A life lesson through reading

As adults we know that being able to share is an important life skill, and part of this is learning to take turns with others. When you regularly spend time reading with your children, not only do you develop them as readers, but you also have an excellent opportunity to show them how to learn this valuable life lesson. Here are some ways in which you can share and take turns as you read together.

🌟 Take turns choosing books. Sometimes invite your children to choose the storybooks you’ll read together. Other times, choose a storybook that you’d like to read to them. You can also take turns between reading your children’s favourite stories and sharing a book that none of you has read before.

🌟 Take turns telling each other stories. Share “old” stories that you remember hearing before, or new ones that you have made up yourselves!

🌟 As you read books together, take turns “reading” the words. Sometimes invite children who can already read, to read the words of one of the characters in the story. Encourage children to join in when you read repeated phrases or sentences in a story. For example, in the story, The three Little Pigs, the wolf repeatedly says, “I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down.”

🌟 Help children think about the stories you read by asking questions like, “What do you think of . . .?” “Why do you think they said/did that?” and “What would you have said/done if that was you?” Remember to also allow your children to ask their own questions about the stories.

🌟 Taking turns is not only for older children. Get babies or toddlers involved in helping you read the story by asking them to turn the pages for you!

🌟 Take turns at your reading club. You can choose the book to read aloud to the children and then allow time for the children to choose books they want to look at and read on their own or in pairs.

Taking turns helps to create a partnership with children around books. It means that you can share the power to make decisions about what you will read and how to spend your reading times. And so, exploring books becomes something you really do together!
Get story active!

After you and your children have read Refilwe, discuss some of these questions.

1. Refilwe's father stole morogo for his wife from the witch. Why do you think he did this?
2. Was there another way in which he could have got the morogos for his wife?
3. Was it fair for the witch to take Refilwe from her parents when she was born? Why or why not?
4. Does the witch have any good qualities? What do you think they are?

Eba mahlahahlaha ka pale!

In your next Nal’ibali supplement:

- How to get your children writing
- Story Stars: An illustrator talks about books and pictures
- A cut-out-and-keep book, It wasn’t me!
- Collect the Nal’ibali characters: Josh
- A new Story Corner story, The guinea fowl that laid golden eggs

Looking for activities for your children? Visit the “Resource” section at www.nalibali.org for printables such as bookmarks, cards and postcards.

Other things to try

- Act out the story together. Make the chant, “Refilwe, Refilwe, let down your locks, so I can climb the scraggy rocks” into a song or rap.
- Imagine that you are a news reporter for a local TV station. You have heard that Refilwe has been taken away from her parents by a witch. Interview the witch and Refilwe’s parents to get the full story on how and why this happened.

Dintho tse ding tseo le ka di lekgang

Tswhwankhwagane pole eo mmoho. Phetlhaphelelela bantwana, “Refilwe, Refilwe, let down your locks, so I can climb the scraggy rocks” into a song or rap.

Aku inohane feela o se o le mofifelele wa dikita setshahane sa TV sa leho. O itlhware ho thwre Refilwe a utshwate ha batebatswadi ba hae ke mola ya itseng. Buisana le mola es a batebatswadi ba Refilwe a ba hloko dipatatso hore a o lumane dikita tse feletse ng o limano nhlo di e fetsahetseng ka tse.

Create your own

cut-out-and-keep book

1. Take out pages 3 to 8 of this supplement. Keep the pages together.
2. Fold them in half along the black dotted line.
3. Fold them in half again.
4. Cut along the red dotted lines.

In your next Nal’ibali supplement:

- How to get your children writing
- Story Stars: An illustrator talks about books and pictures
- A cut-out-and-keep book, It wasn’t me!
- Collect the Nal’ibali characters: Josh
- A new Story Corner story, The guinea fowl that laid golden eggs

Looking for activities for your children? Visit the “Resource” section at www.nalibali.org for printables such as bookmarks, cards and postcards.

Find us on Facebook:
www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA
Re lumane ho Facebook:
www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA.

Tlatsetsong ya hao e latelang ya Nal’ibali:

- O ka etsa jwarg hore bana ba hao ba ngale
- Dinaledi tsa Dipale: Motshwantshi o bua la dibuka le ditshwantsho
- Buka e-sehwang-le-ho-ipokolokwana, Ha se nna!
- Bokella baphetwa ba Nal’ibali: Josh
- Pale e ntho ya Hukung ya Dipale, Kgako e neng e bebela mahe a kgauta

One day, Prince Tumi, heir to the mountain kingdom of Lesotho, was out riding his horse. He heard the sound of a beautiful voice coming from the top of the mountain. For many days he came to hear the melodious singing, but could not find where the voice was coming from.

One day, he heard a rough voice close to him yelling, "Refilwe, Refilwe, let down your locks, so I can climb the scraggy rocks." Prince Tumi watched as some braided locks tumbled down the side of the mountain and an old witch climbed up. He could hardly wait for the witch to leave. Then, imitating her voice, he yelled out, "Refilwe, Refilwe, let down your locks, so I can climb the scraggy rocks."

Ka tsatsi le leng, Kgosana Tumi, mojalefa wa borena ba Lesotho, o ne a tswile ka hodima ya hae. O ile a nna a tla ho tla mamela mmino o monate, empa a sa fumane hore lentswe lena le hlaha hokae.

Ka tsatsi le leng, a utlwa lentswe le makgerehla haufi le yena le ho etsisa lentswe la hae, a ho lehlakoreng la thaba mme moloi ya tsofetseng a nyoloha ka ona. O ne a se a tatetse hore moloi eo a tsamaye. Mme, ka ho etsisa lentswe la hae, a ho lehlakoreng la thaba mme moloi ya tsofetseng a nyoloha ka ona.

© Jacana Media (South African rights only) Tel: (011 628 3200)

This is an adapted version of Refilwe, published by Jacana Media and available in bookstores and on-line from www.jacana.co.za. This story is available in English, isiZulu, isiXhosa and Afrikaans. Jacana publishes books for young readers in all eleven official South African languages. To find out more about Jacana titles go to www.jacana.co.za.

Once, in the mountain kingdom of Lesotho, a husband and wife longed for a child. They visited sangomas, brewed beer for the ancestors, and finally, the wife was expecting a baby.

Kalekgale, nangong o ditshathabà ya borena ba Lesotho, monna le mosadi ba ne ba lakatsa ho ba le ngwana. Ba ilo ba efele bomatsetsela, ba ritele jwala ba badimo, nme qetellong mosadi a ima.
A famous and powerful witch lived next door to the couple. She grew pumpkins throughout the year that produced healthy morogo. When the wife saw the delicious green leaves, she longed to eat the witch's morogo and wanted nothing else. She started getting thin and her skin became ashen.

Her husband noticed and worriedly asked, “My wife, what is wrong?”

She gazed longingly at the morogo and said, “Oh, I think if I do not have some of those delicious green leaves next door, I will die.”

When they arrived, the king and queen were happy to see their son and meet the young woman who would be his wife.

They threw a big wedding party and invited Refilwe’s parents, who were overjoyed to see their daughter again. Princess Refilwe and her Prince Tumi knew on that day that they were blessed and would live happily ever after.

Ha ba fihla moo, morena le mofumahadi ba ne ba thabile haholo ho bona mora wa bona le ho kopana le morwetsana eo e neng e tla ba mosadi wa hae.

Ba ile ba etsa mokete o moholo wa lenyalo mme ba memu batswadi ba Refilwe, ba neng ba thabile le ho feta ho bona moradi wa bona hape. Kgosasana Refilwe le Kgosaana Tumi ba ile ba tseba tsatsing leo hore ba hlohonoofaditswe mme ba tla phela ha monate bophelo ba bona bohle.

Ho ne ho ena le moloi ya matla ya tsebahalang ya neng a ahisane le bona. O ne a lema mekupa selemo ho pota mme e ne e hea dihaba tse ntle tse kgolo. Eitsa ha mosadi a bona dihaba tse tala tse hlabosang, a lakatsa ho ja moroho wa moloi eo mme a sa batle ho ja eng kapa eng. Yaha o qala ho ota mme le letlalo la hae la tlahehebwa ke mmala wa lona.

Momma wa hae o ile a eletsha sena mme a mmotsa a kgathatschale, “Mosadi wa ka, molato ke eng?”

A sheba moroho ka takatso o kgolo mme a re, “Oho, ke nahama hore ha ke sa je tse ding tsa dihaba tsane tse monate tse tala tsa moahisane, ke tla shwa.”
Refilwe had lovely coffee-coloured skin and almond-shaped eyes and hair that the witch immediately started twisting into neat dreadlocks. When Refilwe was twelve, the witch decided that she did not want anyone to see Refilwe. So she took the girl to live in a cave high up on a nearby mountain.

But one day Refilwe complained to the witch, “Every time you come to visit, my head aches.”

The witch was hurt, “Hayi, are you saying that you do not like talking to me? Heh?”

Refilwe shook her head, “No. It’s just that you are so much heavier than Prince Tumi. When he gets up here, he massages my head with herbs so I feel better.”

The husband loved his wife and did not want her to die. When the witch had gone to the river to fetch some water, he went into her garden, and quickly picked some morogo. He gave the green leaves to his wife and she was happy.

But the next day the wife sighed again, “Oh, how I wish I could have some more of those delicious green leaves.”

So the husband waited for the witch to go to the river. But this time he was too slow. The witch came back and caught him red-handed.

Refilwe had lovely coffee-coloured skin and almond-shaped eyes and hair that the witch immediately started twisting into neat dreadlocks. When Refilwe was twelve, the witch decided that she did not want anyone to see Refilwe. So she took the girl to live in a cave high up on a nearby mountain.

But one day Refilwe complained to the witch, “Every time you come to visit, my head aches.”

The witch was hurt, “Hayi, are you saying that you do not like talking to me? Heh?”

Refilwe shook her head, “No. It’s just that you are so much heavier than Prince Tumi. When he gets up here, he massages my head with herbs so I feel better.”

The husband loved his wife and did not want her to die. When the witch had gone to the river to fetch some water, he went into her garden, and quickly picked some morogo. He gave the green leaves to his wife and she was happy.

But the next day the wife sighed again, “Oh, how I wish I could have some more of those delicious green leaves.”

So the husband waited for the witch to go to the river. But this time he was too slow. The witch came back and caught him red-handed.

Monna eo o no a rata mosadi wa hae mme a sa bate boro a shwe. Yare ha moloi a lle nokeng bo ya kga metsi, a kena tshimong ya hae, mme a kga morobo kapele. O ile a fa mosadi wa hae dihaha tse tse tala mme eo a thaba haholo.

Empa tsetsing le latelang mosadi a tlleba hape, “Oho, kamoo ke lakatsang bo ja tse ding tsa dihaha tse tala tse monate ka tlong.”

Yaba monna hae o emela boro moloi a ye nokeng. Empa kgothong lena o lle a dihaha haholo. Molo a kgutsa mme, a mo kgaoletsa a ntse a uitswa.
The prince fell down the mountain, scratching his eyes on a sharp rock. Blind and distraught, Tumi called his horse. He had to find Refilwe.

For many months he travelled in search of her. At last, when the heat of the desert was unbearable and he thought he might never find her, he heard a beautiful voice singing.

“Refilwe, Refilwe!” shouted the excited prince.

Refilwe stopped singing. Her prince! Tumi climbed down from his horse. When Refilwe saw that he was blind, her joy turned to sadness. As they hugged one another, Refilwe's tears fell on Tumi's eyes and suddenly he could see again.

The next day, they made their way to the mountain kingdom of Lesotho.
“You thief! How dare you steal my morogo!” the witch said angrily.
The frightened husband pleaded, “Forgive me. My wife is with child and cannot eat anything. All she wishes for is the morogo she sees in your garden. Please, I am very sorry. I will do whatever you want to make it up to you,” he answered.

Now the witch smiled and waved her hand, “Don’t worry. You can take all the morogo you want from my garden as we do not want your wife to die.” Then she paused and added, “But when your child is born, she belongs to me.”

The husband agreed to the witch’s demand, for he was afraid of what she would do if he did not.

“He is Tumi a - a hoeletsa,” shouted the witch when Tumi reached the top. “Well, I have sent her far away to the desert. And you will never see her again because now you shall die!” And with that, she pushed him from the cave.