Tell a Story Day on 27 April 2020, celebrates storytelling of all kinds – stories read aloud from books, stories that are told, as well as stories acted on stages, in movies and in puppet shows. Read our tips below for telling stories to your children, and enjoy our special puppet-show activity on page 2!

GETTING STARTED WITH STORYTELLING

1. Choose a time of day which works best for you all. Some children enjoy listening to stories at bedtime, but others find it easier to concentrate during the day.
2. The children need to feel comfortable and have something soft to sit on.
3. It shouldn’t be too noisy, so that they can hear easily.
4. Choosing stories that you know well, helps you to tell them with confidence. Also make sure that the stories are suitable for your children’s ages.
5. Before you tell the story, ask questions connected to the story and your children’s experience of the world. This helps to spark their interest.
6. Don’t talk too fast when you tell the story. Children need time to think about what they are hearing.

HOW TO TELL A STORY

1. Before you tell the story, ask questions connected to the story and your children’s experience of the world. This helps to spark their interest.
2. Don’t talk too fast when you tell the story. Children need time to think about what they are hearing.
3. Put lots of expression in your voice to create the mood, and use a different voice for each character when she/he speaks.
4. Use body gestures and actions. For example, if the character is cross and stomping around, stamp your feet as you tell the story.
5. Ask open-ended questions or make open-ended comments, for example, “What do you think will happen next?” and “I wonder how she felt while she hid in the forest.” These help children think about the story and understand it better.
6. After you have told the story, encourage your children to share any questions or comments they may have. Try to find answers to their questions together.

The benefits of stories

Research shows that

- introducing children to stories and books at home before they start school helps them to do better at school.
- telling stories to school-aged children boosts their language skills, feeds their imaginations and helps them to think about new ideas.

Mesola ya mainane

Dipatša o supa gore:

- go ruta bana mainane le go ba ruta dibuka kwa gae pele bana simolola sekola go thusa gore ba dire sentle kwa sekaleng
- go anela bana ba ba tsenang sekola mainane go thusa bana ka bokgany ea puto, go nanotsha dikakanyo tsa bana e bile go ba thusa go tlha ka megopola e mantšhwa.

Anela leinane!

Letšatši la Anela Leinanane ka 27 Moranang 2020, ke keteketse mo leetla masekela kwa godimo go tswa mo dibukeng, mainane a a ane lungo, gammgogo le mainane a a diradigwilo mo seraleng, dishwasho tsa bae sekopo gammgogo le metsh'ameko ya dipapheto.

Buesa malele a rona fa o anela bana mainane, mme o itumelele tiragatso ya metsh'ameko wa dipapheto o a khelelelela mo go tswele 2!

GO SIMOLOLA KA KANOLO YA MAINANE

- Tlhopho nako mo leetla tse a leetla tsefana fofe. Bana bengwe ba itumelela go reetsa mainane kana nako ya ga robola, fele ba bengwe ba ufwe go le bana ne le bana le kafe reetsa sentle motsh'ame.
- Bana ba thwana metse go kelwa ba lokgoalelelelele bana ne bana ne godimo ga sengwe se se bana ne bosupa.
- Go se se le madumoro a o kwa godimo, gore ba kanele go reetsa sentle.
- Go tlhopho mainane a o a thwana sentle, go go thusa go anela bana ka bolebela. Gape netefatsa gore mainane a thwana digwago tsa bana.

TSELA YA GO ANELA LEINANE

1. Pele o anela leinane, bota dipotse tse di nyakane le leinane gammgogo le mafetanggo a bana a lela fele. Se se thusa go tebelela la kgafane a go bana.
2. O seke wa bana ka bana ne leinane. Bana ba tlhokwa nako ya go akanyo ka se be se lelwang.
3. Tseny o tlhagang skedlhe ya gaga go a godilela, ditsa fentswe a o tshwa tsa kgagane ya tshwane ya tshwane, ditsa fentswe a bana.
4. Deisa puo ya matsogo le thwana. Sekaa, fa mofatsi o tshwalele a tshwale e bile a leka, le gone leka ka dinafo a o anela leinane.
Get creative!

Using puppets is a great way to get children to retell the stories you have read to them, and to encourage them to make up their own stories! Here are some suggestions for how to create a puppet show.

Make stick puppets

1. Cut out the pictures of the Nal’ibali characters on page 3 or use the characters you have collected in past editions of the supplement. (If your children are creating their own story characters, let them draw a picture of each character.) Paste each picture on a sheet of paper or thin cardboard so that it doesn’t tear.

2. Cut out each picture. Find a thin stick (about as long as a ruler) for each character – you could use kebab sticks or any stick you find outside. Use glue or tape to attach the end of a stick to the back of each picture.

3. Glue a small piece of paper over the end of the stick on the back of each picture.

4. Segolela setshwantsho sengwe le sengwe. Iponele letlhokwana le lesesane (la boleele jwa rula) go dira modiragatsi mongwe le mongwe – a ka dirisa ditlhokwana tse di dinisetswana dikiaboto kgotse letlhokwa le langwe le a ka ipandang lao kwa ntle. Dinisa askotlakane kgotse theipi go tsheganyakena nthlo ya lethokwa mo mona ga setshwantsho sengwe le sengwe.

Make a puppet theatre

1. Find a large, rectangular cardboard box. Open the flaps at one end of the box. This is where you will get inside the box.

2. Get inside the box with your stick puppets. Use them to tell your own stories.

3. Tseiba fa gore ga lebokoso le diphaphete tsa gago ga ditlhokwano. Di dinisa go Anda mainane a gago.
For a chance to win some Book Dash books, write a review of the story, *Why birds sing at dawn* (pages 7 to 10), and email it to team@bookdash.org, or take a photo and tweet us at @bookdash. (Your review could be published in a future Nal’ibali Supplement!) Remember to include your full name, age and contact details.

Go bona tšhono ya go gaga dibuka tsa Book Dash, kwala tshékatsheko ya leminane, Goring sironyane di apela ka mokuku (ditsebe: 7 go ya go 10), mme o le romele go team@bookdash.org, kgotsa tšaya setšwantsho mme o se romele ka twitter go @bookdash. (Tšékatsheko ya gago e ka phasadawe mo Tlaselelelese e e ketelang ya Nal’ibali!) Gokologetšwa go tšenya maina o gago ka batšoko, dingwaga le dintšha tsa gago tsa kgoalana.

**WIN!**

**FENYA!**

Follow the instructions on page 2 to make stick puppets using the pictures below.
Roger Priddy is the creator of Priddy Books, which publishes books for babies and young children.

Growing up in a home without books, London-based Roger Priddy spent much of his childhood at his local library, paging through books and gazing at pictures. When he went to art college after he finished school, he discovered that he could create books!

“One of my lecturers was an illustrator of children’s picture books and it was the first time I realised that I could make books too,” said Priddy. And that’s how Priddy Books was born. Today it is part of Macmillan Publishers.

In December 2019, Priddy Books together with Pan Macmillan South Africa gave away thousands of Priddy books to different South African reading organisations, to help ensure that more children have the chance to grow up with books. “It was important for us to choose books that appeal to South African children and especially the children at the Nal’ibali reading clubs. So, we chose a range of first concept books in English, isiXhosa and isiZulu as well as a wonderful book about South African animals. These books are easy for parents to read and talk about with their children,” explained Priddy.

On 6 December 2019, Roger Priddy visited a Nal’ibali reading club in Soweto to read some of his books to the children there. “Books are a wonderful way of getting parents and their children to sit and spend time together. They also help to develop children’s vocabulary and their understanding of the world around them,” said Priddy.
Momma Moeng’s surprise

Kgakgamatso ya ga Mama Moeng

Momma Moeng sets out to surprise Gogo Moeng on her birthday. She carries the jar of jam she made on her head, and ties Baby Beko and his blue balloon to her back. Along the way, they meet many more well-wishers, and Momma Moeng ends up heading a noisy, colourful procession carrying piles of presents to Gogo. When they finally get to Gogo’s house, there is a short pause, but then the party really gets going!

Momma Moeng o ipaakanyetsa go itumedisa Nikoko Moeng ka letsatsi la gagwe la matsalo. O ne leke ya jeme e a e dirileng mo thongong, o bota Lesa Beko le balune ya gagwe ka tšhiri mo mokwatleng wa gagwe. Fa o le mo tšeleng, ka kopa mo le batho ba le bantsi ba ba le neng ba mo elelela masego, mme Mama Moeng o tšeleleka a e tšelelele e le tšopong ya mma tšopong ya selloho sa melaabala se se mdumo, sa batho ba le tšiho mo moko ya dimpho tse di isiwang kwa go Nikoko. Fa panoeng ba goraga kwa nlong ya ga Nikoko, ba ema mokwana, fela panoeng moletšo wa simokola!
It all started when Momma Moeng made a jar of jam for Gogo Moeng’s birthday. Then Baby Beka found his best blue balloon. He wanted to give it to Gogo for her birthday.

Momma tied Baby Beka to her back with a soft blanket. Then she put the jar of jam on her head and off she marched to Gogo Moeng’s house. Baby Beka’s balloon went bobbity-bob and Momma’s slipslops went pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff down the dusty path until she met Sipho coming out of the Tip-Top shop.

"Where are you going, Momma Moeng?" asked Sipho.

"Baby Beka and I are going to Gogo Moeng’s house. It’s her birthday today," replied Momma.

"I’ve got a packet of crispy potato chips for Gogo Moeng. Can I come too?" asked Sipho.

"Of course," Momma smiled and off they marched.

"Lo ya kae lotlhe, Mama Moeng?" go ne ga botsa Ntate Sithole.

"Nna le Lesea Beka re ya kwa ga Nkoko Moeng. Ke letsatsi la gagwe la botsalo," o ne a araba.

"Ke mma tshwaretse teroli e e tletseng merogo," go ne ga rialo Ntate Sithole. "Tsweetswee ke kopa le mo feng yone?"

"Ebu," Mama o ne a araba. Fela jaanong Mama o ne a na le bothata jo BOGOLO – go ne go na le dilo tse dintsi tse a tshwanetseng go di tshwara! O ne a tshwanetse go tla ka leano.

La ntlha, o ne a belogolola Lesea Beka mme o ne a bofelela kgogo e kima mo mokwatleng wa gagwe ka kobo e e boleta. Lesea Beka le ne la GOA!

Ka jalo Mama o ne a baya kgogo e kima mo godimo ga teroli le go belega Lesea Beka mo mokwatleng wa gagwe ka kobo e e boleta. Lesea Beka o ne a itumetse le kgogo e kima e ne e itumeletse thata go tlopinya mo merogong yotlhe. Fela Mama o ne a sa itumelela se ka jalo o ne a baya kgogo e kima mo tlhogong ya ga Valecia. Diphofa di ne di tsikitla nko ya ga Valecia mme tsa dira gore a ethimole le go feta, "EEEEEEE-THIIIIIII!"

Valecia o ne a sa itumela.
Everyone missed Mama Bird, and her song.

Would she be able to find her way back home?

“What if we sing Mama’s song?” Yellow suggested. “Mama always said that if we sing her song, she will find her way back to us.”

I will go. I am not afraid,” said Mama Bird. And off she flew.

Why birds sing at dawn

Goreng dinonyane di opela ka makuku

Zanele Dlamini
Emmanuel Grebo
Joseph Makongo Kiugu
A long time ago, in the forest of Happy-Land, birds and trees could talk to each other.

Bogologolotala, mo sekgweng sa Happy-Land, dinonyane le dithare di ne di kgona go bua mmogo.

But one day, drought set in on the land. Rivers dried up and leaves fell off the trees.

Mamango thought long and hard. "Maybe we should fetch the magic worm that brings rain. But who will go?"

"But I don’t know how to sing!" cried Pink.

"Have you tried singing?" asked Mamango.

"Fela ka letsatsi lengwe, lefatshe le ne la tlhaselwa ke komelelo. Dinoka tsa kgala mme matlhare a tlhotlhorega mo ditlhareng.

Mamango thought long and hard. "We should fetch the magic worm that brings rain. But who will go?"

Mama Bird found her way back to Happy-Land and soon rain started to fall again.

And from then on, birds have always sung at dawn.

Mama Nonyane a bona tsela ya go boela gae kwa Happy-Land mme pula ya simolola go na gape.

Go tloga motsing o, dinonyane ka gale di opela ka makuku.
"I have tried singing," said Yellow. "I can teach you."
There was a bird family with three children: Blue, Pink and Yellow. They all lived in a big wise tree called Mamango.

Go ne go na le lelapa la dinonyane di na le bana ba le bararo, Talane, Pinki le Serolwane. Botlhe ba ne ba nna mo setlhareng se segolo se se bothale se bidiwa Mamango.

Mo mosong wa letsatsi le le latelang, Serolwane a opela pina ya ga Mama, “Bosele sentle! Tsoga o opele!”

Jaanong, dinonyane tsotho tsa opela pina mmogo le Serolwane.
“We must get a birthday cake for Gogo,” said Momma.

They went inside.

Ting-a-ling went the doorbell. “Good morning, Mrs Makabelo. Did you know today is Gogo Moeng’s birthday?”

“Oh yes,” said Mrs Makabelo. “I have baked a special cake for her, but I can’t leave the shop. Could you take it to her?”

“Of course,” offered Momma, but there was a problem − Momma needed two hands to carry the cake. So, she made a plan. She put the chubby chicken on top of the jar of jam that she was carrying on her head. Now she had two hands to carry the special birthday cake.

Off marched Momma, Baby Beka and Sipho through the ting-a-ling door.

When Baby Beka smelt the cake he mumbled, “Nummy, nummy, num-num.”

The chubby chicken went chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook, the packet of crispy potato chips went crinkle-crinkle, Baby Beka’s balloon went bobbity-bob and Momma’s slipslops went pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff down the dusty path until they met Valecia.

“When she opened it everyone started singing a happy-birthday song.

On the table were the vegetable pie and jam tarts that Momma had made, newly laid eggs from the chubby chicken, the special birthday cake and the crispy potato chips. The table was decorated with flowers and Baby Bek’s beautiful blue balloon.

“THIS IS MY BEST BIRTHDAY EVER!” said Gogo. And she should know, because Gogo had already had at least eighty or ninety birthdays before this one!

So, Momma took the chubby chicken and put it on Sipho’s head and she gave him Valecia’s flowers to hold. Now Valecia had two hands free to hold the cake. And Momma had two hands free to push the trolley. Everyone was happy and off they marched to Gogo Moeng’s house.

The wheels of the trolley went squeak-squeak-squeak. Valecia had icing from the cake on her cheeks so her tongue went slurp-slurp-slurp. Baby Beka mumbled, “Nummy, nummy, num-num.” The chubby chicken went chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook, the packet of crispy potato chips went crinkle-crinkle, Baby Beka’s balloon went bobbity-bob and Momma’s slipslops went pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff down the dusty path all the way to Gogo’s house.

Fa a le bula batho botlhe ba ne ba simolola go opela pina ya keleletso masego.

Mo godimo ga tafole go ne go na le phae ya merogo le diterete te se jome se Mama o neng a di dithi, mae a a sa tswang ga besswa ke logo o kima, laka e e kgegbelela ya lelatsi la botsalo le dithupisi tse di gautsegang tsa ditapole.

When she opened it everyone started singing a happy-birthday song.

On the table were the vegetable pie and jam tarts that Momma had made, newly laid eggs from the chubby chicken, the special birthday cake and the crispy potato chips. The table was decorated with flowers and Baby Bek’s beautiful blue balloon.

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Mo godimo ga tafole go ne go na le phae ya merogo le diterete te se jome se Mama o neng a di dithi, mae a a sa tswang ga besswa ke logo o kima, laka e e kgegbelela ya lelatsi la botsalo le dithupisi tse di gautsegang tsa ditapole.
"I've got a chubby chicken for Gogo Moeng. Can you give it to her?" asked Mr Shabalala.

"Of course," said Momma tucking the chubby chicken under her arm and off marched Momma, Baby Beka and Sipho.

The chubby chicken went chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook, the packet of crispy potato chips went crinkle-crinkle, Baby Beka's balloon went bobbity-bob and Momma's slipslops went pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff down the dusty path until they came to Mrs Makabelo's home-bake shop.

"Ke tshwaretse Nkoko Moeng kgogo e kima. Ke kopa o mo fe yone?" go ne ga botsa Ntate Shabalala.

"Ebu," go ne ga rialo Mama a sukunyetsa kgogo e kima mo tlase ga letsogo la gagwe mme ba tsamaya e le Mama, Lesea Beka le Sipho. Kgogo e kima e ne e re koko-kokoro, koko-kokoro-koko, pakana ya ditšhipisi tse di gautsegang tsa ditapole e ne e re tšhrrrr-tšhrrrr, balunu ya ga Lesea Beka e ne e re bo-bo-bo mme borampheetšhane ba ga Mama ba ne ba re tshe-tshe-tshe-tshe mo tselaneng e e lerole go fitlhelela ba fitlha mme bokhutlong o ne a fitlha mo lebating la kwa morago.

"Lo ya kae?" o ne a botsa.

"Gogo! Gogo!" he called. Everyone looked.

"GOGO! GOGO!" everyone shouted together. "GOGO!"

Way down at the bottom of the steep hill Gogo said, "EE-EE-EE. Someone is calling me. Now I can't go to the shops to buy my birthday supper."

Gogo turned round and walked all the way up the steep hill. Her slippers went shuffle-shuffle on the dusty path. Finally she reached the back door.

"Nkoko! Nkoko!" o ne a bitsa. Batho botlhe ba ne ba lebelela.

"NKOKO! NKOKO!" batho botlhe ba ne ba goeletsa mmogo. "NKOKO!"

Kwa tlasetlase ga mokgokolosa Nkoko o ne a re, "IJO00-IJO00. Go na le mongwe yo o mipinang, Jiumong nla se logne go ya kwa mabokonong go rinkelana djo tu dilalela tu le bokhutlong. Nkoko o ne a mabokonong le go dilalela mabokonose. Diloile go na le bokhutlong go re bokhutlong. Kwa bokhutlong o ne a fithula mo lebating la kwa mongase."
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: Momma Moeng’s surprise (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12), Why birds sing at dawn (pages 7 to 10) and Thato, the dreamer (page 14).

Momma Moeng’s surprise
Here are some things to do after you have read the story.

★ Choose a part of the story that does not have an illustration and draw a picture for it. Copy out the words from the story that go with your picture.
★ What would you have given Gogo Moeng as a birthday present? Write a list of your ideas.
★ Make a birthday card for a friend or family member whose birthday is soon – or make one for Gogo Moeng. Remember to write a message inside your card!

Why birds sing at dawn
Remember that in Happy-Land the birds and trees could talk to each other. What do you think Mamango and Mama Bird told each other the morning after Mama Bird returned? Try writing their conversation below. Then read it aloud with a friend!

LGakgamatso ya ga Mama Moeng
Tse ke ditinwana dingwe tse o ka di lekang. Di akgogile ka mainane otthe a kgatso e ya Tlaleletso ya Nal’ibali: Kgakgamatso ya ga Mama Moeng (ditsebe 5, 6, 11 le 12), Goreng dinonyane di opela ka makuku (ditsebe 7 go fitlha ka 10) le Thato, mmaditoro (tsebe 15).

Goreng dinonyane di opela ka makuku
Gakologelwa gore kwa Happy-Land dinonyane le ditlhare di ne di kgona go bua mmogo. O akanya gore Mamango le Mama Nonyane ba ne ba buisana ka eng mo masong marago ga kgorogo ya ga Mama Nonyane? Leka go kwala puise ya bana fa tse. Joanong e buisetse kwa godimo le tla ya gago!

Thato, the dreamer
★ Talk about the story.
   □ Why do you think the children called Thato names like mokhukhu girl?
   □ What would you have done if you were Thato?
   □ What would you have done if you were there when they called Thato names?
   □ Do you think a person is a bully if they call someone else names?
★ On your own or with a friend, write the newspaper report about Thato. You may also want to draw a picture to go with your report!

Thato, mmaditoro
★ Buale ka leinane.
   □ O akanya gore goreng bana ba file Thato maina jaaka moseitsana wa mokhukhu?
   □ O ne o ka dira eng fa o ne le le Thato?
   □ O ne o ka dira eng fa o ne le teng fa ba bilaa Thato ka maina a tshato?
   □ A o akanya gore matsho ka mokgokantsho a o a ba bangwe maina a sotlangu?
★ Ka bavene kgatso le tla, kwala pega ya kurantla ka ga Thato. O ka thala setshwantsha se se tsamaisanang le pega!
In Disteneng, just five kilometres from Polokwane, lived a girl named Thato. Thato lived with her mother, Mokgadi, in a house made of poles and iron sheets—a mokhukhu.

Early in the morning, Thato’s mother would walk with her all the way to her primary school in Ladanna.

One morning as they passed the green shack on the corner, people were sitting outside drinking beer.

“Tlou stays here,” said Thato. “He doesn’t come to school anymore.”

“Are you sure?” asked Mokgadi.

“Yes. He said school is for rich people, not poor people,” Thato answered sadly. “I miss him so much. He was the only other child from Disteneng at school.”

Then Thato ran ahead of her mother. Further down the road, as they got closer to Ladanna, she heard the sound of birds. In Disteneng, she only heard loud music.

Thato worked hard at school. During break time, she always did her homework because it was difficult to do it at home. But it was Grace’s birthday today and she had brought cupcakes for everyone in class. Mrs Sephuma handed out the pretty little cakes to the children. Slowly Thato ate a small piece of her cake. It had chocolate icing on top and tasted sweet. It made Thato think about her last birthday. She had not brought cakes, but had sung a song for the class. The teacher had loved it, but not the children. Some of them had sulked, while others said, “Mokhukhu girl! Hey, mokhukhu brought cakes, but had sung a song for the class. The teacher had loved it, but not the children. Some of them had sulked, while others said, “Mokhukhu girl! Hey, mokhukhu girl—the one who sees electricity across the river—where’s our cake?”

As she thought about that, Thato did not feel like eating her cupcake anymore. She wrapped what was left of it in some paper and put it in her schoolbag. Then she took out her writing book and started doing her homework.

Thato didn’t open the packet until she got home, but as soon as her mother had closed the door, Thato opened it. Inside was a pair of running shoes, running shorts and a T-shirt. Thato ran even faster in her running shoes.

“Tlou stays here,” said Thato. “He doesn’t come to school anymore.”

“Are you sure?” asked Mokgadi.

“Yes. He said school is for rich people, not poor people,” Thato answered sadly. “I miss him so much. He was the only other child from Disteneng at school.”

Each day Thato ran up to her mother as she waited at the school gate. “Mom, mom!”

“I’m going to Cape Town with the team!” Thato shouted. “I’m on the Limpopo team! I’m going to Cape Town with the team!”

After two years of training every day and eating the extra food that Mrs Sephuma brought to school for her, Thato became one of the fastest runners in Limpopo.

One day Thato ran up to her mother as she waited at the school gate. “Mom, mom!” she shouted. “I’m going to Limpopo Sports Day with the team!”

The principal gave Thato more packets. There was one with running shoes and running clothes. The T-shirts all had Limpopo’s emblem on them. There was also a packet with a cap, jeans and a jacket. And there was a small packet with a plastic bank card that had spending money for the trip to Cape Town.

When the time came for the Limpopo team to go to Cape Town, a big bus with seat belts and dark windows came to fetch Thato at her school. She hugged Mokgadi goodbye and climbed up the steps of the bus. As she turned to wave goodbye, she saw Tlou standing next to her mother. Behind him, stood her dusty friends from Disteneng.

She remembered how they used to call her the school girl. She smiled: “You should come back to school,” she said.

Thato was the fastest one hundred metre runner in her age group. They wrote about her in the local newspaper and talked about her on the radio. They called her a golden girl in waiting. At school, Thato was given a medal at assembly. All the children and teachers clapped for her. And they sang a song over and over again, “Thato, the golden girl, the dreamer.”

So what?” a few unkind children said. “She sang for us on her birthday. Now we will sing a song too: Thato, the mokhukhu girl, the dreamer.” Then they followed her around the schoolyard singing their unkind song, “Thato, the mokhukhu girl, the dreamer.” Over and over again.

But, things don’t stay the same forever. When Thato turned nine, she could take part in school sports. The first time her teachers saw her run, they knew that she would be a champion!

“You must practise every day after school, Thato,” Mrs Sephuma said.

Every day, Mrs Sephuma would give Thato a sandwich and some fruit when the other children were not around. Every day, Thato practised.

When it was the school sports day, Thato came first in all her races. “Now you must run for the school! You must help us win the sports competition this year,” said the principal as she gave Thato a big packet.

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The principal gave Thato more packets. There was one with running shoes and running clothes. The T-shirts all had Limpopo’s emblem on them. There was also a packet with a cap, jeans and a jacket. And there was a small packet with a plastic bank card that had spending money for the trip to Cape Town.

When the time came for the Limpopo team to go to Cape Town, a big bus with seat belts and dark windows came to fetch Thato at her school. She hugged Mokgadi goodbye and climbed up the steps of the bus. As she turned to wave goodbye, she saw Tlou standing next to her mother. Behind him, stood her dusty friends from Disteneng.

She remembered how they used to call her the school girl. She smiled: “You should come back to school,” she said.

Thato was the fastest one hundred metre runner in her age group. They wrote about her in the local newspaper and talked about her on the radio. They called her a golden girl in waiting. At school, Thato was given a medal at assembly. All the children and teachers clapped for her. And they sang a song over and over again, “Thato, the golden girl, the dreamer.”
kopiwa go itlhophela, ke ne nka itlhophela go nna mo ntlong e kgolo!" mokhukhu! Ke nna Thato! Wena o lesego, o itse go itlhophela batsadi! Fa ke ne ke ka dinako dingwe o ne a šakgala mme a ika... 

Fa a santse a akanya ka se, Thato a utlwa a sa tlhole a batla go ja khapokheike. A phuthela bangwe ba bona ba ne ba ngadile, fa bangwe bona ba re, "mosetsana wa mokhukhu!Hey, mosetsana wa mokhukhu! - motho ya simolola go bona mofikane kwse moleja wena naka - khe khe ya rona e ke?" 

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Fa se sekotsanesa sa mosetsana! ba ba go gaokga a ba fela bangwe ba kgaewa ba kga lebolang ba makheka. Mo makheka ba ne ba mmetsa, ba ba go megakga ba kagama ka gagwe. "Mme, mmer!" a goa. "Ke ke seletsha sa le polati ya banka e e na le tseka mosetsana. O tshwanetse go ikatisa letsatsi lengwe la le sega. Ta go taboga, Thato, mosetsana wa mokhukhu, taboga, Thato, mosetsana wa mokhukhu, Thato, mosetsana wa mokhukhu!"
In Mama Moeng’s surprise, Gogo Moeng got lots of birthday surprises! Follow the steps below to create your own poem about surprises. Start each line of your poem with a letter from the word, “surprise”.

1. On a separate sheet of paper, write down all the words or phrases you think of when you hear the word, “surprise”.

2. Choose which of these words or phrases you want to use in your poem. Remember each line of your poem has to start with a letter from the word, SURPRISE. For example: you could write “people and presents” on the line that starts with the letter, “p”.

3. Add in any other words you need to complete your poem.

4. Read your poem aloud.

Can you unscramble the letters to make the names of the birthday gifts that Gogo Moeng received in Mama Moeng’s surprise?

ekac__________________________
amj__________________________
foislwr________________________
ooblln________________________
pchsi__________________________
slacevgtbex____________________
enicckh_______________________

Sometimes Hope likes to make her own sandwiches to take to school. She always puts peanut butter on them. Can you give her some ideas of other fillings she could use? Circle your favourite filling.

Ka dinako dingwe Hope o rata go itirela disamentšhise fa a ya sekolong. Ka gale o tshasa phinatebatha mo go tsona. A o ka mo fa maela ka ga ditshaso tse a ka di dirisang? Sekeletsa ditshaso tse o di ratang.

Can Nal’ibali fun Monate wa Nal’ibali

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