



It starts with a story...

Playing with books

Helping young children to develop the ability to read and write is a serious business because being literate is extremely important in our daily lives. But we also need to remember that we don't have to actively teach or tell children *about* books and reading. Instead, we need to allow our children to learn *about* books by exploring them. One of the ways we can do this is by giving them opportunities to play with books. Being allowed to be playful with books helps children to become literate.

Here are some of the ways that children at different stages of development might "play" with books.

 Babies like to try out books by touching, patting, shaking and even chewing them! They are also great listeners and imitators. Often they make sounds and clap their hands to show how much they are enjoying us reading to them. Try giving babies board and cloth books when you want to allow them to handle books on their own, like during nappy changes. These kinds of books are tough and don't break easily.

 Older babies enjoy books with flaps, pop-ups and buttons that they can press to make sounds. They also like to point to things on the page or to try turning the page.

 Many toddlers like to pretend to read aloud and older children often like to pretend to be "the teacher" and read to the class. They can be found turning the pages of a storybook telling their own story as they go, or retelling a story they have heard often – sometimes even with the book upside down! They're practicing reading and showing you that they understand what books are about. Encourage them by making sure that there are always some books around for them to pick up and "read" when they want to.

 Young children often act out stories they know, or create their own, using familiar story characters. In these imaginary play times, children learn about symbols – when they use a stick as a fairy's magic wand or a box as a car, it means that they understand how one thing can "stand for" another. This is important for literacy learning. Encourage your children's imaginary play by reading lots of different kinds of stories to them.

Playing with books offers children opportunities to learn important literacy lessons and – best of all – it's what children do naturally when we read to them and have books to choose from in their environment.

Enjoy a special story from Africa in celebration of Africa Day on 25 May! You can find it on pages 3 to 8.

Natefelwa ke pale e ikgethang e tswang Afrika ha re keteka Letsatsi la Afrika ka la 25 Motsheanong! O ka e fumana leqephe la 3 ho isa ho la 8.

Ho bapala ka dibuka

Ho thusa bana ba banyane ho ba le bokgoni ba ho bala le ho ngola ke taba e lokelang ho nkelwa hodimo hobane ho tseba ho bala le ho ngola ho bohlokwa haholo maphelong a rona. Empa hape re hloka ho hopola hore ha re a tlameha ho bolella bana ka dibuka le ho ba balla ka tsela e pepeneng. Empa hantle, re lokela ho dumella bana ba rona ho ithuta ka dibuka ka ho di sibolla. E nngwe ya ditsela tseo re ka etsang hona ka tsona ke ka ho ba fa menyella ya ho bapala ka dibuka. Ho dumellwa ho bapala ka dibuka ho thusa bana ho tseba ho bala le ho ngola.

Tsena ke ditsela tse ding tseo bana ba mehatong e fapaneng ya kgolo ba ka kgonang ho "bapala" ka dibuka.

 Masea a rata ho leka dibuka ka ho di tshwara, ho di phaphatha, ho di sisinya esitana le ho di hlafuna! Hape bana ke bamamedi ba sebele mme ke baetsisi. Hangata ba etsa medumo le ho opa matsoho a bona ho bontsha kamoo ba natefelwang ke ha re ba balla dibuka ka teng.

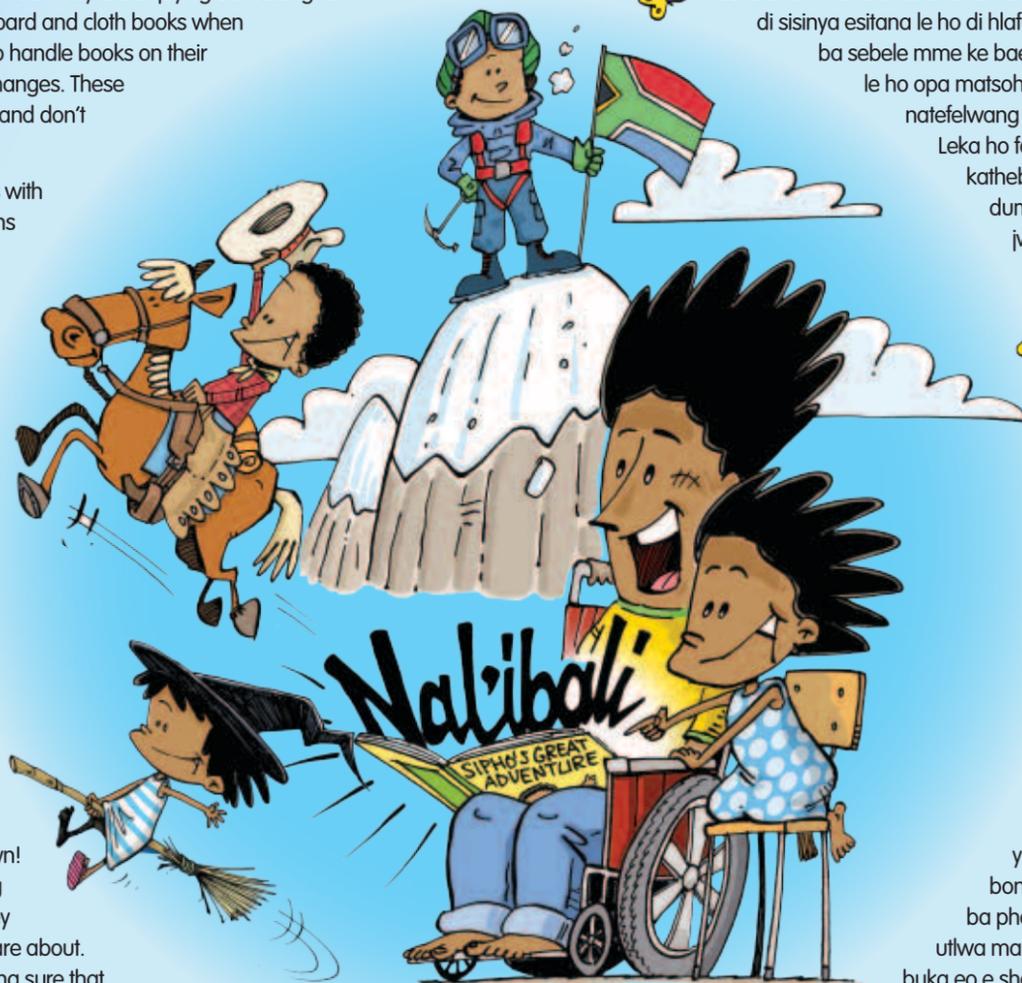
Leka ho fa bana ba banyenyane dibuka tsa katheboti le tsa masela ha o batla ho ba dumella ho tshwara dibuka ka bobona, jwaloka nako ya ho tihentjha leleiri. Mefuta ena ya dibuka e thata mme ha e tabohe ha bonolo.

 Masea a seng a hodile a natefelwa ke dibuka tse nang le difolepe, tse tlang ha di buleha le tse nang le makonopo ao ba ka a tobetsang ho etsa medumo, Hape ba rata ho supa dintho tse leqephe kapa ho leka ho phetla leqephe.

 Bongata ba bana ba banyenyane ba rata ho iketsa eka ba balla hodimo mme bana ba baholwanyane ba rata ho iketsa eka ke "botijhere" mme ba balla tlase. O ka fumana ba phetla maqephe a buka ya dipale mme ba pheta dipale tsa bona ha ba ntse ba etsa jwalo, kapa ba pheta pale e nngwe eo ba kileng ba e utlwa makgetlo – ka nako tse ding o fumane buka eo e shebile tlase! Ba ikwetlisetsa ho bala mme ba o bontsha hore ba utlwisisa seo dibuka di buang ka sona. Ba kgothalese ka ho etsa bonnete ba hore ho dula ho ena le dibuka hohle bakeng sa hore ba di nke le ho di "bala" neng kapa neng ha ba batla.

 Bana ba banyenyane hangata ba tshwantshisa dipale tseo ba di tsebang, kapa ba iqapele tsa bona, ba sebedisa phapetwa ba dipaleng ba tsebahalang. Ka dinako tsena tsa boinahanelo tsa ho bapala, bana ba ithuta ka matshwao – ha ba sebedisa thupa jwaloka lehlakana la mejiki la feri ya tshomong kapa lebokoso jwaloka koloi, ho bolela hore ba utlwisisa hore ntho e itseng e ka "emela" ho hong. Sena se bohlokwa bakeng sa ho ithuta ho bala le ho ngola. Kgothaletsa papadi ya boinahanelo baneng ba hao ka ho ba balla mefuta e mengata e fapaneng ya dipale.

Ho bapala ka dibuka ho fa bana menyella ya ho ithuta diithuto tsa bohlokwa tsa ho bala le ho ngola mme – ho feta moo – ke seo bana ba se etsang ka tlhaho ha re ba balla mme re ena le dibuka tseo ba ka kgethang ho tsona tikolohong ya bona.



Drive your
imagination

Read to me. Book by book.
Mpalle. Buka ka buka.





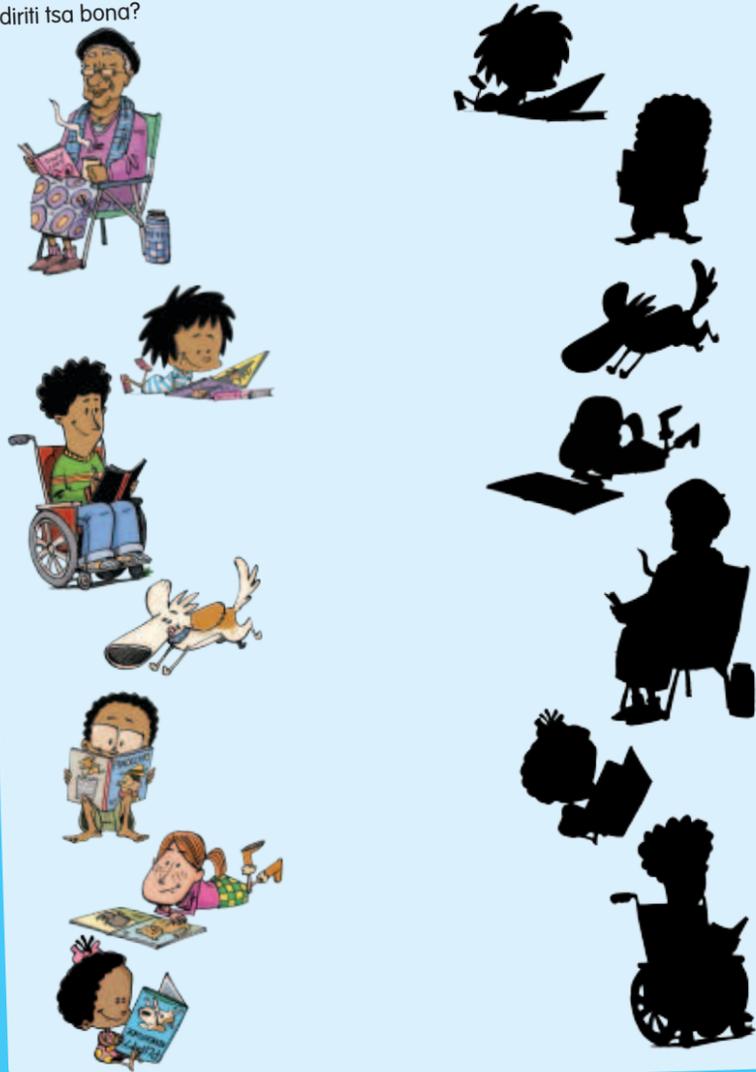
Drive your imagination

Nal'ibali puzzle fun

Do you know the names of these Nal'ibali characters? Can you match them to their shadows?

Monate wa phazele ya Nal'ibali

Na o tseba mabitso a baphelela baa ba Nal'ibali? Na o ka ba nyalanya le diriti tsa bona?



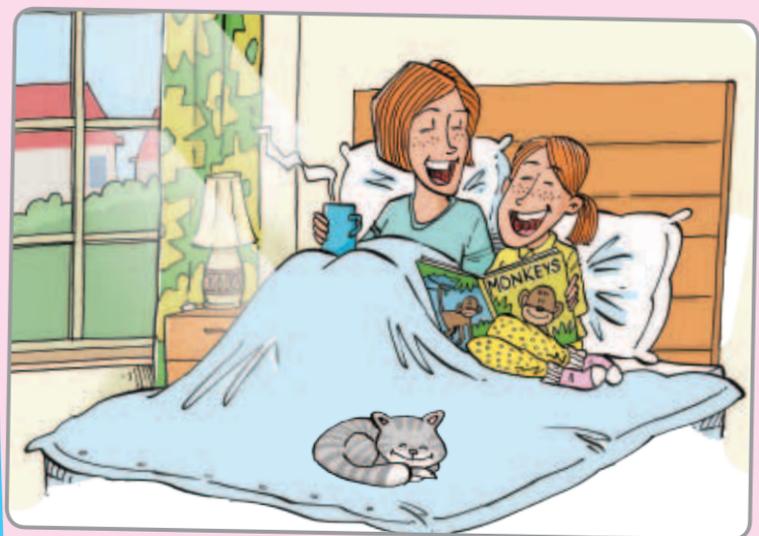
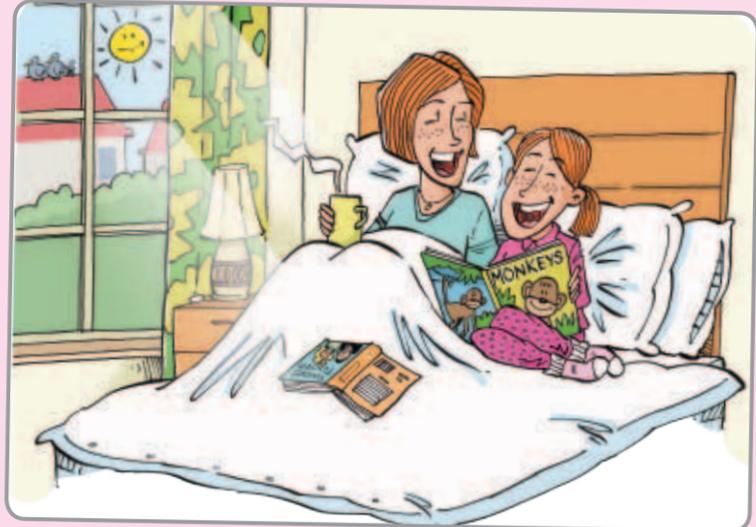
Answers/Dikarabo: Gogo, Bella, Josh, Noodle, Neo, Hope, Mbali

Spot the difference!

Can you find 8 differences between these two pictures?

Hlwaya phapang!

Na o ka fumana diphapang tse 8 pakeng tsa ditshwantsho tse pedi tsee?



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.

Iketsitse bukana e-sehwang-le-ho-opolokelwa

1. Ntsha leqephe la 3 ho isa ho la 8 bukaneng ena ya tlatseso. Boloka maqephe mmoho.
2. A mene ka halofo hodima mola wa matheba a matsho.
3. A mene ka halofo hape.
4. Seha hodima mela ya matheba a mafubedu.



In your next Nal'ibali supplement:

- How playing helps children's literacy development
- Your story: our readers' own writing
- A cut-out-and-keep book, *Touch*
- To celebrate the storyteller Aesop's birthday, a new Story Corner story, *The boy and the jackal*

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



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Tlatsetsong ya hao e latelang ya Nal'ibali:

- Kamoo ho bapala ho thusang ntshetsopele ya bana ya tsebo ya ho bala le ho ngola ka teng
- Pale ya hao: dingolwa tseo e leng tsa babadi ba rona
- Buka e sehwang-le-ho-opolokelwa, *Ho thetsa*
- Ho keteka letsatsi la tswalo la mopheti wa dipale, Aesop, pale e ntjha ya Hukung ya Dipale, *Moshanyana le phokojwe*

Na o batlana le diketsahalo bakeng sa bana ba hao? Etela karolo ya "Resource" ho www.nalibali.org bakeng sa dintho tse hatisehang tse kang ditshwai tsa dibuka, dikarete le diposekarete.

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.



La dina hangata le natefetswe. Kegetlong la pele bophelong ba lona, la ikutlwa le ena le metswalle. La ikutlwa le amohelohle.

“Ba re ke mobe ma Bohle ba dumellana ka seo Empa ha ke dina pina ya ka Nka etsa ntho ena e bitswang mmimo – He, he!”

Lenwabo la phahamisa seletswa sa lona mme la gala hape:

Aa! Phetoho e ntle hakakang. Dibopuwa tsona tse neng di tswaetse ho le kgesa, di ne di le thabetse jwale.

Tsa holetsa, “O se ke wa kgaotsa! E bine hape hlei! Re rata pina ya hao!”

Le ile la gamaka mme la makala ha le bona mefuta yohle ya diphoofofo tsa sethaba sa nokeng. (Tswere e ne e le moo le yona.) Di ne di le mametse ha le ntle le dina. Lenwabo la bososela ka dihlong, le sa tsebe hore le ka reng.

Fold



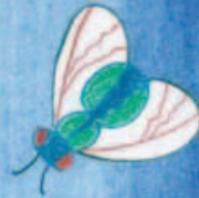
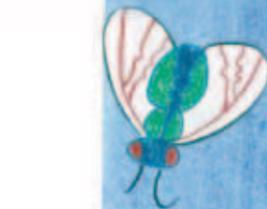
On and on he sang, enjoying himself. For the first time ever, he felt as if he had friends. He felt he belonged somewhere.

“They say that I am ugly. Everyone agrees with this. But when I sing my song, I can do this thing called music – Heh, heh!”

Chameleon picked up his instrument and began again:

What a wonderful change. The same creatures that used to criticise him, were smiling at him. Chameleon smiled shyly, not knowing what to say.

He looked around and was surprised to see all the different creatures of the river community. (Lark was there too.) They had been listening to him singing. Chameleon smiled shyly, not knowing what to say.



The singing chameleon

A traditional story from Malawi

Lenwabo le binang

Pale ya setso e tswang Malawi



The singing chameleon is from the SONGOLOLO list – a range of books celebrating both the common and diverse interests and experiences in childhood, featuring stories from Africa and beyond.

Shuter & Shooter Publishers acquired the award-winning children’s picture book imprint, SONGOLOLO in 2008.

SONGOLOLO is a quality list, featuring books by some of South Africa’s foremost authors and illustrators, including Niki Daly, Gcina Mhlophe, Joan Rankin and Jude Daly. The list features several bestsellers, including Niki Daly’s *Mama, Papa and Baby Joe*, and Joan Rankin’s *Wow! It’s Great Being a Duck* and other numerous award-winning titles.

For further information, visit www.shuters.com



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

Gcina Mhlophe
Kalle Becker



Fold



Ka matsatsi-tsatsi, Lenwabo la leka ho etsa mmimo. Qetellong la gala ho bina pina eo le iqapetseng yona: "Ba re ke mobe ma Ba dumellana bohle Empa ha ke bina pina ya ka Nka etsa ntho ena e bitswang mmimo, - He-he!"

La bina pina ena ka thabo. Kgafetsa kgafetsa. Le ne le sa kgolwe hore le ka qapa pina. La bina pina, le hodimo, le hodimo, le hodimo. Qetellong ha le emisa ho nka kgelutso, la utlwa modumo wa dilalase.

For days and days, Chameleon tried to make music. Finally he began to sing a song he had made up: "They say that I am ugly Everyone agrees with this But when I sing my song, I can do this thing called music - Heh, heh!"

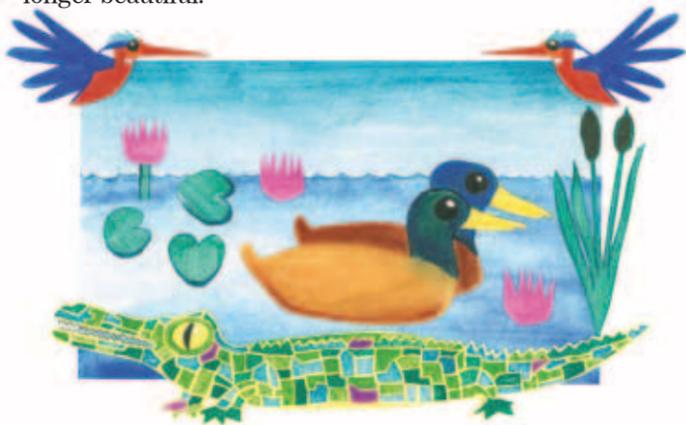
Excitedly he sang this song over and over again. He couldn't believe that he could compose a song! Louder and louder he sang. When he finally stopped to take a break, he heard the sound of clapping.



A very long time ago there was a big river in which there lived a great many animals. There were crocodiles, hippopotami, water buck, ducks, crabs, birds, fish of all kinds and frogs of all sizes. The animals were happy and most of them were really good friends. But there was one animal they all criticised.

The animals were always saying to the chameleon, "Chameleon, you are so ugly!"

The proud hippo said, "Because of you, this river is no longer beautiful."



Kgalekgale ho ne ho ena le noka e kgolo eo ho yona ho neng ho phela diphoofolo tse ngata. Ho ne ho ena le dikwena, dikubu, matsa, matata, makgala, dinonyana, ditlhapi tsa mefutafuta le dinqanqane tsa boholo bo fapaneng. Diphoofolo di ne di thabile mme bongata ba tsona e ne le metswalle ya sebele. Empa ho ne ho ena le phoofolo e le nngwe eo tse ding di neng di e kgesa.

Diphoofolo kamehla di ne di re ho Lenwabo, "Lenwabo, o mobe hakakang!"

Kubu e ikgantshang ya re, "Ka baka la hao, noka ena ha e sa le ntle."



Just then the river otter came up to Chameleon and said, "Oh, you're just the one I've been looking for. I desperately need your help. There's a village nearby which is being tortured by Python. This snake has been eating young calves and goats, and torturing the children. The villagers can't work in their fields. They don't know what to do so they have locked themselves in their homes. Even the chief is powerless. Please come and help!"

Chameleon looked puzzled and asked, "Me? Help with a python? How could I do anything like that?"

"Of course you can help," said Otter.

"Please understand," said Chameleon. "I have just learned to play a song. That's all."

But Otter insisted, "There is a lot you can do with your music! Let me take you to the village where you can sing for the people. It'll help them to forget how terrible life is right now."

"Alright, I'll try," said Chameleon, remembering his promise to the old man.

At last Chameleon felt beautiful and special. He had found a home where the animals and people loved and appreciated him. He lived happily in the village by the waterfall and his music brought joy to all those who heard him sing.



Qetellong Lenwabo la ikutlwa le le letle ebile le le bohlokwa. Le ne le fumane lehae moo diphoofolo le batho ba neng ba le rata ebile ba le thabela. Le ile la phela ka thabo motsaneng o haufi le diphororo, mme mmimo wa lona wa tlisa thabo ho bohle ba neng ba utlwa ha le bina.

“Ho ho ngata hoo o ka
ho etsang ka mmimo
wa hao! Tloo ke o ise
motsaneng moo o ka
binelang batho. Hoo ho
tla ba thusa ho lebala
ka moo bophelo bo ba
nyarolang kateng
ha jwale.”
“Ho lokile, ke tla leka,”
ha rialo Lenwabo, le
hopola tshepisio ya lona
ho monamoholo.



Ka yona nako eo, Qibi ya tla ho Lenwabo, “Kgele, o fela o le eo ke neng
ke mmala. Ke hloka thuso ya hao haholo. Ho na le motsana hau!i
mora o hliriswang ke Tlhware. Noha ena e ja manamane le dipodi
mme e tshosa bana. Baahi ha ba kgone ho sebetsa masimong. Ha ba
tsebe seo ba ka se etsang ka hoo ba ikwalleitse ka matlong. Esita le
morena ha a na matla. Tloo o tlo thusa hle!” ha rialo Qibi.
Lenwabo la bonahala le maketse mme la botsa, “Nna? Ke thusa ka
Tlhware? Nka etsa jwang ntho e jwalo?”
“Le jwale, o ka thusa,” ha rialo Qibi.
“Ke kopa o utlwisise,” ha rialo Lenwabo. “Ke sa tswa ho ithuta ho
papala pina. Ke pheto.”

Fold

Lenwabo la lebota monamoholo mme la tshepisisa ho etsa ka
bokgabane. Hape, butle – mme jwale butle le ho feta hobane le ne
le jere *imbengwe* – Lenwabo la kgutlela nokeng. Moo le ipatang
teng, la ntsha seletswa sa lona mme la leka ho papala ka kgutiso
kgatetsa kgatetsa.
Noka e ne e phehesele. Dingangane di llaela hodimo, dimonyana di
phaphasela le dikubu di idimolela hodimo. Ha ho mang ya neng a
utlwa Lenwabo. Ba ne ba sa nahane le ho ya mmalla.



Chameleon thanked the old man and promised to do his best. Again,
slowly – but now even more slowly because he was carrying the
imbengwe – Chameleon made his way back to the river. In his hiding
place, he took out his instrument and quietly tried to play it over and
over again.
The river was busy. The frogs croaked loudly, the birds fluttered
about and the hippopotami yawned loudly. Nobody heard the
chameleon. They didn't even think to look for him.

The chief was so impressed by this brave little creature that he made the chameleon a special symbol of good luck and good fortune in his village. He asked a well-respected sculptor to make him a walking stick with the head of a chameleon carved at the top and, at the entrance to his home, he had chameleons carved on the tops of the gate posts. For many years after that the villagers honoured chameleons as a sign of good luck. They believed that you would attract good fortune if you had something carved in the shape of a chameleon in your home.

Morena o ne a kgahlilwe ke bonatla ba sepopuwa sena se senyenyane, hoo a ileng a etsa Lenwabo letshwao la bohlokwa la mahlohonolo le leruo motseng wa hae. O ile a kopa sebetli se hlomphehang ho mo etsetsa molamu o nang le hlooho ya lenwabo, monyakong wa ntlo ya hae, ho ne ho e na le manwabo a befllilweng hodima dihlooho tsa dipilare tsa diheke. Dilemo tse ngata ka mora moo, baahi ba hlompha lenwabo e le letshwao la mahlohonolo. Ba ne ba dumela hore o ka hohela mahlohonolo ha o na le ho betlilweng ka setshwantsho sa lenwabo ka ntlong ya hao.



“What’s wrong with your eyes, anyway?” questioned Bull Frog. “They’re always looking forwards, looking backwards, looking everywhere.”
And Crocodile criticised, “Why can’t you decide what you want to look like? Precisely *what* colour are you? Are you green or brown or yellow? Which is it?”
Together they shouted, “You’re so ugly! You’re a disgrace to the river community!”
How very unkind they were.
Eventually Chameleon began to believe their cruel words. He tried to hide and to be as quiet as he could so that no one would notice him.

“Ebe bothata ke eng ka mahlo a hao?” ha botsa Senqanqane se Seholo. “A dula a sheba pele, a sheba morao, a sheba hohle.”
Mme Kwena ya kgesa ya re, “Ke hobaneng o sa kgone ho nka qeto ya hore o batla ho shebahala jwang? Hantlentle *mmala wa hao o jwang?* O motala kapa o mosootho kapa o moshla? Oo e leng ona ke ofe?”
Hammoho ba hoeletsa, “O mobe hakakang! O hlabisa setjhaba sa nokeng dihlong!”
Ba ne ba hloka mohau hakakang.
Qetellong Lenwabo la qala ho kgolwa mantswe a bona a kgopo. La leka ho ipata le ho kgutsa kamoo le ka kgonang, hore ho se be ya ka le hlokomelang.



Fold

“Na ebe nka o lefa jwang?” ha botsa Lenwabo.
 “Tsele e mngwe feela eo o ka ntefang ka yona, ke ya ho papala hantle,” ha araba monamoholo. “Ha o papala hantle, ho tseba mang, ka letsatsi le leng nka tla ho tla mamela ha o papala mane nokeng. Mmino o ka tisa thabo dipelong tse ngata. Nka ikutlwa ke thabile ha o ka etsa hoo.”

“The only way to repay me is by playing well,” answered the old man. “If you play well, who knows, one day I might come and listen to you playing at the river. Music can bring joy to many hearts. I’d feel good if you did that.”

Monamoholo a tshena, “Heh, heh, heh, jwale o batla ke o etsese seletswa? Ho lokile, nkile ka se etsesa ngwana ka nako e mngwe, empa se ne se le senyenyane haholo. Ke nahana hore e tla ba boholo bo o loketseng.”

“How will I ever repay you?” asked Chameleon.
 “The old man was kind and patient. ‘Relax!’ he said. ‘You’ll be making great music in no time.’”

— as was his way – Chameleon tried to play. Again and again he tried.



“The old man laughed, ‘Heh, heh, heh. So you want me to make you an instrument? Well, I made one for a child once, but it was too small. I think it might be just the right size for you.’”

He gave the *imbengwe* to Chameleon and showed him how to hold it and play it. Ever so slowly

Chameleon would sit sadly in his hiding place waiting for flies and other flying insects to come past. Even though he moved slowly, when he wanted to grab an insect, his tongue was like lightning, striking out – TACK!

Watching him, Frog said, “That makes you even more disgusting!”

“You should talk!” thought Chameleon. “You also like flies and mosquitoes.”

For a long time Chameleon lived like this. He was so sad. Most days he just wished he could travel far away from the river.

Then, one day, as Chameleon was sitting close to the water’s edge looking at his reflection, he saw a bird.

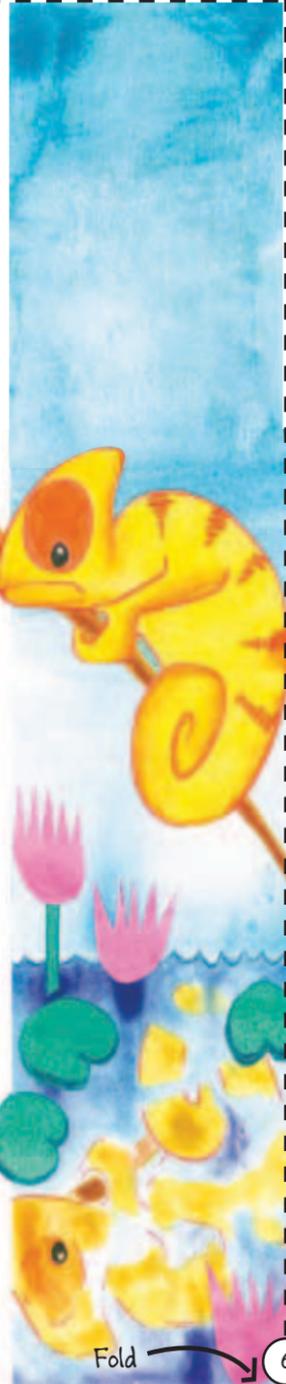
Lenwabo le ne le dula le hloname moo le ipatang teng le emetse dintsinsi le dikokonyana tse ding tse fofang hore di fete. Leha le ne le tsamaya butle, ha le ne le batla ho tshwara kokonyana, leleme la lona le ne le ka lehadima, le betsa – LAI! TSEKE!

Senqanqane se neng se le shebile, sa re, “Hoo ho etsa hore o nyontshe le ho feta!”

“Ke wena ya ka buang!” ha nahana Lenwabo. “Le wena o rata dintsinsi le menwang.”

Ka nako e telele Lenwabo la phela ka mokgwa ona. Le ne le hloname haholo. Ka matsatsi a mangata le ne le lakatsa hore le ka etela hole le noka.

Ka letsatsi le leng Lenwabo le ne le dutse haufi le lebopo la noka le itjhebile ka metsing, la bona nonyana.



“Se tshwenyehi!” ha rialo Qibi. “Bo tille haholo. Batho ba tshela mona ka dinako tsobhe. Empa ha re nke kgefutso. Ke lapile.”

Qibi ya tsamaya ka pele ka moo e ka kgonang ha Lenwabo le tshwareleditse ka thata boyeng ba yona. Ba tsamalle sebakanyana. Qetellong ba fihla diphororong tse modumo o moholo tseo ba neng ba tshwanetse ho di tshela ho ya fihla motsaneng. Diphororo di ne di le matla ka mora dipula tsa dikgohola mme borokgo, bo neng bo entswe ka dimela le ditlhapo, bo ne bo thekesela.

Lenwabo la palama hodima mokokotlo wa Qibi ha diphoofolo tse ding di holetsa ka thabo, “Mahlohonolo Lenwabo le binangi!”

“Don’t worry!” said Otter. “It’s strong enough. Human beings cross here all the time. But let’s have a break now. I’m hungry.”

Chameleon agreed, “I’ve been singing all morning. I need something to eat.”



Chameleon climbed onto Otter’s back while the other animals shouted merrily, “Good luck, singing Chameleon! Go well!”

People slowly came out of their homes. They looked at each other wondering whether they had heard correctly.

“What are you talking about?” demanded the chief.

“I am telling you the truth,” said Otter. “Python is dead. He has been killed by my good friend here, Chameleon!”



The chief couldn’t believe it. Nobody could. So Otter said, “Come with us. We’ll show you!”

The friends took the villagers to the waterfall and they told them the whole story exactly as it had happened. The villagers were so happy! They wanted to hear the song that had crept into Python’s heart and led him to his death. Everyone sat at the waterfall listening to Chameleon sing his lovely song, and when he had finished, they cheered.

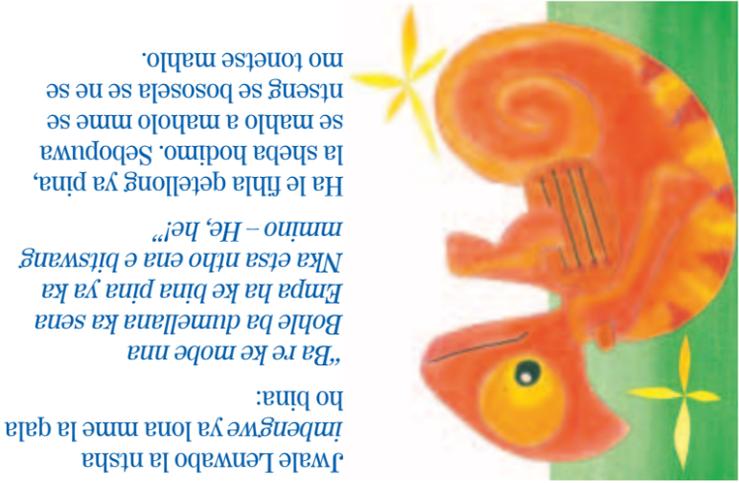
Batho ba tswa matlong a bona butlebutle. Ba shebana ba maketse ba ipotsa hore na ebe ba utlwile hantle.

“Na o bua ka eng?” morena a batla ho tseba.

“Ke o bolella nnete,” ha rialo Qibi. “Tlhwane o shwele. O bolailwe ke motswalle enwa wa ka wa hlooho ya kgomo, Lenwabo.”

Morena o ne a sa kgolwe. Ho ne ho se ya kgolwang. Jwale Qibi ya re, “Tloong le rona. Re tla le bontsha!”

Metswalle eo ya isa baahi diphororong mme ya ba qoqela pale ka ho phethahala jwaloka ha e etsahetse. Baahi ba ne ba thabile haholo! Ba ne ba batla ho utlwa pina e keneng pelong ya tlhwane mme ya e isa lefung la yona. Bohle ba dula diphororong ba mametse Lenwabo le bina pina ya lona e monate, mme ha le qeta, ba le thoholetsa.



“Mohlomong ke lokela ho papala mmimo wa ka. Ha ke kgone ho nahanana ka Tlhware. E ne e le tulo e loketseng ho Lenwabo. Ho ne ho ena le dikokonyana tse ngata tseo Lenwabo le ka di jang. Metswalle e mmedi ya ja mme ya phomola. Lenwabo le ne le se le thibasele ke boroko ha le tla kgaleha. Ha tlhware e ka fihla moo?”

“Ba re ke mobe na Bohle ba dumellana ka sena Empa ha ke dina pina ya ka Nka etsa ntho ena e bitswang mmimo – He, he!”
Ha le fihla qetellong ya pina, la sheba hodimo. Sebopuwa se mahlo a maholo mme se ntse se bososela se ne se mo tonetse mahlo.
Jwale Lenwabo la ntsha imbengwe ya lona mme la gala ho dina:
“Ba re ke mobe na Bohle ba dumellana ka sena Empa ha ke dina pina ya ka Nka etsa ntho ena e bitswang mmimo – He, he!”
“They say that I am ugly
Everyone agrees with this
But when I sing my song,
I can do this thing called music – Heh, heh!”
When he reached the end of the song, he looked up. A creature with big eyes and a broad smile was staring at him.
E ne e le tulo e loketseng ho Lenwabo. Ho ne ho ena le dikokonyana tse ngata tseo Lenwabo le ka di jang. Metswalle e mmedi ya ja mme ya phomola. Lenwabo le ne le se le thibasele ke boroko ha le tla nahanana ka Tlhware.

It was a perfect chameleon spot. There were so many insects for Chameleon to eat. The two friends ate and rested. Chameleon was just dozing off when he thought about the python.
“Maybe I should play my music. I can’t fall asleep. What if the python shows up?”
So Chameleon took his *imbengwe* and began to sing:
“They say that I am ugly
Everyone agrees with this
But when I sing my song,
I can do this thing called music – Heh, heh!”
When he reached the end of the song, he looked up. A creature with big eyes and a broad smile was staring at him.



Tlhware yona? Tlhware yona e ne e jele namane e felleltseng hoseng hoo mme mpa ya yona e ne e tletse tswete. Yaba e wela tlase-tlase metsing – PHAA! Majwe a wela hodima yona mme qetellong Tlhware ya kgangwa ke metsi tlase botebong ba letsha la diphororo.
Lenwabo le Qibi ba thoholetsa, “Aha! Bohle tswelang ka ntle! Re na le ditaba tse monate! Lenwabo le bolaila tlhware!”

Fold



Lenwabo la re, “Ke mohanu ho o mosebetsi o motle haholo ebile o maphatlephate, empa ke hloka thuso ya hao.”
Mommamoholo a bososela ka mosa, “Ha o nkgethatsa. Nka o etsetsa eng?”
“Ka kopo hle, na o ka nketsetsa seletswa sa mmimo?” ha botsa Lenwabo. “Mohlomong *imbengwe*? Nka rata ho ithuta ho e papala. Mohlomong o ka nthuta.”
When he reached the old man’s house, he pushed the door open quietly and crept inside. The old man turned around as if he sensed someone was there.
Chameleon said, “I’m sorry to disturb you. I know you do very good work and you’re busy but I need your help.”
The old man smiled kindly, “You’re not disturbing me. What can I do for you?”
“Please could you make me a musical instrument?” asked Chameleon. “Perhaps an *imbengwe*? I’d like to learn to play. Maybe you could teach me.”
Ha le fihla ntlong ya mommamoholo, la sututsa lemati la le bula ka lenyele mme la nyonyobela ka hare. Mommamoholo a retelaha eka o a ntlwa hore ho na le motho.
Lenwabo la re, “Ke mohanu ho o mosebetsi o motle haholo ebile o maphatlephate, empa ke hloka thuso ya hao.”
Mommamoholo a bososela ka mosa, “Ha o nkgethatsa. Nka o etsetsa eng?”
“Ka kopo hle, na o ka nketsetsa seletswa sa mmimo?” ha botsa Lenwabo. “Mohlomong *imbengwe*? Nka rata ho ithuta ho e papala. Mohlomong o ka nthuta.”

Lark came flying down and landed on the rock right next to him. He drank some water and started singing a lovely song. He hadn’t even noticed Chameleon who had camouflaged himself so well.
Chameleon surprised Lark, “Ah, you’re so lucky to be able to fly wherever you want and to be able to sing so beautifully. Look at me. Everyone says I’m ugly. Nobody likes me.”
Lark looked at Chameleon and then he said, “Who told you that? You are not at all ugly!”



Tswere ya tla ya fofela fatshe mme ya dula lefikeng le haufi le Lenwabo. Ya nwa metsi mme ya qala ho bina pina e monate. Ha e a ka ya elellwa Lenwabo le neng le ikgakantse hantle.
Lenwabo la makatsa Tswere, “Tjhe, o lehlohonolo hakakang ho fofela moo o ratang teng le ho kgona ho bina hamonate hakana. Ntjhebe. Bohle ba re ke mobe. Ha ho na ya nthatang.”
Tswere ya sheba Lenwabo mme ya re, “Ke mang ya o bolelletseng hoo? Hohang ha o mobe!”

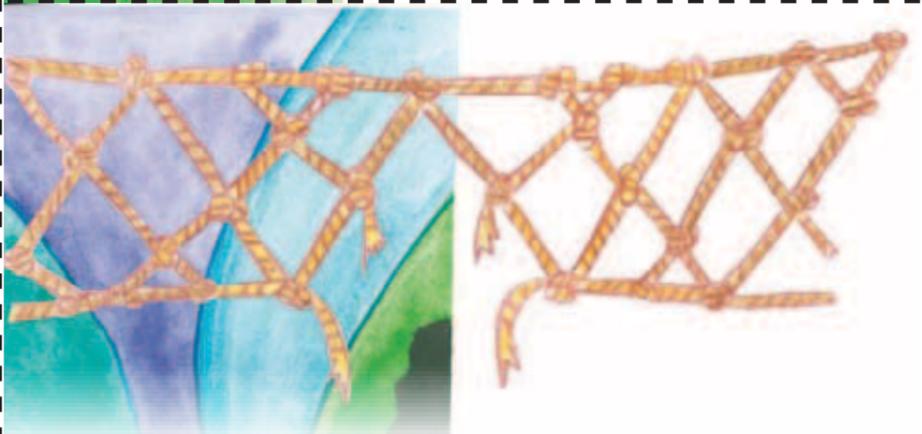


“Phofofo e nngwe le e nngwe mona nokeng e re ke mobe,” ha araba Lenwabo.
 “O a tseba ke eng? Haeba o kgolwa hore o mobe, etsa ho hong ho tla etsa hore ba bang ba o bone ka tsele e nngwe. Hobaneng o sa ba makatse mme o ithute ho bina?” ha sisinya Tswere pele e fofela hodimo marung e bina ka thabo.
 “Mohlomong nka ithuta ho bina,” ha nahana Lenwabo. Hmm, ha ke nahane hore nkile ka utlwela ka Lenwabo le binang.”
 La nahana ka hona dihora tse ngata mme hang la bososela, la re, “Mohlomong nka ithuta ho bapala seletswa sa mmimo.”
 Le ntse le nahane sena ke llong, la kgasetsa butle nlong ya monnamaholo e mong eo e neng e le moetsi wa diletswa. O ne a etsa mefuta e tapaneng ya diletswa tsa mmimo, feela o ne a tsebahlala haholo ka *imbengwe*, seletswa se entsweng ka patisi e nang le dikgwele tse telele tse tlammelleltsweng hodimo molaleng wa sona.

“Every single animal here at the river says I’m ugly,” answered Chameleon.
 “You know what? If you believe you’re ugly, then do something that will make others see you differently. Why don’t you surprise them and learn to sing?” suggested Lark before he swooped off into the sky, singing merrily.
 “Maybe I *could* learn to sing,” thought Chameleon. “Hmm, I don’t think I’ve ever heard of a singing chameleon before.”
 He thought about this for many hours and then suddenly smiled to himself and said, “Maybe I could learn to play a musical instrument.”
 With this in mind, he crawled slowly to the house of an old man who was an instrument maker. He made all kinds of musical instruments but he was particularly famous for the *imbengwe*, an instrument made of flat wood with long strings tied at the top of its neck.



It was the python! He seemed hypnotised by Chameleon’s song.
 “Oh, please don’t stop!” pleaded Python. “That was amazing. Your beautiful voice makes my heart swell with joy. What a song!”
 Chameleon wasn’t sure what to do, but he thought, “If I don’t sing, he’ll eat me up!”
 Quickly and with shaking hands, he took his instrument out and began to sing again. On and on he sang until he had an idea.
 E ne e le tlhware! E ne e shebahala e tshwarehile ke pina ya Lenwabo.
 “Oh, o se kgaoitse hle!” ha kopa Tlhware. “E monate hakakang. Lentswa la hao le monate le etsa pelo ya ka e tlale thabo. A, pina e monate!” Lenwabo le ne le sa tsebe hore le etse eng, empa la nahana, “Ha ke sa bine, e tla nkwenya!”
 Ka potlako le ka matsoho a thothomelang, la ntsa seletswa sa lona mme la qala ho bina hape. La bina hangatangata ho fihlela le tumana leqhekha.



Still singing and playing, Chameleon began to walk backwards towards the bridge as if to cross it. Python followed him, his eyes rolling and shining just as if he was in love. He swayed from side to side, moving to the beat of the song. Chameleon kept singing and walking backwards very slowly. Python kept following him with his smiling lovey-dovey eyes, getting closer and closer all the time.
 Chameleon had almost reached the other side of the bridge when suddenly he felt it beginning to snap. He realised he was in danger.
 Out of nowhere, Otter grabbed Chameleon and pulled his friend to safety.

Ha le ntse le bina ebile le letsa, Lenwabo la qala ho tshetjhella morao ho ya borokgong eka le ilo tshela. Tlhware ya le latela, mahlo a yona a theheha ke ho benya jwaloka ha eka e a bonya. Ya ya kwana le kwana e tsamaya ka morethetho wa pina. Lenwabo la tswela pele ho bina le ntse le tshetjha ka santhao butle. Tlhware ya nna ya mo latela e bososela ka mahlo a tletseng lerato, e mo atamela nako le nako.
 Lenwabo le ne le se le le haufi le ho fihla ka nqane ho borokgo ha le utlwa bo qala ho kgaoha. La hlokomela hore le kotsing.
 Ho sa tsejwe moo e tswang, Qibi ya tshwara Lenwabo mme ya hula motswalle wa yona ya mo isa moo ho bolokehileng.