It’s holiday time!

The year is almost over and soon it will be that time of year when most of us are able to spend more time than usual with family and friends. It’s time for that long-awaited end-of-year break. That time of year when we can all slow down a bit, relax and spend time doing more of the things we enjoy.

Spend time with a good book or two

When your children see you relaxing with a book:
★ They learn that reading is something you do for pleasure.
★ They learn that reading is something that can be done for leisure.
And so, without even trying to, you are being a powerful reading role model for your children and helping them to become lifelong readers.

We have stories to tell!

Often there are also a lot of celebrations around this time of the year. As adults, there are times when we think back to how we experienced these celebrations as children. Have you ever thought about sharing these stories about your childhood with your children?
★ Stories help them to develop their imagination and creativity.
★ They help them to develop their language and thinking.
★ And sharing the stories of your childhood helps to connect the generations of your family.
These stories give children a sense of where they came from and who they are.

We will be taking a break until the week of 28 January 2022. Join us then for more Nal’ibali reading magic!

Re tla be re le mo boikhutsong mo bekeng ya 28 Ferikgong 2022. Nna le rona gape mo nako e e tlhaganyo wena mme se se le bana ba tswang teng le gore ke bana ke bomang.

The holidays also mean that we have more time to spend with our children – and this is a real reward for them. We have time to spend reading their favourite stories to them and finding new ones to enjoy too. We also have time to do other fun reading and writing activities that connect with their interests. Whatever you do and wherever you will be this holiday season, relax and have a fabulous, story-filled holiday!

Mo malatsi a boikhutso re na le nako e ntsi ya go iketla le bana ba rona – mme se se mosola thato mo go bana. Re na le nako ya go ba buisetsa mainane o ba a ratleng, le go ba mainane a mantšhwa o ba ka jesang monate ka one. Re na gape le nako ya ditirwana dingwe jsa le bana le go lwadwa go lela le tše ka go mme le gore ke bana. Gore o tla bo o diango le gore o tla bo o le kwa kae ka malati a a boikhutso, re na mme le a buisetsa mainane ka mainane!

We are back in the following newspapers: Eyethu Umlazi, Protea Soweto Urban News, Bonus Review, Pretoria Rekord Mamelodi, Lentswe, Eastern Cape Rising Sun and Ridge Times.

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Ke nako ya malatsi a boikhutso!

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We all belong to people and places

South Africa is home to people from many different countries. Every year, on 18 December, International Migrants Day is celebrated all over the world. It is a time to raise awareness of the challenges and difficulties that migrants have to deal with.

Did you know?

Our Read-Aloud Story Collection is now available at Ethnikids!

A o ne o itse?

Kgobokanyo ya rona ya Mainane a Puisetsogodimo jaamong a fithelwa kwa Ethnikids!

Order your copy online at www.ethnikids.africa! Beeleetsa khopi ya gagwe mo mafarathatlheng kwa www.ethnikids.africa!

Available in all official South African languages Di bonwa ka dipuo kofitha tsa umunye tsa Afrikaborwa

Rothe re batho ba batho le mafelo

Afrikaborwa ke lelegae la batho ba le bantsi go tswa dinageng tse di farologaneng. Ngwaga mongwe le mongwe, ka 18 Sedimonthole, Letsatsi la Bodišhhabišhaba la Bafaladi le keteki lefatshe ka bophara. Se ke sebaka sa go lemosa batho dikgwethlo le mathatha a bafaladi ba mekamekanang le ona.

At the end of the year, many of us look forward to spending more time with our families. Some leave their homes to travel to rural areas, other cities or provinces to visit them. Do you sometimes wonder where other people are travelling to or where they come from? Have you ever had to travel to another country to visit your family?

Refugees are migrants who are forced to leave their countries because of war or violence. Refugees try to find safety in another country. Why not take some time to think about the migrants and refugees who are far from their friends and family and cannot travel home to see them?

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People who come to live in a country they were not born in are called migrants. Some migrants choose to leave their countries to look for jobs, to go to school or to join family members who live in another country.

Batho ba ba tleng go nna mo nageng e ba sa tselewang mo go yona ba bidiwa bafaladi. Bafaladi bangwe ba flogela tse flogela dinaga tsa bona ga batla ditiro, ga batla dikola kgotsa go ya ya nna le bafikile aka wena e ngwwe.

Baditšhaba ke bafaladi ba ba patelediwang go tshaba mo dinageng tsa bona ka nthla ya ditlwana le dikhuego. Baditšhaba ba leka go bona tshereletsa mo nageng ngwwe. Goren go sa tsele nako go okany ka baditšhaba le bafaladi ba ba tšetše ka kgotsa le bafaladi le bafaladi la bona e lela sa kgone go boela gae go ya ya ba etela.

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Migrants have knowledge, resources and skills that can help to build communities, but often they have to deal with prejudice and unfairness. Migrant children must also cope with a new school system, fitting in with other children and sometimes learning in a new language.

The Institute on Statelessness and Inclusion wrote a book called The Girl Who Lost Her Country. You can read this book in English and isiZulu at http://kids.worldsstateless.org to learn more about statelessness.

A stateless person is someone who is not recognized as a citizen of any country in the world. Children who are stateless often cannot go to school, cannot go to the doctor or cannot get a social grant. Many struggle their whole life to find work or a home. Stateless children face serious problems, such as child labour, child trafficking, child marriage and other types of abuse.

Motlhokagae ke mo lefatsheng. Bana ba e leng motlhokagae ba ke ka ke ba kgona go ya sekela, ba bana ngaka fa ba kholo e bila ba ba fwe madi o kaloo ya ba kgona go tswa mo pusong. Bontsi bo kganathla matshelo o bone ofthe ba sa kgona go bana ditlo kgosoa go nna le lekae. Bana ba motlhokagae ba topa le motlhela o mantis, jaaka go jewa ntsima, go rekiswa, go pateledwa temale le melula mengwe ya tiriso balthaswa.

The Girl Who Lost Her Country

Written by Amal de Chickera and Deirdre Brennan
Illustrated by Dian Pu

A Publication By THE INSTITUTE ON STATELESSNESS AND INCLUSION
fun holiday ideas

Here are some activities that include reading and writing to keep your children entertained during the school holidays. The idea is to enjoy yourselves, so use the language/s you and your children feel most comfortable with.

1. Read and listen. Fill your holiday with new stories and old favourite stories by finding stories to read and listen to on Nal'ibali’s website (www.nalibali.org) and mobile app (www.nalibali.mobi). Take a story with you wherever you go! Print them out, or read and listen to them on your computer or your cellphone.

2. Keep a holiday scrapbook. Recycle unused notebooks or staple some sheets of paper together to create holiday scrapbooks for your children. Encourage them to write about the things they do during the school holidays in their scrapbooks and to draw pictures in them too. They could also include things like tickets or pamphlets from places they have been to or even the wrapper of a treat they enjoyed.


4. Have a pretend party. Let your children have fun imagining who they would invite to a party to celebrate the start of a new year. Then suggest they write party invitations and a menu for their pretend party.

5. Follow a recipe. With your children, follow a recipe for something you have not made before. Remember to read the recipe aloud as you go – or ask your children to do this. Let them help you gather the ingredients, mix and stir.

6. Play a guessing game. Give your children a clue to something near you and see if they can guess what it is. For example, “It is white and has a door. It keeps things cold.” (Answer: the fridge.) Take turns giving the clues and guessing.

7. Create a new ending. Let your children create a different ending for one of their favourite stories by adding a new character or event to the story. Suggest that they draw pictures that capture their new ending and then they can use these as they retell the story.

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.

Dikeletso di le 7 tsa boikhutso jo bomonate

Tse ke dingwe tsa ditirwana tse di akaretsang go buisa le go kwale tse di ka itumedisang bana ka matlathi a boikhutso. Sa boikhutso ka gore ba jesa monate, ka jalo o ka dirisa puo/dipuo tse wena le bana le ikutswang ba phuthologile ka tsana.

1. Go buisa le go reetsa. Fa matlathi a boikhutso a garoga rumele o ba o jesa monate ka mamane a manthwana le a blogologela o a a ratang go tsawa go webasedieng ya Nal’ibali (www.nalibali.org) le mobaseete (www.nalibali.mobi). Tsaya lename gwengwe le gwengwe le kuwa a yang! A gatise, a buise kgotsa o a reetsa mo khaupungwa kgotsa mo selebureng ya gago.

2. Thohela bukana ya go kwalela. Tsaya bukana ya go kwalela dinonise e se setsetse e ditsetse kgotsa o tsewe ditsebe tsa pampiri o di tshwaraqanye go dietsa bana bukana ya go kwalela. Ba rolleetsa go kwalela sengwe le sengwe sa be sa deang go le ha tlhalo dithwanahtso tsa bana ma nkarag ya matlathi a boikhutso a bukana ya bana ya go kwalela. Ba ka tsama le diketafetsa kgotsa ditshwetlane tsa ledi le be le etseletse kgotsa ditshwetlane tsa diyamang tse ba di ralleng.

3. Tshameka metshameko. Metshameko e le mentsi e leka gore ka reetsa. Nnang le metshameko ya ka gle le ditsa le le baño gongwe gwengwe le gape fa go le matsebaka.

4. Nnang le moletso wa maëtle. Letla bana ba gago ba jesa monate ba bo akanye gore ba ka letetsa mang mo moletloeng wa go gakela tshakologile ya ngweaga o matšwana. Jaomang tshakologile gore ba kwalele dik opposition tsa lele tsetšoletse lea moletlo wa le bala. Ga le bale gore ba go gakane gore ba go gakane gore ba gago.

5. Latele resipe. Wena le bana, letšeheng ditlae o tse reetsa ye 'se ya se lo se to leamatse lo se asephe. Gaqologelwana go busetsa ditlae o tse reetsa qwa gamindom lo a a mepa – kgotsa kopa bana bana go gago go dira se. Ba letle gore ba go gakane gore ba go gakane gore ba gago.

6. Dirang metshameko wa go fapheletsu. Nnang le bana ba gago mofhiwa wa sengwe se se gau le wena mme e bone fa e le gore ka ka kgona go fapheletsu gore reeng e ga. “Ke e tshweu mme e le lo. Ke gore ba ke lo lo se lo di tidlise.” (Karabo: le lebatsi.) Refosangang o nista mofhiwa le le fapheletsu.


Tirele dibuka tsa sega- o-boloko tse PEDI

1. Ntšha ditsebe 5 go fitla ka 12 tsa tlaletso e.
2. Letšehare la ditsebe 5, 6, 11 le 12 le dira buka e le ngwege. Letšehare la ditsebe 7, 8, 9 le 10 le dira buka e le ngwege.
3. Dirisa lengwe le lengwe le ditsebe e le dira buka. Letšehare ditsebe di fa fitla go dira buka le ngwege le ngwege.
   a) Mena lefihla ke bagore go legbana le mola ma dikhufo tse dintho.
   b) Le mene ka bagore go legbana le mola ma dikhufo tse di tšo.
   c) Sego go lebana le mola ma dikhufo tse dikhufo boikhutso.
Stories that Talk Money is HEARTLINES' third collection of stories about values. In this collection, the nine stories for children aged 6–12, focus on three money-related values: honesty, diligence, and the careful use of money and resources, or thrift.

Delightfully told and beautifully illustrated, from read aloud stories for younger children, to the more edgy stories for older children, they are sure to be popular in homes and schools. In addition, the stories can be used, with the lightest of touches, to start conversations that will help children understand the worth of living out these values, both now and in the future.

The witch who lives on the hill
Moloi yo o nnang mo thabeng

For more information please email info@heartlines.org.za or phone (011) 771 2540.

Nal'ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign to spark and embed a culture of reading across South Africa. For more information, visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi

Nal'ibali ke letholo la bosetšhaba la go buisetse monate e le go rolotšeta la go jola mowa wa go busa go nala Aforika Borwa. Go bona tshedimosetso ka bafalala, etela mo www.nalibali.org kgotsa mo www.nalibali.mobi
We hid behind the hedge, Peloyame, Kitso and me, all breathing hard. “Did you see her?” Peloyame asked breathless.

“Yeah, she’s scary,” I said, though I hadn’t really seen her. But I didn’t need to. Everyone knew what Mma Raphane looked like. She had wild grey hair and was tall and bony-thin, with elbows that could cut straight through a person. If you looked into her eyes, you would be turned into a zombie. Many children had.

“She poked her head out of the door when I threw the stone, did you see?” Kitso said excitedly. “My cousin said she ate his cat.”

“Yeah, she does that sometimes,” Peloyame said, nodding her head. Peloyame knew everything there was to know about Mma Raphane, the witch.

Just then, I saw someone push the door open and my heart pounded! Then Shumba came running out. I grabbed him and hugged him. He was safe!

When I looked up, an old woman stood on the small stoep in front of the house. She was bent over and leaning hard on a cane. Her grey hair was tucked away tidily. I looked into her eyes and I was surprised nothing changed inside of me.

“Thank you,” I said.

Mma Raphane smiled at me.

“That dog seems a handful for a small girl like you.”

“Sorry he troubled you,” I said.

She smiled sadly, but said nothing more. She turned and made her way back into the house.

Gabriel and I headed home down the hill. We’d forgotten about hunting. “She doesn’t look anything like a witch,” Gabriel said.

“Yes, I know. I don’t think she’s a witch. I think Peloyame and the others made it up,” I said.

Now I felt really bad about the way the children in the village had been treating Mma Raphane for so long. I felt bad that I’d been part of it too. Just then a plan began to form in my head.

“I think I know what we can do to make things better!”
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Can Little Pig fly?
A Kolojane e ka fofa?

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Nal'ibali ke letsholo la bosetšhaba la go buisetsa monate e le go rotloetsa le go jala mowa wa go busa ka bolelo. Go bona tshedimosetso ka bolelo, etela mo www.nalibali.org kgotsa mo www.nalibali.mobi

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Bridget Krone
Diek Grobler
“Good morning!” shouted Little Pig to all the sleeping animals on the farm. It was still very early, and he was the first one awake. “Hello? Hello? Is anyone awake?” he called. But no one answered him. They all pretended to be asleep.
Ka tshoganyetso, kwa godimo ga thaba, ga bonagala kgomo. O ne a taboga ka lebelo le legolo. Yo o neng a ishwarelese ka maatla mo dinakeng tsiga kgomo, diphaka tse dintel di phuphutha fa morago, e le…Kolojane! O ne a fofa kwa bofelong!

Suddenly, over the hill, came the cow. She was running as fast as she could. And holding tightly onto her horns, with beautiful wings streaming out behind him, was ... Little Pig! He was flying at last!

What are you doing?” asked the cow.

“I’m trying …” panted Little Pig, “… to climb up onto this roof. I’ve made some wings, you see, and I’m hoping to fly. Could you help and pass me those feathers?”

“No,” said the cow. “That sounds like a very bad plan, and I don’t want anything to do with it.”

“You’ll hurt yourself,” warned the hen.

“And you are making a mess,” complained the old goat.

“O dira eng?” ga botsa kgomo.

“Ke leka …” ga bua Kolojane, “…go palama mo godimo ga dithulelo. Ke dirile diphuka, o a bona, ke solofela gore ke tla fofa. A o ka nthusa ka go nnaya diphuka tseo?”

“Nnyaya,” ga bua kgomo. “Leo ke leano le le sa siamang, e bile ga ke batle amega mo lona.”

“O tlile go ikgobatsa,” koko e namagadi ya mo tsibosa.

“E bile o dira tlhakatlhakano,” podi ya motsofe ya ngunanguna.

“Yes,” said the cow. “You must always have hope, Little Pig. Life without hope is very … empty. And sad.”

“And boring,” said the old goat.

“So if you really, really want to fly, we will help you,” said the hen.

Little Pig sniffed and wiped away his tears. “Really?” he asked. “Will you help me?”

“Yes. We will!” Suddenly all the animals had ideas about how to help Little Pig fly.

“Where are those guinea fowl feathers?”

“I’ll get some more …”

“And bring those branches!”

“I think we might need that packet too.”

“No! Find a bigger packet. That one’s too small.”

They rushed around the farm collecting all the things they needed.

That evening the animals all gathered in the field to watch Little Pig fly.

There was a sound like distant thunder. It got louder and louder.


“E bile bo a bora,” ga bua podi ya motsofe.

“Jaanong fa e le gore ammaruri, ammarure o batla go fofa, re tlaa go thusa,” ga bua koko e namagadi.

Kolojane a sunyetsa mamina a bo a mphinoloe dikolela. “Ruririru?” a botsa “A lo tla nthusa?”

“Ee. Re tlaa go thusa!” Ka tshoganetsa fela diphologolo tsotho tsa nna le maano gore di ka thusa Kolojane jang go fofa.

“Diphuka tsele tsa kgaka di kae?”

“Ke tla ya go di tsaaya…”

“O tle le dikala tseo!”

“Ke akanya gore re thoka le phakete eo.”

“Nnyaya! Batlang phakete e kogolwe. E o nnye thaba.”

“Ba simolola go taboga mo polaseng ba tsaya sengwe le sengwe se ba tla se thokang.”

“Maitseboeng ao diphologolo tsotho di ne di kokoane mo lebaleng go tla go bona Kolojane a fofa.”

Ga utlwala modumo kgakala e kete wa tladi.

Modumo wa ya kwa godimodimo.
The next day, my best friend, Gabriel, and I took our bows and arrows and headed up to the bush behind the hill to go hunting. “Is Shumba coming with us?” Gabriel asked looking down at my big black dog.

“Sure, why not? He likes hunting,” I said. “But he always scares the animals away.”

I ignored Gabriel. He knew that our bows couldn't kill anything anyway, even without Shumba. As we climbed the hill, I wasn't thinking about the witch's house. But Shumba was...

“We thanked her and sat down to drink. The other children watched us for some time, and then they came into the yard, one by one. They picked up our tools and got to work where we had left off.

Peloyame stood at the fence alone. “Hey? What are you guys doing? She's a witch! Have you forgotten?” Everyone ignored Peloyame. So she kicked the ground and walked away angrily.

Mma Raphane looked at the children who had run from her for so long. She turned to Gabriel and me. There were tears in her eyes. “Thank you,” she said in a scratchy whisper. She smiled down at us as we sat drinking water on her stoep. I looked at Gabriel and smiled, knowing that we had made ourselves a new friend.
I looked at the house up on the hill. Its pink peeling paint fading in the hot Botswana sun. Tall grass filled the yard. Anything could be hiding in that grass. A shiver ran down my spine.

I turned to Peloyame. She was explaining to Kitso how witches like Mma Raphane used stolen cats in their powerful medicine. It was getting late. I knew I’d be in trouble if I didn’t get home.

“Listen, guys, I have to go!” I left them in the hedge busy with their witch talk.

We collected spades and rakes and headed back up the hill. Gabriel and I knocked quietly on the door. We had a short talk with Mma Raphane. Then we started clearing the long, dried grass in the yard. As we worked, other children came to stand along the fence. They stared at us, but kept silent.

Peloyame came too. She saw me and shouted, “Tebogo, are you crazy? Aren’t you afraid of the witch?”

“She’s not a witch!” Gabriel shouted back angrily.

Just then Mma Raphane came out with two glasses of cool water.
Get story active!

Here are some activities for you to try. They are based on all the stories in this edition of the Nal’ibali Supplement: The witch who lives on the hill (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12), Can Little Pig fly? (pages 7 to 10) and The lazy chameleon’s trick (page 14).

The witch who lives on the hill
★ What was so scary on the hill?
★ What did the children find out?
★ Is there someone in your community, or school, who people say nasty things about? Have you found out for yourself if those things are true?
★ What could you do to find out for yourself?
★ If rumours about someone are false, what could you do to change what other people think about that person?

Can Little Pig fly?
★ Why do you think Little Pig didn’t give up trying to fly?
★ Is there something that you really want to do? What is it?
★ Ask open-ended questions (questions that cannot be answered by saying “yes” or “no” and instead can be answered in different ways). For example:
 ▪ Do you think the animals treated Little Pig well? Why or why not?
 ▪ Is hope and having dreams the same thing? Why or why not?
 ▪ Do you agree with the cow that we should always have hope? Why or why not?

A Kolojane e ka fofa?
★ Goreng o akyana gore Kolojane ga a ka a inela ka mokgoa a gagwe a go fofa?
★ A go na le sengwe se o baflang go se dino? Ka eng se?
★ Botsa dipotso tse di tkhokheng go tshihamolokwa tse di ka se arabiseng ka “ee” kgotsa “nyaa”, e nne dipotso tse di ka arabiseng ka mokgoa le melebo e e farologaneng. Selako:
 ▪ A o akyana gore diphoago tse dingwe d ne te tshola Kolojane ka mokgoa o o tshwaneleng? Goreng o dumela pilo/goreng o ganetsa se?
 ▪ A go mna le tlhokalele le go botha go fitlheka ditora tsa gago ke selo se le sengwe? Goreng o dumela pilo/Goreng o ganetsa se?
 ▪ A o dumela le kgomo fa la re re tshwanelo tsa go mna le tsholetse ka dinako tasfithe? Goreng o dumela pilo/goreng o ganetsa se?

The lazy chameleon’s trick
★ Was Chameleon borrowing or stealing when he took things from Hare, Frog, Tortoise and Lizard? What is the difference between stealing and borrowing?
★ Why do you think it is good to pay back what you borrowed?
★ Imagine that you don’t want people to know who you are. Use old clothes, hats, pieces of material and sunglasses to change how you look. Remember that you can also change the way you walk and talk to hide who you are.

Mathajana a leobu la setshwakga
★ A Leobu le ne le adima kgotsa le utswa fa le ne le tsaya dilo tsa ga Mmutla, Segwagwa, Khudu le Mokgatitswane? Pharisangano ke eng magareng ga go utswa le go adima?
★ Goreng o akyana gore go same go busa sengwe se o se adimle?
★ Ithome letla gore ga a bole ba mokgwa gore o mane. Dirisa dipotso tse bapokgaglo, ditshube, manathwana a masela le diga tsa motho gore a seke wa lemogiwa gore o mang. Dakologelwa gore a ka fetlha tsele a e tsamangyana ka yona le tlhela e o buang ka yona gore botha ba se ke ba go lemoga.

Nna le mathagathaga a leinane!

Tse ke ditlwana tse o ka di dirang. Di kaegile ka mainane otthe a kgatsi e ya Taleletsyo ya Nal’ibali: Moloi yo o nnang mo thabeng (ditsebe 5, 6, 11 le 12), A Kolojane e ka fofa? (ditsebe 7 go fitlha go 10) le Mathajana a leobu la setshwakga (tsebe 15).

Moloi yo o nnang mo thabeng
★ Ke eng se o se neng se tshosa thata mo thabeng?
★ Ke eng se bona bo neng se lemoga?
★ A go na le matho mo moseang wa isona, kgotsa kwa sekholo, o botha ba buang basita ka eme? A o kile wa temogela gore tse ba neng ba di ibua ke boammaruni?
★ O ka dira eng fa o ka temogela se ka bowena?
★ Fa materebare ka ga mongwe a ka fithlwa a fosagetsi, o ka dira eng go fela se batho ba dumetang mo go sana ka ga matho yoo?
Long ago, in the peaceful village of Mudavula, there lived a very lazy chameleon. At that time, all the animals farmed the land to feed themselves and their families. All except Chameleon. Because of his laziness, he did not want to work like everyone else. Instead, he thought up a crooked plan so that he could borrow from others and live well.

One Monday morning, Chameleon went to Hare to borrow maize meal. Before he arrived at Hare’s house, he changed his skin colour from brown to green.

“Please lend me some maize meal,” Chameleon asked.

“And when will you pay me back?” Hare asked.

“At the end of the month!” Chameleon promised.

Hare filled the empty bucket that Chameleon had brought. Chameleon took the maize meal home, smiling as he went. He was thinking about his crooked plan to trick the other animals. He made up a little song to help him remember his plan.

I will change my colours
But no one will ever know.
I was green when Hare saw me,
With Lizard I’ll be yellow.
Frog will see a black chameleon
With Tortoise, brown I’ll be.
I will change and change my colours.
They will never know it’s me!

On Tuesday, Chameleon woke up hungry. “I can’t eat porridge every day. I need rice!” Chameleon thought. “I will change my skin colour to yellow and go to Lizard. If I can trick everyone, I will not pay anyone anything!”

Chameleon went with his empty bucket to Lizard, who kindly filled it with rice. Chameleon promised to pay Lizard back at the end of the month.

On Wednesday, after cooking some rice, Chameleon looked unhappily at his plate. “No! No! Plain rice is not nice. I need meat!” Chameleon thought for a while. “Frog will give me meat!” he decided.

Chameleon changed his skin colour to black and ran to Frog’s house with his empty bucket. Frog filled his bucket with meat. Again, Chameleon promised to pay Frog back at the end of the month.

“I am missing fruit. I need it!” Chameleon thought on Thursday. “Who has fruit?” Chameleon thought, scratching his head. “Tortoise! Yes, Tortoise!”

Chameleon changed his skin colour to brown and went to Tortoise with his empty bucket. He asked Tortoise for fruit, and Tortoise filled his bucket with bananas, oranges and apples.

“Thank you, thank you, Mr Tortoise. I will pay you back at the end of the month,” he promised.

All the time Chameleon kept singing his song so that he would remember his colour tricks.

I will change my colours
But no one will ever know.
I was green when Hare saw me,

With Lizard I’ll be yellow.
Frog will see a black chameleon
With Tortoise, brown I’ll be.
I will change and change my colours.
They will never know it’s me!

When the end of the month came, the animals waited for Chameleon to come and pay them back what he had borrowed. But Chameleon did not come.

First, Hare went to Chameleon’s house. “Those of here! Those of here!” Hare called loudly at the gate.

Chameleon peeped through the window. When he saw Hare, he remembered his song. “Aah, Mr Hare, I was green when I borrowed your maize meal,” Chameleon said to himself. Quickly, he changed his skin colour to yellow and went to the gate to meet Hare.

“I am looking for a green chameleon,” Hare said surprised.


Hare left and Chameleon went back into his house. “I am the clever one,” Chameleon boasted aloud, jumping onto the couch.

In the days that followed, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise also came looking for the chameleon who had borrowed rice, meat and fruit from them. Chameleon tricked each one by changing his skin colour so that they would not recognise him.

Another month passed by. Then Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise met by a big marula tree to gather its delicious golden fruit. Looking at his basket of marulas, Tortoise said, “A green chameleon has moved in at the brown chameleon’s house. That brown chameleon owes me a bucket of fruit.”

“No,” said Hare. “A yellow chameleon stays at that house. I am looking for the green chameleon who owes me a bucket of maize meal.”

“No,” Lizard said. “A black chameleon stays at that house. I am looking for the yellow chameleon who owes me a bucket of rice.”

“No,” Frog said. “A brown chameleon stays at that house. I am looking for the black chameleon who owes me a bucket of meat.”

Then Lizard said, “Could it be that one chameleon has tricked us all by changing his skin colour? Let’s all go to the house at the same time.”

So Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise marched to Chameleon’s house and shouted for him to come out.

Chameleon peeped through the window at the angry animals. He felt ashamed that his laziness had brought him so much trouble, so he went out and begged Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise to forgive him.

Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise agreed to forgive Chameleon. “But never again will you get anything from any one of us,” they said.

And from that day on, the lazy chameleon had to work for his food just like everyone else.
Matlhajana a lebou la setshwakga

E kwadiwe ke Pirai Mazungunye

E tshwantshitswe ke Vian Oelofson

Bogakogokotla, ma motseng wa kago sa Mudavula, go ne go nna lebou la setshwakga. Ma nakong eo, diphologolo tshitse da ne di ruite letlafihle go fula go lo le ka thokometa bana ba tsena. Diphologolo tshitse rite fela le Leobu. Ka nnyaya ka botsa lebo. Lebo a ditlhamela pina ya gagwe, o ne a sa bata le go dia go tswana le diphologolo tse dingwe. Ma boemong ywa se, a ne a le ka le ka le ka sa lameng la go a adine tsu go ba banga iwe gore se tse. 

Tsatsi kgoglo go mosong sa Mupoapolog! Leba a ya kwaa go Mmunila go adimo bopi. Pele a garoga kwaa nnilong ya ga Mmunila, a feltola mmola wa gagwe go tswa go ba phihlaa ba nna bota. 

"Tsweetswee ke kopa a nkadime bopi," Leobu la ikopela jalo.

"Ke tla fetola mebala, Leobu la setshwakga la simolola go dira ka natla go bona dijo," ba rialo. 


"Ke tla fetola mebala, Leobu la setshwakga la simolola go dira ka natla go bona dijo," ba rialo. 

Mmutla, Mokgatitswane, Segwagwa le Khudu go ba tsietsa a dirisa mmola wa letlao la gagwe gore ba seke ba mo lemoga. 

"Ke ne ke le motola fa Mmunila a mpona, Fa ke ya go Mokgatitswane ke tla nna serowana Segwagwa se tla bona Leobu le tshwa Khudu ene a le tla mpona le la tshwarela. Ke tla fetola ke bo ka le fetole mebala. Ga go ope ya o tla iseng gore ke nna!" E rite a bonako a fetola mmola wa gagwe go nna serowana. 


"Ke tla fetola mebala, Leobu la setshwakga la simolola go dira ka natla go bona dijo," ba rialo. 

Leobu a tlhoke ka letshwapano go bona diphologolo tse a khodietseng. A swaba thata gore ba tla nnilong ya go mo tshwana, a tswa mme a le tla mpona, Mmutla, Mokgatitswane, Segwagwa le Khudu go ba mo itshwarele. 

"Ke ne ke le motola fa Mmunila a mpona, Fa ke ya go Mokgatitswane ke tla nna serowana Segwagwa se tla bona Leobu le tshwa Khudu ene a le tla mpona le la tshwarela. Ke tla fetola ke bo ka le fetole mebala. Ga go ope ya o tla iseng gore ke nna!" E rite a bonako a fetola mmola wa gagwe go nna serowana. 

"Ke ne ke le motola fa Mmunila a mpona, Fa ke ya go Mokgatitswane ke tla nna serowana Segwagwa se tla bona Leobu le tshwa Khudu ene a le tla mpona le la tshwarela. Ke tla fetola ke bo ka le fetole mebala. Ga go ope ya o tla iseng gore ke nna!" E rite a bonako a fetola mmola wa gagwe go nna serowana. 

"Ke ne ke le motola fa Mmunila a mpona, Fa ke ya go Mokgatitswane ke tla nna serowana Segwagwa se tla bona Leobu le tshwa Khudu ene a le tla mpona le la tshwarela. Ke tla fetola ke bo ka le fetole mebala. Ga go ope ya o tla iseng gore ke nna!" E rite a bonako a fetola mmola wa gagwe go nna serowana. 

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1. The picture outlines below are from the story *The lazy chameleon’s trick.*

- Write the name of each animal under each picture outline.
- Look at the pictures in the story. Colour in each animal.
- Colour in the chameleon under each animal. Use the colour that Chameleon used when he visited the animal. Write the name of the colour under each picture.

2. Read the beginning of the story below. Look at the picture. Now write what you think happened next.

Long, long ago, hares had beautiful, long, fluffy white tails, which they wagged whenever they felt happy or excited. At that time, all the hares lived on an island, separated from the mainland by a wide, foaming river. Though the hares knew how to swim, they could never reach the mainland, because in this river lived dozens and dozens of big, green, hungry crocodiles. These crocodiles loved nothing more than delicious hare for breakfast, lunch and supper.

One day, an especially frisky young hare called Haruki suddenly had a brilliant idea. “Guess what?” he boasted to his friends. “Today I’m going to escape to the mainland!”

Buise matseno a leinane le le fa tlase. Leba setshwantsho. Jaanong kwala se o akanyang se diragetse go tloga fa.

Bogologolotala, mebutla e ne e na le megatla e mentle, e melele ya boboa, e e neng e e feletla fa e itumetse e bile e spela ka sengwe. Ka nako eo, mebutla yofthe e ne e nna mo setshwantsho e noko e e se paphana ya lefatsho. Le fa e le gore mebutla e ne e ishe go thuma, e ne e sa kgone go fia mo lefatsho, ka gonne mo nokoeng e go nna go mma dikwena tse dintsintsi tse di bologo. Dikwena tse di ne di sa rate sape go gaga nama ya mebutla, e le dilithlo. Dijo tsa motshegare le dikolela tsa tsosa. Ka lelatsi leengwe, mmutuila e mmarana o a badiwang Haruk, ya o neng o notla e metshehane, wa fia ka lema le tetile e le tata “lo a itse ke eng?” a kigantshe tse tloga. “Gompeka ke fite go ngwepe ka ye kwa lefatsho!”

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