



Spread the word!

Each year on 21 February, the world celebrates International Mother Language Day. This event shines the spotlight on just how important it is to preserve and protect *all* languages used by *all* groups of people throughout the world! And nothing could be more relevant for South Africa, as Carole Bloch, Director of PRAESA, explains.

“It’s normal to use our mother tongue every day, isn’t it? No, it’s not! It is actually only normal for mother tongue English speakers, and some Afrikaans speakers, to carry out their daily business in their mother tongue (or home language). Most people in South Africa do not have this privilege.

I am often asked why I think most school children in South Africa do so badly at reading and writing. Well, think about how shaky their foundations are – apart from anything else, most children have to switch to a language they barely know after only three years at school – usually English! That means doing all of their reading, writing, learning, tests and examinations in this language. Many people think that our children would be even more disadvantaged without English. But here’s the point: it’s not a matter of pitching English against African languages! It’s about using African languages as well as English, not one at the expense of the other. We have to use all of our languages, especially in print, to develop and value them.

To understand and communicate at school, you need to use a language you know. You need to be given the opportunity to see and understand the world through your own language so that you’re more likely to be motivated and inspired to learn new things. And then, to get to know a new language, you need teachers who are well-trained and language role models.

And, of course to learn to read, you need lots of books and stories. In South Africa, we have great children’s literature from around the world, including stories from Africa, but these stories are mainly in English. Don’t all children in 21st century South Africa deserve books and stories in their mother tongues so that they can be nurtured into the magic and wonder of reading?

This year, on 21 February, help spread the word about the importance of using your home language/s to grow children’s literacy.”

Versprei die boodskap!

Op 21 Februarie elke jaar vier die wêreld Internasionale Moedertaaldag. Hierdie geleentheid plaas die soeklig op presies hoe belangrik dit is om *alle* tale wat deur *alle* groepe mense oral in die hele wêreld gepraat word, te bewaar en te beskerm! En niks kan meer relevant vir Suid-Afrika wees nie, soos Carole Bloch, Direkteur van PRAESA, verduidelik.

“Dit is normaal om elke dag ons moedertaal te gebruik, of hoe? Nee, dit is nie! Dit is eintlik net normaal vir sprekers wie se moedertaal Engels is, en vir sommige Afrikaanssprekendes, om daaglik hulle sake in hulle moedertaal (of huistaal), te doen. Die meeste mense in Suid-Afrika het nie hierdie voorreg nie.

Ek word dikwels gevra waarom ek dink die meeste skoolkinders in Suid-Afrika so swak vaar in lees en skryf. Wel, dink aan hoe wankelig hulle grondslag is – bo en behalwe ander faktore, moet die meeste kinders na slegs drie jaar op skool oorskakel na ‘n taal wat hulle skaars ken – en dit is gewoonlik Engels! Dit beteken hulle moet al hulle leeswerk, skryfwerk, toetse en eksamens in hierdie taal doen en ook daarin leer. Baie mense dink ons kinders sou selfs meer benadeel gewees het sonder Engels. Maar hier lê die knoop: dit gaan nie daaroor om Engels teenoor Afrika-tale op te stel nie! Dit gaan daaroor om Afrika-tale én Engels te gebruik, nie een ten koste van die ander nie. Ons moet al ons tale gebruik, veral in druk, om hulle te ontwikkel en te waardeer.

Om by die skool dinge te verstaan en te kommunikeer, moet jy ‘n taal gebruik wat jy ken. Jy moet die geleentheid kry om die wêreld deur jou eie taal te sien en te verstaan sodat jy meer gemotiveer en geïnspireer sal wees om nuwe dinge te leer. En om dan ‘n nuwe taal te leer, moet jy onderwysers hê wat goed opgelei is en wat taalrolmodelle is.

En natuurlik, om te leer lees, het jy baie boeke en stories nodig. In Suid-Afrika het ons wonderlike kinderliteratuur van oor die hele wêreld, insluitend stories uit Afrika, maar hierdie stories is hoofsaaklik in Engels. Verdien alle kinders in Suid-Afrika in die 21ste eeu nie boeke en stories in hulle moedertale nie sodat hulle die towerkrag en wonder van lees kan koester?

Help hierdie jaar, op 21 Februarie, om die boodskap te versprei oor hoe belangrik dit is om jou huistaal of -tale te gebruik om kinders se geletterdheid te ontwikkel.”



Drive your
imagination

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





Drive your
imagination

Story stars

Sharing stories in different ways

Zanele Ndlovu is the author of our cut-out-and-keep book on pages 3 to 6. She is also a storyteller, actress, song writer, musician, dancer and publisher. Zanele's inspiring work has taken her all over the African continent where she has performed at many different kinds of festivals. Recently we spent some time chatting to this talented and passionate Story Star about stories and reading.

Who told you stories when you were a child?

My aunts and cousins at my grandmother's house. They used to tell me my grandfather's story called *Xinyaragwegwe* which is Xitsonga.

When did you start telling stories? Who did you tell them to?

I started telling stories when I was twelve. I told them to my aunts and cousins during the school holidays.

What is your favourite story to tell?

I love "The boy who cried wolf". It has a good lesson: If you lie about being in trouble, when you really need help, no one will be there to help you because they won't believe you!

Where do you get your stories from?

From books and from storytellers on the radio and at live performances. I also make up my own stories.

What language/s do you tell and write stories in?

I tell my stories in my mother tongue, isiZulu, and also in English. I write my stories in isiZulu because I think it's important to preserve my mother tongue – many people can't read and write in isiZulu. Then I translate my stories into other languages.

How are stories that are told, different from written stories?

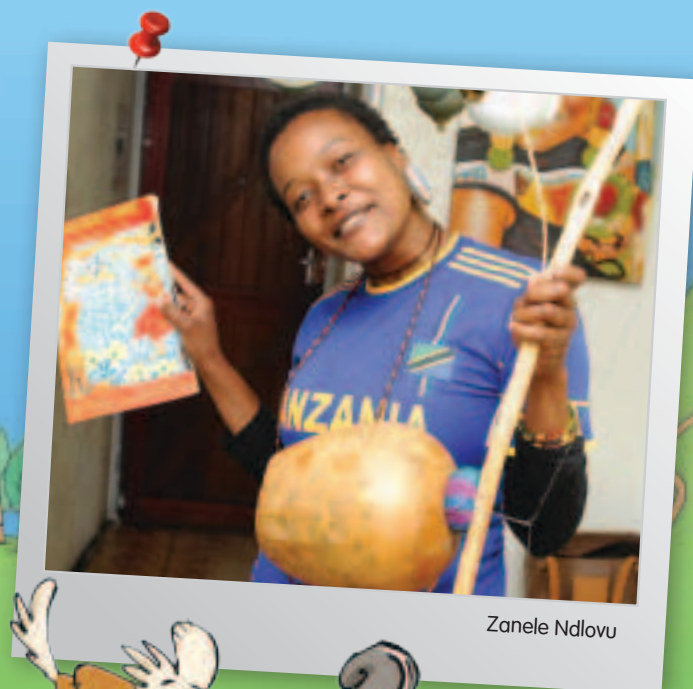
When you tell a story, it benefits only the people who are there at the time, unless they pass it on. When you write that story down, it will be there for generations to come.

Do you ever read a book more than once?

Yes! Some books can't be read only once!

My favourite place to read is ...

... in a tree!



Zanele Ndlovu



Storiesterre

Deel stories op verskillende maniere

Zanele Ndlovu is die skrywer van die knip-uit-en-bêreboekie op bladsye 3 tot 6. Sy is ook 'n storieverteller, aktrise, liedjieskrywer, musikant, danser en uitgewer. Zanele se inspirerende werk het haar al na die hele vasteland van Afrika geneem, waar sy by baie verskillende soorte feeste opgetree het. Ons het onlangs met hierdie talentvolle en passievolle Storiester oor stories en lees gesels.

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

My tantes en niggies en neefs by my oma se huis. Hulle het vir my my oupa se storie, *Xinyaragwegwe* vertel, wat in Xitsonga is.

Wanneer het jy begin stories vertel? Vir wie het jy stories vertel?

Ek het begin stories vertel toe ek twaalf jaar oud was. Ek het hulle in die skoolvakansies vir my tantes en niggies en neefs vertel.

Wat is jou gunstelingstorie om te vertel?

Ek hou van die storie oor die seun wat "wolf" geskree het. Dit het 'n goeie les. As jy jok en sê dat jy in die moeilikheid is, sal niemand daar wees om jou te help wanneer jy regtig hulp nodig het nie, want hulle sal jou nie glo nie!

Waar kry jy jou stories vandaan?

Van boeke en van storievertellers op die radio en by regstreekse optredes. Ek maak ook my eie stories op.

In watter tale vertel en skryf jy stories?

Ek vertel stories in my moedertaal, isiZulu, en ook in Engels. Ek skryf my stories in isiZulu, want ek dink dit is belangrik om my moedertaal te bewaar – baie mense kan nie isiZulu lees of skryf nie. Dan vertaal ek my stories in ander tale.

Hoe verskil stories wat vertel word van geskrewe stories?

Wanneer jy 'n storie vertel, baat net die mense wat op daardie tydstip daar is daarby, tensy hulle dit oorvertel. Wanneer jy daardie storie neerskryf, sal dit daar wees vir die volgende geslagte.

Lees jy ooit 'n boek meer as een keer?

Ja! Sommige boeke kan nie net een keer gelees word nie!

Die plek waar ek die graagste lees is ...

... in 'n boom!

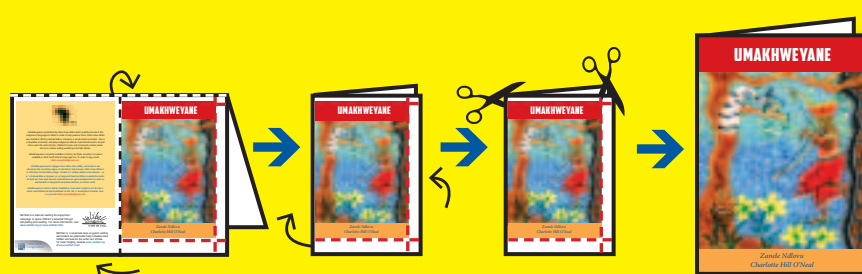


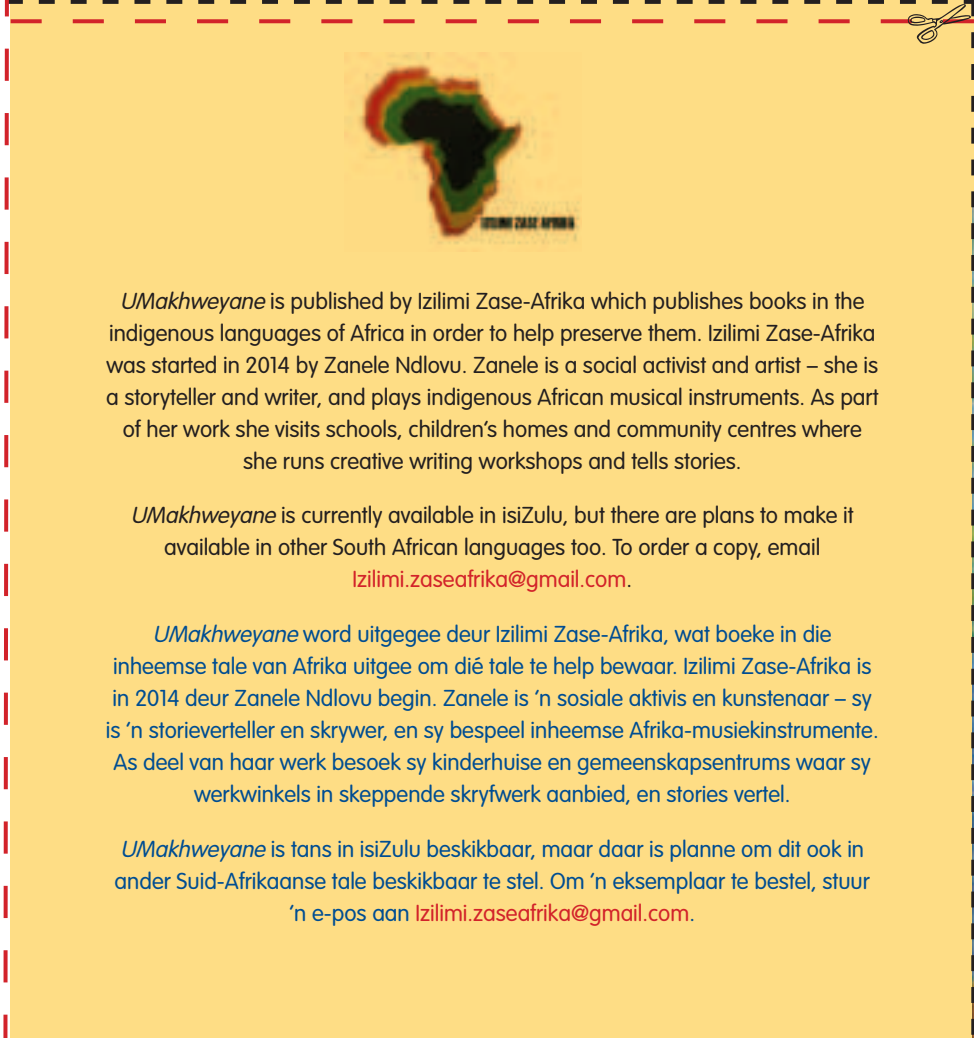
Create your own cut-out-and-keep book

1. Take out pages 3 to 6 of this supplement.
2. Fold it in half along the black dotted line.
3. Fold it in half again.
4. Cut along the red dotted lines.

Maak jou eie knip-uit-en-bêreboekie

1. Haal bladsye 3 tot 6 van hierdie bylae uit.
2. Vou dit op die swart stippellyn.
3. Vou dit weer in die helfte.
4. Sny dit uit op die rooi stippellyne.





3

UMAKHWEYANE



Zanele Ndlovu
Charlotte Hill O'Neal

As soon as she saw Gogo Bavikile, Nozul's hope was restored. "Hello, Gogo," she said humbly. "I need your help."



Nozulu and Mlilo were overjoyed with their beautiful children, and so was the community. There was only one problem – the twins cried non-stop! “Wah! wah! wah!” they cried when they were fed. “Wah! wah! wah!” they cried, even when they were supposed to be asleep. “Wah! wah! wah!” they cried, day in and day out.

Nozulu was worried. She hadn’t slept for ages, and she wasn’t enjoying motherhood. And now, the villagers of Tshopiya suspected that Gogo Bavikile was behind this too. “That witch is at it again with her *uMakhweyane*!” they said. “Even though we chased her away, she hasn’t mended her ways!”

One morning, Nozulu again woke up at three o’clock, and went out to pray in the veld. “I give thanks for the blessing of my beautiful twins,” she said, sobbing bitterly. “I love them to bits, but there’s just one problem – they have not stopped crying since the day they were born! Never once have I seen them laughing! I need some help to make my children change!”

At that moment, Nozulu heard a voice from the avocado tree behind her. “It’s so sad to see you unhappy, Nozulu, my child,” said the voice. “I share your pain. The good thing is that I have a way to help you. Only one person can make your children stop crying. That person is Gogo Bavikile, who lives up on Mount Bees. Take your children and go see her.”



“Kom ons gaan binnetoë, en dan kan jy vir my vertel wat jou probleem is,” sê Gogo en tel Nozulu se sak op.

“U weet, Gogo, my kinders huil dag en nag vandat hulle gebore is – u kan sien hulle huil selfs nou!” verduidelik Nozulu. “Toë ek voor die avokadopceerboom gebid het, het ’n stem vir my gesê u is die enigste een wat my met hierdie probleem kan help.”

Gogo vat die kinders by hulle ma en sit een op haar rug en die ander een op haar bors, net soos hulle ma gedoen het. Toë neem sy haar *uMakhweyane* en begin daarop speel. Terwyl sy speel, sing sy ’n kindertymple.

En toe gebeur iets ongeloofliks. Nozulu en Mlilo se kinders begin glimlag, rondwreimel en lag! Nozulu is verstom – vir die eerste keer vandat hulle sewe maande gelede gebore is, is haar kinders gelukkig! Sy lag en huil tegelyk. “Dit is verstommend!” sê sy uiteindelik. “Baie dankie, Gogo. Moet nooit moeg word om goed te doen nie! Hoe kan ek jou vergoed vir jou hulp?”

“Dit sal my gelukkig maak as jy minstens een keer ’n week vir my kom kuier,” antwoord Gogo Bavikile. “Elk het geen familie en geen mensevrinde nie – my vriende is die voëls, die bokkies, die bome en die sterre. Jy is die enigste mens wat ek ken.”

“Natuurlik, Gogo,” antwoord Nozulu. “Ons sal beslis een keer ’n week vir jou kom kuier.”



Down in the village of Tshopiya, Nozulu lived with her husband, Mlilo. They had been married for about ten years, but had no children. The people of Tshopiya suspected that Gogo Bavikile had bewitched this family, using her *uMakhweyane*. But Nozulu didn't believe this. Every morning, she woke up at three o'clock and went to the veld to pray. "Creator of heaven and earth," she said each time, "please bless my family with children. People are gossiping about me and saying that I'm bewitched. May I be blessed, and these enemies be shamed."

Finally, Nozulu's prayers were answered, and she was blessed with twins.

In die dorpie Tshopiya het Nozulu saam met haar man, Mlilo, gewoon. Hulle was reeds tien jaar getroud, maar het nog nie kinders gehad nie. Die mense van Tshopiya het vermoed dat Gogo Bavikile hierdie familie met haar *uMakhweyane* getoor het.

Maar Nozulu het dit nie geglo nie. Sy het elke oggend drie-uur wakker geword en dan na die veld gegaan om te bid. "Skepper van die hemel en die aarde," het sy elke keer gesê, "seën asseblief my familie met kinders. Mense skinder oor my en sê ek is getoor. Mag ek gesêen word, en hierdie vyande hulle koppe in skaamte laat hang."

Uiteindelik word Nozulu se gebede verhoor, en sy word met 'n tweeling gesêen.



Nozulu and the twins stayed with Gogo for several weeks. When Nozulu asked Gogo to teach her the nursery rhyme and how to play the *uMakhweyane*, Gogo even taught her how to make the instrument! Out of the goodness of her heart, she also gave Nozulu a beautiful *uMakhweyane*. She had many of them, because she made a new one every day. From then onwards, Nozulu's twins were always singing, dancing and laughing. When they finally bid Gogo farewell and returned home, Mlilo and all the people of Tshopiya were amazed at the change in the twins. Nozulu explained to them how Gogo Bavikile had helped her, and that the *uMakhweyane* she held was not used for witchcraft, but rather to play ancient folk songs that instilled a love of culture.

Nozulu en die tweeling het 'n hele paar weke by Gogo gebly. Toe het Nozulu vir Gogo gevra om vir haar die kindertympie te leer, en hoe om die *uMakhweyane* te bespel. Gogo het haar selfs geleer hoe om die instrument te maak! Uit die goedheid van haar hart het Gogo ook vir Nozulu 'n pragtige *uMakhweyane* gegee. Gogo het baie van hulle gehad, want sy het elke dag 'n nuwe een gemaak.

Van toe af het Nozulu se tweeling altyd gesing, gedans en gelag. Toe hulle uiteindelik vir Gogo tot siens sê en teruggaan huis toe, was Mlilo en al die mense van Tshopiya verstom oor die verandering in die tweeling. Nozulu het vir hulle verduidelik hoe Gogo Bavikile haar gehelp het, en dat die *uMakhweyane* wat sy vashou, nie vir hekserij gebruik word nie, maar eerder om ou volksliedjies mee te speel, wat 'n liefde vir hul kultuur kweek.

Your story

Here is a picture and a story sent to Na'ibali by two different reading clubs. Enjoy them – and send us your stories and drawings! You stand a chance of having them published in the Na'ibali supplement, or on the Na'ibali Facebook page. Remember: it has to be all your own work!

This is a drawing of the python, Patch, from the Tuft and Patch books that have appeared in past Na'ibali supplements. It was done by Nhlonipo Shamase from Peaceful Reading Club in Nongoma.

Hierdie is 'n tekening van die luislang, Lappies, uit die boekies oor Donsie en Lappies wat in vorige Na'ibali-bylae verskyn het. Dit is deur Nhlonipo Shamase van Peaceful-leesklub in Nongoma geteken.



Send your writing and pictures to: info@nalibali.org, or PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Building 17, Waverley Business Park, Wyecroft Road, Mowbray, 7700.

Jou storie

Hier volg 'n prent en 'n storie wat deur twee verskillende leesklubs aan Na'ibali gestuur is. Geniet dit – en stuur vir ons julle storie en prente! Jy staan 'n kans om dit in die Na'ibali-bylae, of op Na'ibali se Facebook-blad gepubliseer te kry. Onthou: dit moet alles jou eie werk wees!

When my eyes are closed I saw a cat and milk and the cat won't to drink the milk so the cat was afraid of the owner because they are going to shout at her. the cat was on the floor sitting wanting to drink because it is so hungry.



Machika Ntswaki, Dynamaid Diamond Reading Club

Die storie hierbo is in Engels geskryf deur Machika Ntswaki van die Dynamaid Diamond-leesklub. So klink die storie: Toe ek my oë toegemaak het, het ek 'n kat en melk gesien. Die kat wou die melk drink, maar sy was bang haar eienaar sou op haar skree. Die kat het op die vloer gesit en wou die melk drink, want sy was baie honger.

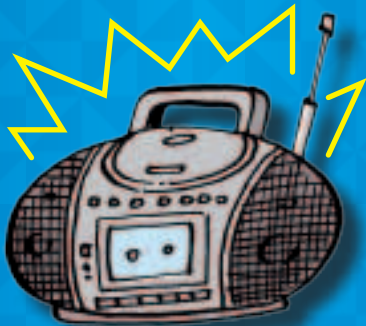
Stuur julle skryfwerk en prente aan: info@nalibali.org, of PRAESA, Suite 17-201, Gebou 17, Waverley-besigheidspark, Wyecroft-weg, Mowbray, 7700.

Na'ibali on radio!

Enjoy listening to stories in Afrikaans and in English on Na'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.



Na'ibali op die radio!

Geniet dit om in Afrikaans en Engels op Na'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.



Die Kinders se Handves van Geletterdheid is 'n reeks vir volwassenes om te verseker dat ons kinders die beste moontlike geletterdheidservarings kry. Gaan na www.nalibali.org om al 11 geletterdheidsreë te lees!

Story corner

Here is the last part of the story about how a young boy helped Baboon and Monkey to learn an important lesson. Enjoy reading or retelling it!

Phindulo and the pumpkin (Part 2)

By Kai Tuomi

"Yes, Phindulo, but what are we going to do about the pumpkin?" asked Monkey.

"I don't know," said Phindulo. "But I can tell you what we did with the apples."

"What?" asked Monkey.

"We had a party," said Phindulo.

"A party?" asked Baboon.

"That's right," said Phindulo. "We had a big party. We invited everyone. There were friends and neighbours, gogos and grandpas, cousins, nieces and nephews. We decorated our little house with streamers and balloons. Mama made her special apple pies and tata squeezed the older apples into delicious, cool apple juice. We played games together and danced. It really was a lot of fun. And everyone ate until they were full and happy."

"I love parties," said Monkey

"Well, why don't we have a party?" suggested Baboon.

"Good idea," said Monkey. "We can share the pumpkin and eat it together!"

"That's wonderful!" said Phindulo, laughing.

Baboon gave Monkey a big hug.

"Will you come to our party?" Monkey asked Phindulo.

"I would love to," he said.

Baboon and Monkey smiled happily. And the three friends cooked the very big pumpkin. They each made different things to eat. Monkey baked a pie with a golden crust and gooey centre. Baboon made a spicy soup. Phindulo fried up sweet fritters with cinnamon and sugar!

They did not have any streamers or balloons, but they played games and sang songs and ate as much pumpkin as they wanted.

Soon, other animals arrived. Elephant brought sweet marulas and nuts. Giraffe came with bottles of bubbling spring water to wash down the delicious food. Even Warthog was there with delicious sweet potatoes.

Everyone shared their food and drink. They all laughed and sang and ate until the sun hung low in the sky, like a big ripe melon.



Illustration by Natalie and Tamsin Hinrichsen
Illustrasie deur Natalie en Tamsin Hinrichsen

Storiehoekie

Hier volg die laaste deel van die storie oor hoe 'n jong seun vir Bobbejaan en Apie 'n belangrike les geleer het. Geniet dit om dit te lees of oor te vertel!

Phindulo en die pampoen (Deel 2)

Deur Kai Tuomi

"Ja, Phindulo, maar wat gaan ons omtrent die pampoen doen?" vra Apie.

"Ek weet nie," sê Phindulo. "Maar ek kan vir julle vertel wat ons met die appels gedoen het."

"Wat?" vra Apie.

"Ons het 'n partytjie gehou," sê Phindulo.

"'n Partytjie?" vra Bobbejaan.

"Dis reg," sê Phindulo. "Ons het 'n groot partytjie gehou. Ons het almal genooi. Daar was vriende en bure, gogo's en oupas, niggies en neefs. Ons het ons klein huisie met papierlente en ballonne versier. Mama het haar spesiale appelterte gemaak en tata het heerlike, koel appelsap van die ouer appels gemaak. Ons het saam speletjies gespeel en gedans. Dit was regtig baie pret. En almal het geëet tot hulle versadig en gelukkig was."

"Ek hou baie van partytjies," sê Apie

"Wel, waarom hou ons nie 'n partytjie nie?" stel Bobbejaan voor.

"Goeie idee," sê Apie. "Ons kan die pampoen deel en dit saam eet!"

"Dis wonderlik!" sê Phindulo en lag.

Bobbejaan gee vir Apie 'n stywe drukkies.

"Sal jy na ons partytjie toe kom?" vra Apie vir Phindulo.

"Ja, beslis," sê hy.

Bobbejaan en Apie glimlag bly. En die drie vriende kook die enorme pampoen. Hulle maak elkeen 'n verskillende gereg om te eet. Apie bak 'n tert met 'n goudbruin kors en 'n heerlike pampoenvulsel. Bobbejaan maak 'n pikante pampoensoep. Phindulo bak pampoenkoekies met kaneelsuiker!

Hulle het nie papierlente of ballonne nie, maar hulle speel speletjies en sing liedjies en eet soveel pampoen as wat hulle wil hê.

Sommer gou kom die ander diere ook aan. Olifant bring soet maroelas en neutte saam. Kameelperd kom met bottels borrelende fonteinwater om die heerlike kos mee af te sluk. Selfs Vlakvark bring heerlik soetpatats.

Almal deel hulle kos en drinkgoed. Hulle lag en sing almal totdat die son soos 'n groot, ryp spanspek laag in die lug hang.

In your next Nal'ibali supplement:

- Find out about Tell-a-Fairy-Tale Day
- A fairy-tale, *The Three Billy Goats Gruff*, to cut out and keep
- Story Star: Introducing a child author from Cape Town
- A new Story Corner story, *The Boerwors Man*

Do you run a reading club? If so, register with us at www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi – and we'll send you a free Nal'ibali reading club starter pack filled with tips, activities and ideas for your club!

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In jou volgende Nal'ibali-bylae:

- Vind uit oor Vertel-'n-Feeverhaal-Dag
- 'n Feeverhaal, *Die drie Bokramme*
- Storiester: Bekendstelling van 'n kinderskrywer van Kaapstad
- 'n Nuwe storie vir die Storiehoekie, *Die Boereworsman*

Bestuur jy 'n leesklub? Indien wel, registreer by ons by www.nalibali.org of www.nalibali.mobi – en ons sal vir jou 'n gratis Nal'ibali-leesklub-beginpak stuur, propvol wenke, aktiwiteite en idees vir jou klub!