



Edition 77
Sesotho, English

It starts with a story...

Here's the story...

by Gcina Mhlophe

For as long as there have been people in the world, we've had stories. Long before we knew about all the great, respectable sciences, the sun and the moon were already important in a way more special than we can imagine today.

Stories were like firestones, always at hand to start up fires in the minds and hearts of people. When one person would tell a story, it would revive a memory of a different story in the listener. People got to know many stories, and stories were at the centre of people's lives. People taught one another important lessons through stories. Stories entertained and educated – they still do.

Here in Africa, the art of storytelling has managed to survive for so long, in spite of all the other difficulties people have had to face over the past few hundred years. The different cultures developed and survived with the great help of storytelling in all its forms. There are many wisdoms hidden inside the

stories that have managed to survive up to this day, and we continue to learn from them. This is our proud heritage.

Today there are still some storytellers in our country, but not enough to reach the millions of young audiences who would love to hear a good story. Enter the book. In the past one hundred years, many books have been written and we have reason to be proud. But are we also making sure that the right books and stories are in places where families can access them? Do we pay the same amount of attention to what the stories are about and how they are told as we do to what the books look like? After all, these books should be seen as our revered storytellers and they come in so many languages.

We have little books, medium-sized and big books! They are there for all book lovers to enjoy, but we need to ensure that our young people are set up with the conditions and resources they need to hear and enjoy these stories and become readers themselves. We need to work together to make reading part of a common South African heritage.

Pale ke ena...

ka Gcina Mhlophe

Ho tloha haesale ho eba le batho lefatsheng, re ntse re ena le dipale. Kgale, pele re tseba ka dithutamahlale tse kgolo, tse hlomphehang, letsatsi le kgwedi di ne di ntse di le bohlokwa ka tsela e ikgethang ho feta kamoo re ka nahanang kajeno.

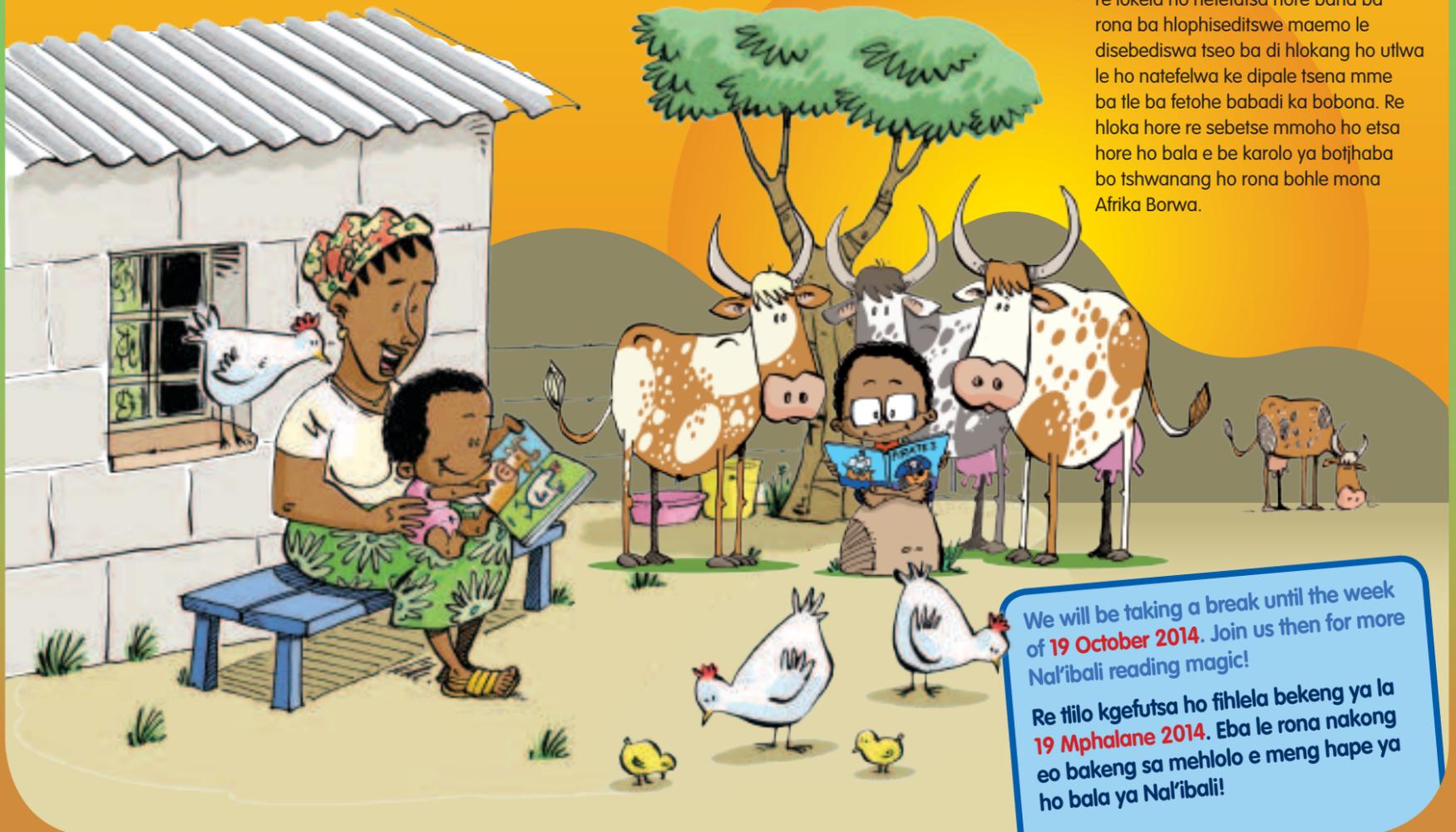
Dipale di ne di tshwana le majwe a moralla, kamehla a dula a le teng ho tukisa mollo dikelellong le dipelong tsa batho. Ha motho a le mong a ne a ka pheta pale, e ne e tsoselletsa le ho hopotsa momamedi ka pale e nngwe e fapaneng le yona. Batho ba ne ba ithuta dipale tse ngata, mme dipale di ne di le bohlokwahadi maphelong a batho. Batho ba ne ba rutana dithuto tsa bohlokwa ka dipale. Dipale di ne di natefisa le ho ruta – le kajeno di ntse di etsa jwalo.

Mona Afrika, bonono ba ho pheta dipale bo kgonne ho phela nako e telele, le ha ho ne ho ena le mathata a mangata ao batho ba ileng ba tlameha ho shebana le ona dilemong tse makgolo a mmalwanyana tse fetileng. Ditso tse fapaneng di ile tsa tswela pele le ho

phela ka thuso e kgolo ya ho pheta dipale ka mekgwa e fapaneng. Ho na le mahlale a mangata a patehileng ka hara dipale tse kgonneng ho dula di le teng ho fihlela tsatsing la kajeno, mme re tswela pele ho ithuta ho tsona. Sena ke botjhaba ba rona boo re leng motlotlo ka bona.

Kajeno ho ntse ho ena le bapheti ba dipale naheng ena ya rona, empa ha ba a lekana ho ka fihlella dimilijone tsa bamamedi ba sa leng batjha ba neng ba ka rata ho mamela pale e monate. Ho kena buka he. Ka dilemo tse lekgolo tse fetileng, ho ngotswe dibuka tse ngata mme kahoo re motlotlo. Empa na re etsa bonnete ba hore dibuka tse nepahetseng le dipale di dibakeng tseo ho tsona malapa a ka kgonang ho di fihlella? Na re mamedisisa ka hloko seo dipale di buang ka sona le ka moo di phetwang ka teng jwalo feela ka ha re sheba hore dibuka di shebeha jwang? Leha ho le jwalo, dibuka tsona di lokela ho nkwa jwaloka bapheti ba rona ba dipale ba hlomphehang mme di ngotswe ka dipuo tse ngata.

Re na le dibuka tse nyane, tse mahareng le dibuka tse kgolo! Di etseditswe ho natefela barati bohle ba dibuka, empa re lokela ho netefatsa hore bana ba rona ba hlophiseditswe maemo le disebediswa tseo ba di hlohang ho utlwa le ho natefelwa ke dipale tsona mme ba tle ba fetohe babadi ka bobona. Re hloka hore re sebetse mmoho ho etsa hore ho bala e be karolo ya botjhaba bo tshwanang ho rona bohle mona Afrika Borwa.



We will be taking a break until the week of **19 October 2014**. Join us then for more Nalibali reading magic!

Re tliho kgefutsa ho fihlela bekeng ya la **19 Mphalane 2014**. Eba le rona nakong eo bakeng sa mehlolo e meng hape ya ho bala ya Nalibali!



Drive your imagination

Read to me. Every day.
Mpalle. Kamehla.





Story stars



Actively sharing stories!

Bonnie Henna is an actress, *Survivor* contestant and author of an autobiography, *Eyebags and Dimples*. She shared her storytelling secrets with Nalibali and explained why she thinks reading aloud is the best way of spending quality time with her two children.

What stories do your children enjoy?

They like stories with characters they can relate to and who are going through things they have gone through or are going through. They also love it when I tell them stories in a lively way using lots of expression and actions! I love the look on their little faces when I read to them in different voices, and so I make it as exciting as possible for them.

Give us a tip for reading aloud to children.

When I read to my children, I don't focus on myself and my opinions of the story because then it's easy for me to get bored or distracted.

What book should everyone read to their children?

The book that they ask you to read! Every child has their favourite book. It's important that we acknowledge and respect what they enjoy. We should avoid judging their choices.

What do you enjoy about being a parent?

Watching my children learn to speak is so exciting. I don't know where they learn half the things they say. Watching them form ideas and sentences as they speak is so fascinating to me. They are also so funny!

Did you enjoy writing your book?

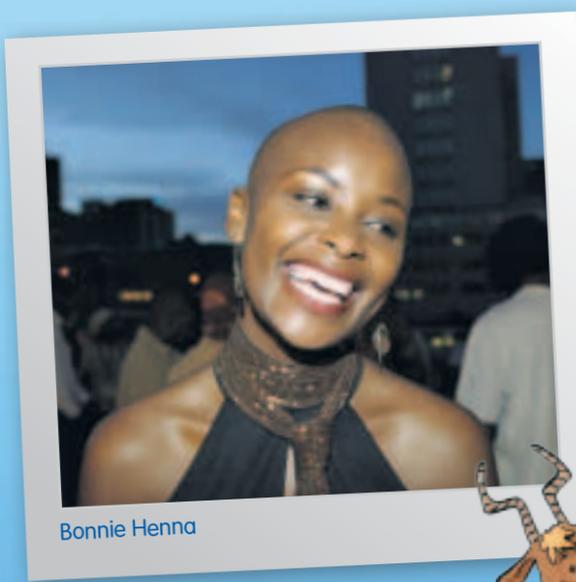
Writing my own story has allowed me to experience a freedom I have never had before.

Which book changed your life?

I don't think there is only one book that changed my life. It's more like a combination of ideas I've read over the years from many different books. It's not always about taking in everything you read in a book, rather take what is meaningful to you and leave the rest!

Finish the sentence: A life without stories would be ...

... lonely.



Bonnie Henna



Dinaledi tsa dipale

Ho pheta dipale ka mahlahlaha!

Bonnie Henna ke sebakadi sa kalana, monkakarolo wa tlhodišana ya *Survivor* le mongodi wa buka ya bophelo ba hae, *Eyebags and Dimples*. O ile a arolelana le Nalibali makunutu a ho pheta dipale mme a hlalosa hore ke hobaneng a nahana hore ho balla hodimo ke mokgwa o motle ka ho fetisisa wa ho qeta nako ya bohlokwa a ena le bana ba hae ba babedi.

Ke dipale dife tseo bana ba hao ba netefelwang ke tsona?

Ba rata dipale tse nang le bapheleli ba ba ka itshwantshang le bona le ba kopanang le dintho tseo bona ba kileng ba kopana le tsona kapa ba kopanang le tsona. Hape ba a rata ha ke ba phetela dipale ka tsela e mahlahlaha ke sebedisa dipontsho le diketso tse ngata! Ke rata kamoo difahlehonyana tsa bona di shebehang ka teng ha ke ba balla ka mantswa a fapaneng, kahoo ke dula ke etsa hore e ba natefele kamoo nka kgonang.

Ako re fe keletso bakeng sa ho balla hodimo bakeng sa bana.

Ha ke balla bana ba ka, ha ke tsepamise maikutlo a ka ho nna le kamoo ke nahanang ka teng ka pale eo hobane hoo ho etsa hore ho be bonolo ho teneha kapa ho sitiseha.

Ke buka e jwang eo batho bohle ba lokelang ho e balla bana ba bona?

Buka eo ba o kopang hore o ba balla yona! Ngwana e mong le e mong o na le buka eo a e ratang haholo. Ho bohlokwa ho ananela le ho hlomphe seo ba natefelwang ke sona. Re lokela ho qoba ho nyefola dikgetho tsa bona.

Ke eng e o natefelang ka ho ba motswadi?

Ho shebella bana ba ka ba ithuta ho bua ke ntho e nthabisang. Ha ke tsebe hore ke hokae moo ba ithutang tse ngata tsa dintho tseo ba di buang. Ho ba shebella ba ipopela mehopololele dipolele ha ba ntse ba bua ke ntho e nthabisang haholo. Ebile ba qabola e le ka nnete!

Na o ile wa natefelwa ke ho ngola buka ya hao?

Ho ngola buka eo e leng ya ka ho ntumelletse ho tseba tokoloho eo ke neng ke eso ka ke e ba le yona pele.

Ke buka efe e fetotseng bophelo ba hao?

Ha ke kgothale hore ho na le buka e le nngwe e fetotseng bophelo ba ka. Nkare ke motswako wa mehopololele eo ke badileng ka yona dilemolemo dibukeng tse fapaneng. Ha se hore o tlameha ho nka ntho e nngwe le e nngwe eo o e balang bukeng, empa o ka mpa wa nka se nang le molemo ho wena mme o tlhele tse ding!

Qetella polelo ena: bophelo ntle le dipale bo ne bo tla ...

... ba bodutu.

Create your own cut-out-and-keep book

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

Ikgetsetse bukana e-sehwang-le-ho-ipolokelwa

1. Ntsha leqephe la 3 ho isa ho la 6 bukaneng ena ya tlatseso.
2. Le mene ka halofo hodima mola wa matheba a matsho.
3. Le mene ka halofo hape.
4. Seha hodima mela ya matheba a mafubedu.





“Ha dinokwane tseo di ka pheta hape tsa bea maotwana a tsona a ditshila lapeng la ka mona,” ha ralo Mong Radikgoho, “ke tla hlobola hemp, ke otolle mapheo a ka haholo, ke ba ripitake ka bomngwe, mme ke ba kobole ha bohloko. Ke tla be ke ba honye mahlo!” Mong Radikgoho a otolla mapheo a hae haholo kamoo a ka kgonang mme a tlatlola, a holeditse ka lentse le makgerehwa. “Kokolokoloooooi! Kokolokoloooooi! Kokolokoloooooi!”

“Ako butle, hle ntate, o rata ho nahanela batho bao o sa ba tsebeng,” ha omana Mme Madikgoho.

“Na di ile tsa o bolella hore di balehile eng moo Jwangbobotala?” Ha omana Mong Radikgoho ka bohale. “Hobaneng ha meleko eo e masene e tlike mona Moutlweneng empa e sa tsebe ke re le ha e le motho a le mong?”

“Ke ne ke di genehela,” ha araba Mme Madikgoho. “Ke kopane le tsona maobane di etswa hole kwana Jwangbobotala, di sa tsebe letho ka mose ona. Ke ile ka di genehela ka di bontsha moo di ka robalang teng.”

Eitse ha ba geta ho tsamaya a re ho Mme Madikgoho, “Hobaneng ha o dumella dintjanyana tseo tse pedi, tse ditshila tse nkhang hore di kene lapeng la rona? O tla reng ha di ka ja ditsunyana tsa rona kapa tsa re utswetsa mahle!”

Letsoasing le latelang dintjanyana tseo tse pedi tse thibaneng di ile tsa tsohella lapeng la Mme Madikgoho ho mo leboha ha a di thusitse. Ba sa le moo, monna wa Madikgoho, Mong Radikgoho a fihla lapeng, a etswa mosebetsing. O ne a shebeha a le bohale, mme a hla a nyatsa bacti bao ba Madikgoho di sa tloha.

The following day the two naughty dogs went to Mother Hens house to thank her for her help. Just then, Mother Hens husband, Mr Cock, arrived home from work. He was a fierce-looking fellow who made it clear that he did not enjoy the company of the two dog-chaps at all. When they had gone he said to Mother Hen, “Why did you allow those two dirty dogs into the house? They might have eaten our little chickens or stolen our eggs!”

“I felt sorry for them,” Mother Hen replied. “Yesterday they came all the way from Grasslands, so I thought I should show them where they could stay.”

“Did they tell you what pushed them out of Grasslands?” Mr Cock squawked crossly. “Why did those suspicious-looking swines come to Forcupine Hills when they don’t know anybody here?”

“You are always too hard on strangers, my dear,” Mother Hen scolded. “If those rascals ever put their dirty paws in this house again,” said Mr Cock, “I will take my shirt off, open up my wings very wide, and jump on them one at a time, pecking them with my beak very fiercely. I will even peck their eyes out!” Mr Cock spread out his wings as far as they could go and started to jump up and down, making an almighty racket. “Squaaaaaaw, squawkeeeeee! Squaaaaaaw, squaaaaawko000!”



Fold



We publish what we like

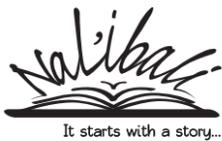
This is an adapted version of *Shorty & Billy Boy*, published by Jacana Media and available in bookstores and on-line from www.jacana.co.za. This story is available in isiZulu, isiXhosa, Afrikaans, English, Sesotho, Sepedi and French. Jacana publishes books for young readers in all eleven official South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

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Nal'ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign to spark children's potential through storytelling and reading. For more information, visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi



Nal'ibali ke letsholo la naha la ho-balla-boithabiso bakeng sa ho tsoseletsa bokgoni ba bana ka ho ba balla le ho ba phetela dipale. Bakeng sa tlhahisoleseding e nngwe, etela www.nalibali.org kapa www.nalibali.mobi



Fold

Shorty & Billy Boy

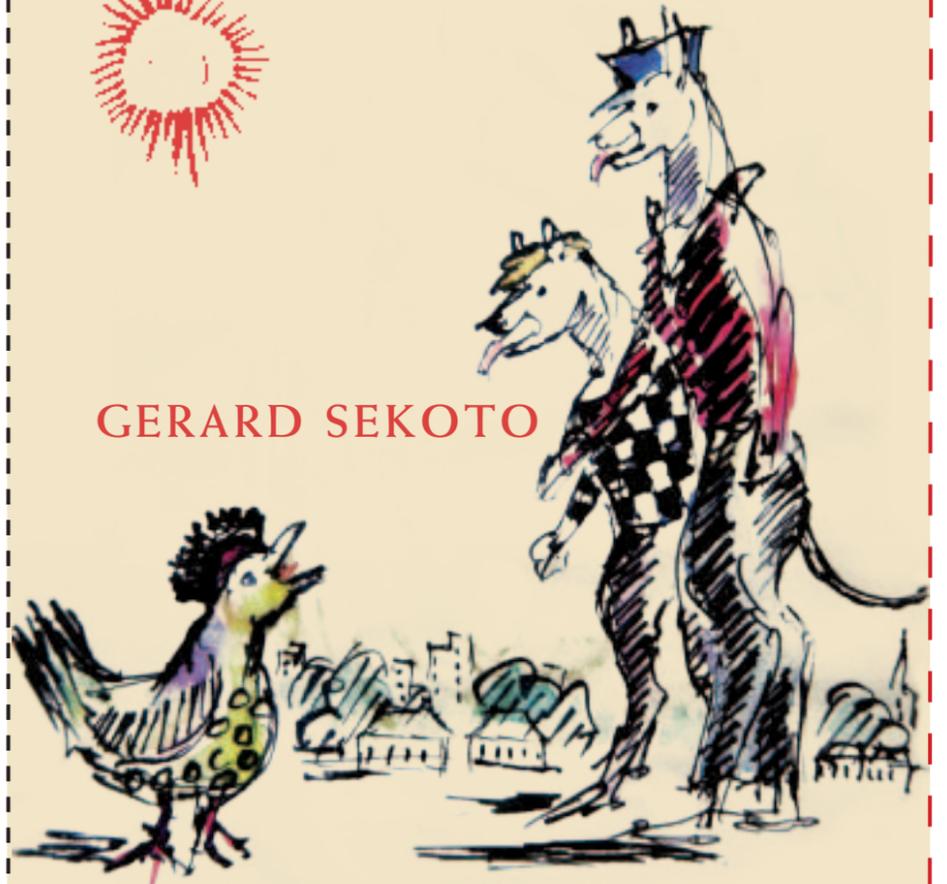
A tale of two naughty dogs

Baile le Moketa

Pale ya dintja tse pedi tse thibaneng ditsebe



GERARD SEKOTO





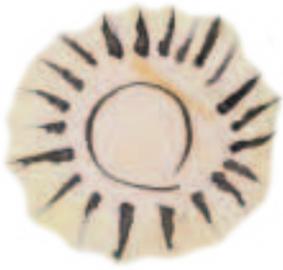
Ha Moketa le Baile ba fihla Meutlweng, ba leba moo moitse o fellang teng. Ba ne ba tseba hore ba lokela ho fumana sebaka se hole le Mong Kgomo, wa lepolesa.

Dintja tsena tse pedi di ile tsa makala haholo ha di bona ka moo ho neng ho omme ka teng tikolohong ena, ho se le dijalo kapa botanyana bo kang ba motse wa habo bona wa Jwangbototala. Diqanthane mebleng le tsona di omme kgere, mme ho se dijalo masimong. Ho ne ho shebahala eka ke dilemo tse ngata ho eso ne le lerothodi la pula.

Moketa le Baile ba ipotsa hore ebe ho na le dintjo tseo ba tla kgona ho di utswa motseeng oo wa Meutlweng na – ho ne ho sena le digonyana tse omeletseng masimong! Empa ntjanyana tsena di ne di le masene. Tsa ipolella hore di tla fofonela ho fihlela di fumana seo di ka se utswang.

Ba ile ba kopana le Mme Madikgoho mmiteng ha ba ne ba ya toropong. Ditlokotsebe tsena tsa mo hlalose tsa hore di tswa kae mme hape tsa mmotisa hore ha a tsebe moo di ka dulang teng na.

"Hmmmmmm," ho kakatletsa kgoho a inahana. Mme yaba, o phahamiswa mapheo a hae, o ba supisa hore ba tsamayc jwang ho leba motseaneng o neng o se hole le moo ba neng ba le teng. Pele ba arohana le yena, Baile le Moketa ba ile ba mo kopa hore a ba fe aterese ya hae. Mme Madikgoho o ile a ba fa ntle le mathata. Dintjanyana tsena di ile tsa wela tseleng, di habile moo di laetsweng teng. Kgabareng tsa fihla ntwaneng ya ntja e neng e se na letho, mme tsa robale tsa moo.



Once upon a time there were two notorious dog-chaps called Shorty and Billy Boy. They lived in a small village called Grasslands, where they were known to be the worst thieves in town. They would steal anything they could get their paws on, but most of all they enjoyed stealing eggs, which they would gobble up greedily.

Night and day Shorty and Billy Boy would scamper from one house to another, sniffing around for something to steal. There were always things to pinch from the villagers' houses or from the lush green wheat fields surrounding the town. Often they sneakily stole oranges and naartjies from the trees growing in their neighbours' gardens. The troublesome pair made sure that no-one was ever around to witness their crimes, but sometimes Mr Pig or Mama Goat would see them and chase them across the village.

Occasionally the two devious dogs were chased by the farmer himself. But Shorty and Billy Boy were young and strong, and they always managed to get away. So they carried on pouncing on things that did not belong to them.

The pair was doing so much damage that everyone in the village demanded they be punished. When the two naughty friends realised how angry the villagers were, they decided to leave Grasslands. They boarded the next train to the far-away town of Porcupine Hills, paying for their train tickets with money they had stolen from their friends.

In the meantime, Shorty and Billy Boy had spotted Mother Hens fowl run, where they saw some very large, very delicious-looking eggs. They plotted to return that night to steal them. The eggs were so tasty that the dogs went back again the next night, and the next, to steal more of Mother Hens freshly laid eggs.

A little while later they ran into Mother Hen in the street. Clucking in distress, she told them about her missing eggs. The two chaps pretended to be alarmed at the thought of such a wicked deed. "So this place of yours is just as unsafe as Grasslands, then!" Shorty said slyly.

Mother Hen assured them that during all the years she had lived in Porcupine Hills, she had never heard of anything of the sort. Shorty and Billy Boy looked at each other in surprise. They were usually merry, but now they looked worried. They hoped the villagers of Porcupine Hills wouldn't guess that they were the thieves.

After work that same day, Mr Cock went to the police to report the missing eggs. From that night on, two policemen hid behind Mother Hens fowl run, ready to catch the robbers if they returned.

Nakong eo, Baile le Moketa ba ne ba se ba bone hoko ya Mme Madikgoho moo ho neng ho ena le maholo, a rothising mathc. Ba ile ba rera ho kgutlela teng bosiu ba a utswc. Mahe ao a ne a hlalosa hona hoo dintja tseo di ileng tsa kgutlela hape bosing bo latelang, le bo latelang, ho ya utswa mahe a mang a sa tswa behelwa a Mme Madikgoho.



Hanghang Baile a phaphamiswa ke lentswe la molebedi wa tjhankana. O ile a laela Baile hore a apare diaparo tsa hae, a itokisetse ho lokollwa tjhankaneng.

Ha ntjanyana ena e ntse e apara, o ne a ntse a nahana ka mosa oo Mme Makgomo a mmontshitseng ona torong ya hae. A hopola matsatsi ao yena le Moketa ba neng ba hlahlathela hohle, ba utswa mahe, dilamunu, dinarekisi, poone le tjelete, leha rapolasi, Mong Kolobe, Mme Mapodi le baahi ba bang ba ne ba ka ba lelekisa. O ile a nahana ka tshenyo yohle eo ba e entseng, le kamoo ba kgopisitseng baahi hohle ba Jwangbototala le Meutlweng ka teng.

Ha Baile a tswa ka dikgoro tsa tjhankana a kena mmileng, o ile a etsa qeto ya hore a keke a hlola a utswetsa motho ofe kapa ofe. O ile a etsa qeto ya hore ha a kopana le Moketa, ba tla ya kopa tshwarelo ho metswalle ya bona ya Jwangbototala le Meutlweng. Baile o ile a hahlamelwa ke moya wa hoseng o phodileng ha monate, a bososela mme a thala a mathela naheng e bataletseng ya lefatshe.

Eitse ha Mong Radikgoho a utlwa ka tshepiso ya dintja tseo ya ho tlohela boshodu, a hlobola hempe ya hae ka thabo. A phukalatsa mapheo, a bula molomo wa hae haholo a lla, "Kokolokolooooo, kokokolooooo! Kokokoloooo, kokokolooooo! Koyeeekooo!"



Ka mora nako e tšeng ba ile ba kopana le Mme Madikgoho a lahleheng. Mashodu ao a mabedi a ile a imakatsa a iketsa eka a makaditšwe ke ketso e mpe hakana. "Ho bolang hore motse ona wa heno o nse o sa bolokcha jwalo feela ka jwangbobotala" ha ralo Moketa a phoga Madikgoho.

Mme Madikgoho o ile a ba tšetsa hore dilemong tsena kaofela tseo a di dutšeng Meutlweng, ha a so ka a utlwele ka mohlo o jwalo. Moketa le Baile ba shebana ba maketse. Ka tlwalo ba ne ba dula ba thabile, empa jwale ba ne ba shebahala ba kgathatschile. Ba ne ba rapela hore baahi ba Meutlweng ba se ke ba mpa ba ellelwa hore ke bona mashodu a moo.

Kamora mosebetsi letsatsing lona leo, Mlong Radikgoho a leba sepoleseng ho ya tlaeha mahe a lahleheng. Ho tloha bosung boo, mapolesa a mabedi a ne a ipata kamora hoko ya Mme Madikgoho, ba itokiseditse ho tshwara mashodu ao ebang a ka kgutla.



Suddenly, Billy Boy was awakened by the prison warden's voice. He ordered Billy Boy to change his clothes and prepare for his release from jail.

As the young dog got dressed, he thought about the kindness Mrs Cow had shown him in his dream. He remembered the days when he and Shorty had scampered from one place to the next, stealing eggs, oranges, naartjies, mealies and money despite being chased by the farmer, Mr Pig, Mama Goat and the other villagers. He thought about all the damage they had done, and how they had upset everyone in Grasslands and Porcupine Hills.

As Billy Boy walked out of the prison gates and into the street, he decided never again to steal from anyone. He decided that when he met up with Shorty, they would say sorry to all their friends in Grasslands and Porcupine Hills. Billy Boy took a deep breath of fresh morning air, and with a smile he scampered into the wide open space of the world.

When Mr Cock heard of the dogs' promise to stop thieving, he pulled off his shirt in celebration. Flapping his wings, he open his beak wide and cried, "Squaaaaaawk, squawkeeeee! Squaaaaaawk, squaaawkoool! Cock a doodle doooooo!"



When Shorty and Billy Boy arrived at Porcupine Hills, they set off for the outskirts of town. They knew they had to find a place far away from Mr Cow, the policeman.

The two dogs were surprised to see that the country was dry and barren, unlike their green, fertile hometown of Grasslands. There were dried-up dongas in the road, and the fields were dusty and bare. It seemed like not a drop of rain had fallen in years.

Shorty and Billy Boy wondered if there would be anything in Porcupine Hills to steal – there wasn't even a measly mealie in sight! But the young dogs were cunning. They knew they'd be able to sniff out something.

On their way out of town, the mischievous pair passed Mother Hen. They explained where they'd come from and asked her if she knew of a place where they could live.

"Hmmm," clucked the hen thoughtfully. Then, waving her wings, she gave them directions to a suburb not far from where they stood. Before the little group parted company, Shorty and Billy Boy asked Mother Hen for her address, which she readily gave them. The dogs hurried off in the right direction and soon came across an abandoned kennel, where they settled in for the night.

Ba re kgalekgale ho ne ho ena le dintjanyana tse pedi tse thibaneng tse bitswang Baile le Moketa. Di ne di dula motsaneng o mong o monyenyanane o bitswang Jwangbobotala, moo di neng di tumme ka boshodu. Di ne di utswa eng kapa eng eo di neng di kopana le yona, empa haholoholo di ne di le meharo ha di kopana le mahe.

Baile le Moketa ba ne ba sa phomole, ba tshethatshetha motsheare le bosiu. Ba mathela mona le mane, ba fofonela seo ba ka se utswang. Ho ne ho dula ho ena le dintho tseo ba kgonang ho di utswa metseng ya batho kapa masimong a matala a koro a neng a potapotle motsana oo. Hangata ba ne ba utswa dilamune le dinarekisi tse neng di jetswe masimong a baahisane ba bona. Ditlokotsebe tsena di ne di netefatsa hore ha ho mang kapa mang ya di bonang ha di seba, empa ka nako e nngwe ba ne ba bonwa ke Ntate Rakolobe kapa Mme Mapodi, ba ba lelekise, ba ba potolose motse ka lebelo.

Ka nako tse ding dintja tsena tse pedi tse masene di ne di lelekiswa ke rapolasi ka sebele. Empa Baile le Moketa ba ne ba le batjha, ba le mokoka, mme ba kgone ho phonyoha ha bonolo. Kahoo ba tswela pele ka mekgwa ya bona e mebe, ya ho hlothola dintho tseo e seng tsa bona.

Bobedi bona bo ne bo senyetsa batho hona hoo bohle motseng ba neng ba kopa hore ba fuwe kotlo. Ha metswalle ena e mmedi e thibaneng e ellelwa hore e halefetswe ke baahi bohle, ba nka qeto ya ho falla moo Jwangbobotala. Ba ile ba palama terene e lebileng motseng o hole le moo, o bitswang Meutlweng. Ba ile ba reka ditekete tsa terene ka tjelete eo ba neng ba e utswitse ho metswalle ya bona.





Tereng moo ba ne ba dutse pela Mme Makgomo le Mofumahatsana Kolojana. Kolojana e motle le mosadimoholo Makgomo ha ba ka ba elilwa Baile le Moketa.

"Wena o tlo theoha seteisheng sete?" ke Moketa eo a botsa Mofumahatsana Kolojana.

"Ke theoha Dinoheng. Ke seteishene sa ho getela pele o fihla Meutlweng," ha araba Kolojana a bososela ke dihlong.

"Hao!" ha araba Moketa. "Ho bolelang hore re tla batla re le baahisane hobane rona re tlo theoha Meutlweng. Ke ilo batla bodulo teng."

Baile yena a botsa Mme Makgomo hore o ilo theoha kae.

"Na ke theoha hona seteisheng sa Meutlweng," ha kgonyana Mme Makgomo a ba shebela tase a famotse nko. "Ke etela mohatsaka. Ke lepolosa mane Meutlweng."

Moketa o ile a tona mahlo, a kgakgathwa ke letswalo. "Jowee!" ke yena eo monahanong wa hae. "Ha Mlonghadi Kgomo wa lepolosa a sebetsa Meutlweng, hona ho bolela hore ho na le seteishene sa sepolosa motseng oo. Ke tla lokela hore re hie re be masene, ho seng jwalo re tla iphumana re le mathateng." A kgotla Baile ka monwana qholong a mo sebela a utwele ka rona re sa fihla.

Terene ile ya fihla seteisheng sa Dinoheng ba nse ba qoga jwalo. Mofumahatsana Kolojana o ile a phutha mervalo ya hae, a ema, a tokisetse ho theoha. Kamora ho lakatse dintja tseo mahlohonolo, a theoha, a nse a tsoka manki wa hae, a letsa molodi ha monate.

On the train they sat next to Miss Piggy and Mrs Cow. Neither the pretty piglet nor the grand old cow recognised Shorty and Billy Boy.

"Which station are you stopping at?" Shorty asked Miss Piggy.

"I'm getting off at Mamba Ridge, just one stop before Porcupine Hills," snorted the piglet, blushing.

"Oh!" exclaimed Shorty. "We'll be almost neighbours then, as we're getting off at Porcupine Hills. We're going to look for a place to live there."

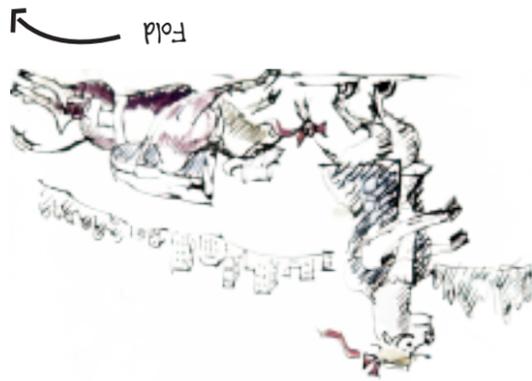


Billy Boy asked Mrs Cow how far she was travelling.

"I am disembarking at Porcupine Hills station," moo-ed Mrs Cow, peering down her nose at them. "I'm on my way to visit my husband. He is a policeman in Porcupine Hills, you know."

Shorty's eyes widened. "Oh no!" he thought. "If Mr Cow, the policeman, works in Porcupine Hills, there must be a police station there. We'll have to be extra careful not to get caught." He jabbed Billy Boy in the side and whispered into his friend's ear: "Don't ask any more questions. We don't want the police to hear about us."

Just then, the train pulled into Mamba Ridge station. Miss Piggy gathered her belongings and stood up. After wishing the dogs luck, she went on her way, swinging her basket and whistling a cheerful tune.



"The thief is about to be released from jail," the cow said. "Now that he's learnt his lesson, the villagers of Grasslands can't wait to welcome him back to town." Such kindness left Billy Boy totally stunned and wordless.

One night, he had a vivid dream. In his dream he was walking along the street, when, to his great surprise, he saw Mrs Cow. She greeted him kindly, telling him that some months earlier her husband, the policeman, had arrested a thief who came from Grasslands.

Shorty ran away as fast as his legs could carry him, but Billy Boy was trapped inside the coop. The policemen caught him red-handed. He was carted off to jail with his tail between his legs.

Billy Boy spent many months in jail as punishment for his crimes. He knew that when he was released he could not go back to Grasslands or Porcupine Hills, as the villagers would never forgive him for stealing their belongings.

Suddenly, the two policemen jumped out from behind the fowl run. They charged at the dogs, shouting, "STOP THIEF!"

Shorty and Billy Boy decided to wait for the storm to die down before going back to the fowl run. After a while, when they thought the coast was clear, they decided to strike again. Late that night, Billy Boy climbed into Mother Hens' chicken coop to grab the eggs while Shorty stood guard, watching for anyone who might spoil the scene.



Moketa le Baile ba ile ba etsa qeto ya ho emela hore sefelo se kokobele pele ba ka kgutlela hokong ya dikgoho. Kamora nakonyana, ha ba nahana hore jwale ke nako e ntle, ba qeta ka hore ba hlasele hape. Bosiu bo boholo siung boo, Baile a hlwella lerakong la hoko ya dikgoho ho ya nka mahe ha Moketa yena a lebetse, a shebile hore ho se be le motho ya tla tlang a ba sitisa.

Hanghang, mapolesa a mabedi a ropoha kamora lerako la hoko. Ba kgorohela dintjanyana tseo, mme ba hlaba mokgosi, "THIBANG MASHODU!"

Moketa o ile a matha ka lebelo lena la ha esale, empa Baile yena o ne a tshwarehile ka hara hoko. Mapolesa a ile a mo fumana hantle a nse a utswa mahe. O ile a kgannelwa tjhankaneng a swabile a kopeditse mohatla.

Baile o ile a qeta dikgwedi tse ngata tjhankaneng a lefella melato ya hae. O ne a tseba hore mohlang a tswang tjhankaneng moo a ke ke a hlola a kgutlela Meutlweng kapa Jwangbobotala, kaha baahi ba metse eo ba ne ba keke ba mo tshwarela hobane o ne a ba utsweditse haholo.

Bosiung bo bong, o ile a lora toro e neng eka ke nnete. Torong eo ya hae o ipone a le mmileng, a tsamaya. A makala haholo ha a kopana le Mme Makgomo. Makgomo o ile a mo dumedisana ha monate, a mo phetela hore dikgweding tse fetileng monna hae, eo e leng lepolosa, o ne a ile a tshwara leshodu le neng le tswa Jwangbobotala.

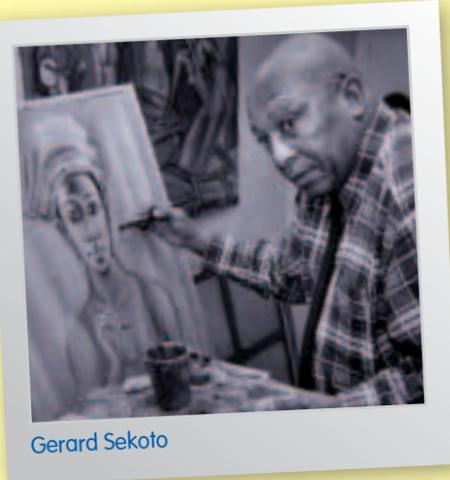
"Leshodu leo le se le tlo lokollwa tjhankaneng," kgomo ya rialo. "Jwale ka hore o se a ithutile thuto, baahi ba Jwangbobotala ba se ba tatetse hore a kgutlele motseng wa bona ba tlo mo amohela." Mosa o mokalo o ile wa makatsa Baile haholo mme a hloleha le ho bua.





The Nal'ibali bookshelf

The cut-out-and-keep book in this issue of the Nal'ibali supplement was written and illustrated by Gerard Sekoto. He was born in 1913 and was 80 years old when he died. Gerard was a great storyteller – he told the story of South Africa and ordinary South Africans through his magnificent paintings. Today his paintings are known all over the world and he is called “the father of contemporary South African art”. We are lucky that he is part of our heritage!



Gerard Sekoto

Did you know?

- Although Gerard Sekoto didn't have art lessons as a young boy, he taught himself to draw and paint well enough to win second prize in an art competition when he was 25 years old.
- He trained as a teacher and taught at a high school in Limpopo for a while before becoming a full-time artist when he was 26 years old.
- The system of apartheid forced him to leave South Africa in 1947.
- When he left South Africa, he moved to France, where he stayed for nearly 45 years.
- He also lived and worked in the African country Senegal for about a year.
- Apart from being such a gifted artist, Gerard Sekoto was also a talented musician. In fact, he earned money by playing the piano in nightclubs in Paris. Sometimes he even played music and songs that he had written and made recordings of them.
- Exhibitions of Gerard Sekoto's paintings have been held all over the world.

Shelofo ya dibuka ya Nal'ibali

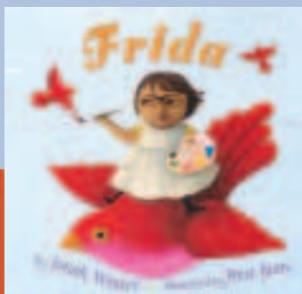
Buka e sehwanng-le-ho-opolokelwa kgatisong ena ya tlatssetso ya Nal'ibali e ne e ngotswe le ho tshwantshwa ke Gerard Sekoto. O ne a tswetswe ka selemo sa 1913 mme o ne a le dilemo tse 80 ha a hloka hala. Gerard e ne e le mophefi wa dipale ya hlwahlwa – o ne a pheta pale ya Afrika Borwa le Maafrika Borwa a tlwaelehileng ka tshbediso ya ditshwantsho tse ntle tseo a neng a di penta. Kajeno ditshwantsho tseo a di pentileng di tsejwa lefatsheng ka bophara mme o bitswa “ntate wa bonono ba matsatsing ana ba Afrika Borwa”. Re lehlohonolo hobane ke karolo ya botjhaba ba rona!

Na o ne o tseba?

- Leha Gerard Sekoto a ne a sa ka a fumana dithuto tsa bonono ha esale moshanyana, o ile a ithuta ho taka le ho penta hantle hoo a ileng a ikgapela moputso wa bobedi tlhodisanong ya bonono ha a ne a le dilemo tse 25.
- O ile a rupellwa ho ba mosuwe mme a ruta sekolong se phahameng mane Limpopo nakwana e itseng pele a eba senono se felletseng sa nako tsohle ha a ne a le dilemo tse 26.
- Mmuso wa kgethollo o ile wa mo qobella ho tswa ka hara Afrika Borwa ka 1947.
- Ha a tloha Afrika Borwa, o ile a fallela France, moo a ileng a dula dilemo tse batlileng di eba 45.
- Hape o ile a dula le ho sebeta naheng ya Afrika e bitwang Senegal nako e ka bang selemo.
- Ntle le ho ba senono se nang le mpho e tjena, Gerard Sekoto e ne e le sebini se nang le talente. Hantlente, o ne a fumana tjelele ka ho bapala piano dinaetelapong mane Paris. Ka nako tse ding o ne a bile a bapala mmimo le dipina tseo a di ngotseng mme a etsa direktoto ka tsona.
- Dipapatso tsa ditshwantsho tsa Gerard Sekoto di ile tsa tshwarwa lefatsheng ho pota.

Another famous artist

Frida is a beautiful picture book about another famous artist called Frida Kahlo. It is the inspiring story of how a young girl born in Mexico learned to draw and paint, and how painting saved her life! Frida led a life filled with illness and physical pain, but she used art to escape this and to express it together with her joys and her loves. Unfortunately, this book was only published in Spanish and English. Read it to your children in English and translate the text for them as you read, if their home language is not English.



Senono se seng se tsebahalang

Frida ke buka ya ditshwantsho tse ntle e mabapi le senono se seng se tsebahalang se bitwang Frida Kahlo. Ke pale e kgothatsang ya kamoo ngwananyana ya neng a hlahetse Mexico a ileng a ithuta ho taka le ho penta, le ka moo setshwantsho se pentilweng se ileng sa pholosa bophelo ba hae ka teng! Frida o ne a phela bophelo bo tletseng ho kula le mmele o opang, empa o ne a sebedisa bonono ho balehela sena le ho bo bontsha mmoho le nyakallo ya hae le ditho tseo a di ratang. Ka bomadimabe, buka ena e ile ya phatlalatswa feela ka puo ya Spanish le ya Senyesemane. E balle bana ba hao ka Senyesemane mme o ba tolokele se ngotsweng moo ha o ntse o bala, haeba puo ya bona ya lapeng e se Senyesemane.

Collect the Nal'ibali characters

Cut out and keep all your favourite Nal'ibali characters and then use them to create your own pictures, posters, stories or anything else you can think of! You could also cut out this picture of Dintle and add a speech bubble to show what she is “saying” as she “reads” her book!

About Dintle

Age: 9 months old

Lives with: her mother and brother, Afrika

Speaks: doesn't speak yet but understands Sesotho and she kicks her feet and gurgles when her mom reads to her!

Books she likes: books about animals and babies

Also likes to: listening to Sesotho rhymes that Afrika says to her



Dintle

Bokella baphetwa ba Nal'ibali

Seha le ho boloka baphetwa bohle bao o ba ratang ba Nal'ibali mme o ba sebedise ho iketsetsa ditshwantsho, diphousestara, dipale kapa ntho efe kapa efe eo o ka nahanang ka yona! O ka nna wa seha le ho ntsha setshwantsho sena sa Dintle mme o kenye dipudulana tsa puo ho bontsha seo a se “buang” ha a ntse a “bala” buka ya hae!

Mabapi le Dintle

Dilemo: dikgwedi tse 9

O dula le: mme wa hae le kgaitsemi ya hae, Afrika

O bua: ha a so bue empa o utlwisa Sesotho mme o raharaha ka maoto a kekethe ha mmae a ntse a mmalla!

Dibuka tseo a di ratang: dibuka tse mabapi le diphoofole le masea

Hape o rata ho: mamela dithotokiso tsa Sesotho tseo Afrika a mo etsatsang tsona

Story corner

Here is the final part of a story about a boy and his precious go-kart to enjoy reading aloud or retelling.

Lwazi and the go-kart (Part 2) By Helen Brain

"What are you making?" asked his cousin, Lulu, coming outside.
"I'm making a go-kart," explained Lwazi.
"Can I have a ride on it when it's finished?" asked Lulu.
"If you help me sand it," Lwazi answered.
So Lulu took the sandpaper and began to make the sides nice and smooth.
Lwazi's two friends Ismail and McKenzie came by on their way to the shop.
"What are you making?" they asked.
"We're making a go-kart," said Lwazi and Lulu.
"Can we have a turn when it's finished?"
"If you help us," they answered.
So the boys took more sandpaper and made the inside, the front and the back nice and smooth. At last the go-kart was finished.
"I'm having the first ride," said Lwazi, dragging the go-kart to the top of the hill.
"That's not fair," said Lulu. "You said I could have a turn."
"And us," said Ismail and McKenzie. "You said we could all ride in it."
"We all want our turns!" shouted Lulu and Ismail and McKenzie.
So when they reached the top of the hill they all piled on – Lulu and Ismail and McKenzie all sitting on top of the go-kart and holding on tight.
"Here we go!" shouted Lwazi, giving the go-kart a shove and jumping on the back.
Faster and faster they went, rattling and rumbling and screaming and laughing until suddenly Lulu shouted, "Hey, there's the vlei! How do we make it stop?"

"Oooops," said Lwazi, "I forgot to make BRAKES!!!"

Crash, thump, thwack, splash!

The go-kart hit the wire fence, and the children flew over the fence and into the vlei.

"Ow, ow, ow," cried McKenzie, coming up for air, "my nose hurts."

"Eina!" yelled Ismail, pulling pond-weed off his face. "My head hurts."

"Oh, oh, oh, my backside hurts!" screeched Lulu staggering out of the vlei.

"Where's Lwazi?" cried Lulu. "Is he under the water?"

"Has he drowned?" cried Ismail and McKenzie.

"Here I am!" said Lwazi looking over the fence. "Just look at the poor go-kart!" On the side of the road lay four wheels, three planks, two metres of rope and a pile of nuts and bolts.

"Oh dear," said Lwazi. "We'll have to start all over again."

"And this time" said Lulu rubbing her behind, "please remember to add some brakes."

They all laughed.

Tell us if you liked the story, Lwazi and the go-kart – SMS "Bookmark" with your name and your comments to 32545. R1,00 per SMS.



Illustration by Magriet Brink
Setshwantsho ka Magriet Brink

Hukung ya Dipale

Ena ke karolo ya ho qetela ya pale e mabapi le moshanyana le kolotsana ya hae e ntle eo o ka natefelwang ke ho e balla hodimo kapa ho e pheta hape.

Lwazi le kolotsana (Karolo ya 2) Ka Helen Brain

"O etsa eng?" ha botsa motswala wa hae, Lulu, a tswela ka ntle.
"Ke etsa kolotsana," ha hlalosa Lwazi.
"Na nka e palama ha o se o e qetile?" ha botsa Lulu.
"Ha feela o ka nthusana ho e hohla," Lwazi a araba.
Yaba Lulu o nka pampiri e hohlang mme a qala ho hohla mahlakore hore a be matle a be boreledi.
Metswalle ya Lwazi e mmedi e leng Ismail le McKenzie ba feta le moo ha ba eya lebenkeleng. "Le etsang?" ba botsa.
"Re etsa kolotsana," ha rialo Lwazi le Lulu.
"Na le rona re ka fumana sebaka sa ho palama ha e fedile?"
"Ha le ka re thusa," ba araba.
Yaba bashemane bao ba nka pampiri e nngwe ya ho hohla mme ba hohla ka hare, ka pele le ka morao ha eba hotle le boreledi. Qetellong kolotsana e ne e qetilwe.
"Ke nna ya palamang pele," ha rialo Lwazi, a hulela kolotsana ka hodima leralla.
"Ha se hantle," ha rialo Lulu. "O itse le nna ke tla fumana sebaka."
"Le rona," ha rialo Ismail le McKenzie. "O itse kaofela ha rona re tla palama."
"Kaofela ha rona re batla ho palama!" ha hoeletsa Lulu le Ismail le McKenzie.
Kahoo yare ha ba fihla ka hodima leralla ba palama kaofela ha bona – Lulu le Ismail le McKenzie kaofela ba dutse hodima kolotsana ba itshwareletse ka thata. "Ha re yeng!" ha hoeletsa Lwazi, a sututsa kolotsana mme a tlolela ho yona ka morao.

Ba nna ba eketsa lebelo jwalo jwalo, ba sothahana ba qhomaqhoma mme ba hoeletsa ba bile ba tsheha ho fihlela hanghang Lulu a hoeletsa, "Jowee, ho na le qanthana! Re e emisa jwang?"

"Joo," ha rialo Lwazi, "Ke lebetse ho etsa MARIKI!!!"

Thu, twatla, hwalakahla, phakga!

Kolotsana ya thula fense ya terata, mme bana ba fofela ka nqane ho terata ka hara qanthana.

"Itjhu, itjhu, itjhu," ha lla McKenzie, a phahamisa hlooho ho kga moya, "nko ya ka e bohloko."

"Eina!" ha bokolla Ismail, a tlosa dihlahla tsa qanthana sefahlehong sa hae. "Hlooho ya ka e bohloko."

"Jo, jo, jo, disanthao tsa ka di bohloko!" ha lla Lulu a thekesella ka ntle ho qanthana.

"Lwazi o kae?" ha botsa Lulu. "Na o ka tlasa metsi?"

"O kganngwe ke metsi?" ha lla Ismail le McKenzie.

"Ke nna enwa!" ha rialo Lwazi a shebile a le ka nqane ho terata. "Ako shebe kolotsana ya batho hle!" Ka thoko ho tsela ho ne ho robetse mabidi a mane, mapolanka a mararo, thapo e dimitara tse pedi le qubu ya dipekere le dinat.

"Ao batho," ha rialo Lwazi. "Re tla tlameha ho qala qalong."

"Nakong ena" ha rialo Lulu a pikitla disanthao tsa hae, "ke kopa o mpe o hopole ho kenya mariki."

Kaofela ba tsheha.

Re bolelle haeba o ratile pale ena, Lwazi le kolotsana – SMSa "Bookmark" mmoho le lebitso la hao le ditshwaelo tsa hao ho 32545. R1,00 SMS ka nngwe.

Don't forget that we will be taking a break until the week of 19 October. Enjoy the school holidays, and join us again in October for more Nal'ibali reading magic! In the meantime, find stories and fun things to do at www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi.



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O se ke wa lebala hore re tla be re le kgefutsong ho fihlela bekeng ya la 19 Mphalane. Natefelwa ke matsatsi a phomolo ya dikolo, mme o be le rona hape ka Mphalane bakeng sa mehlolo e meng hape ya ho bala ya Nal'ibali! Nakong ena, o ka fumana dipale le dintho tse monate tseo o ka di etsang ho www.nalibali.org kapa www.nalibali.mobi.

Supplement produced by The Project for the Study of Alternative Education in South Africa (PRAESA) and Times Media Education. Translated by Hilda Mohale. Nal'ibali character illustrations by Rico.



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