoon. Donder was 'n ou skaap, en Blits was 'n jong ram. Hulle het in 'n klein dorpie naby 'n woud gewoon. Maar die mense in die dorpie het nie baie van hulle gehou nie.

Fold



Op 'n dag begin dit saggies reën. Toe is daar skielik flitse in die lug – KRAAK, ZZZTTT! Die volgende oomblik hoor hulle weer die verskriklike rammegeluid: "RAM, NEEEEEEEEEE!" Die geluid weerklank deur die hele dorpie. Toe kom Ram deur die dorp gehardloop, met sy ma agterna – Kraa-k-k, z-z-fff, kraak, kraak, z-z-z-fff! "STOP RAM! NEEEEEE!" bulder en donder sy. Maar Ram stop nie. Baie gou is die hele dorpie aan die brand. Die gewasse brand. Die brandende bome begin omval. Die mense vlug vreesbevange uit die dorpie.

Then one day, Ram lost his temper again. Once again there was a bright flash and the grass around Ram started to burn. There was smoke and fire everywhere. "STOP THAT, RAM!" thundered his mother. The sound rumbled and echoed around the village. But Ram didn't listen. When the villagers went to look, they saw a body lying on the ground. This time Ram had killed someone! This time something had to be done!

So Ram and his mother went to live far, far away, up in the sky. And for a while, the village was peaceful again. The people built new houses and they prepared the ground to plant new crops. But when the rains came again ...

Well, you can guess what happened, can't you? There was thunder and lightning as usual.

Ram en sy ma het toe ver, ver weg in die lug daarbo gaan woon. En vir 'n rukkie was alles in die dorpie weer rustig. Die mense het nuwe huise gebou en hulle het die grond bewerk om nuwe gewasse te plant. Maar toe kom die reëns weer ...

Wel, jy kan raai wat gebeur het, nie waar nie? Soos gewoonlik was daar weer donder en blitse.



Every year, before the rains came, it got hot. And Ram got grumpy. He argued and fought with everyone, and he always lost his temper. When he lost his temper, he knocked things over and started fires.

Elke jaar voor die reëns kom, word dit baie warm. En dan raak Ram knorrig. Hy stry en baklei met almal, en hy verloor altyd sy humeur. Wanneer hy sy humeur verloor, stamp hy dinge om en steek hy vure aan.

It was a terrible sound. It rumbled and echoed for a long time. The villagers were afraid. The houses shook. The villagers shook too. The king went to the king to complain, but the king was not sure what to do.

En wanneer Ram sy hurneur verloor, skree sy ma op hom. Sy skree baie hard: "RAM!" Almal in die dorpie hoor die geskree. Die geraas rammel en weeklink vir 'n lang tyd deur die hele dorpie. Eendag is dit baie warm en bedompig. Ram is in 'n groot bakleiery betrokke. En soos gewoonlik, verloor hy sy hurneur. Toe is daar 'n helder flits, en 'n huis slaan aan die brand. Omdat die huis van gras gemaak is, brand dit baie vinnig. Sy ma is woedend. "RAAAAAMMMMMMM!" donder sy. "WAT HET JY AANGEVANG?" Dit is 'n verskriklike geluid. Dit rammel en eggo vir 'n lang tyd. Die dorpenaars is bang. Die huise bewe. Die dorpenaars bewe ook. Die dorpenaars gaan na die koning om te kla, maar die koning weet nie wat om te doen nie.



And when Ram lost his temper, his mother shouted at him. She shouted very loudly, "RAM!" Everyone in the village heard the shouting. The noise rumbled and echoed all over the village for a long time.

One day, it was very hot and humid. Ram was having a terrible fight. And, as usual, he lost his temper. Then there was a bright flash, and a house started to burn. Because the house was made of grass, it burned quickly.

His mother was very angry. "RAAAAAMMMMM!" she thundered. "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

After the storm, the villagers gathered together. "He has destroyed everything," shouted one man. "We must destroy him."

"They must be punished," shouted another. The king called Ram and his mother to a meeting. "You will go and live far away," said the king. "You will go to a place that is further away than any other place."

"Where will we go?" asked Ram's mother. "You will go and live up in the sky," said the king. "And you will not come back to our village ever again."

The villagers nodded their heads. "Go up to the sky and don't bother us anymore," they shouted. "You have heard the king."



Toe die storm uiteindelik bedaar, kom die dorpenaars bymekaar.

"Hy het alles vernietig," skree een man. "Ons moet hom vernietig."

"Hulle moet gestraf word," skree 'n ander.

Die koning laat roep vir Ram en sy ma. "Julle sal ver van hier af gaan woon," sê die koning. "Julle sal na 'n plek gaan wat verder as enige ander plek van hier af is."

"Waarheen sal ons gaan?" vra Ram se ma.

"Julle sal in die lug gaan woon," sê die koning. "En julle sal nooit weer terugkom na ons dorpie toe nie."

Die dorpenaars knik hulle koppe. "Gaan woon in die lug en moet ons nie weer pla nie," skree hulle. "Julle het gehoor wat die koning sê."

Die kinders glimlag vir hulle mamas en pappas, en hulle gogo's en tatas en broers en susters. Hulle glimlag vir die busbestuurder en die groenteverkoper, en vir Mame Makau, wat wegstap om vir haar man te glimlag, wat op sy beurt weer vir die burgemeester glimlag ...



The children smiled at their moms and dads, and their gogos and tatas and brothers and sisters. They smiled at the bus driver and the greengrocer, and Mme Makau, who went off to smile at her husband, who smiled at the mayor ...

The smiles bounced around and beamed at Sizwe. They warmed him, and tickled him, and crept up, up, up from his toes ... to the TOP of his head. He was so full of happiness that the smile burst out, brilliant and beaming bright.

And something changed. The dark, gloomy, rainy afternoon didn't seem so dark anymore. Could it be ...?

YES! The clouds parted, and the warm sun shone down on them, with the biggest, brightest, most brilliant smile of all.

Die glimlagte bons en straal om Sizwe. Hulle maak hom warm, en kielie hom, en kruip op, op, op van sy tone af ... tot BO-OP sy kop. Hy borrel oor van blydskap tot die glimlag skitterend en stralend uitbreek.

En toe verander iets. Die donker, somber, reënerige middag lyk nie meer so donker nie. Kan dit wees ...?

JA! Die wolke trek weg, en die warm son skyn op hulle, met die grootste, helderste en stralendste glimlag van almal.

Zanele se glimlag is die helderste ding wat die posman die hele oggend gesien het. Dit hou hom warm terwyl hy deur die reën voortstropel.

Hy kom by 'n groot huis. In die erf hardloop 'n hond al in die rondte terwyl hy blaaf, blaaf, blaaf. Hy is so laf dat die posman nie kan help om te glimlag nie. Die glimlag darterel vrolik deur die hek.

Die hond hou op blaaf. Hy spits sy ore en waai sy stert. Toe draai hy om en hardloop terug huis toe met die kosbare, warm glimlag.

Zanele's smile was the brightest thing the postman had seen all morning. It kept him warm as he trudged off through the rain.

He came to a big house. Inside the gate, a dog was spinning around in circles, barking, barking. He was so silly, that the postman couldn't help smiling. The smile bounced through the gate with a glitter of glee.

The dog stopped barking. He pricked up his ears and wagged his tail. Then he turned and ran back to the house with the precious, warm smile.



His mother laughed. "Sizwe! A smile is something you can give away without losing it. Look!"

She lifted him up to the mirror. There was his smile, just as bright as before.

Sy ma lag. “Sizwe! ’n Glimlag is iets wat jy kan weggee sonder om dit te verloor. Kyk!”

Sy lig hom op sodat hy in die spieël kan kyk. Daar is sy glimlag, net so stralend soos tevore.



As Sizwe walked away to the library, Zanele's doorbell rang. It was the postman, with a letter from her favourite cousin. Zanele was so happy, that the smile bounced up, and beamed out at the postman.

"Thank you, Mister Postman!" she said.

Terwyl Sizwe verder stap na die biblioteek, lui Zanele se deurklokkie. Dis die posman, met 'n brief van haar geliefde niggie. Zanele is so bly dat die glimlag uitspring en reguit koers kies na die posman.

"Dankie, meneer Posman!" sê sy.



It was time to go out. Mama buttoned up Sizwe's raincoat, and off they went, through the rain, to the library.

Down the street, Sizwe's best friend Zanele stood at the window of her house, looking sadly at the rain.

Sizwe felt his smile creeping, creeping up. Before he knew it, his smile LEAPT out, and flew across the garden to Zanele. Zanele held on tightly to the smile – it was far too precious to let it get away.

Dit is tyd om uit te gaan. Mamma maak die knope van Sizwe se reënjas vas, en daar gaan hulle, deur die reën, biblioteek toe.

Verder af in die straat staan Sizwe se beste maat Zanele by haar venster en kyk hartseer na die reën.

Sizwe voel sy glimlag stadig opborrel. Voor hy weet wat gebeur, BONS sy glimlag uit, en vlieg oor die tuin tot by Zanele. Zanele hou die glimlag styf vas – dit is veels te kosbaar om dit te laat wegkom.



In the library, everything was quiet except for the sound of the rain.

"It's time to go," said Sizwe's mother, closing her book.

"Aw, Mama!" said Sizwe, who had run out of smiles.

In die biblioteek is alles stil, behalwe vir die geluid van die reën.

"Dis tyd om te gaan," sê Sizwe se mamma en maak haar boek toe.

"Ag, Mamma!" sê Sizwe, wie se glimlag nou op is.



But as they stepped out into the street ... WHAT A SIGHT! Everyone in town was there! Everyone! And they were ALL smiling!



Maar toe hulle in die straat uitstap ... WAT 'N GESIG! Die hele dorp is daar! Almal! En hulle glimlag ALMAL!



Get story active!

After you and your children have read the cut-out-and-keep books in this supplement, you might like to try some of these ideas. Choose the ones that best suit your children's ages and interests.

Sizwe's smile

- ★ Look at the pictures again. Choose some of them to focus on and, with your children, talk about how the people might be feeling. Invite your children to talk about times when they felt like this too.
- ★ In the story, Gogo says that she thinks Sizwe's smile "is magic". Ask your children whether they think that Sizwe's smile really is magic. Can they suggest why Gogo says this?
- ★ Sizwe's mother says that a smile is something you can give away without losing it. Can your children think of other things that you can give away, but still keep?



Thunder and lightning

- ★ Ask your children to draw their own pictures of Ram and to then write the words that describe him around their picture. Help younger children by writing the words they tell you.
- ★ How about adding sound effects to the story? Read the story together again, but this time use pots, pans and other kitchen utensils as well as stamping your feet and clapping your hands to make the sounds in the story – for example, the sounds of the Ram knocking over things, or the rumbling noise of the thunder, or Ram's mother shouting.
- ★ The villagers in the story asked the king to send Ram and his mother away. Do your children think this punishment was fair? How else could Ram and his mother have been punished? Would that have been more fair?



Raak doenig met stories!

Nadat jy en jou kinders die knip-uit-en-bêreboekies in hierdie bylae gelees het, sal julle dalk van hierdie idees wil probeer. Kies dié wat die beste by jou kinders se ouderdomme en belangstellings pas.



Sizwe se glimlag

- ★ Kyk weer na die illustrasies. Kies van hulle om op te fokus en gesels met jou kinders oor hoe die mense dalk voel. Nooi jou kinders om te gesels oor tye toe hulle ook so gevoel het.
- ★ In die storie sê Gogo dat sy dink Sizwe se glimlag het "towerkrag". Vra die kinders of hulle dink dat Sizwe se glimlag regtig towerkrag het. Kan hulle redes gee waarom Gogo so sê?
- ★ Sizwe se mamma sê 'n glimlag is iets wat jy kan weggee sonder om dit te verloor. Kan jou kinders aan ander dinge dink wat hulle kan weggee en steeds kan behou?

Donder en Blits

- ★ Vra jou kinders om hulle eie prente van Ram te teken en om dan die woorde wat hom beskryf om hulle prente te skryf. Help jonger kinders deur die woorde wat hulle vir jou sê, neer te skryf.
- ★ Wat van 'n paar klankeffekte by die storie? Lees weer die storie saam, maar gebruik hierdie keer potte, panne en ander kombuisgereedskap en stamp julle voete en klap julle hande om die klanke in die storie te maak – byvoorbeeld, die geluide van Ram wat dinge omstamp, of die rammelgeluid van die donderweer, of Ram se ma wat skree.
- ★ Die dorpenaars in die storie vra die koning om Ram en sy ma weg te stuur. Dink jou kinders hierdie straf is regverdig? Hoe anders kon Ram en sy ma gestraf word? Sou dit regverdiger gewees het?

DID YOU KNOW?

1. Thunder and lightning happen a lot! Every second there are over 100 lightning strikes on Earth. And there are more than 1 800 thunderstorms every day.
2. Thunder and lightning work together! If you can hear thunder, lightning is nearby.
3. Lightning heats up the air around it. The air expands and vibrates, making thunder.
4. Lightning is most likely to hit tall objects, like trees, mountains and people – anything that stands up from the ground.
5. Lightning is very dangerous. Each year it kills about 2 000 people around the world.



HET JY GEWEET?

1. Daar is dikwels donderweer en weerlig! Elke sekonde tref meer as 100 weerligstrale die aarde. En daar is meer as 1 800 donderstorms elke dag.
2. Donderweer en weerlig werk saam! As jy die donderweer kan hoor, is die weerlig naby.
3. Weerlig maak die lug rondom dit warm. Die lug sit uit en vibreer, en dit veroorsaak donderweer.
4. Weerlig sal hoogs waarskynlik hoë voorwerpe tref, soos bome, berge en mense – enigiets wat bo die grond uitsteek.
5. Weerlig is baie gevaarlik. Dit maak elke jaar ongeveer 2 000 mense oor die hele wêreld dood.



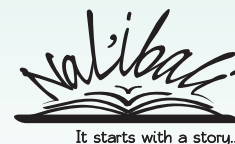
Drive your
imagination

The king of the birds

Retold by Joanne Bloch



Illustrations by Tamsin Hinrichsen



Long ago when the world was new, Nkwazi, the great fish eagle, called all the birds together.

"As you know," he said, "Bhubesi the lion is king of the beasts. But why should he speak for us birds? We need to chose our own king ... and as I am so majestic, I say it should be me!"

All the birds began to chirp and chatter until one voice rose above the others. "Nkwazi, you are majestic, it's true," said the giant eagle owl, Khova. "But my huge eyes see everything that happens. This makes me very wise – and a king really needs wisdom!"

Again the birds twittered loudly, until the kori bustard, Ngqithi spoke. "I think I should be king!" he said. "Kings need to be big and strong, and I am the largest bird of all."

The birds began arguing about who should be king. Then a shrill voice suddenly rose above the din, "Excuse me! Excuse me!" It was tiny Ncede, the Neddicky bird. Although the crowd laughed at his cheekiness, they allowed him to speak – but none of them could believe it when he said that HE should be king!



"And what exactly would make you a good king?" asked Nkwazi, after they had all stopped laughing.

"Nothing really," said Ncede, "but I should have as much chance as anyone else!"

"All right," said Nkwazi, "let's have a competition!" All the birds liked this idea. They agreed that on the first day after the full moon, when the sun touched the tip of the highest mountain peak, they would all take to the air to see who could fly the highest. The winner would become their king.

The big day arrived. The birds watched patiently as the sun rose. Though little Ncede was determined to prove he could be king, he knew his wings were too weak to fly very high.

So, just before the birds took off, he crept silently underneath Nkwazi's wing feathers. The fish eagle was so busy watching the sun that he didn't feel a thing.

The instant the sun touched the tip of the mountain, the birds rose high into the sky. Soon most of them grew tired, and only the fish eagle, the owl and the bustard were left in the race.

Khova was the first to drop out. As he sank to the earth, Nkwazi and Ngqithi flew up higher and higher ... but after five minutes, the heavy bustard could go no further. "Ah, Nkwazi," he called sadly as he swooped to the ground, "you win!"

"WHEEE-WHEEE-WHEEE!" shrieked the fish eagle triumphantly, gathering his last drop of strength and climbing a little higher. But suddenly he heard a taunting voice. "Not so fast, Nkwazi!" chirped Ncede, shooting out from under his wing and rising a little above him. "You haven't won yet!" Poor fish eagle! He was utterly exhausted, and could climb no further. With a groan he fell to the earth.



The birds were furious at Ncede's trickery. As he hit the ground, they rushed angrily at him – but before they could act, the quick little bird zipped into a deserted snake hole.

"Come out!" screeched the birds, "and get the prize you deserve!" But although they guarded the hole all night, Ncede stayed exactly where he was.



"Let's take turns to stand guard!" said Nkwazi in the morning. Khova agreed to take the first watch while the others went off to sleep or hunt. He waited for ages, but there was no sign of Ncede. "My eyes are so strong," he said to himself, "I only need one. I'll close my right eye and use my left." A while later he swapped, opening his right eye and closing his left. This went on for some time, until finally he forgot to keep one of his eyes open and fell fast asleep.

This was just what Ncede had been waiting for! Off he flew, straight into the forest. "You fool!" shouted Nkwazi, who had seen Ncede disappearing just as he came to relieve Khova, "YOU FELL ASLEEP!"

Khova was so embarrassed that he decided to hunt by night and sleep by day so that the other birds wouldn't have a chance to tease him. Meanwhile, Ncede flitters about in the forest, never stopping long enough to be caught. And who became king? Well, the truth is that the birds were so upset with Ncede that they never chose a king!



Die koning van die voëls

Oorvertel deur Joanne Bloch  Illustrasies deur Tamsin Hinrichsen

Storiehoekie

Lank gelede, toe die wêreld nog jonk was, het Nkwazi, die groot visarend, al die voëls bymekaar geroep.

"Soos julle weet," sê hy, "is Bhubesi die leeu die koning van die diere. Maar waarom moet hy vir ons as voëls praat? Ons moet ons eie koning kies ... en omdat ek so koninklik is, sê ek dat ek koning behoort te wees!"

Al die voëls begin kwetter en kweel totdat een stem bo die ander uitstyg. "Nkwazi, jy is koninklik, dit is waar," sê die reuse-ooruil, Khova. "Maar my groot oë sien alles wat gebeur. Dit maak my baie wys – en 'n koning het regtig wysheid nodig!"

Die voëls kwetter weer luidkeels, totdat die gompou, Ngqithi begin praat. "Ek dink ek behoort koning te wees!" sê hy. "Konings moet groot en sterk wees, en ek is die grootste van al die voëls."

Die voëls begin stry oor wie koning moet wees. Toe klink 'n skril stem skielik bo die lawaai op. "Verskoon my! Verskoon my!" Dit is klein Ncedé, die neddikkie. Al lag die skare voëls vir hom omdat hy so astring is, laat hulle hom toe om te praat – maar nie een van hulle kan glo wat hulle hoor toe hy sê HY behoort koning te wees nie!



"En wat sal jou nogal 'n goeie koning maak?" vra Nkwazi, toe almal uiteindelik ophou lag.

"Niks eintlik nie," sê Ncedé, "maar ek behoort dieselfde kans te kry as enigiemand anders!"

"Nou goed dan," sê Nkwazi, "kom ons hou 'n kompetisie!" Al die voëls hou van hierdie idee. Hulle stem saam dat op die eerste dag ná die volmaan, wanneer die son aan die punt van die hoogste bergpiek raak, hulle almal sal opvlieg om te kyk wie die hoogste kan vlieg. Die wenner sal dan hulle koning word.

Die groot dag breek aan. Die voëls kyk geduldig hoe die son opkom. Al is klein Ncedé vasberade om te bewys dat hy koning kan wees, weet hy sy vlerke is te swak om baie hoog te vlieg.

En toe, net voor die voëls begin vlieg, kruip hy stilletjies onder Nkwazi se vlerkvere in. Die visarend is so besig om die son dop te hou dat hy niks voel nie.

Die oomblik toe die son aan die bergpiek raak, vlieg die voëls hoog in die lug op. Sommer gou word die meeste van hulle moeg, en net die visarend, die uil en die gompou bly oor.

Khova is die eerste om uit te val.

Toe hy grond toe sak, vlieg Nkwazi en Ngqithi hoër en hoër ... maar na vyf minute kan die swaar gompou nie hoër vlieg nie. "Ai, Nkwazi," roep hy hartseer terwyl hy grond toe swiep, "jy wen!"

"WIEEE-WIEEE-WIEEE!" roep die visarend triomfantelik, en gebruik sy laaste bietjie krag om nog hoër te klim. Maar skielik hoor hy 'n tergende stemmetjie. "Nie so haastig nie, Nkwazi!" tjirp Ncedé. Hy skiet onder visarend se vlerk uit en vlieg 'n entjie bo hom. "Jy het nog nie gewen nie!" Arme visarend! Hy is doodmoeg en kan nie hoër vlieg nie. Hy sak met 'n kreun terug grond toe.



Die voëls is woedend oor Ncedé se skelmstreek. Toe hy op die grond kom sit, storm hulle briesend op hom af – maar voor hulle iets kan doen, vlieg die klein voëltjie in 'n verlate slanggat in.

"Kom uit!" kras die voëls, "en kom kry die prys wat jy verdien!" Maar al hou hulle die hele nag voor die gat wag, roer Ncedé nie.

"Kom ons maak beurte om wag te hou!" sê Nkwazi die volgende

oggend. Khova stem in om eerste wag te hou terwyl die ander gaan slaap of jag. Hy wag vir ewig, maar daar is geen teken van Ncedé nie. "My oë is so skerp," sê hy vir homself, "ek het net een nodig. Ek sal my regteroog toemaak en my linkeroog oophou." 'n Rukkie later ruil hy om en maak sy regteroog oop en sy linkeroog toe. Dit hou 'n rukkie aan, totdat hy uiteindelik vergeet om een oog oop te hou en vas aan die slaap raak.

Dis net waarvoor Ncedé gewag het! Hy vlieg reguit bos toe. "Jou dwaas!" skree Nkwazi, wat Ncedé sien verdwyn net toe hy vir Khova kom aflos, "JY HET AAN DIE SLAAP GERAAK!"

Khova is so verleë dat hy besluit om snags te jag en bedags te slaap sodat die ander voëls nie 'n kans sal kry om hom te terg nie. Intussen fladder Ncedé in die bos rond, en gaan sit nooit lank genoeg stil om gevang te word nie. En wie het toe koning geword?

Wel, die waarheid is dat die voëls so vies was vir Ncedé dat hulle nooit 'n koning gekies het nie!



Nal'ibali fun

Use your imagination to complete this story.



Nal'ibali-pret

Gebruik jou verbeelding om hierdie storie te voltooi.



A silly thing to do

One rainy break time, all the children had to stay inside the classroom. After they had finished eating, some of the children decided to make up a new hip hop dance together.

It was fun until Tara said, "Hey, I know, let's dance on the desks!"

She jumped onto a desk and ... slipped right off onto the floor!

"Ow, ow, my ankle," cried Tara. "It's burning!"

Tara's friends ran off quickly to find their teacher.

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'n Dwase ding om te doen

Een reënigerige dag tydens pouse moet al die kinders in die klas bly. Toe hulle klaar geëet het, besluit van die kinders om saam 'n nuwe hip-hop-dans op te maak.

Dit was pret, tot Tara sê: "Hei, ek weet, kom ons dans op die tafels!"

Sy spring op 'n tafel en ... gly af tot op die vloer!

"Eina, eina, my enkel," huil Tara. "Dit pyn!"

Tara se maats hardloop gou om hul onderwyser te gaan soek.

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How much do you know about Bella? Choose the correct word from each pair of red words to complete the information about her.

Bella is **ten/five** years old. She has a pet **fish/dog** that she adopted when he was a puppy. She named him **Noodle/Blossom**. Her best friend is Neo and they play together every day after Neo comes home from school. Bella loves listening to **stories/songs** being told or read to her. She loves all animals so she likes stories about animals. But she also likes stories about queens and witches, even though they make her a little **happy/scared** sometimes!

Wat weet jy van Bella? Kies die korrekte woord uit elke paar rooi woorde om die inligting oor haar te voltooi.

Bella is **tien/vyf** jaar oud. Haar troeteldier is 'n **vis/hond** wat sy aangeneem het toe hy nog klein was. Haar troeteldier se naam is **Noodle/Blossom**. Haar beste maat is Neo en hulle speel elke dag saam wanneer Neo na skool huis toe kom. Bella hou daarvan om te luister wanneer **stories/liedjies** vir haar vertel of gelees word. Sy hou van alle diere en hou daarom van stories oor diere. Maar sy hou ook van stories oor koninginne en hekse, selfs al maak dit haar soms 'n bietjie **gelukkig/bang**!



Antwoorde: vyf, hond, Noodle, stories, bang

Answers: five, dog, Noodle, stories, scared

Look out for our special Mother's Day edition of the Nal'ibali supplement in the week of 10 May 2015!



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Wees op die uitkyk vir ons spesiale Moedersdag-uitgawe van die Nal'ibali-bylae in die week van 10 Mei 2015!

Supplement produced by The Project for the Study of Alternative Education in South Africa (PRAESA) and Times Media Education. Translated by Anita van Zyl. Nal'ibali character illustrations by Rico.

Daily Dispatch

The Herald

Sunday Times

SundayWorld



Drive your imagination