



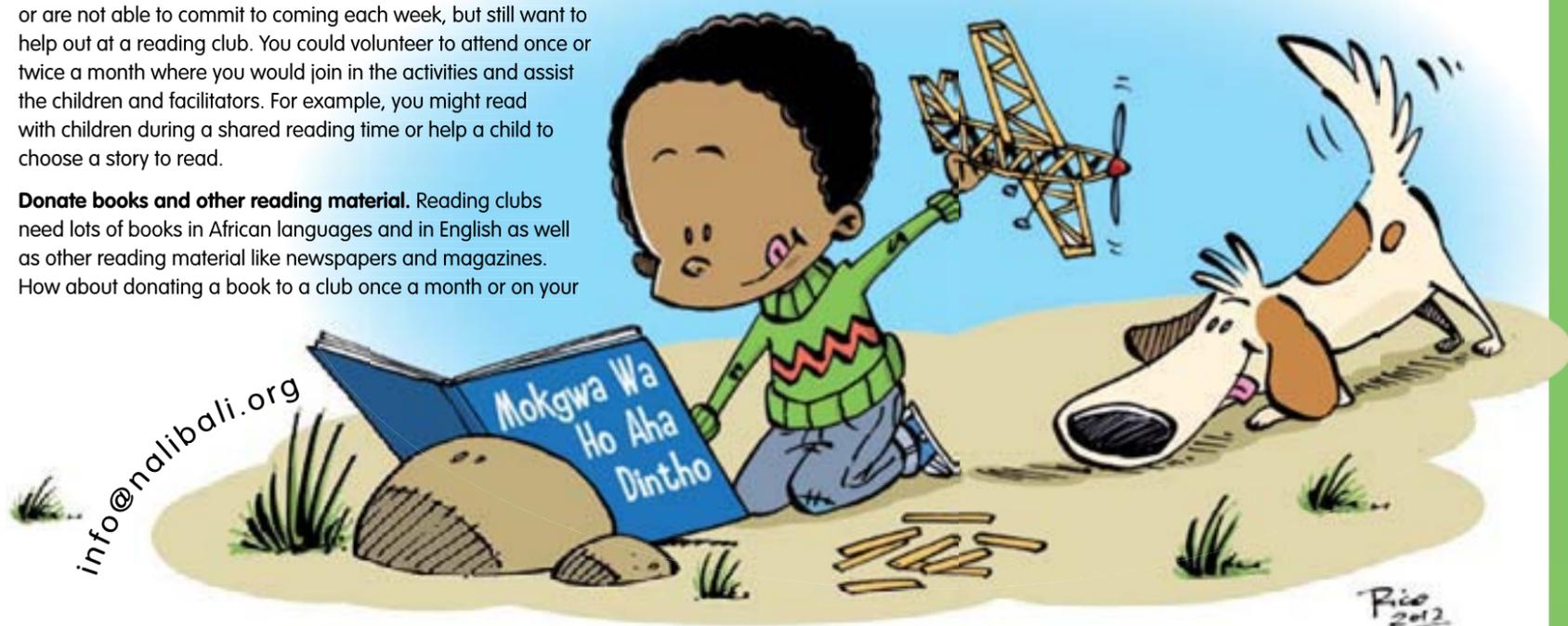
Seven simple ways to become part of a reading club

Getting involved in a reading club can be really very easy! It all depends on what you'd like to do and what you are able to offer. Here are some ways to get involved.

1. **Become a reading club facilitator at an existing club.** You'll need to commit to attending club sessions each week where you'll share stories with the children and lead other activities. You'll also participate in the planning for each session with other facilitators.
2. **Be a reading club volunteer.** Maybe you don't want to lead activities or are not able to commit to coming each week, but still want to help out at a reading club. You could volunteer to attend once or twice a month where you would join in the activities and assist the children and facilitators. For example, you might read with children during a shared reading time or help a child to choose a story to read.
3. **Donate books and other reading material.** Reading clubs need lots of books in African languages and in English as well as other reading material like newspapers and magazines. How about donating a book to a club once a month or on your

children's birthdays? Or, buy extra copies of the newspaper with the Nal'ibali supplement in it to donate to a club.

4. **Give some stationery.** Clubs offer drawing and writing activities and welcome equipment like paper, exercise books, pens, pencils, sharpeners, erasers, chalk, crayons, koki pens, scissors, glue and glitter. Collect recycled paper, go through your stationery drawer or buy some items and drop them off at a club.
5. **Help with transport.** If you own a car, consider helping lift volunteers and children to and/or from the reading club or on outings.
6. **DIY.** You can do small things to make a reading club's venue comfortable and inviting. Knit blankets and make cushions for the children to sit on or help to put up book shelves and paint the walls.
7. **Fill hungry tummies.** Most reading clubs supply the children with a healthy snack because it's hard to concentrate if you are hungry! Consider making a donation of either fruit or money to a club's fruit-fund.



Izindlela eziyisikhombisa ezilula zokuba yingxenye yethimba lokufunda

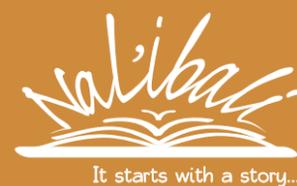
Ukuzibandakanya nethimba lokufunda kungaba lula kakhulu! Kuncika ekutheni yini ongathanda ukuyenza nokuthi yini ongakwazi ukuyinikela. Nazi ezinye zezindlela zokuthi ungazibandakanya kanjani.

1. **Yiba ohlelela amathimba okufunda ethimbeni lokufunda eselivele likhona.** Kuzomele uzibophezele ekubeni khona ezikhathini zethimba zokufunda esontweni ngalinye lapho uzokwabelana khona ngezindaba nezingane bese uholo eminye imisebenzi. Uzobamba iqhaza futhi ekuhleleni isikhathi sokufunda ngasinye nabanye abahlelela izikhathi zokufunda.
2. **Yiba ivolontiya lethimba lokufunda.** Mhlawumbe awufuni ukuhola imisebenzi noma awukwazi ukuzibophezela ekuzeni ngalelo nalelo sonto, kodwa usathanda ukusiza ethimbeni lokufunda. Ungavolontiya ukuza kanye noma kabili ngenyanga lapho ozohlanganyela khona emisebenzini bese usiza izingane nabahlelela izikhathi zokufunda. Isibonelo, ungafunda nezingane ngesikhathi sokwabelana ngokufunda noma usize izingane ukuthi zikhethe indaba ezizoyifunda.
3. **Nikela ngezincwadi nokunye okungafundwa.** Amathimba okufunda

adinga izincwadi eziningi ezingezilimi zase-Afrika nesiNgisi kanye nokunye okungafundwa okufana namaphephandaba namaphephabhuku. Kungaba njani ukuthi unikele ngenzwadi ethimbeni lokufunda kanye ngenyanga noma ngezinsuku zokuzalwa zezingane zakho? Noma uthenge iphephandaba elingaphezu kwelilodwa elinesithasiselo seNal'ibali ukuze usinikele ethimbeni lokufunda.

4. **Banikeze izinto zokubhala.** Amathimba okufunda enzisa imisebenzi yokudweba nokubhala emukele izinto zokubhala ezifana namaphepha, izincwadi zokubhalela, amapeni, amapensela, imishini yokulola, okokucisha okubhalwe ngamapensela, ushokhi, amakhrayoni, amakoki peni, izikele, iglu, noqhakaza (*glitter*). Qoqa amaphepha aphinde asetshenziswa kabusha, bheka ishalofu lakho lezinto zokokubhala noma uthenge izinto ezithile bese uzihambisa ethimbeni lokufunda.
5. **Siza ngokokuthutha.** Uma unemoto cabanga ngokusiza ukuhambisa amavolontiya nezingane kanye/noma ukubalanda ubagoduse ukusuka ethimbeni lokufunda noma lapho bevakashela khona.
6. **Izinto ongazenzela zona.** Ungenza izinto ezincane nje ezenza ukuthi indawo okuhlanganyela kuyona ithimba lokufunda ibe ngekahle nekwenza uthande ukuba kuyona. Yenza amakhushini okuzohlala kuwona izingane kanye nezingubo zokulala, noma siza ukufakela amashalofu ezincwadi nokupenda izindonga.
7. **Phakela abalambile.** Amathimba okufunda amaningi anika izingane isidlo sokubamba umoya esinempilo ngoba kunzima ukugxila kokwenziwayo uma ulambile! Cabanga ngokunikela izithelo noma imali esikhwameni sokuthenga izithelo sethimba lokufunda.

Help your child be a somebody. It starts with a story...
Siza ingane yakho ukuthi ikhule ibe ngumuntu obalulekile.
Kuqala ngendaba exoxwayo...



@nalibali: "I just bought *The Times* newspaper so I could get a Nal'ibali supplement. Oh my gosh, it's more than what I expected. My daughter is going to love it!"

Mpho Motloung

@nalibali: "I love it. I get goosebumps just by looking @ the Nal'ibali advert. Thank u for encouraging me to read stories to my daughter!"

Noluvuyo Kula

"Hhayi ngifunde okuthile nami namhlanje kwaNal'ibali ngalawa maringi amahlanu efligi lama-olimpiki; benginazi. Le ndaba yanamhlanje ethi *The running shoes* ikhuthaza kakhulu ezinganeni, uma umuntu esebenza kanzima ezimisele angazibona ephuma phambili kuyo yonke into ayenzayo. Sengathi abazali bangazifundela izingane lezi zindaba."

UThobelani Mtsewu, Umhlanga Village, Lady Frere

"We are full of admiration for the Praesa team who are busy promoting their Nal'ibali Reading Clubs. Nal'ibali means 'Here's the Story' in Xhosa... You will start to see the Nal'ibali supplements filtering into our Shine Centres over the coming months: they are printed in English and Xhosa in the Western Cape, and we are delighted to be able to use these books in a multiple of ways: as readers to take home, as books to go home in parent packs, and eventually to be a strong feature in our community initiatives that we are busy working on... Many congratulations to the Nal'ibali team, and we are proud to promote the work they are doing."

The Shine Centre

Dear Nal'ibali...
Nal'ibali othandekayo...

Write to
Nal'ibali at PO Box
1654, Saxonwold, 2132 or
letters@nalibali.org

Bhalela ku-Nal'ibali e: PO Box
1654, Saxonwold, 2132 noma
letters@nalibali.org

Write and win!

Are you between the ages of 12 and 17 and looking for something to do during the school holidays? Read the *Twisted Tales* in this supplement then write your own 500-word story (in English, isiXhosa or isiZulu) with a twist at the end of it. You could have your story published on our website and/or in a future Nal'ibali supplement, be featured on the Fundza mobisite and win a set of three Harmony High novels and an illustrated dictionary.

Send your story together with your full name, physical address and contact number to letters@nalibali.org or Nal'ibali, PO Box 1654, Saxonwold, 2132 by 23 October 2012.

Bhala ukuze uwine!

Ngabe uneminyaka ephakathi kweyi-12 neyi-17 futhi udinga into ongayenza ngesikhathi kuvalwe izikole? Funda *Izindaba Ezinengwikhwebu* ezikulesi sithasiselo bese ubhala eyakho indaba enamagama angama-500 (ngesiNgesi, isiXhosa noma isiZulu) enengwikhwebu ekupheleni kwayo. Kungenzeka kushicilelwe indaba yakho ewebhusayithini yethu noma esithasiselweni sesikhathi esizayo sakwaNal'ibali, ungafakwa ku-Fundza mobisite bese uwina isethi yamanoveli ahambisanayo amathathu e-Harmony High nesichazamazwi esinemidwebo.

Thumela indaba yakho namagama akho agcwele, ikheli lasekhaya nezinombolo zokuxhumana ku-letters@nalibali.org noma ku-Nal'ibali, PO Box 1654, Saxonwold, 2132 kungakedluli umhla ziye-23 Okthoba 2012.

Need help finding a club?

Email join@nalibali.org to find the name and contact details of your nearest club – and how to get involved, from volunteering to book donations.

Do you have other ideas for how to get involved with reading clubs? Let us know by writing to us at Nal'ibali at PO Box 1654, Saxonwold, 2132 or letters@nalibali.org or post them on Twitter using [#ReadingClubs](https://twitter.com/ReadingClubs).

Start your own club!

Even one adult and three to five children can be a reading club! If you do not have books yet, start small using the stories and activities in your weekly Nal'ibali supplement.

Ngabe udinga usizo lokuthola ithimba lokufunda?

Bhalela ku-join@nalibali.org ukuze uthole igama neminingwane yokuxhumana yethimba lokufunda eliseduze nawe nokuthi ungazibandakanya kanjani, ukusukela ekuzinikeleni ukuya ekunikeleni ngezincwadi.

Ngabe unawo amanye amacebo okuthi ungazibandakanya kanjani kumaqembu okufunda? Sazise ngokusibhalela ku-Nal'ibali e-PO Box 1654, Saxonwold, 2132 noma ku-letters@nalibali.org noma uwabhale ku-Twitter usebenzisa u-[#ReadingClubs](https://twitter.com/ReadingClubs).

Qala ithimba lakho lokufunda!

Ngisho umuntu omdala oyedwa nezingane ezintathu kuya kwezinhlanu nabo bangaba ithimba lokufunda! Uma ningakabi nezincwadi, qalani kancane ngokusebenzisa izindaba nemisebenzi okusesithasiselweni samasonto onke sakwaNal'ibali.

Shelley Christians

Create your own mini-book Zenzele ibhukwana lakho

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.
1. Khipha ikhasi 3 ukuya ku 6 kulolu shicilelo.
 2. Lisonge libe nguhhafu lapho kunomugqa (ulayini) wamachashaza amnyama khona.
 3. Lisonge libe nguhhafu futhi.
 4. Sika lapho kunomugqa wamachashaza abomvu khona.



Get story active!

After you and your children have read *One more* on page 8, try out some of these ideas.

If you have 10 minutes...

- ★ Read the story together in your home language again and ask your children to look in each picture for the person who has just got into the taxi.
- ★ Read the story in the other language of the supplement. Point to the people in the taxi as you read about them.
- ★ Talk about different types of transport that you and your family use – for example: you may walk your children to school and then take a bus to work.
- ★ Together sing the song “The wheels on the bus go round and round” or any other transport songs that you know. Use actions that go with the words of the songs.

If you have 30 minutes...

- ★ Encourage your children to use a cardboard box (like a tissue box), bottle tops, other scrap materials, glue and paint to make their own taxis.

If you have one hour...

- ★ Let your children create their own zig-zag books by folding a sheet of paper in the same way as you folded page 8. Encourage them to write and illustrate their own little story. They could also adapt the words of *One more* – for example: “We sit in the ____ and me.”, “One more next to ____.”, “One more next to me.”

Yenza indaba ihlabe umxhwele!

Ngemuva kokuba wena kanye nezingane zakho senifunde u-*Kuhlala omunye* ekhasini lesi-8, zamani eminye yale miqondo.

Uma ninemizuzu eyi-10...

- ★ Fundani nonke indaba futhi ngolimi lwenu bese ucela izingane zakho ukuthi zibheke isithombe ngasinye umuntu osanda kungena etekisini.
- ★ Funda indaba ephelele ngezinye izilimi zesithasiselo. Khombani abantu abasetekisini ngesikhathi nifunda ngabo.
- ★ Khulumani ngezinhlobo ezahlukene zezithuthi ozisebenzisayo wena nomndeni wakho – isibonelo: ungahambisa izingane zakho esikoleni ngezinyawo bese uthatha ibhasi eliya emsebenzini.
- ★ Culani iculo elithi “Amasondo ebhasi ayazungezeza”, noma elinye iculo lesithuthi enilaziyo. Nyakazisani imizimba ngendlela ehambisana namagama amaculo.

Uma ninemizuzu engama-30...

- ★ Gqugquzela izingane zakho ukuthi zisebenzise ibhokisi lekhalibhothi (elifana nelama-*tissue*), izivalo, ezinye izinto ezilahlwayo, iglu nopende ukuze zakhe itekisi labo.

Uma unehora...

- ★ Vumela izingane zakho ukuthi zenze ezazo izincwadi ezimazombezombe ngokugqoqa iphepha ngendlela efanayo neniligoqe ngayo ekhasini le-8. Zigqugquzele ukuthi zibhale bese zenza imidwebo yendaba encane yazo. Zingasebenzisa aqhamuka ku-*Kuhlala omunye* – isibonelo: “Sihleli e ____ nami.”, “Kuhlala omunye eduze ____.”, “Kuhlala omunye eduze kwami.”

Meet the Nal'ibali characters

Noodle

Noodle lives with Bella and her mom and he is friends with all of Bella's friends too! Sometimes Bella thinks she should have taken him to puppy school when he was younger because he can be very naughty! When Bella and her mom are reading together, Noodle likes to lie

near them in case they are reading a story with animal sounds in it – he likes these stories very much, especially if they have dogs barking in them. Noodle is full of energy and loves places where he can run around and dig. And when he's done that, there is nothing that he likes more than to have a large drink of water and a dog biscuit!



Sinethulela abalingiswa bakwaNal'ibali

UNoodle

UNoodle uhlala noBella nomama wakhe futhi ungumngani kaBella kanye nabo bonke abangani bakhe! UBella uke acabange ukuthi kwakumele amhambise esikoleni semidwane

ngesikhathi esemncane ngoba uke agange kakhulu! Lapho uBella nomama wakhe befunda ndawonye, uNoodles uthanda ukulala eduze kwabo uma kungenzeka ukuthi bafunde indaba enemisindo yezilwane – uzithanda kakhulu lezi zindaba, ikakhulukazi uma zinezinja

ezikhonkothayo kuzo. UNoodle unomdlandla kakhulu futhi uthanda izindawo angagijima bese egumba kuzo. Kanti uma eseqedile ayikho into ayithanda ukudlula ukuphuza amanzi amaningi adle nekhekhe lezinja!

In your next Nal'ibali supplement:

- Getting the most from your library
- Story star: A librarian who inspires children to read
- Mini-book, *A good plan*
- A read-aloud story, *The smell thief*

Can't wait until next week for more reading and story tips, tools and inspirational ideas? Visit www.nalibali.org or find us on Facebook: www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA



Which is your favourite part of the supplement? Tell us on Twitter using the hashtag #nalibaliSA lyiphi ingxenye oyithandayo kulesi sithasiselo? Sitshela ku-Twitter ngokusebenzisa u-hashtag #nalibaliSA

Esithasiselweni sakho esilandelayo sakwaNal'ibali:

- Ukuthola okuningi ekusebenziseni ithala lakho lezincwadi
- Ovelele ezindabeni: Osebenza emtatsheni wezincwadi unikeza izingane intshisekelo yokufunda
- Incwadi encane, *Isu elihle*
- Indaba efundwa kakhulu, *Ontshontsha amaphunga*

Ngabe awukwazi ukulinda kuze kube ngesonto elizayo ukuze ufunde nangokunye kanye namathiphu endaba, amathuluzi kanye nemiqondo evusa usinga? Vakashela ku-www.nalibali.org futhi ungasithola naku-Facebook: www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA



Ligcwele! Asihambeni!

No more! Let's go!

8



Kuhlala omunye phambi kwami.

One more in front of me.

7



Kuhlala omunye phambi kukaGogo.

One more in front of Gogo.

9



Kuhlala omunye ngemva kwami.

One more behind me.

5

1

One more Kuhlala omunye

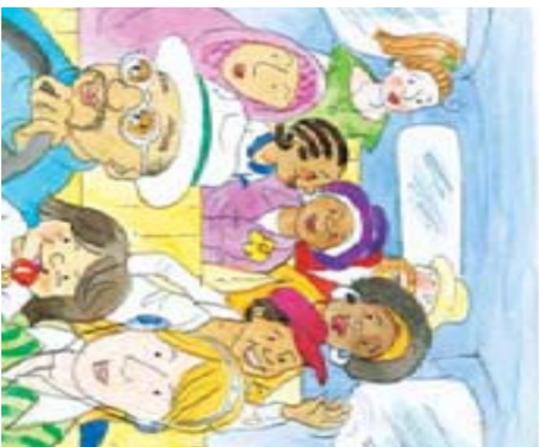
We sit in the taxi. Gogo and me.



Sihleli etekisini. Mina noGogo.

2

One more next to Gogo.



Kuhlala omunye eduze kukaGogo.

FOLD

3

One more next to me.

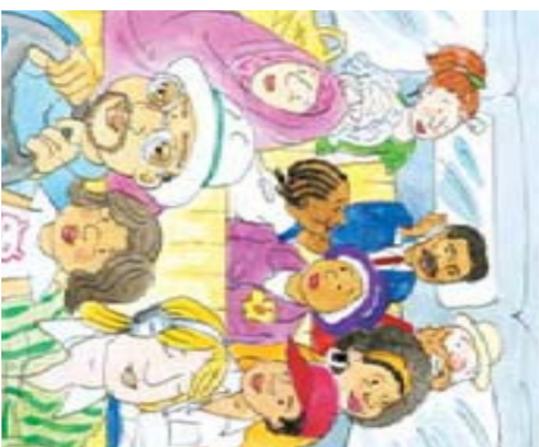


Kuhlala omunye eduze kwami.

FOLD

4

One more behind Gogo.



Kuhlala omunye ngemva kukaGogo.



Lisa Greenstein

Nikki Jones



Enjoyed these Twisted Tales? There's more on FunDza's mobi network!

Join FunDza's mobi reading community to read *Seven Twisted Tales*, by Jenny Robson, and many other stories on your mobile phone!

FunDza is fun, easy to join and ... it's FREE!

What's more, you just need a cellphone to:

- Read a great new story each week
- Explore our growing 'library' of teen fiction
- Comment on the stories
- Submit your own writing for publication too

Get connected!

If you're on Mxit, make FunDza a contact:

Mxit > TradePost > Mxit Reach > mobiBooks > FunDza

Or find us with your phone or computer on the web at:

www.fundza.mobi

Ngabe uzithokozele Izindaba Ezinengwikhwebu? Kuningi ongakuthola kuchungechunge luka-FunDza mobi!

Hlanganyela nabantu abafundayo be-FunDza mobi ukuze ufunde Izindaba Eziyisikhombisa Ezinengwikhwebu, zikaJenny Robson, kanye nezinye izindaba eziningi ozithola kwiselula yakho!

I-FunDza iyathokozisa, kulula ukuyijoyina futhi ... itholakala MAHALA!

Yini enye, udinga nje iselula ukuze:

- Uunde indaba ehamba phambili njalo ngesonto
- Uhlale ithala lethu lezincwadi elikhulayo
- lezindaba zezingane
- Uthole amazwibela ezindaba
- Ufake okwakho okubhalile ukuze kushicilelwe

Hlala usemfuthweni!

Uma usebenzisa u-Mxit, yenza i-FunDza omunye woxhumana nabo:

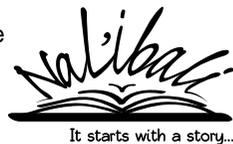
Mxit > TradePost > Mxit Reach > mobiBooks > FunDza

Noma usithole ngeselula yakho noma ngekhompyutha ewebhusayithini ethi:

www.fundza.mobi

Nal'ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment initiative to get people in South Africa – children and adults – passionate about telling and reading stories.

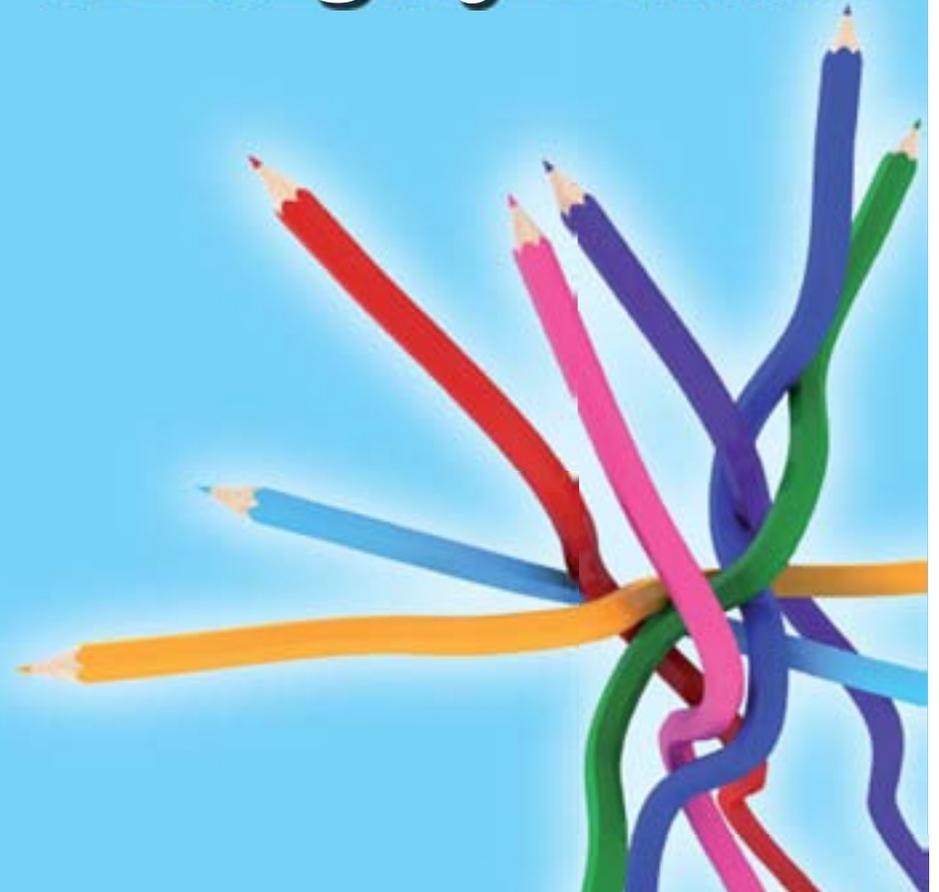
For more information, visit www.nalibali.org.



Nal'ibali umkhankaso kazwelonke wokujabulela ukufunda ukwenza ukuthi abantu baseNingizimu Afrika – izingane nabantu abadala – babenogqozi lokuxoxa kanye nokufunda izindaba. Ukuthola ulwazi olunabile, vakashela e: www.nalibali.org.

Teen-read
Ezingafundwa yintsha

Twisted tales Izindaba ezinengwikhwebu



Jenny Robson

The girl next door

“Party on!” says Thandi happily. This is great! New people are moving into the house next door and they seem to have a teenage daughter. She’s about sixteen too. “Fantastic! I am sick of living in a street full of screeching little boys playing gangsta-gangsta.”

Mom smiles. She says, “We’ll give them a chance to settle in. Maybe tomorrow you can invite the girl round for cooldrink and biscuits? Her name is Grace, her mother told me.”

The girl next door seems nice, too. She gives Thandi a big smile over the fence. She does her best to wave even though her arms are full of things from the removal van – including CDs. But Thandi isn’t close enough to see which pop singers are Grace’s favourites.

It is around supper time when the yelling next door starts. Thandi is in the kitchen with her Mom. Such awful shouting going on! First it is next-door’s mother yelling at the girl. Then the father takes over. Thandi is horrified, even though she can’t hear the words being shouted.

“Relax, Thandi,” says Mom. “I’m sure it just sounds loud because the curtains aren’t up yet. Or maybe Grace is in another room. I’m sure it’s nothing to worry about.”

But later Thandi is outside in the yard. She can see into next door’s kitchen and Grace and her mother are both there. Yet once again the mother is shouting at her daughter. So loudly! Then the father appears and starts up too.

“It’s okay, Thandi,” Mom says. “I suppose they are all just stressed out from moving. It is quite a strain.”

“That’s no excuse, Mum. You are stressed sometimes with being a single parent. With having to hold down two jobs. Yet when do you ever yell at me like that? Never!”

Thandi goes to bed, feeling so sad for Grace next door. How terrible to have parents who treat you like that! How awful to live in such a home, with such a family! Maybe, thinks Thandi, maybe she should ask Mom if Grace can come and stay with them? Hey, that would be great! Like having her very own sister.

“Party on,” says Thandi sleepily before she falls asleep.

Next morning, bright and early, Thandi sees Grace out in the yard next door. She runs

outside. Grace smiles and waves to her. How brave she is to smile after all that, thinks Thandi.

“Hi there Grace! Why don’t you come over and we can listen to my new Rihanna? Do you like Rihanna?”

“What are you saying?” asks the girl. She has a strange accent. Maybe she is foreign? Maybe she comes from somewhere where it is normal for parents to yell at their children?

Thandi tries again: “Do you like Rihanna’s music?”

The girl shakes her head. “Sorry, I can’t hear you. You will have to shout. Just like my poor mom and dad. I’m deaf, see? I lost my hearing aid in all the chaos of moving.”

The end

Exit stage left

“A blind date!” I shrieked. “You’ve gotta be kidding, Kay. I don’t do blind dates!”

But my friend Kay wasn’t kidding. “Please, Lebo? It’s my cousin from Durban. I promised. He’ll take you to a fancy restaurant.”

Well, that tempted me. A little. “So what’s he like? He’d better be drop-dead gorgeous. I only do drop-dead gorgeous!”

“I don’t know. Last time I saw him he was a snotty-nosed kid of eleven with a bandage round his head because he fell out of a tree. But he’s twenty-six now. I’m sure he’s improved.”

“What if he hasn’t? Forget it, Kay! I don’t do duds – I only do studs!”

But once my friend has an idea in her head, nothing will shift it. Next day Kay arrived with a pile of papers. Across the top was written EXIT STRATEGY in bright red letters.

“I printed this off the internet, Lebo. It tells you how to escape if your blind date is going badly.”

I wasn't about to read all that! "Okay, Kay. So summarise. What do I do if your cousin is a dud?"

So she summarised. If the blind date is bad news, I must go to the Ladies cloakroom and SMS her. Then once I was back at the table with the dud, she would phone me on my cellphone. She would tell me there was a 'family emergency'. Like, my kid sister had broken her ankle and I was needed at home. Immediately.

"See? Easy! Then you tell my cousin: 'Sorry, there's a family emergency'. And then you exit stage left! No problem, Lebo."

"Just make sure your cellphone is switched on!" I warned her.

Thank goodness I warned her. Her cousin from Durban was a Dud De Luxe! OUCH!

Lucky – that was his name. Not very 'lucky' for me! We met at a seafood restaurant and he ordered prawns. Prawns! With their heads and tails and spiky little legs still attached! Is there anything more disgusting? Even if you grew up beside the sea in Durban – that's still no excuse! I could barely swallow my fish, watching him rip the prawn shells off. And then suck stuff out their heads! DOUBLE OUCH!

He had a round, chubby face. And he was boring. He went on about life in 'Durbs' and all his 'chinas' and how 'kif' they were. It was definitely time for Kay's Exit Strategy. Time to head to the Ladies and SMS her: *Get me outa dis! Now!*

But then Lucky announced: "Yeah, I'm completing my internship. Next year, I will be a qualified doctor."

A doctor?! *A doctor?! Why didn't Kay tell me that from the start? Forget going to the Ladies cloakroom! Forget SMSing Kay, forget 'family emergencies' and exiting stage left! Hey, this was the best blind date ever. He wasn't a dud! He was drop-dead gorgeous, the way only a doctor-to-be can be drop-dead gorgeous.*

Hopefully Lucky and I would have many more dates! Just not at a seafood restaurant next time!

A doctor! Wow! When Lucky came back from the Gent's cloakroom, I started with 'twenty questions'.

"So are you going to have a private practice? Are you going to specialise? Have you worked in Emergency? Are you..."

But then his cellphone rang. He listened with a frown. Then said: "Sorry Lebo, I have to go home. Immediately. There's a family emergency. My kid sister has broken her ankle."

The end

Keep your distance!

Isaac Modise's clients were always emotional. In his line of work, he expected it. By the time clients made an appointment with Isaac, their lives were usually upside-down and chaotic.

Some clients were upset and tearful; some were confused and afraid; some were a little too crazy with excitement.

Usually Isaac followed his father's advice. His father had done this same work for many years. "Keep your distance, son. Be professional. Never get emotionally involved."

But not this time! Not with today's client: Ms Naledi Tangane!

For one thing, Ms Naledi Tangane was beautiful. For another thing, Ms Tangane was sobbing her eyes out while she spoke.

"But Mr Modise, what if I'm making a terrible mistake?" she wailed. "What if I'm messing up my little daughter's life? What should I do?" Tears ran down her lovely smooth cheeks.

Isaac's father always warned him: "Don't offer advice. That is not part of your job."

So Isaac handed Ms Tangane a clean white handkerchief. He said gently, "Only you can judge. Only you know what is best for you and your daughter." He longed to put his arms around her and tell her everything would be all right. But that was a total no-no! His Dad would have a fit!

So instead Isaac tried to cheer her up. "If this turns out to be the wrong decision, there are always ways to reverse it. And I will be there to help you through."

Isaac understood her problem completely. Ms Tangane had explained that she had moved to another part of the city. She had needed to get far away from her bullying ex-boyfriend. He had been harassing her.

But moving meant she had left all her friends, her kind neighbours, taken her little daughter out of the crèche where the little girl was happy and secure.

No wonder she felt torn apart! Poor, lovely, Ms Tangane! Poor lovely Naledi!

Isaac's work day was over now. He sat in his lounge, sipping coffee, trying to relax. But he couldn't get Ms Tangane out of his mind.

"Stop it!" he told himself aloud in the empty lounge. "She's just a client! Keep your distance!"

But how could he? No matter what his father said. No! He needed to see her. He would visit her. He knew the address of her new home on the other side of the city. Maybe take a bunch of flowers to brighten up the place. It was probably full of unpacked boxes. And maybe take some Nando's for her and her daughter. Very likely her new kitchen wasn't ready for cooking yet.

"Sorry Dad," said Isaac, even though his father wasn't there. "Sorry. I know this is unprofessional, but I can't help myself."

Isaac picked up his keys and headed for the door.

Isaac Modise started the engine. He drove towards Naledi's new home in his Dad's huge truck with their sign painted on the side: MODISE AND SON, FURNITURE REMOVALS.

The end

Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord

Sometimes it feels like there is no justice in this world. Evil people prosper. Good people go unrewarded.

Let me tell you the story of Dadi. I know it well. We are from the same village.

Dadi called himself a child soldier but seventeen is no longer a child. And Dadi was seventeen when he joined the rebels and headed north. He marched with them by day. He slept with them in damp forests by night.

He took part in the many atrocities the rebels were famous for. When it came to the chopping off of hands, he was often the one who wielded the machete. He helped set fire to villages. He participated in rapes and murders.

But finally, after many cruel years, the civil war ended. Rebels and child soldiers returned to their homes. Dadi returned to our village. With blood on his hands, but riches in his pockets. Riches stolen from northern mines.

And he was made welcome! The elders said, "He must be forgiven. These child soldiers cannot be held responsible. He must be given his plot of farmland like the other young men." Perhaps it was his riches that swayed the elders? His riches certainly swayed the young women of our village. Especially the beautiful ones. Like Claudette.

And in the end Dadi married Claudette too. Even though she had been promised to me. And was that justice? Was that fair punishment for his crimes? To be rewarded with a beautiful wife. And a fruitful one too.

Claudette bore him five sons. All born healthy and bright-minded. The crops on his farm plot prospered too. They grew firm and tall. Certainly taller than mine.

But in one thing, Dadi was not so blessed. His years of sleeping in damp forests had damaged his heart.

"But I will give you these pills," said the visiting doctor. "If the chest pains strike, take two instantly. Keep them away from your children. They are dangerous, highly toxic."

Aha, I thought. Will this be Dadi's punishment? That one of his sons will find these pills, red like town-shop sweets? Swallow them?

But no. "See," said the doctor. "The bottle's lid is child-proof."

Out at the farmlands one day, hidden by bushes, I watched Dadi swaggering amongst his crops. My jealousy grew huge. A longing for murder gripped my heart. And there was no one else around who could bear witness.

But I stayed hidden. I am not a man of violence. Yet as I watched, Dadi fell down onto his fertile soil, clutching at his weak heart.

“Help!” he screamed to the empty sky.

I did not move. Perhaps justice was visiting him at last? How could I interfere with justice?

But no! Once more Dadi was blessed and lucky. Rewarded instead of punished. A passing stranger heard his cries: a woman dressed in the clothing of the northern states. She came running and knelt beside him.

“How can I help you, sir?”

“My pills!” he screamed again. “Quick. Here in my pocket! Put two on my tongue or I will die.”

“I am sorry, sir,” said the woman. “I cannot help you.”

She lifted up her arms so that her sleeves fell away. Mutilated arms. Arms without hands.

The end

Intombazane yakwamakhelwane

“Kwaze kwamnandi bo!” kusho uThandi ngenjabulo. Kwaze kwakuhle! Kukhona abantu abasha abangena kwamakhelwane futhi sengathi banendodakazi eseyitshitshi. Sengathi nayo ineminyaka eyishumi nesithupha. “Kwakuhle lokho! Ngikhathele ukuhlala emgwaqweni ogcwele abafanyana abachwazayo abadlala i-*gangsta-gangsta*.”

UMama uyamamatheka. Uthi, “Sizobanika ithuba lokuthi bazihlele kahle. Mhlawumbe ungamema intombazane ukuzothola isiphuzo esibandayo namabhiskidi? Ngizwe ngonina ukuthi igama layo nguGrace.”

Intombazane yakwamakhelwane ibukeka sengathi inehliziyo enhle futhi. Imamathekela uThandi kakhulu ngaleya kocingo. Yenza konke okusemandleni ayo ukuthi ithathaze noma izindla zayo zigcwele izinto ezivela elolini lokuthutha – okuhlanganisa nama-CD. Kodwa uThandi akekho eduze ngokwanele ukuze abone ukuthi yibaphi abaculi be-*pop* abathandwa nguGrace.

Sekuyizikhathi zesidlo sakusihlwa lapho sekuqala khona ukumemeza okuvela kwamakhelwane. UThandi usekhishini noMama wakhe. Kodwa ukumemeza okungaka pho! Kuqala umama wakwamakhelwane ukuthethisa intombazane. Bese kulandela ubaba wakhona. UThandi wethukile, noma engawezwa amazwi amenezwayo.

“Yehlisa umoya, Thandi,” kusho uMama. “Ngikholwa ukuthi umsindo uzwakala kakhulu ngoba abakawachomi amakhethini. Mhlawumbe njalo uGrace ukwelinye ikamelo. Ngikholwa ukuthi yinto okumele singazikhathazi ngayo.”

Kodwa kamuva uThandi wabe esemi egcekeni. Ubona ekhishini lakwamakhelwane, uGrace nomama wakhe bengaphakathi. Umama wakhona uphinde athethise indodakazi yakhe futhi. Kakhulu kangaka pho! Kuqhamuka ubaba wayo naye ayithethise futhi.

“Kulungile, Thandi,” kusho uMama. “Ngibona ukuthi bonke bakhathazwe ukuthutha. Kukhandla impela phela.”

“Akuyona into okungazitshwa ngayo leyo Mama. Nawe uke ukhandlwe ukuba umzali okhulisa ingane yedwa. Kumele usebenze ezindaweni ezimbili. Kodwa wake wangithethisa nini kanjeya? Awukaze!”

UThandi ulala emdabukela uGrace wakwamakhelwane. Kubi ukuba nabazali abakuphatha ngale ndlela! Kubi ukuphila ekhaya elinje, nomndeneni onje! Mhlawumbe, kucabanga uThandi, mhlawumbe kumele acele kuMama wakhe ukuthi ngeke yini uGrace akwazi ukuzohlala nabo? Hhiya, kungakuhle kakhulu lokho! Kungafana nokuba nodadewabo.

“Kwaze kwamnandi bo!” kusho uThandi ngokozela ngaphambi kokulala.

Ngakusasa, kukuhle ekuseni kakhulu, uThandi ubona uGrace egcekeni kwamakhelwane. Ugijima aphumele phandle. UGrace uyamamatheka amthathazele. Kukhombisa isibindi sakhe ukuthi akwazi ukumamatheka kanje ngemuva kwakho konke lokhuya, kucabanga uThandi.

“Sawubona Grace! Yini ndaba ungezi ngapha sizolalela uRihanna wami omusha? Ngabe uyamthanda uRihanna?”

“Uthini?” kubuza intombazane. Ukhuluma ngendlela engejwayelekile nje. Mhlawumbe uqhamuka kwelinye izwe? Mhlawumbe uqhamuka ezweni lapho kuyinto eyejwayelekile ukuthi abazali bathethise izingane zabo?

UThandi uyazama futhi: “Ngabe uyawuthanda umculo kaRihanna?”

Intombazane inikina ikhanda. “Uxolo, angikuzwa. Kuzomele umemeze. Njengomama nobaba. Ngiyisithulu, uyabona? Ngilahlekelwe insiza yami yokuzwa ngesikhathi sithutha.”

Iyaphela lapha

Phuma kanje

“Ukuzikhipha nomuntu engingamazi!” Kwangethusa mina lokhu. “Ubophinda uthi uyadlala Kay. Angizikhiphi nabantu engingabazi!”

Wayengadlali umngani wami uKay. “Ngiyakucela Lebo? Ngumzala oqhamuka eThekwini. Ngamethembisa. Uzokusa kwirestorenti kanokusho.”

Lokho kwangiheha. Kancane nje. “Ubukeka kanjani? Kumele abe yigeza lensizwa. Ngizikhipha namageza kuphela!”

“Angazi. Ngamgcina eseyingane eneminyaka eyishumi nanye enamafinyilana, eboshwe ikhanda ngebhandishi ngoba wayewe esihlahleni. Kodwa useneminyaka engamashumi amabili nesithupha manje. Ngineqiniso ukuthi ubukeka kangcono manje.”

“Uzothini uma kuwukuthi akakashintshi? Ngicela ukhohlwe Kay! Angizikhiphi nezintothololo mina – ngizikhipha nabaphapheme kuphela!”

Kodwa uma sekukhona akucabangayo umngani wami angeke umgudluze kukhona. Ngosuku olulandelayo uKay ufika ethwele isitaki samaphepha. Phezulu kwakubhalwe ukuthi ISU LOKUBALEKA ngamagama amakhulu abomvu.

“Ngiphrinte lokhu e-inthanethini Lebo. Kukutshela ukuthi ungabaleka kanjani uma izinto

zingahambi kahle ekuzikhipheni nomuntu ongamazi.”

Beningazimisele ukufunda yonke leyo nto! “Kulungile Kay. Awungibekela ngamafuphi. Ngenzenjani uma umzala wakho eyintothololo?”

Wangibekela ngamafuphi. Uma kungahambi kahle ekuzikhipheni nomuntu engingamazi kumele ngiye endlini yangasese yabantu besifazane bese ngimthumelela i-SMS umngani wami. Uma sengibuyele etafuleni elinentothololo leyo bese engishayela ucingo kumakhalekhukhwini wami. Uzongitshela ukuthi kuvele ‘isimo esiphuthumayo ekhaya’. Njengokuthi udadewethu omncane uphuke iqakala, ngiyadingeka ekhaya. Njengamanje.

“Uyabona-ke? Kulula! Uzobe usutshela umzala wami ukuthi: ‘Ngiyaxolisa, kukhona isimo esiphuthumayo ekhaya’. Bese uphuma njalo! Akunankinga Lebo.”

“Uqinisekise ukuthi umakhalekhukhwini wakho uhlala uwuvulile!” Ngisho ngimexwayisa.

Ngiyabonga kuthi ngamexwayisa. Umzala wakhe oqhamuka eThekwini wayeyintothololo yezintothololo! AWU WEMA!

Igama lakhe kwakunguLucky – u-“Nhlanhla”. Kodwa kimi wayengeyona ‘inhlanhla’! Sahlangana erestorenti edayisa izidlo zasolwandle wathenga imidambi (ama-*prawn*). Imidambi! Inamakhandla, imisila nemilenzana yayo ecijile! Ngabe kukhona okunye okwenyanyisa ukwedlula lokhu? Noma kuthiwa ukhulele eduze nolwandle eThekwini – akusho lutho lokho! Angisakwazi nokuqeda inhlanzi yami ngesikhathi ngimbuka ehlephula amagobolondo emidambi leyo. Bese emunca okuthile emakhanda ayo! AWU WE MA! SEKWENYANYISA KAKHULU!

Unobuso obukhuluphele obuyisigaxa nje. Akave enesidina! Waqhubeka nokukhuluma ngempilo yaseThekwini, abangani bakhe nokuthi bezwana kangakanani. Cha, impela kwase kuyisikhathi seSu Lokubaleka likaKay manje. Sekuyisikhathi sokuya endlini yangasese yabesifazane bese ngimthumelela i-SMS: *Ngikhiphe kule nto ongifake kuyo! Manje!*

Kodwa uLucky wathi: “Ya, ngiqedela isikhathi sokufunda ngisebenza. Ngizoba udokotela oqeqeshwe ngokuphelele ngonyaka ozayo.”

Udokotela!? *Udokotela!?* UKay ubengangitsheli ngani lokhu kwasekuqaleni? Mntanomuntu, khohlwa ngokuya endlini yangasese yabesifazane! Khohlwa ngokuthumelela uKay i-SMS, khohlwa ‘ngezimo eziphuthumayo ekhaya’ kanye nokuphuma kanje! Hhayi, cha lokhu kube ukuzikhipha nomuntu ongamazi okuhle okudlula konke. Wayengeyona intothololo nje. Wayeyigeza, ngendlela ababukeka ngayo odokotela bakusasa, wayeyigeza lensizwa.

Ngiyethemba ukuthi sisazozikhipha kaningana noLucky! Kodwa kungabi serestorenti

yezidlo zazolwandle ngokuzayo!

Udokotela! Ngcingci! Ngesikhathi uLucky ebuya endlini yangasese yabesilisa ngaqala 'ngamphosa imibuzo ilandelana'.

“Ngabe uzovula indawo yakho ozozisebenzela kuyona? Ngabe uzogxila ekusebenzeni okuthile okukodwa? Ngabe wake wasebenza lapho okukhona iSimo Esiphuthumayo? Ngabe...?”

Kwase kukhala umakhalekhukhwini wakhe. Walalela wabuyisa izinhlonzi. Wase ethi: “Ngiyaxolisa Lebo, kumele ngiye ekhaya. Njengamanje. Kukhona isimo esiphuthumayo ekhaya. Udadewethu omncane wephuke iqakala.”

Iyaphela lapha

Ungayingeni!

Amakhasimende ka-Isaac Modise ayehlale ephakanyelwe imimoya. Wayehlale ekulindele lokhu ngenxa yomsebenzi awenzayo. Ngesikhathi amakhasimende ehlela isikhathi sokubonana no-Isaac izimpilo zawo zazisuke sezonakele, kungekho nje okuhamba kahle.

Amanye amakhasimende ayethukuthela akhale nokukhala; amanye ayedidekile esaba nokwesaba; amanye ayesuke esese ngokwedlulele.

U-Isaac wayejwayele ukulandela akwelulekwe nguyise. Uyise lo wayesesebenze umsebenzi ofanayo iminyaka eminingi. “Ungayingeni ndodana. Yenza umsebenzi wakho. Ungayifaki imizwa yakho phakathi.”

Kodwa angeke kwenzeke lokho namhlanje! Angeke kwenzeke ekhasimendeni lanamhlanje: uNk. Naledi Tangane!

Okokuqala-nje uNk. Naledi Tangane wayemuhle. Okunye ukuthi uNk. Tangane wayekhahla isililo ngesikhathi ekhuluma.

“Kodwa Mnu. Modise, ngingathini nje uma kuwukuthi ngenza iphutha elikhulu?” ekhahla isililo. “Ngizothini uma ngabe sengilimaza impilo yendodakazi yami? Kumele ngenzenjani?” Kwehla izinyembezi ezihlathini zakhe ezinhle ezibusheshelezi.

Uyise ka-Isaac wayehlale emxwayisa ukuthi: “Ungabeluleki abantu. Lokhu akuwona umsebenzi wakho.”

Ngakho u-Isaac wanikeza uNk. Tangane iduku elihlanzekile elimhlophe. Washolo phansi

wathi, “Nguwe kuphela onganquma okufanele ukwenze. Nguwe kuphela owaziyo ukuthi udingani wena nendodakazi yakho.” Wayefisa ukumgona bese emtshela ukuthi konke kuzohamba kahle. Kodwa lokho kwakungamele akwenze! Kwakuzomcasula kakhulu uyise!

Kunalokho u-Isaac wazama ukumenza azizwe ekahle. “Uma lokhu kugecina kuyisinqumo esingesihle zihlale zikhona izindlela zokusiguqula. Futhi ngizohlala ngikhona ukuze ngikusize.”

U-Isaac wayeyiqonda ngokuphelele inkinga ayekuyona. UNk. Tangane wayemchazele ukuthi usanda kuthuthela kwenye ingxenye yedolobha. Ubedinga ukuba kude nowayeyisoka lakhe owayemhlukumeza. Wayekade emhlukumeza.

Kodwa ukuthutha kwakuchaza ukuthi ushiye abangani bakhe, umakhelwane wakhe onomusa, wakhapha nendodakazi yakhe encane enkulisa eyayiyithanda futhi iphephile kuyona.

Kwakungamangazi ukuthi kungani engazi noma uthathe isinqumo esifanele yini! Kwaze kwanzima kuNk. Tangane omuhle! Kwaze kwanzima nakuNaledi bandla!

Sase sifikile isikhathi sokuthi ashayise emsebenzini u-Isaac. Wahlala elawunji yakhe, ephuza ikhofi, ezama ukuzenza akhululeke. Kodwa wayengakwazi ukuyeka ukucabanga ngoNk. Tangane.

“Yima manje!” wazikhuza waphumisela lokhu ngesikhathi ehleli elawunji engenalutho. “Lona uyikhasimende, kuphelela lapho! Ungayingeni eyakhe!”

Kodwa angakwenza kanjani lokhu? Akunandaba ukuthi wayetheni uyise. Cha! Wayedinga ukumbona. Wayezomvakashela. Wayelazi ikheli lekhaya lakhe elisha ngakwenye ingxenye yedolobha. Mhlawumbe wayengamhambisela izimbali ukuze ziqhakazise kwakhe. Kungenzeka ukuthi kusagcwele amabhokisi angakathululwa. Mhlawumbe angathengela yena nendodakazi yakhe iNando's. Kungenzeka ngempela ukuthi ikhishi lakhe alikakulungeli ukupheka.

“Ngiyaxolisa Baba,” kusho u-Isaac, noma uyise wayengekho. “Ngiyaxolisa. Ngiyazi ukuthi lokhu akufanele ngokomsebenzi engiwezayo, kodwa angikwazi ukuzibamba.”

U-Isaac wathatha okhiye bakhe waqonda emnyango.

U-Isaac Modise wadumisa imoto. Waya ngasekhaya elisha likaNaledi ngeloli elikhulu likayise elibalwe eceleni ukuthi: MODISE AND SON, FURNITURE REMOVALS.

Iyaphela lapha

Ngokwami ukuphindisela, kusho iNkosi

Ngesinye isikhathi kuye kubukeke sengathi abukho ubulungiswa kulo mhlaba. Abantu ababi bayaphumelela. Abantu abahle abawutholi umvuzo wabo.

Ake ngikuxoxele indaba kaDadi. Ngiyazi ukusuka nokuhlala. Sasiphuma mzini (*village*) munye.

UDadi wayezibiza ngesosha eliseyingane kodwa iminyaka eyishumi nesikhombisa ikhomba ukuthi umuntu akaseyona ingane. Kanti uDadi wayeneminyaka eyishumi nesikhombisa ngesikhathi engena emambukeni belibangisa ngasenyakatho yezwe. Wayemasha nawo emini. Wayelala nawo emahlathini anomswakama ebusuku.

Waba yingxeny yobudlova eyedume ngabo amavukelambuso. Uma sekufikwa ekunqamuleni izandla, kwakuba uye owayevame ukuphakamisa ucelemba. Wayelekelela nangokushisa imizi. Wayeyingxeny yokudlwengula nokubulala.

Kodwa ekugcineni, ngemuva kweminyaka eminingi yenkohlakalo, ukulwa kwesizwe esisodwa kwaphela. Amambuka namasosha ayizingane abuyela emakhaya abo. UDadi wabuyela emzini wangakithi. Izandla zakhe zazigcwele igazi kodwa amakhukhu akhe egcwele umcebo. Umcebo owawuntshotshwe ezimayini ezisenyakatho.

Wemukelwa! Abantu abadala bathi, “Kumele axolelwe. La masosha ayizingane akumele athweswe icala. Kumele anikezwe umhlaba wokulima njengazinye izinsizwa.” Mhlawumbe ngumcebo wakhe owenza ukuthi abantu abadala baguqule imiqondo ngaye? Empeleni umcebo wakhe waguqula namantombazanyana asemzini lowo. Ikakhulukazi lawa amahle. Afana noClaudette.

Kwathi ekugcineni uDadi washada noClaudette, noma wayethenjiswa mina. Ngabe kwakuwubulungiswa lobu? Ngabe wayejeziswe ngokwanele ngezinto ayezenzile? Ukuklonyeliswa ngomfazi omuhle. Onenzalo futhi!

UClaudette wamazela amadodana amahlanu. Onke ayezelwe ephile kahle futhi ehlakaniphile. Nezitshalo ensimini yakhe leyo zachuma. Zonke zakhula zaqina, zaba zinde futhi. Zazizinde kunezami.

Kodwa inye into uDadi ayengabusisiwe kuyona. Iminyaka yakhe eminingi yokulala emahlathini anomswakama yalimaza inhliziyi yakhe.

“Cha, ngizokunikeza la maphilisi,” kusho udokotela ovakashile. “Uma uzwa ubuhlungu esifubeni, phuza amabili ngaso lesi sikhathi. Uwabeke kude nezingane zakho. Ayingozi, anobuthi obukhulu.”

Ehhe, kucabanga mina. Ngabe lokhu kuzoba yisijeziso sikaDadi? Ukuthi enye yamadodana akhe izothatha la maphilisi abomvu afana namaswidi asesitolo? Bese iyawagwinya?

Kodwa akubanga njalo. “Uyabona,” kusho udokotela. “Isivalo sebhodlela senzelwe ukuthi zingakwazi ukulivula izingane.”

Epulazini ngelinye ilanga, ngangicashe esikhotheni, ngibuka uDadi ehambahamba phakathi kwezitshalo zakhe. Ngafikelwa umona omkhulu. Ngagcwala umuzwa wokufuna ukumbulala. Futhi wayengekho umuntu ozosibona owayezoba ufakazi.

Kodwa ngahlala ngicashile. Angiyona indoda enodlame. Kodwa kwathi ngesikhathi ngisambuka uDadi wawela emhlabathini wakhe ovundile, ebanbe inhliziyi yakhe ebuthakathaka.

“Ngisizeni!” wamemeza engezwiwa muntu.

Azange nginyakaze. Mhlawumbe ubulungiswa buzokwenzeka ekugcineni? Ngingabuphazamisa kanjani ubulungiswa?

Kodwa lutho! UDadi wayephinde wabusiwa wanenhlanhla futhi. Wavuzwa kunokuthi ajeziswe. Umuntu ongaziwa owayedlula wezwa ukukhala kwakhe: owesifazane ogqoke izingubo zamazwe asenyakatho. Weza egijima waguqa eduze kwakhe.

“Ngingakusiza ngani, Mnumzane?”

“Amaphilisi ami!” wamemeza futhi. “Shesha. Alapha ekhukhwini lami! Beka amabili olimini lwami, kungenjalo ngizofa.”

“Ngiyaxolisa Mnumzane,” kusho owesifazane. “Angeke ngikwazi ukukusiza.”

Owesifazane waphakamisa izingalo zakhe ukuze kwembuleke imikhono yalokho ayekwembethe. Izindla zazinganyuliwe. Izingalo nje ezingenazandla!

Iyaphela lapha