

NALIBALI

It's holiday time!

The year is almost over and soon it will be that time of year when most of us are able to spend more time than usual with family and friends. It's time for that long-awaited end-of-year break. That time of year when we can all slow down a bit, relax and spend time doing more of the things we enjoy.



Ke nako ya malatsi a boikhutso!

Ngwaga o setse o ya bokhutlong mme ka bogaufi e tlaa bo e le nako eo ya ngwaga fa bontsi jwa rona bo tlaa bo bo kgona go nna le nako e ntsi ya go iketla le balelapa gammogo le ditsala. Ke nako e re sa bolong go e emela ya go khutsisa mebele ya rona. Ee, ke nako ya ngwaga e re ka tsayang dilo ka iketlo, ra itapolosa ra bo ra dira tseo di re jesang monate.



SPEND TIME WITH A GOOD BOOK OR TWO

When your children see you relaxing with a book:

- ★ They learn that reading is something you do for pleasure.
- ★ They learn that reading is something that can be done for leisure. And so, without even trying to, you are being a powerful reading role model for your children and helping them to become lifelong readers.

O KA ITAPOLOSA KA GO BUISA BUKA E O E RATANG KGOTSA DI LE PEDI

Fa bana ba gago ba bona o iketile ka go buisa buka:

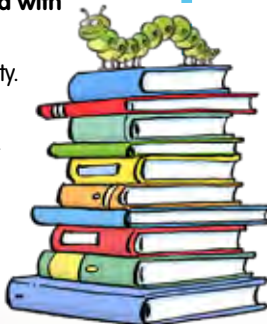
- ★ Ba lemoga gore go buisa ke sengwe se se jesang monate.
- ★ Ba lemoga gore go buisa ke sengwe se batho ba ka iketlang ka sona. Ka jalo, ga o kitla o tshwara bothata go ba ruta se, bana ba ithuta mo go wena mme se se ba thusa go rata go buisa go ya go ile.

WE HAVE STORIES TO TELL!

Often there are also a lot of celebrations around this time of the year. As adults, there are times when we think back to how we experienced these celebrations as children. Have you ever thought about sharing these stories about your childhood with your children?

- ★ Stories help them to develop their imagination and creativity.
- ★ They help them to develop their language and thinking.
- ★ And sharing the stories of your childhood helps to connect the generations of your family.

These stories give children a sense of where they come from and who they are.

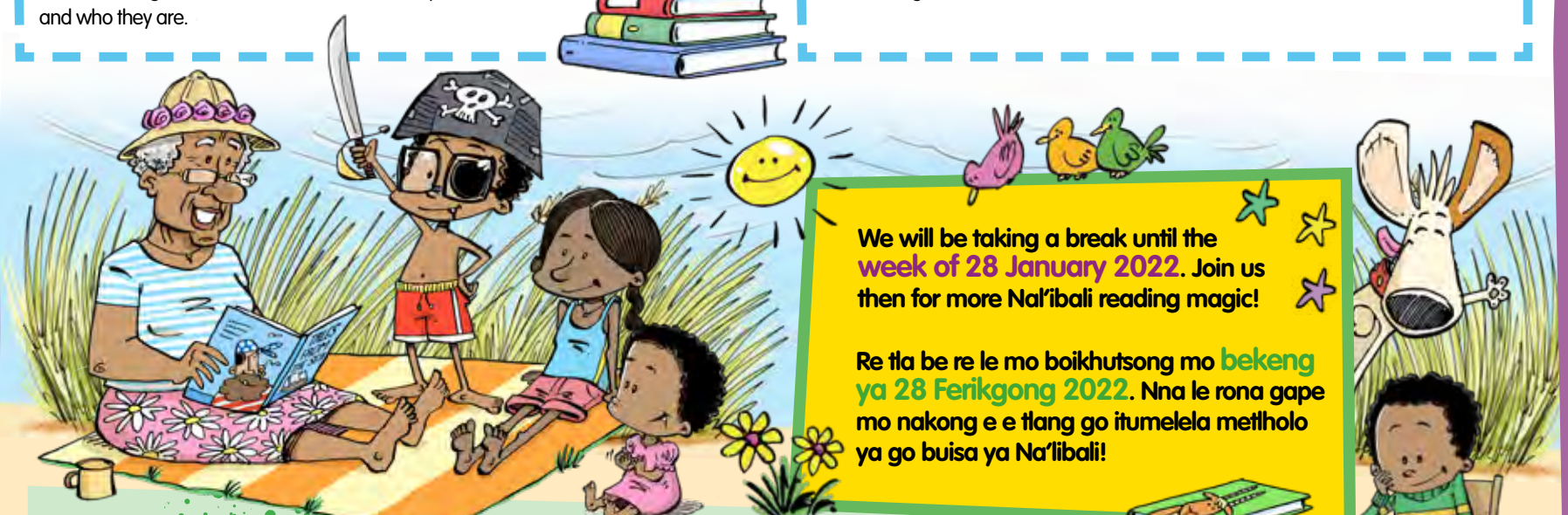


RE NA LE MAINANE A RE KA A ANELANG!

Ka gale go na le meletlo e le mentsi mo nakong e ya ngwaga. Jaaka bagolo, re a tle re lebe kwa morago gore re ne re keteka meletlo jang fa re ne re le bana. A o kile wa akanya gore o ka aroganya mainane a a bongwana jwa gago jang le bana ba gago?

- ★ Mainane a ba thusa go godisa boikakanyetso le botlhami.
- ★ A ba thusa go godisa puo le tlhaloganyo ya bona.
- ★ Ka jalo, go aroganya mainane a bongwana jwa gago, go thusa go golaganya tshika ya lelapa la gago.

Mainane a a thusa bana go tlhaloganya kwa ba tswang teng le gore ke bona ke bomang.



We will be taking a break until the week of 28 January 2022. Join us then for more Nal'ibali reading magic!

Re tla be re le mo boikhutsong mo bekeng ya 28 Ferikgong 2022. Nna le rona gape mo nakong e e tiang go itumelela metholo ya go buisa ya Na'libali!

The holidays also mean that we have more time to spend with our children – and this is a real reward for them. We have time to spend reading their favourite stories to them and finding new ones to enjoy too. We also have time to do other fun reading and writing activities that connect with their interests. Whatever you do and wherever you will be this holiday season, relax and have a fabulous, story-filled holiday!

Mo malatsing a boikhutso re na le nako e ntsi ya go iketla le bana ba rona – mme se se mosola thata mo go bona. Re na le nako ya go ba buisetsa mainane a ba a ratang, le go bona mainane a mantshwa a ba ka ijessang monate ka ona. Re na gape le nako ya ditirwana dingwe jaaka go buisa le go kwala go ijesa monate go go nyalang le dilo tse di ba kgatlhang. Gore o tla bo o dirang le gore o tla bo o le kwa kae ka malatsi a a boikhutso, repa mme o ikhutse monate ka mainane!



IT STARTS WITH A STORY.
GO SIMOLOLA KA LEINANE.

We all belong to people and places

South Africa is home to people from many different countries. Every year, on 18 December, International Migrants Day is celebrated all over the world. It is a time to raise awareness of the challenges and difficulties that migrants have to deal with.

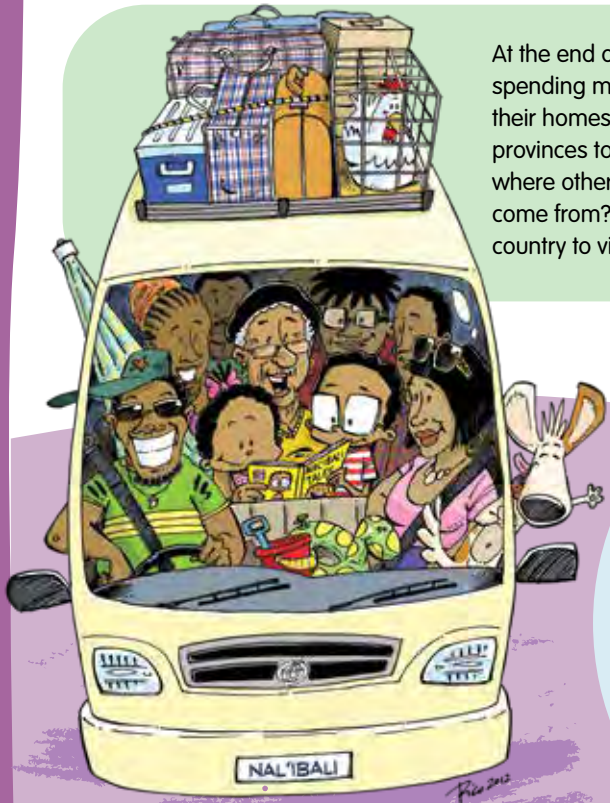


Rotlhe re batho ba batho le mafelo

Aforikaborwa ke legae la batho ba le bantsi go tswa dinageng tse di farologaneng. Ngwaga mongwe le mongwe, ka 18 Sedimonthole, Letsatsi la Bodišhabatšhaba la Bafaladi le ketekiwa lefatshe ka bophara. Se ke sebaka sa go lemosa batho dikgwetho le mathata a bafaladi ba mekamekanang le ona.

At the end of the year, many of us look forward to spending more time with our families. Some leave their homes to travel to rural areas, other cities or provinces to visit them. Do you sometimes wonder where other people are travelling to or where they come from? Have you ever had to travel to another country to visit your family?

Mo bokhutlong jwa ngwaga, batho ba le bantsi ba eletsa go ya go ijesa monate le bamalapa a bona. Bangwe ba tlogela matlo a bona mme ba etela kwa magaeng, kgotsa kwa ditropong le fa e le kwa diporofenseng tse dingwe. A o na le go ipotsa gore batho bangwe ba ya kwa kae kgotsa ba tswa kae? A o kile wa etela naga e nngwe go ya go etela ba lelapa la gago?



People who come to live in a country they were not born in are called migrants. Some migrants choose to leave their countries to look for jobs, to go to school or to join family members who live in another country.

Batho ba ba tlang go nna mo nageng e ba sa tsalelwang mo go yona ba bidiwa bafaladi. Bafaladi bangwe ba ithophela go tlogela dinaga tsa bona go batla diiro, go batla dikolo kgotsa go ya go nna le balosika kwa nageng e nngwe.



Refugees are migrants who are forced to leave their countries because of war or violence. Refugees try to find safety in another country. Why not take some time to think about the migrants and refugees who are far from their friends and family and cannot travel home to see them?



Badišhaba ke bafaladi ba ba patelediwang go tshaba mo dinageng tsa bona ka ntlha ya dintwa le dikhuego. Badišhaba ba leka go bona tshireletso mo nageng nngwe. Goreng o sa tseye nako go akanya ka badišhaba le bafaladi ba ba leng kgakala le di sala le balelapa la bona e bile ba sa kgone go boela gae go ya go ba etela.

Did you know?

Our Read-Aloud Story Collection is now available at Ethnikids!



Available in all official South African languages
Di bonwa ka dipuo tsothe tsa semmuso tsa Aforikaborwa

ethnikids
made for me

A o ne o itse?

Kgobokanyo ya rona ya Mainane a Puisetsogodimo jaanong a fithelwa kwa Ethnikids!



Order your copy online at www.ethnikids.africa! Beeletsa khopi ya gagwe mo mafaratlhatlheng kwa www.ethnikids.africa!



Drive your imagination



Migrants have knowledge, resources and skills that can help to build communities, but often they have to deal with prejudice and unfairness. Migrant children must also cope with a new school system, fitting in with other children and sometimes learning in a new language.

Bafaladi ba na le kitso, metswedi le dikgono tse di ka thusang baagi ba metse ya rona, fela ka dinako dingwe ba rakana le dikgwetlho tsa go nyadiwa le go se tsewe tsiya. Bana ba Bafaladi ba rakana le mathata a thulaganyo ya thuto, go tlwaelana le bana ba bangwe Imme ka dinalo dingwe le go ithuta puo e ntshwa.

A stateless person is someone who is not recognized as a citizen of any country in the world. Children who are stateless often cannot go to school, cannot go to the doctor or cannot get a social grant. Many struggle their whole life to find work or a home. Stateless children face serious problems, such as child labour, child trafficking, child marriage and other types of abuse.

Motlhokagae ke motho yo o se nang boagi jwa naga epe mo lefatsheng. Bana ba e leng batlhokagae ga ba ke ba kgona go ya sekolong, go bona ngaka fa ba lwala e bile ga ba fiwe madi a kabo ya boagi go tswa mo pusong. Bontsi bo kgaratlha matshelo a bone otlhe ba sa kgone go bona ditiro kgotsa go nna le legae. Bana ba batlhokagae ba kopana le mathata a mantsi, jaaka go jewa ntsoma, go rekisiwa, go patelediwa lenyalo le mefuta mengwe ya tiriso bothaswa.



The Girl Who Lost Her Country



Written by
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A Publication By
THE INSTITUTE ON STATELESSNESS AND INCLUSION

The Institute on Statelessness and Inclusion wrote a book called *The Girl Who Lost Her Country*. You can read this book in English and isiZulu at <http://kids.worldsstateless.org> to learn more about statelessness.

The Institute on Statelessness and Inclusion e kwadile buka e e bidiwang *The Girl Who Lost Her Country*. O ka fitlhela buka e mo <http://kids.worldsstateless.org> go ithuta go le gontsi ka bothokagae

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O seke wa fetwa ke neelo ya gago e e kgethegileng ya ikitsiso!

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Bapatsa fa!

Fitlhisa molaetsa wa gago mo malapeng go ralala Aforikaborwa.

Ngwaga le ngwaga Na'ibali e phatlalatsa ditlaleletso tsa makwalodikgang di le dikete di le 280 000 ka dipuo di le 9 mo magaeng le diithopha tsa puiso.

Gape, re tlhothomisa go lebiwa ga mafaratlhatlha tse 1500 ka kgwedi!

nalibali
IT STARTS WITH
A STORY.

7 fun holiday ideas

Here are some activities that include reading and writing to keep your children entertained during the school holidays. The idea is to enjoy yourselves, so use the language/s you and your children feel most comfortable with.



Dikeletso di le 7 tsa boikhutso jo bomonate

Tse ke dingwe tsa ditirwana tse di akaretsang go buisa le go kwala tse di ka itumedisang bana ka malatsi a boikhutso. Sa botlhokwa ke gore ba ijese monate, ka jalo o ka dirisa puo/dipuo tse wena le bana lo ikutlwang ba phuthologile ka tsona.

1 Read and listen. Fill your holiday with new stories and old favourites by finding stories to read and listen to on Nal'ibali's website (www.nalibali.org) and mobisite (www.nalibali.mobi). Take a story with you wherever you go! Print them out, or read and listen to them on your computer or your cellphone.

1 Go buisa le go reetsa. Fa malatsi a boikhutso a goroga itumele o bo o ijese monate ka mainane a mantšhwa le a bogologolo a o ratang go tswa mo webosaeteng ya Nal'ibali (www.nalibali.org) le mobisaete (www.nalibali.mobi). Tsaya leinane gongwe le gongwe kwa o yang! A gatise, a buise kgotsa o a reetse mo khomputareng kgotsa mo sefouneng ya gago.

2 Keep a holiday scrapbook. Recycle unused notebooks or staple some sheets of paper together to create holiday scrapbooks for your children. Encourage them to write about the things they do during the school holidays in their scrapbooks and to draw pictures in them too. They could also include things like tickets or pamphlets from places they have been to or even the wrapper of a treat they enjoyed.



2 Tshola bukana ya go kwalela. Tsaya bukana ya go kwalela dinoutso e e setseng e dirisitse kgotsa o tseye ditsebe tsa pampiri o di tshwaraganye go direla bana bukana ya go kwalela. Ba rotloetse go kwala sengwe le sengwe se ba se dirang le go thala ditshwantsho tsa bona mo nakong ya malatsi a boikhutso mo bukaneng ya bona ya go kwalela. Ba ka tsenya le dithekete kgotsa dipharmfolete tsa lefelo le ba le etetseng kgotsa diphutlwana tsa diyamaleng tse ba di ratileng.

3 Play games. Many games involve reading. Have regular game evenings with friends and family.

3 Tshameka metshameko. Metshameko e le mentsi e akaretsa go buisa. Nnang le metshameko ya ka gale le ditsala le balosika gangwe le gape fa go le maitseboa.

4 Have a pretend party. Let your children have fun imagining who they would invite to a party to celebrate the start of a new year. Then suggest they write party invitations and a menu for their pretend party.



4 Nnang le moletlo wa maitirelo. Letla bana ba gago ba ijese monate ba bo ba akanye gore ba ka laletsa mang mo moletlong wa go keteka tshimologo ya ngwaga o mošwa. Jaanong tshitshinya gore ba kwale dikarata tsa taletso le lenanetaletso tsa moletlo o.

5 Follow a recipe. With your children, follow a recipe for something you have not made before. Remember to read the recipe aloud as you go – or ask your children to do this. Let them help you gather the ingredients, mix and stir.

5 Latela resipe. Wena le bana, latelang ditaelo tsa resipe ya sejo se lo se lo tsamaye lo se apewe. Gakologelwang go buisetsa ditaelo tsa resipe kwa godimo fa lo apaya – kgotsa kopa bana ba gago go dira se. Ba letle gore ba go thuse go kokoanya diapewa, tswaka le go fudua.

6 Play a guessing game. Give your children a clue to something near you and see if they can guess what it is. For example, "It is white and has a door. It keeps things cold." (Answer: the fridge.) Take turns giving the clues and guessing.

6 Dirang motshameko wa go fopholetsa. Naya bana ba gago motlhala wa sengwe se se gaufi le wena mme o bone fa e le gore ba ka kgona go fopholetsa gore ke eng. "Ke e tshweu mme e na le lebatl. E dira gore dijo di tsidifale." (Karabo: ke setsidifatsi.) Refosanang go ntsha motlhala le go fopholetsa.

7 Create a new ending. Let your children create a different ending for one of their favourite stories by adding a new character or event to the story. Suggest that they draw pictures that capture their new ending and then they can use these as they retell the story.



7 Thama bokhutlo jo bontšhwa. Letla bana ba gago go itirela bokhutlo jo bo farologanang ka nngwe ya mainane a ba a ratang ka go tsenya badiragatsi ba bantšhwa kgotsa tiragalo mo leinaneng. Ba eletse gore ba thale ditshwantsho tse di senolang bokhutlo jo bontšhwa jwa leinane, e bile ba ka dirisa se go anela leinane gape.

Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books

1. Take out pages 5 to 12 of this supplement.
2. The sheet with pages 5, 6, 11 and 12 on it makes up one book. The sheet with pages 7, 8, 9 and 10 on it makes up the other book.
3. Use each of the sheets to make a book. Follow the instructions below to make each book.
 - a) Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.
 - b) Fold it in half again along the green dotted line.
 - c) Cut along the red dotted lines.



Itirele dibuka tsa sega- o-bloke tse PEDI

1. Ntsha ditsebe 5 go fitlha ka 12 tsa tlaleletso e.
2. Letlhare la ditsebe 5, 6, 11 le 12 le dira buka e le nngwe. Letlhare la ditsebe 7, 8, 9 le 10 le dira buka e nngwe.
3. Dirisa lengwe le lengwe la matlhare a go dira buka. Latela ditaelo tse di fa tlase go dira buka nngwe le nngwe.
 - a) Mena letlhare ka bogare go lebagana le mola wa dikhutlo tse dintsho.
 - b) Le mene ka bogare gape go lebagana le mola wa dikhutlo tse di tala.
 - c) Sega go lebagana le mela ya dikhutlo tse dikhibidu.

I shouted, but it was too late. Shumba had run up the hill, past the gate of Mma Raphane's house, along a thin path, and in through the front door.

"Oh no! Shumba went into the witch's house!" Gabriel cried. "He's dead for sure."

"Shumba?" I shouted again. Tears began to form in my eyes. I knew Shumba was doomed! The witch would kill him and cut him up into little pieces for her potions. I stood at the gate trying to think what I could do.

Ka goa, fela go ne go le thari. Shumba a tabogela kwa godimo ga thaba, a feta legora la nlo ya ga Mma Raphane, fa thoko ga tselana e tshesane mme a tsena ka mojakwa wa fa pele.

"Nyaya the, Tebbi! Shumba a tsena ka fa nlong ya moloi!" Gabriel a jela, a tswetse molomo wa gagwe ka seatla. "O sule ka mnte."

"Shumba?" ka goa gape. Matlho a me a tlaa dikeledi. Ke ne ke itse gore go fedile ka Shumba! Moloi o ne a tile go mmolaya a bo a mo kgabetlela go kopanya dinama tsa gagwe le motswako wa dipheko. Ke ne ka ema mo kgorong ke akanya gore nka dira eng.

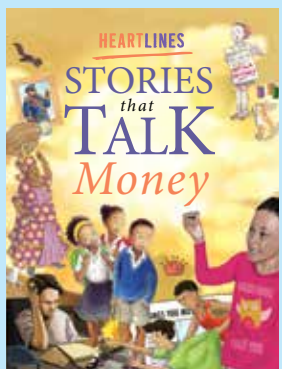


The witch who lives on the hill

Moloi yo o nnang mo thabeng



Lauri Kubuitsile
Vian Oelofsen



For more information please email info@heartlines.org.za or phone (011) 771 2540.



Nal'ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign to spark and embed a culture of reading across South Africa. For more information, visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi



Nal'ibali ke letsholo la bosesetšhaba la go buisetsa monate e le go rotloetsa le go jala mowa wa go buisa go ralala Aforika Borwa. Go bona tshedimosetso ka botlalo, etela mo www.nalibali.org kgotsa mo www.nalibali.mobi



Mo letsatsing le le latelang, ma le tsala ya me e kgolo, Gabriel, ra tsaya bora le metsu ra leba kwa sekgweng se se fa morago ga thaba go ya go tsoma. "A Shumba o tsamaya le rona?" ga botsa Gabriel, a lebile ntšwa ya me e ntsho e bile e le kgolo.

"Ee, ruri, goreng a sa tshwanela go tsamaya le rona? O rata go tsoma," ka bua jalo.

"Fela ka gale o tshosa diphologolo gore di re tshabele. Ka ikgatholsa Gabriel. O ne a itse gore metsu ya bora ya rona e ka se bolaye sepe le fa Shumba a ka bo a seyo. Fa re ntse re tlhatloga thaba, ke ne ke sa akanye ka ntlo ya moloi. Fela Shumba o ne a akantse ka yona..."

We hid behind the hedge, Peloyame, Kitso and me, all breathing hard. "Did you see her?" Peloyame asked breathless.

"Yeah, she's scary," I said, though I hadn't really seen her. But I didn't need to. Everyone knew what Mma Raphane looked like. She had wild grey hair and was tall and bony-thin, with elbows that could cut straight through a person. If you looked into her eyes, you would be turned into a zombie. Many children had. We all knew that.

"She poked her head out of the door when I threw the stone, did you see?" Kitso said excitedly. "My cousin said she ate his cat."

"Yeah, she does that sometimes," Peloyame said, nodding her head. Peloyame knew everything there was to know about Mma Raphane, the witch.



Now I felt really bad about the way the children in the village had been treating Mma Raphane for so long. I felt bad that I'd been part of it too. Just then a plan began to form in my head. "I think I know what we can do to make things better!"

"Yes, I know. I don't think she's a witch. I think Peloyame and the others made it up," I said.



Gabriel and I headed home down the hill. We'd forgotten about hunting. "She doesn't look anything like a witch," Gabriel said.

"Sorry he troubled you," I said.

"That dog seems a handful for a small girl like you."

Mma Raphane smiled at me. "Thank you," I said.

When I looked up, an old woman stood on the small stoep in front of the house. She was bent over and leaning hard on a cane. Her grey hair was tucked away tidily. I looked into her eyes and I was surprised nothing changed inside of me.

Just then, I saw someone push the door open and my heart pounded! Then Shumba came running out. I grabbed him and hugged him. He was safe!

When I looked up, an old woman stood on the small stoep in front of the house. She was bent over and leaning hard on a cane. Her grey hair was tucked away tidily. I looked into her eyes and I was surprised nothing changed inside of me.

"Thank you," I said.

Mma Raphane smiled at me. "That dog seems a handful for a small girl like you."

"Sorry he troubled you," I said.

She smiled sadly, but said nothing more. She turned and made her way back into the house.

Gabriel and I headed home down the hill. We'd forgotten about hunting. "She doesn't look anything like a witch," Gabriel said.

"Yes, I know. I don't think she's a witch. I think Peloyame and the others made it up," I said.



Re ne ra mo leboga, mme ra nna fa fatshe go nwa metsi. Bana bangwe ba ne ba re lebile nakwana, jaanong ba tsena mo jarateng, ka bongwe ka bongwe. Le bona ba tsaya digarawe le diharaka ba tseletsela tema mo re tlogetseng teng.

Peloyame o ne a ntse mo legoreng a le esi. "Heela? Nnaare lo dira eng? "Ke moloi! A lo lebetse?" Botlhe ba itlhokomolosa ene. A raga mmu ka setlhako mme a tsamaya a betilwe ke pelo.

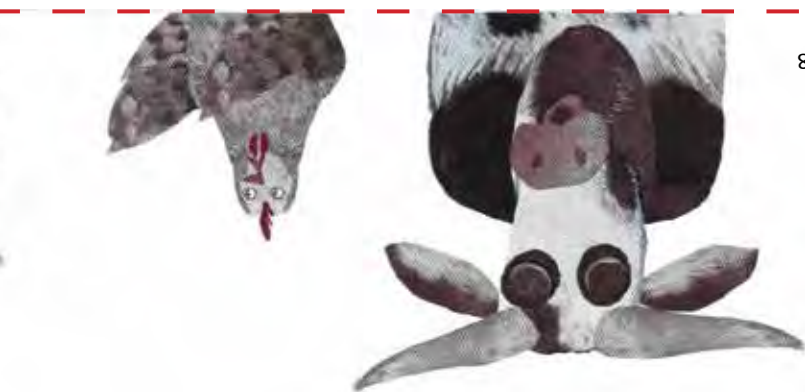
Mma Raphane o ne a lebile bana ba e neng e re fa ba mmona ba bo ba tshaba. Dikeledi di ne di elela mo marameng a gagwe. "Ke a leboga," a seba ka lentswe le le makgwakgwa. O ne a re lebile ka monyenyo jaaka re dutse mo setupung re nwa metsi. Ka leba Gabriel mme ka nyenya, ke itse gore jaanong re iponetse tsala e ntšhwa.



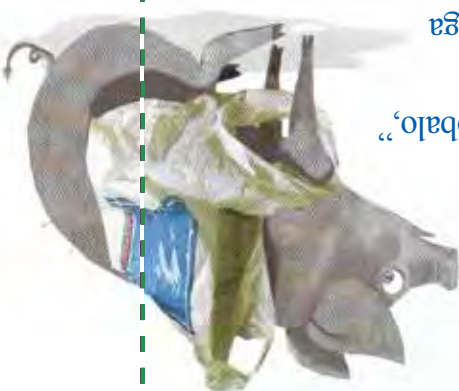
A leka gape, a taboga mme a ... TLOLA go tswa kwa marulolong.

phaketeng. bofelong, a kgona go palama ka leoto la pele mo Kolojane a tswela go kgaratlha ka boena. Kwa botswena bo o bo dirang boo.”
 “O seke wa nteba,” ga bua podi ya motsofe. “Ke
 “Nnyaya,” ga bua koko e namagadi. “Felo leo le kotsi.”
 “Ga nkitla ke kgona,” ga bua kgomo. “Ke tshwaregile.”
 “Phakete e a nkimela.”
 “Tswetswee, nhuseng tlhe?” ga goa Kolojane.

Once again he ran and ... JUMPED off the roof. Eventually, he got his front legs into the packet. Little Pig had to keep struggling all on his own. too crazy.”
 “Don’t look at me,” said the old goat. “It’s just
 “No,” said the hen. “Too dangerous.”
 “I can’t,” said the cow. “I’m busy.”
 Finding this packet a bit difficult.”
 “Could you help me?” called Little Pig. “I’m



a pele mo megoleng. mathuding. Ba mo leba a tshwere bothata go tsenya maoto gape go bona Kolojane e tshose phakete a e gogela kwa Kgantejana mo letsatsing leo, dipholologo tsa phuthlega ngongorega podi ya motsofe.



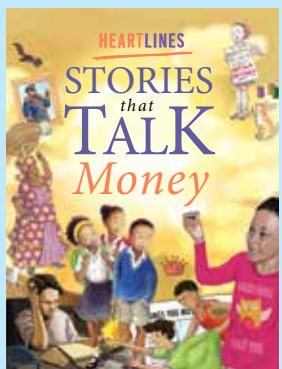
“Ke mang yo o tla selang diphuka tsele?” ga ga bua koko e namagadi.
 “Ke mmoleitse gore o tle go tswa dikgobalo,” ga bua kgomo.
 “Ke itsitse gore ke mogopolo o o bosilo”
 Later in the day, the animals once again stood around and watched as Little Pig found a packet and dragged it up onto the roof. They watched him struggle to get his front legs into the handles.
 “Who is going to pick up those feathers?” complained the old goat.
 “I told him he would get hurt,” said the hen.
 “I knew it was a stupid plan,” said the cow.

HEARTLINES

Can Little Pig fly?
 A Kolojane e ka fofa?



Bridget Krone
 Diek Grobler



For more information please email info@heartlines.org.za or phone (011) 771 2540.

HEARTLINES
 The Centre for Values Promotion

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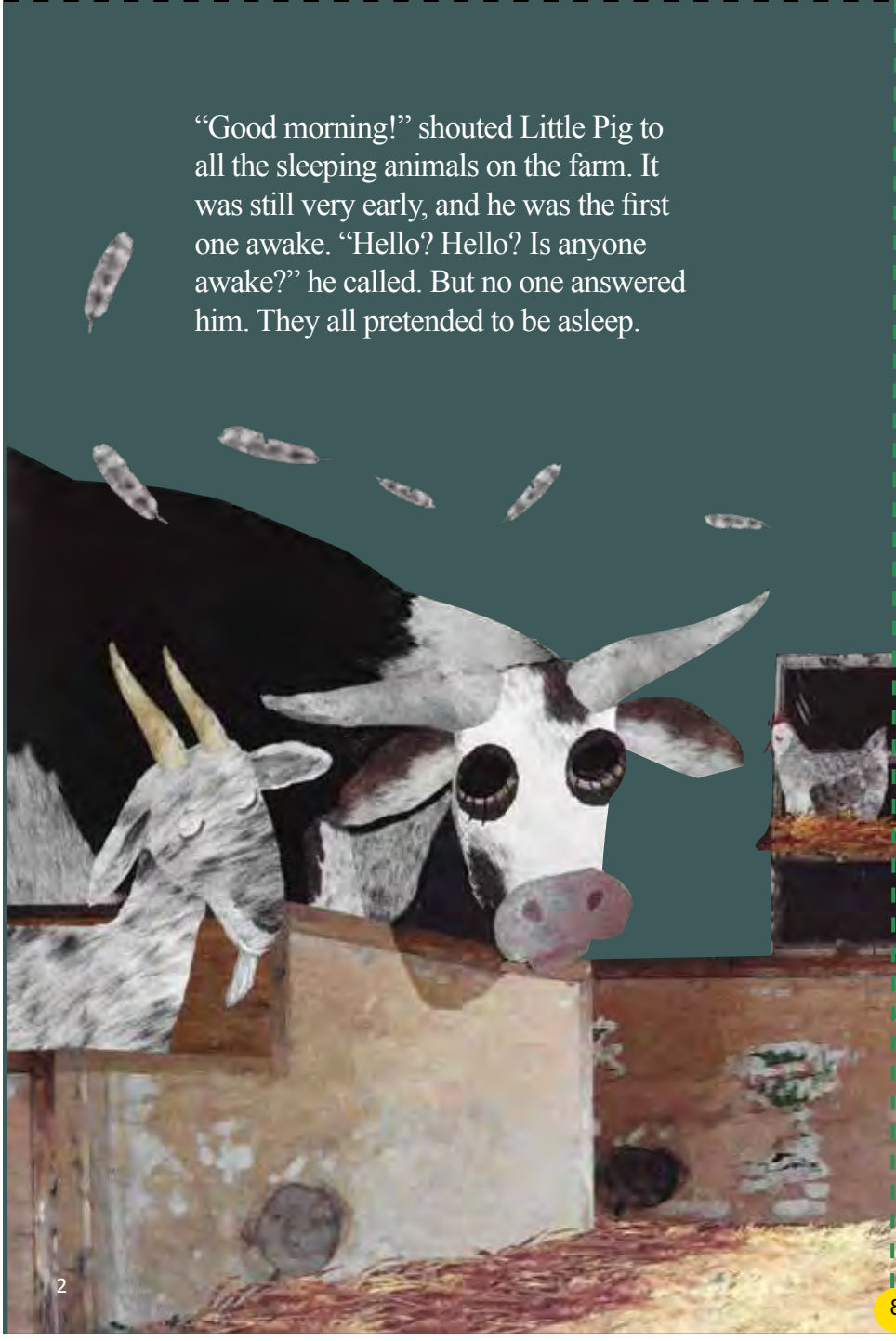


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THU! Kolojane a itaagana fa fatshe ka modumo. A ema ka dinao a tshikinya tlhogo. A tlathloba leoto lengwe le lengwe mme a fihlela a sa robege. A bona diphuka tsa gagwe di wetse fa fatshe ka fa tlase ga gagwe. Di ne di le manathwana. "Le jaanong," a bua ka bokgatlhamelamasisi, "Ke tla dira leano lengwe." A ipaakanyetsa go dira leano le leswa, pelo ya gagwe ya mmolela gore, "Sengwe le sengwe se a kgonagala fa o dumela mo go sona e bile tsholofelo ga e tlhabise ditlhong."

CRASH! Little Pig landed on the ground with a big bump. He stood up and shook his head. He wiggle each of his legs and found that nothing was broken. Then he saw his wings lying on the ground beside him. They were in pieces. "Oh well," he said bravely, "I'll have to make another plan." And he set off to look for a new idea, thinking to himself, "All things are possible if you believe and have hope."



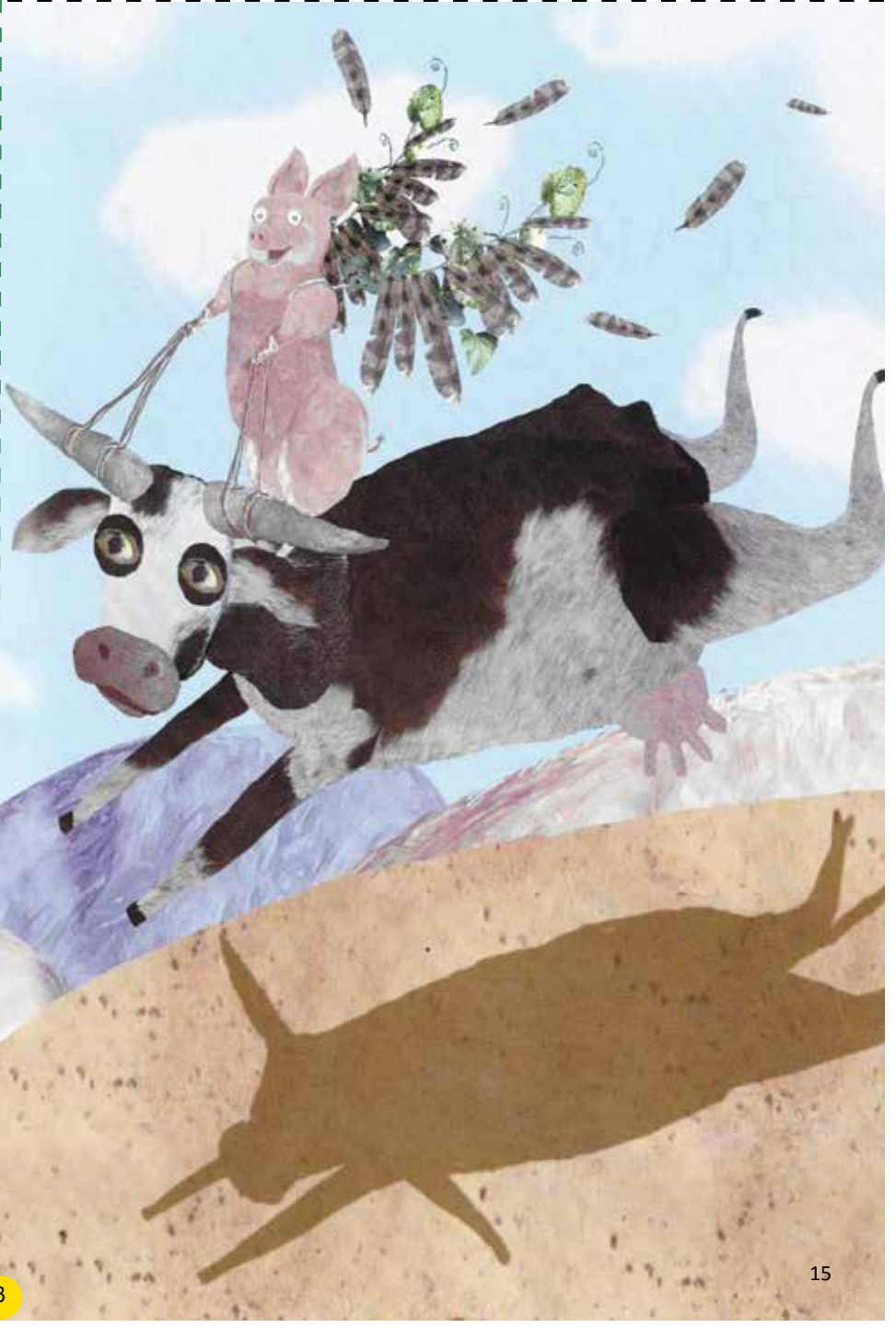
"Good morning!" shouted Little Pig to all the sleeping animals on the farm. It was still very early, and he was the first one awake. "Hello? Hello? Is anyone awake?" he called. But no one answered him. They all pretended to be asleep.



Go ne ga utlwagala modumo o o MOGOLLO fa phefo e fofisa phakete, e le phefo e neng e mo tlhaga ka fa morago. Jaanong ga utlwala modumo wa sengwe se THUBAGANA fa Kolojane e wela fa fatshe. Mo sebakeng se o ne a tlhaba ka nko fa fatshe. E le bottlhoko jo bo tsehang kwa pelong, a simolola go lela. "Ga go thusa sepe go lela," ga bua kgomo. "Ke go boletse gore o tlele ke leano le le bosilo. Fela o ne wa itlha ditsebe." "Ga ke lele," ga bua Kolojane a itshema a sa lele. "Go ruruga ga nko go dira matho a me a elele dikeledi.



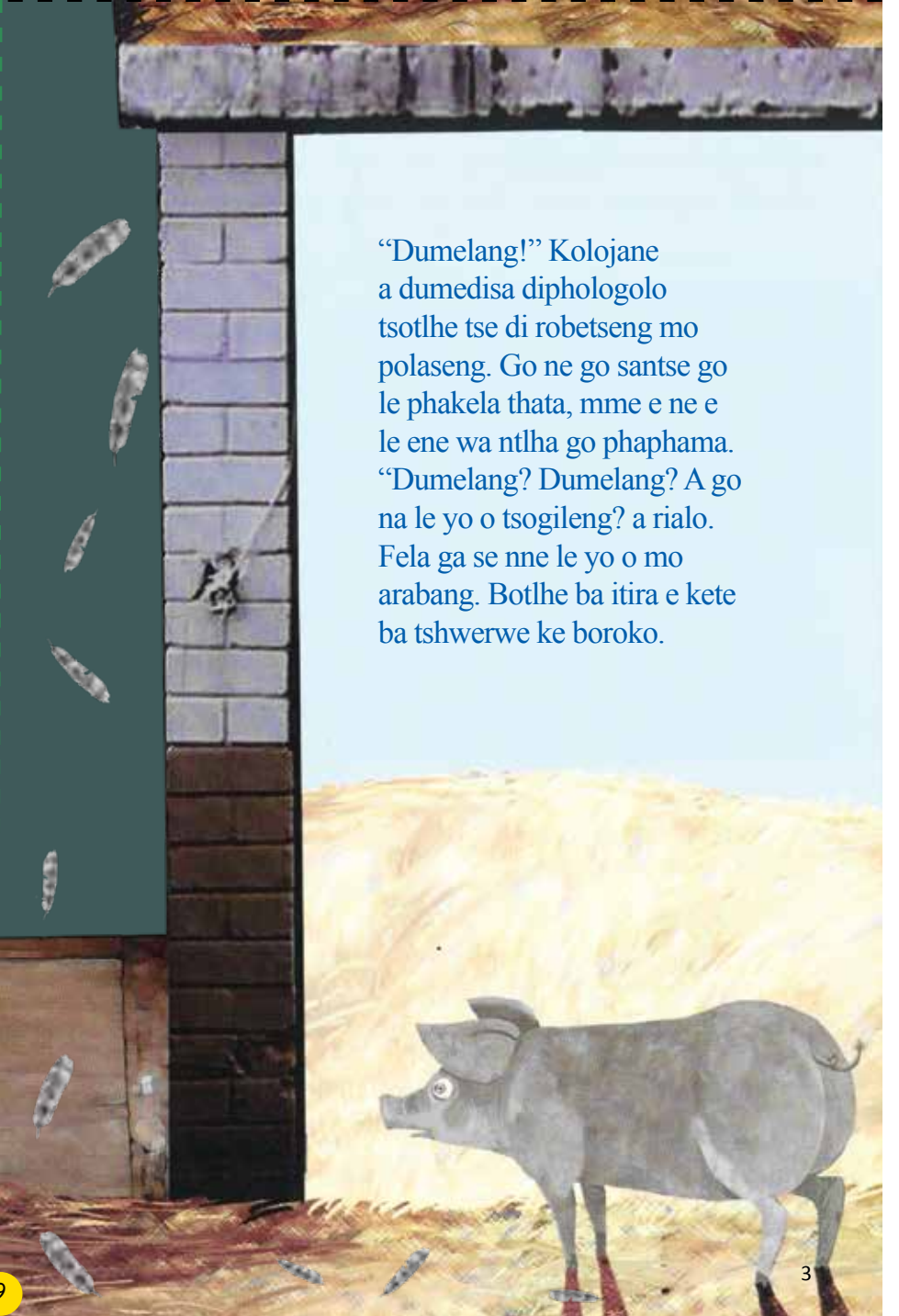
There was a loud WHOOSHING noise as the wind caught the packet which billowed out behind him. Then there was a loud CRASH as Little Pig hit the ground hard. This time he landed on his snout. It hurt a lot and he began to cry. "It's no use crying," said the cow. "I told you that this was a silly idea. But you didn't want to listen." "I'm not crying," pretended Little Pig. "This bump on my snout is just making my eyes water." And he walked away, sniffling. He held his head up high and blinked back the tears.





Suddenly, over the hill, came the cow. She was running as fast as she could. And holding tightly onto her horns, with beautiful wings streaming out behind him, was ... Little Pig! He was *flying* at last!

Ka tshoganyetso, kwa godimo ga thaba, ga bonagala kgomo. O ne a taboga ka lebelo le legolo. Yo o neng a itshwareletse ka maatla mo dinakeng tsa kgomo, diphuka tse dintle di phuphutha fa morago, e le...Kolojane! O ne a *fofa* kwa bofelong!



“Dumelang!” Kolojane a dumedisa diphologolo tsotlhe tse di robetseng mo polaseng. Go ne go santse go le phakela thata, mme e ne e le ene wa ntlha go phaphama. “Dumelang? Dumelang? A go na le yo o tsogileng? a rialo. Fela ga se nne le yo o mo arabang. Botlhe ba itira e kete ba tshwerwe ke boroko.

But Little Pig took no notice of them and went on trying to drag his wings up onto the roof. At last he managed. Then he strapped them on. He flapped them once, twice, three times, then stood up on his back legs and ran and ... JUMPED off the roof.

“Hey!” he shouted. “Look at me, I’m flying!”

Fela Kolojane ya ikgatolosa bona mme ya tswelela go gogela diphuka mo marulolong. Kwa bokhutlong a kgona go dira jalo. Fa fetsa a kgona go di bofelela. A di phuphuthisa gangwe, gabedi, gararo, e ema ka maoto a morago a taboga a... a fofa a TLOLA go tswa kwa marulolong. “Helela!” a goa. “Leba se ke se dirang, Ke a f...”



A while later, the animals were surprised to see Little Pig dragging two big branches towards the roof. He tried and tried but he was not strong enough to lift them up and they kept falling on top of him. “He’s very stupid if he thinks that he can fly with those branches,” said the cow. They all turned to look at Little Pig. He was crying. “It’s too hard!” he sobbed. “I can’t do this.” Big tears rolled down his cheeks and fell into the dust. The animals were quiet. They looked at Little Pig. They looked at each other. They felt very uncomfortable. “Little Pig...” said the hen slowly. “I’m sorry we didn’t help you. Please don’t give up.”

Go ise go ye kae, diphologolo tsa gakgamadiwa ke go bona Kolojane a goga dikala tse pedi go di isa kwa marulolong. A leka ka maatla otlhe fela a palelwa ke go tsholetsa dikala mme di ne di ntse di mo wela fa godimo. “E tloga e le seleele fa e le gore o akanya gore a ka fofa ka dikala tsele,” ga bua kgomo.

Botlhe ba retologa go bona Kolojane. O ne a lela. “Go thata e le tota,” a tswelela ka seelo. “Ga nkitla ke kgona go dira se.” Dikeledi tse dikgolo tsa simolola go pumpunyega mo mathlong a gagwe mme tsa wela mo leroleng.

Diphologolo di ne di didimetse. Ba leba Kolojane. Ba boa ba lebelelana ka bobona. Ba ne ba simolola go tlhomoga pelo. “Kolojane...” ga bua koko e namagadi ka iketlo. “Re maswabi fa re sa kgona go go thusa. Tswetswee o seke wa inela.”

“O dira eng?” ga botsa kgomo.
 “Ke leka . . .” ga bua Kolojane, “... go palama mo godimo ga ditsholelo. Ke dirile diphuka, o a bona, ke solofela gore ke tla fofa. A o ka nthusa ka go naya diphuka tseo?”
 “Nnyaya,” ga bua kgomo, “Leo ke leano le le sa siamang, e bile ga ke batle amega mo go lona.”
 “O tle go ikgobatsa,” koko e namagadi ya mo tsibosa.
 “E bile o dira tlhakatlhakano,” podi ya motsofe ya ngunanguna.

“What are you doing?” asked the cow.
 “I’m trying . . .” panted Little Pig, “... to climb up onto this roof. I’ve made some wings, you see, and I’m hoping to fly. Could you help and pass me those feathers?”
 “No,” said the cow. “That sounds like a very bad plan, and I don’t want anything to do with it.”
 “You’ll hurt yourself,” warned the hen.
 “And you are making a mess,” complained the old goat.

“Well,” said Little Pig, “I have things to do.” And off he trotted.

“Thank goodness he’s gone,” muttered the old goat. “It’s just too early for his nonsense.”

Eventually the animals got up and did what they always do. Stand around. Chew. Scratch. Moan. Scratch a bit more. Moan.

Only Little Pig was busy. All morning he ran around the farm, humming a little hum. The other animals watched as he rushed backwards and forwards with things in his mouth.

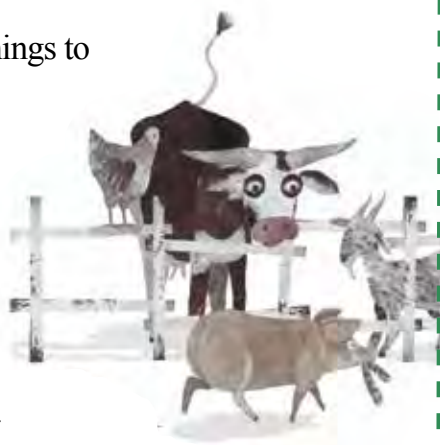
“Go siame,” ga bua Kolojane, “Ke na le dilo tse ke tshwanetseng go di dira”

A tswa a itsamaela.

“Ke leboga fa a tsamaile,” ga bua podi ya motsofe. “Ga re batle a kgotlhele maikutlo a rona go sa le mo mosong jaana.”

Jaanong diphologolo tsa tsoga mme tsa simolola go dira se se dirwang ka gale. Tsa emelela. Tsa tlhafuna. Tsa ingwaya. Tsa ngunanguna. Tsa ingwaya gape. Tsa ngunanguna.

Kolojane ke ene fela a neng a dira. O ne a ya godimo le tlase a imelwa ke tiro ya polase, a opela pina. Diphologolo tse dingwe di ne di mo lebile a ntse a ya godimo le tlase a hupile sengwe mo molomong.



“Yes,” said the cow. “You must always have hope, Little Pig. Life without hope is very . . . empty. And sad.”
 “And boring,” said the old goat.
 “So if you really, really want to fly, we will help you,” said the hen.
 Little Pig sniffed and wiped away his tears. “Really?” he asked. “Will you help me?”
 “Yes. We will!” Suddenly all the animals had ideas about how to help Little Pig fly.
 “Where are those guinea fowl feathers?”
 “I’ll get some more . . .”
 “And bring those branches!”
 “I think we might need that packet too.”
 “No! Find a bigger packet. That one’s too small.”
 They rushed around the farm collecting all the things they needed.
 That evening the animals all gathered in the field to watch Little Pig fly.
 There was a sound like distant thunder.
 It got louder and louder.

“Ee,” ga bua kgomo. “Ka gale o tshwanetse go nna le tsholofelo, Kolojane. Botshelo jo bo se nang tsholofelo . . . ke lefela la mafela. E bile bo bosula.”

“E bile bo a bora,” ga bua podi ya motsofe.

“Jaanong fa e le gore ammaruri, ammarure o batla go fofa, re tlaa go thusa,” ga bua koko e namagadi.

Kolojane a sunyetsa mamina a bo a iphimola dikeledi. “Ruriruri?” a botsa “A lo tla nthusa?”

“Ee. Re tlaa go thusa!” Ka tshoganyetso fela diphologolo tsotlhe tsa nna le maano gore di ka thusa Kolojane jang go fofa.

“Diphuka tsele tsa kgaka di kae?”

“Ke tla ya go di tsaya . . .”

“O tle le dikala tseo!”

“Ke akanya gore re tlhoka le phakete eo.”

“Nnyaya! Batlang phakete e kgo lwane. Eo e nnye thata.”

“Ba simolola go taboga mo polaseng ba tsaya sengwe le sengwe se ba tla se tlhokang.

“Maitseboeng ao diphologolo tsotlhe di ne di kokoane mo lebaleng go tla go bona Kolojane a fofa.

Ga utlwala modumo kgakala e kete wa tladi.

Modumo wa ya kwa godimodimo.



Fela ka bokhutshwane, ka bona mongwe a bula lebati mme pelo ya me ya betsa ka bonakoi! Shumba a tswa ka lobelo. Ka mo tshwara ka mo ngaparela. O ne a bolokesegeile!

Fa ke leba kwa godimo, ka bona mosadi yo o tsofetseng a dutse mo setupung fa pele ga nlo. O ne a obame e bile a ikokotilela ka thobane. Moriri wa gagwe o ne o logilwe ka botswerere. Ka mo leba mo matlhong mme ka gakgamala fa go se na phetogo epe mo go ma.

“Ke a leboga,” ka rialo.

Mma Raphane o ne a nyenya a ntebile. “Ntswa e e bonata e le lebelele go ka tlhokomelwa ke mosetsana yo monnye jaaka wena.”

“Ke kopa matshwarelo fa e go tshwentsse,” ka bua jalo.

A nyenya ka kutlobotlhoko, mme a se bue sepe. A retologa mme a boela morago kwa ntlong ya gagwe.

Nna le Gabriel ra fologa thaba ra boela gae. Re ne re lebetse ka go tsoma. “Ga a lebege jaaka moloji,” ga bua Gabriel.

“Ee, gontse fela jalo. Ga ke akanye gore ke moloji. Ke tsaya gore Pelayame le batho bangwe ba ilhametse maaka.” Ka bua jalo.

Jaamong ka utlwa ke sulafalelwa fa ke lemoga ka mo bana ba mo motseng ba tlhorontshitseng Mma Raphane sebaka se seleele ka teng. Ke ne ka utlwa botlhoko fa ke gakologelwa gore le ma ke ne ke le yo mongwe wa bona. Ka yona nako e ka tlhwa ke leano. “Jaamong ke a itse gore re ka dira eng se se ka tokafatsang maemo a re leng mo go ona!”

We thanked her and sat down to drink. The other children watched us for some time, and then they came into the yard, one by one. They picked up our tools and got to work where we had left off.

Pelayame stood at the fence alone. “Hey? What are you guys doing? She’s a witch! Have you forgotten?” Everyone ignored Pelayame. So she kicked the ground and walked away angrily.

Mma Raphane looked at the children who had run from her for so long. She turned to Gabriel and me. There were tears in her eyes. “Thank you,” she said in a scratchy whisper. She smiled down at us as we sat drinking water on her stoep. I looked at Gabriel and smiled, knowing that we had made ourselves a new friend.



The next day, my best friend, Gabriel, and I took our bows and arrows and headed up to the bush behind the hill to go hunting. “Is Shumba coming with us?” Gabriel asked looking down at my big black dog.

“Sure, why not? He likes hunting,” I said.

“But he always scares the animals away.”

I ignored Gabriel. He knew that our bows couldn’t kill anything anyway, even without Shumba.

As we climbed the hill, I wasn’t thinking about the witch’s house. But Shumba was...



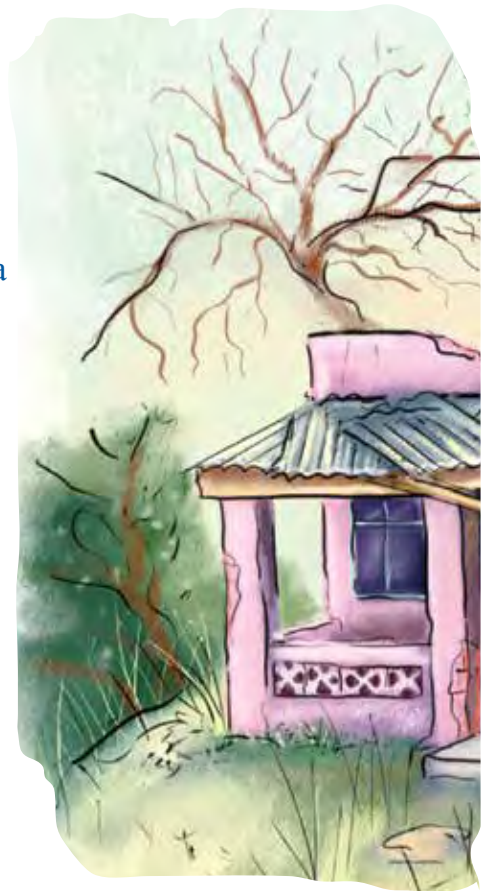
Re ne ra iphitlha ka fa morago ga legora, Pelayame, Kitso le nna, re sa kgone go hema sentle. “A o mmone?” Pelayame a botsa a felelwa ke mowa.

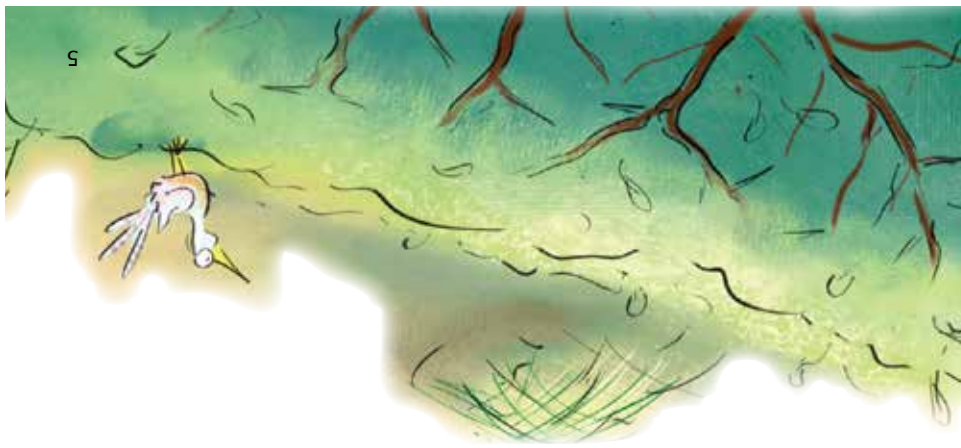
“Ee, o a tshosa,” ka rialo, le fa e le gore ke ne ke ise ke mmone. Fela ke ne ke sa tlhoke go mmona. Mongwe le mongwe o ne a itse gore Mma Raphane o lebega jang. O ne a na le moriri o moputswa e bile a le moleele, a le mosesane ka dikgono tse di ka segang motho ka bogare. Fa o mo leba mo matlhong, o ka fetoga legora. Bana ba le bantsi ba fetogile ditlotlwana. Seo re se itse sentle.

“A goga tlhogo mo lebating fa ke kolopa letlapa, a o bone?” Ga bua Kitso a itumetse.

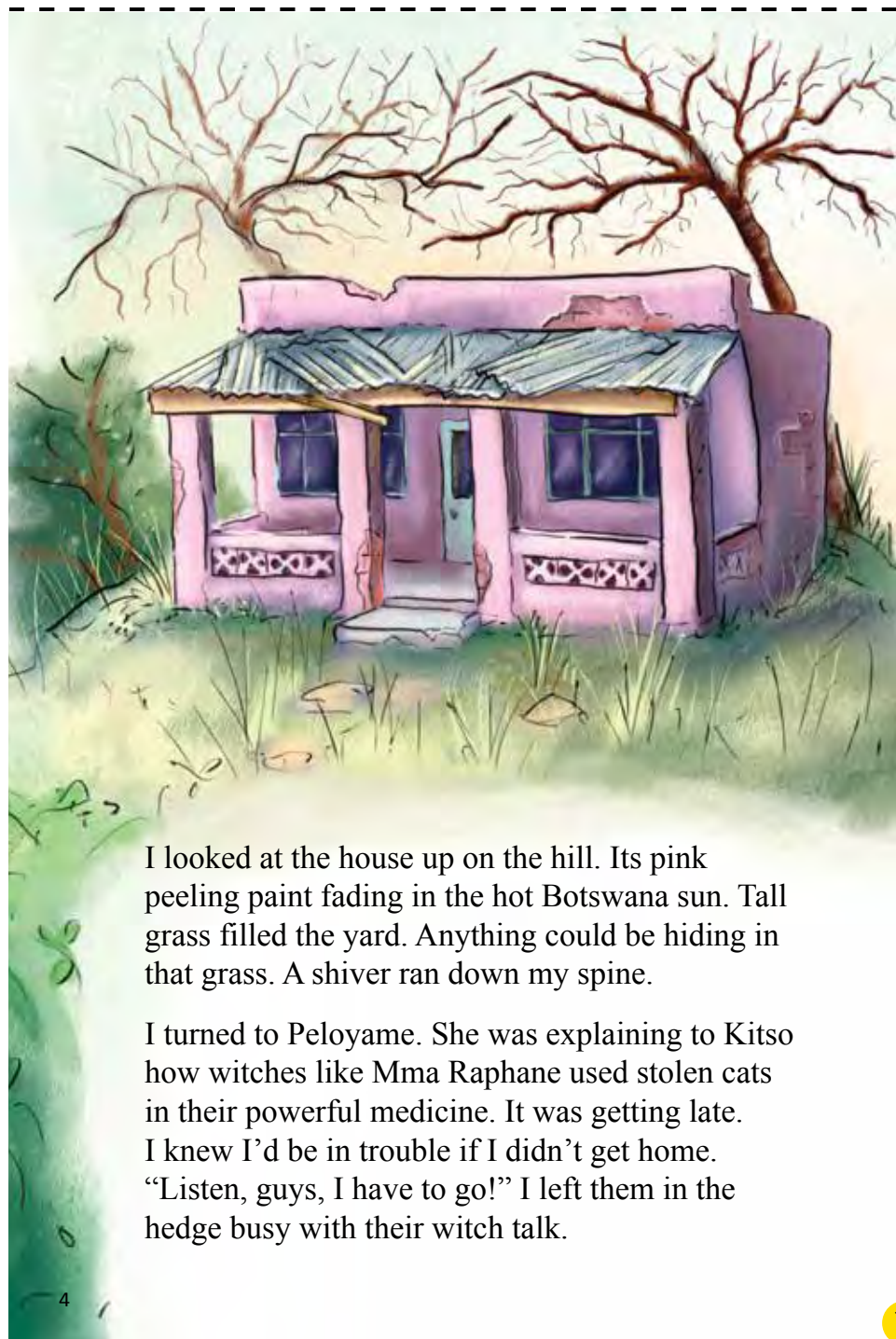
“Ntsala wa me a re o jele katse ya gagwe.”

“Ee, o dira jalo ka dinako dingwe,” Pelayame a rialo, a ntse a tshikinya tlhogo. Pelayame o ne a itse tsothle tse di ka itsiweng ka Mma Raphane, moloji.

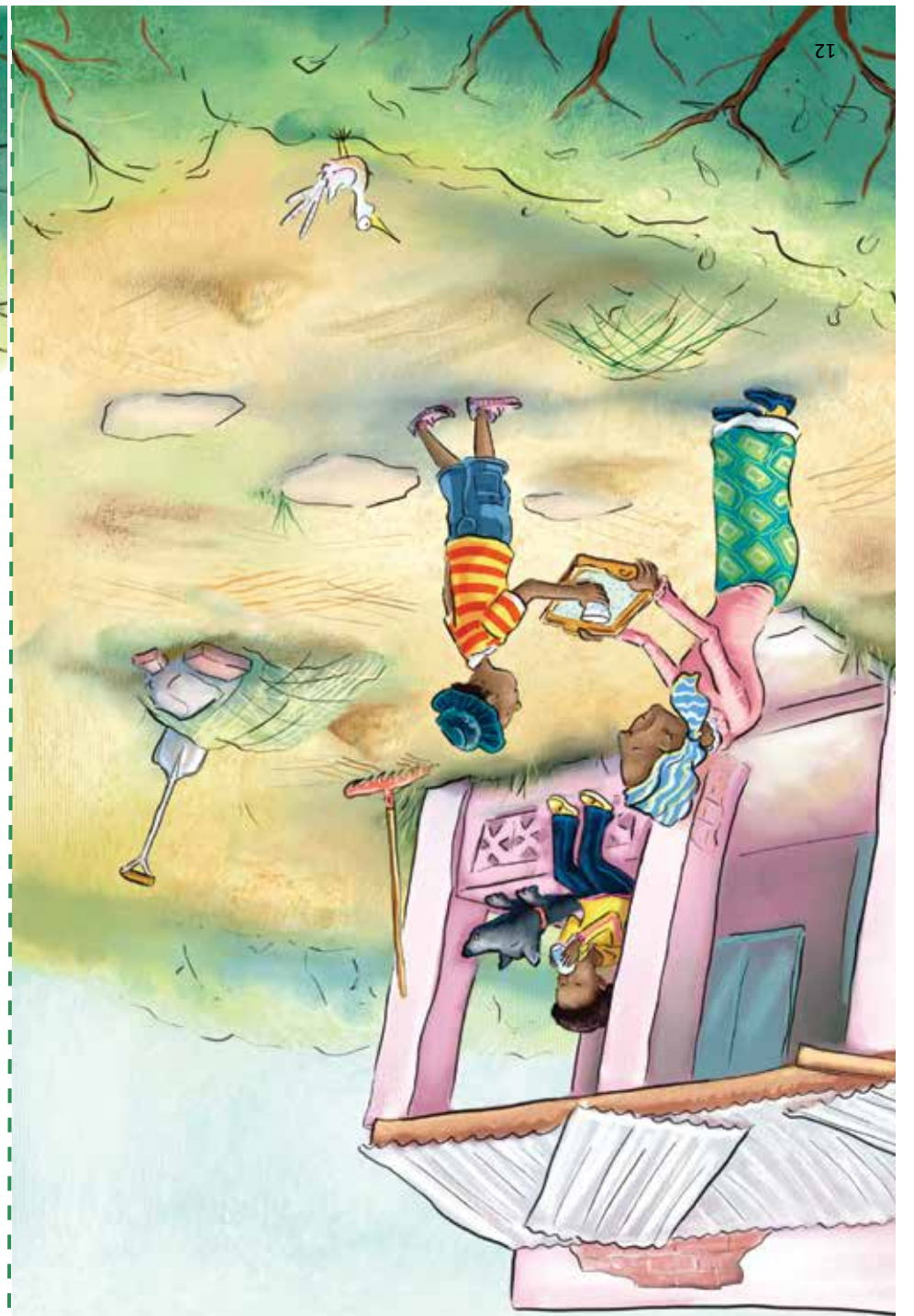




Ke ne ka leba ntlo e e mo godimo ga thaba. E mmala o mopinki, pente e e tlebogang e galosa ke letsatsi le le fisang la Botswana. Bojang jo boleele bo ikadile mo jarateng yothe. Sengwe le sengwe se ka itshuba mo bojamnyeng jole. Ka utlwa ke tsenwa ke letshogo. Ka leba Peloyame. O ne a tlhalosetsa Kitso ka mo baloi ba ba tshwanang le Mma Raphane ba dirisang dikatse tse ba di utswileng go dira ditlhare tse di thata. Go ne go setse go fifala. Ke ne ke itse gore re tlike go tsena mo mathateng fa re ka se gorege kwa gae ka bonako. “Reetsang ditsala tsa me, ke tshwanetse go tsamaya!” Ka ba tlogela mo legoreng ba nse ba bua ka boloi.



I looked at the house up on the hill. Its pink peeling paint fading in the hot Botswana sun. Tall grass filled the yard. Anything could be hiding in that grass. A shiver ran down my spine. I turned to Peloyame. She was explaining to Kitso how witches like Mma Raphane used stolen cats in their powerful medicine. It was getting late. I knew I’d be in trouble if I didn’t get home. “Listen, guys, I have to go!” I left them in the hedge busy with their witch talk.



We collected spades and rakes and headed back up the hill. Gabriel and I knocked quietly on the door. We had a short talk with Mma Raphane. Then we started clearing the long, dried grass in the yard. As we worked, other children came to stand along the fence. They stared at us, but kept silent.

Peloyame came too. She saw me and shouted, “Tebogo, are you crazy? Aren’t you afraid of the witch?”

“She’s not a witch!” Gabriel shouted back angrily.

Just then Mma Raphane came out with two glasses of cool water.

Re ne ra kokoanya digarawe le diharaka mme ra boela kwa thabeng. Re ne ra konyakonya mo lebating ka setu. Ra bua go le gonnye le Mma Raphane. Fa re fetsa ra tlosa bojang jo boleele jo bo omileng mo jarateng.

E rile re tswelletse go dira, bana ba bangwe ba tla go ema mo legoreng. Ba ne ba re tlhomile matlho, ba didimetse fela.

Peloyame le ene a goroga. E rile fa a mpona a mpitsa. “Tebogo, a o a tsenwa? A go o tshabe moloi?”

“Ga se moloi!” Gabriel a goa a šakgetse.

Ka yona nako e Mma Raphane a tla a tshotse digalase di le pedi tsa metsi a a maruru.

Get story active!



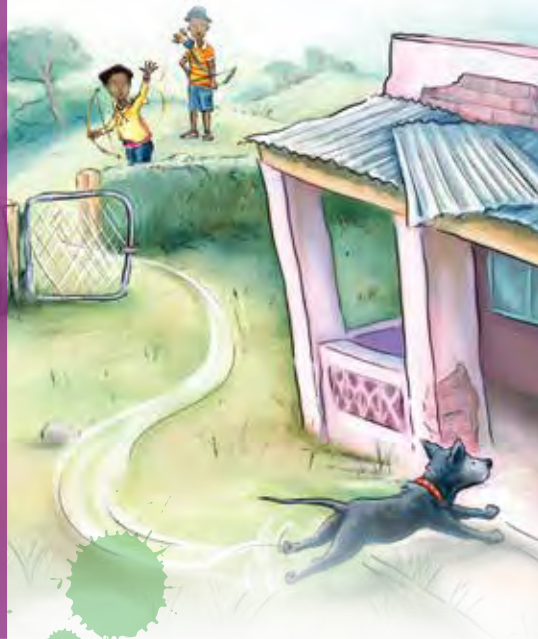
Nna le matlhagathaga a leinane!

Here are some activities for you to try. They are based on all the stories in this edition of the Na'ibali Supplement: *The witch who lives on the hill* (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12), *Can Little Pig fly?* (pages 7 to 10) and *The lazy chameleon's trick* (page 14).

Tse ke ditirwana tse o ka di dirang. Di ikaegile ka mainane otlhe a kgatiso e ya Tlaleletso ya Na'ibali: *Moloi yo o nnang mo thabeng* (ditsebe 5, 6, 11 le 12), *A Kolojane e ka fofa?* (ditsebe 7 go fitlha go 10) le *Matlhajana a leobu la setshwakga* (tsebe 15).

The witch who lives on the hill

- ★ What was so scary on the hill?
- ★ What did the children find out?
- ★ Is there someone in your community, or school, who people say nasty things about? Have you found out for yourself if those things are true?
- ★ What could you do to find out for yourself?
- ★ If rumours about someone are false, what could you do to change what other people think about that person?

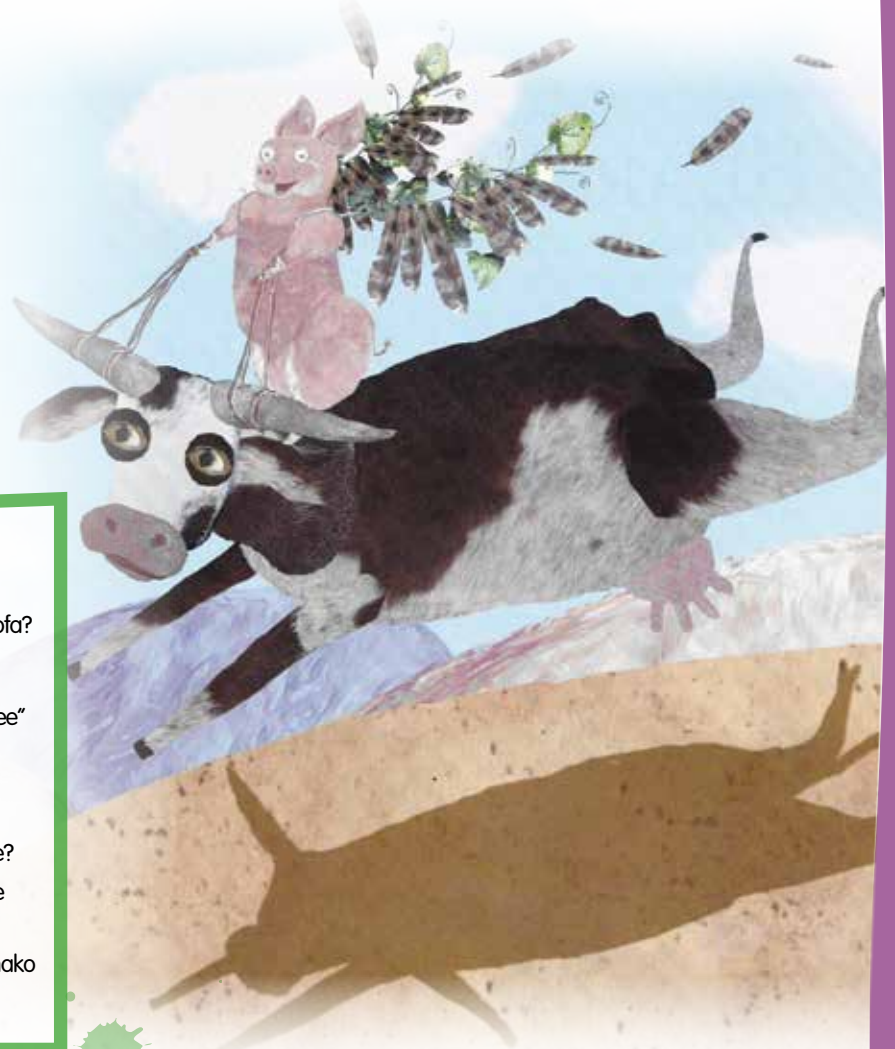


Moloi yo o nnang mo thabeng

- ★ Ke eng seo se neng se tshosa thata mo thabeng?
- ★ Ke eng se bana ba neng ba se lemoga?
- ★ A go na le motho mo motseng wa lona, kgotsa kwa sekolong, o batho ba buang bosula ka ene? A o kile wa itemogela gore tse ba neng ba di bua ke boammaruri?
- ★ O ka dira eng fa o ka itemogela se ka bowena?
- ★ Fa mabarebare ka ga mongwe a ka fitlhelwa a fosagetse, o ka dira eng go fetola se batho ba dumelang mo go sona ka ga motho yoo?

Can Little Pig fly?

- ★ Why do you think Little Pig didn't give up trying to fly?
- ★ Is there something that you really want to do? What is it?
- ★ Ask open-ended questions (questions that cannot be answered by saying "yes" or "no" and instead can be answered in different ways). For example:
 - Do you think the animals treated Little Pig well? Why or why not?
 - Is hope and having dreams the same thing? Why or why not?
 - Do you agree with the cow that we should always have hope? Why or why not?



A Kolojane e ka fofa?

- ★ Goreng o akanya gore Kolojane ga a ka a ineela ka maiteko a gagwe a go fofa?
- ★ A go na le sengwe se o batlang go se dira? Ke eng seo?
- ★ Botsa dipotso tse di tlhokang go tlhatlhamololwa (tse di ka se arabiweng ka "ee" kgotsa "nyaa", e nne dipotso tse di ka arabiwang ka mekgwa le melebo e e farologaneng. Sekao:
 - A o akanya gore diphologolo tse dingwe di ne tsa tshola Kolojane ka mokgwa o o tshwanetseng? Goreng o dumela jalo/goreng o ganetsa se?
 - A go nna le tsholofelo le go batla go fitlhelela ditiro tsa gago ke selo se le sengwe? Goreng o dumela jalo/goreng o ganetsa se?
 - A o dumelana le kgomo fa e re re tshwanetse go nna le tsholofelo ka dinako tsotlhe? Goreng o dumela jalo/goreng o ganetsa se?

The lazy chameleon's trick

- ★ Was Chameleon borrowing or stealing when he took things from Hare, Frog, Tortoise and Lizard? What is the difference between stealing and borrowing?
- ★ Why do you think it is good to pay back what you borrowed?
- ★ Imagine that you don't want people to know who you are. Use old clothes, hats, pieces of material and sunglasses to change how you look. Remember that you can also change the way you walk and talk to hide who you are.



Matlhajana a leobu la setshwakga

- ★ A Leobu le ne le adima kgotsa le utswa fa le ne le tsaya dilo tsa ga Mmutla, Segwagwa, Khudu le Mokgatitswane? Pharologano ke eng magareng ga go utswa le go adima?
- ★ Goreng o akanya gore go siame go busa sengwe se o se adimileng?
- ★ Itlhome fela gore ga o batle batho ba itse gore o mang. Dirisa diaparo tsa bogologolo, dihutshe, manathwana a masela le digalase tsa matlho gore o seke wa lemogiwa gore o mang. Gakologelwa gore o ka fetola tsela e o tsamayang ka yona le tsela e o buang ka yona gore batho ba se ke ba go lemoga.



The lazy chameleon's trick



Written by Pirai Mazungunye ■ Illustrated by Vian Oelofson

Long ago, in the peaceful village of Mudavula, there lived a very lazy chameleon. At that time, all the animals farmed the land to feed themselves and their families. All except Chameleon. Because of his laziness, he did not want to work like everyone else. Instead, he thought up a crooked plan so that he could borrow from others and live well.

One Monday morning, Chameleon went to Hare to borrow maize meal. Before he arrived at Hare's house, he changed his skin colour from brown to green.

"Please lend me some maize meal," Chameleon asked.

"And when will you pay me back?" Hare asked.

"At the end of the month!" Chameleon promised.

Hare filled the empty bucket that Chameleon had brought. Chameleon took the maize meal home, smiling as he went. He was thinking about his crooked plan to trick the other animals. He made up a little song to help him remember his plan.

*I will change my colours
But no one will ever know.
I was green when Hare saw me,
With Lizard I'll be yellow.
Frog will see a black chameleon
With Tortoise, brown I'll be.
I will change and change my colours.
They will never know it's me!*

On Tuesday, Chameleon woke up hungry. "I can't eat porridge every day. I need rice!" Chameleon thought. "I will change my skin colour to yellow and go to Lizard. If I can trick everyone, I will not pay anyone anything!"

Chameleon went with his empty bucket to Lizard, who kindly filled it with rice. Chameleon promised to pay Lizard back at the end of the month.

On Wednesday, after cooking some rice, Chameleon looked unhappily at his plate. "No! No! Plain rice is not nice. I need meat!" Chameleon thought for a while. "Frog will give me meat!" he decided.

Chameleon changed his skin colour to black and ran to Frog's house with his empty bucket. Frog filled his bucket with meat. Again, Chameleon promised to pay Frog back at the end of the month.

"I am missing fruit. I need it!" Chameleon thought on Thursday. "Who has fruit?" Chameleon thought, scratching his head. "Tortoise! Yes, Tortoise!"



Chameleon changed his skin colour to brown and went to Tortoise with his empty bucket. He asked Tortoise for fruit, and Tortoise filled his bucket with bananas, oranges and apples.

"Thank you, thank you, Mr Tortoise. I will pay you back at the end of the month," he promised.

All the time Chameleon kept singing his song so that he would remember his colour tricks.

*I will change my colours
But no one will ever know.
I was green when Hare saw me,*

*With Lizard I'll be yellow.
Frog will see a black chameleon
With Tortoise, brown I'll be.
I will change and change my colours.
They will never know it's me!*

When the end of the month came, the animals waited for Chameleon to come and pay them back what he had borrowed. But Chameleon did not come.

First, Hare went to Chameleon's house. "Those of here! Those of here!" Hare called loudly at the gate.

Chameleon peeped through the window. When he saw Hare, he remembered his song. "Aah, Mr Hare, I was green when I borrowed your maize meal," Chameleon said to himself. Quickly, he changed his skin colour to yellow and went to the gate to meet Hare.

"I am looking for a green chameleon," Hare said surprised.

"A green chameleon? I live here alone. I moved in not long ago," Chameleon lied to Hare.

Hare left and Chameleon went back into his house. "I am the clever one," Chameleon boasted aloud, jumping onto the couch.

In the days that followed, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise also came looking for the chameleon who had borrowed rice, meat and fruit from them. Chameleon tricked each one by changing his skin colour so that they would not recognise him.

Another month passed by. Then Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise met by a big marula tree to gather its delicious golden fruit. Looking at his basket of marulas, Tortoise said, "A green chameleon has moved in at the brown chameleon's house. That brown chameleon owes me a bucket of fruit."

"No," said Hare. "A yellow chameleon stays at that house. I am looking for the green chameleon who owes me a bucket of maize meal."

"No," Lizard said. "A black chameleon stays at that house. I am looking for the yellow chameleon who owes me a bucket of rice."

"No," Frog said. "A brown chameleon stays at that house. I am looking for the black chameleon who owes me a bucket of meat."

Then Lizard said, "Could it be that one chameleon has tricked us all by changing his skin colour? Let's all go to the house at the same time."

So Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise marched to Chameleon's house and shouted for him to come out.



Chameleon peeped through the window at the angry animals. He felt ashamed that his laziness had brought him so much trouble, so he went out and begged Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise to forgive him.

Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise agreed to forgive Chameleon. "But never again will you get anything from any one of us," they said.

And from that day on, the lazy chameleon had to work for his food just like everyone else.



Mathajana a leobu la setshwakga

E kwadilwe ke Pirai Mazungunye E tshwantshitswe ke Vian Oelofson

Sekhutlwana sa leinane



Bogologolotala, mo motseng wa kagiso wa Mudavula, go ne go nna leobu la setshwakga. Mo nakong eo, diphologolo tsothe di ne di ruile lefatshe go fula mo go lona le go tlhokomela bana

ba tsona. Diphologolo tsothe ntle fela le Leobu. Ka ntlha ya botshwakga jwa gagwe, o ne a sa batle go dira go tshwana le diphologolo tse dingwe. Mo boemong jwa se, o ne a tla ka leano le le sokameng la gore a adime fa go ba bangwe gore a tshele sentle.

Tsatsi lengwe mo mosong wa Mosupologo, Leobu a ya kwa go Mmutla go adima bopi. Pele a goroga kwa ntlong ya ga Mmutla, a fetola mmala wa gagwe go tswa go bophifadu go nna botala.

"Tsweetswee ke kopa o nkadime bopi," Leobu la ikopela jalo.

"Jaanong o tla bo busa leng?" ga botsa Mmutla.

"Mafelo a kgwedi!" Leobu la mo solofetsa jalo.

Mmutla a tlatsa kgamelo e Leobu le tlileng le e tshotse. Leobu a tsaya bopi a boela gae, a tsamaya a nyenya tselo yotlhe. O ne a ntse a akanya ka mathajana a gagwe a go tsietsa diphologolo tse dingwe. O ne a itlhamela pinanyana gore a gakologelwe leano le.

*Ke tla fetola mebala
Fela ga go ope yo o tla itseng.
Ke ne ke le motala fa Mmutla a mpona,
Fa ke ya go Mokgatitswane ke tla nna serolwana
Segwagwa se tla bona Leobu le lentsho
Khudu ene o tla mpona ke le phifadu.
Ke tla fetoga ke bo ke fetole mebala.
Ga go ope yo o tla itseng gore ke nna!*

Ka Labobedi, Leobu a tsoga a tshwerwe ke tlala. "Nka se je bogobe letsatsi le letsatsi. Ke batla raese!" Leobu a akanya. "Ke tla iphetola go nna serolwana mme ke ye go bona Mokgatitswane. Fa nka kgona go tsietsa botlhe, ga nkitha ke duela ope sepe!"

Leobu a tsaya kgamelo e e lolea a ya kwa go Mokgatitswane, yo ka boikobo a neng a tlatsa kgamelo ya Leobu ka raese. Leobu a solofetsa Mokgatitswane gore o tla e busa mafelo a kgwedi.

Ka Laboraro, morago ga go apaya raese, Leobu a bona sejana sa gagwe se sa mo itumedise. "Nnyaya! Nnyaya! Raese e e senang sešebo ga e kitha e nna monate. Ke batla nama!" Leobu a akanya, "Segwagwa se tla mpha nama!" a swetsa.

Leobu a fetola mmala wa letlalo go nna montsho pele a tabogela kwa ntlong ya ga Segwagwa ka kgamelo e e lolea. Segwagwa sa tlatsa kgamelo ya gagwe ka nama. Gape-gape, Leobu a solofetsa gore o tla busa nama mafelo a kgwedi.



"Ke tlhoafaleitse maungo. Ke a tlhoka e le tota!" Leobu a akanya ka Labone. "Ke mang yo o nang le maungo?" Leobu a buela mo pelong, a ingwaya tlhogo. "Khudu! Ee, Khudu!"

Leobu a fetola mmala wa gagwe go nna phifadu mme a ya kwa go Khudu ka kgamelo e e lolea. A kopa Khudu gore a mo adime maungo, mme Khudu a tlatsa kgamelo ka dipanana, dinamune le diapole.

"Ke a leboga, ke leboga thata, Rre Khudu. Ke tla go duela mafelo a kgwedi," a mo solofetsa jalo. Ka dinako tsothe Leobu a tswelela go opela pina ya gagwe gore a kgone go gakologelwa go tsietsa diphologolo ka mebala.

*Ke tla fetola mebala
Fela ga go ope yo o tla itseng.*

*Ke ne ke le motala fa Mmutla a mpona,
Fa ke ya go Mokgatitswane ke tla nna serolwana
Segwagwa se tla bona Leobu le lentsho
Khudu ene o tla mpona ke le phifadu.
Ke tla fetoga ke bo ke fetole mebala.
Ga go ope yo o tla itseng gore ke nna!*

E rile fa bofelo jwa kgwedi bo goroga, diphologolo tsa leta Leobu gore a tle go ba duela se o se adimileng. Fela Leobu la seke a tla go duela.

Wa ntlha ya nna Mmutla yo o ileng kwa ntlong ya Leobu. "Ke rona fano! Ke rona fano!" Mmutla a goa ka lentsewe le le kwa godimo a le mo kgorong.

Leobu a mo okomela ka letlhabaphefo. E rile a bona Mmutla, a gakologelwa pina ya gagwe. "Ao, Rre Mmutla, ke ne ke le motala fa ke adima bopi kwa go wena," Leobu a buela mo pelong. Ka bonako a fetola mmala wa gagwe go nna serolwana mme a ya kwa kgorong go dumedita Mmutla.

"Ke batla Leobu le le tala," ga bua Mmutla a akabetse.

"Leobu le le tala?" Ke nna fa ke le nosi. Ga se bogologolo ke nna fa," Leobu la aketsa Mmutla.

Mmutla a tsamaya mme Leobu a boela morago kwa ntlong ya gagwe. "Ke tloga ke le botlhale," Leobu a buela kwa godimo ka boikgantsho, a tlolela mo sofeng ya gagwe.

Morago ga malatsi a se kae, Mokgatitswane, Segwagwa le Khudu le bona ba tla go bona Leobu yo o adimileng raese, nama le maungo mo go bona. Leobu a tswelela go ba tsietsa a dirisa mmala wa letlalo la gagwe gore ba seke ba mo lemoga.

Ga feta kgwedi e nngwe. Jaanong Mmutla, Mokgatitswane, Segwagwa le Khudu ba tshwara kopano mo setlhareng se segolo sa morula go itapolosa ka maungo a a monate a sona. E rile fa a leba mo serotong sa gagwe sa morula Khudu a re, "Leobu le letala le simolotse go nna kwa ntlong ya Leobu le le phifadu. Leobu le le phifadu leo le nkolota kgamelo ya maungo."

"Nnyaya," Mmutla a rialo. "Ke Leobu le le serolwana le le nnang kwa ntlong eo. Nna ke batla Leobu le le tala le le nkolotang kgamelo ya bopi."

"Nnyaya," ga bua Mokgatitswane. "Ke Leobu le lentsho le le nnang kwa ntlong eo. Nna ke batla Leobu le le serolwana le le nkolotang kgamelo ya raese."

"Nnyaya," ga bua Segwagwa. "Leobu le le phifadu le nna kwa ntlong ele. Nna ke batla Leobu le lentsho le le nkolotang kgamelo ya nama,"

Mme Mokgatitswane wa re, "A mme e ka nna gore Leobu le re tsieditse rotlhe ka go fetola mmala wa letlalo la gagwe? A re yeng kwa ntlong ya gagwe rotlhe ka nako e le nngwe."

Ka jalo Mmutla, Mokgatitswane, Segwagwa le Khudu ba ya kwa ntlong ya Leobu mme ba goa gore a tswe mo ntlong.



Leobu a tlhola ka letlhabaphefo go bona diphologolo tse di šakgetseng. A swaba thata gore botshwakga jwa gagwe bo mo tsentse mo mathateng, a tswa mme a lopa Mmutla, Mokgatitswane, Segwagwa le Khudu gore ba mo itshwarele.

Mmutla, Mokgatitswane, Segwagwa le Khudu ba dumela go itshwarela Leobu. "Fela ga o kitha o bona sepe go tswa mo go rona," ba rialo.

Go tloga ka letsatsi leo, leobu la setshwakga la simolola go dira ka natla go bona dijo go tshwana le botlhe.

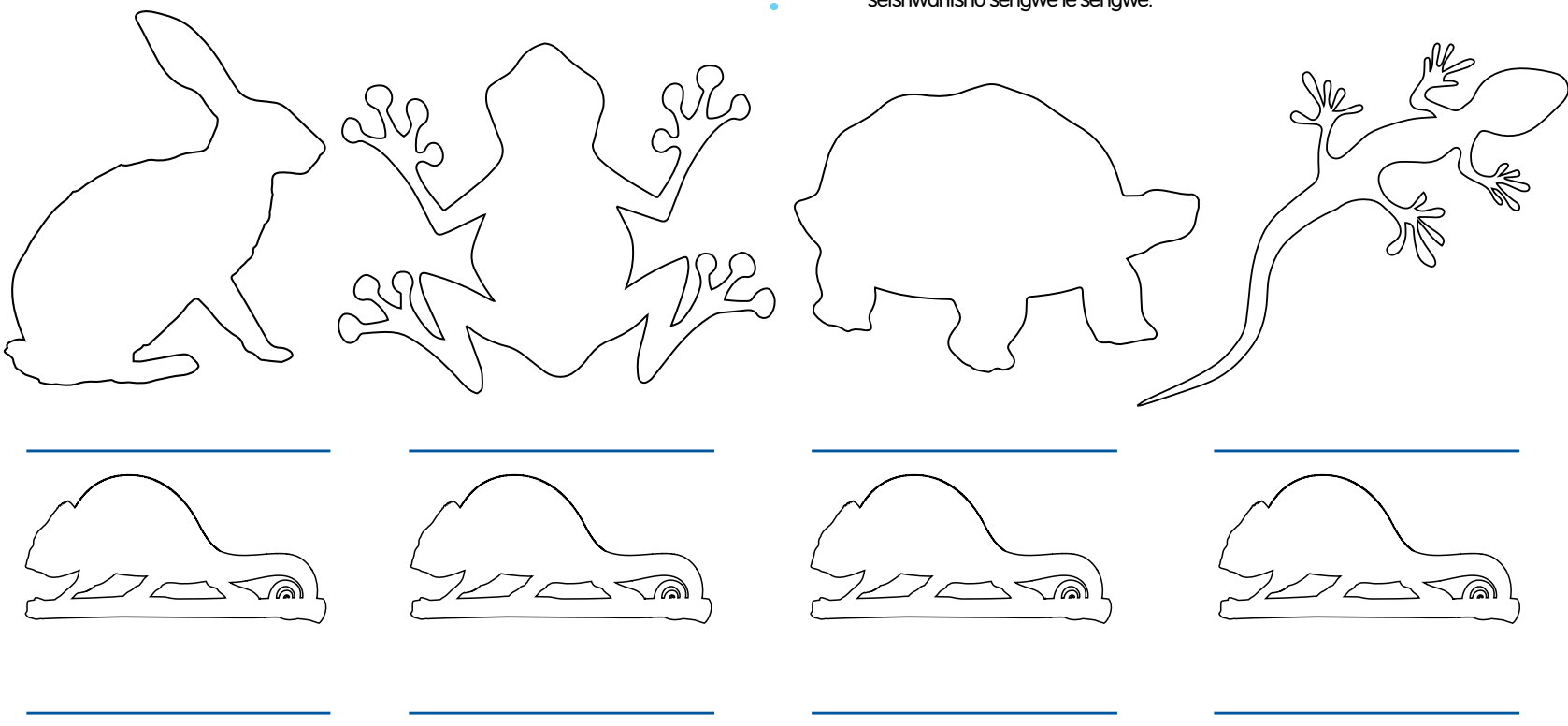
Nal'ibali fun

Monate wa Nal'ibali



- 1.** The picture outlines below are from the story *The lazy chameleon's trick*.
- Write the name of each animal under each picture outline.
 - Look at the pictures in the story. Colour in each animal.
 - Colour in the chameleon under each animal. Use the colour that Chameleon used when he visited the animal. Write the name of the colour under each picture.

- Ditlhaloso tsa setshwantsho tse di fa tlase di tswa mo leinaneng Matlhajana a leobu la setshwakga.**
- Kwala leina la phologolo nngwe le nngwe fa tlase ga tlhaloso ya setshwantsho sengwe le sengwe.
 - Leba ditshwantsho tse di mo leinaneng. Khalara phologolo nngwe le nngwe.
 - Khalara leobu ka fa tlase ga phologolo nngwe le nngwe. Dirisa mmala o leobu le o dirisitseng fa le etela phologolo. Kwala leina la mmala ka fa tlase ga setshwantsho sengwe le sengwe.



- 2.** Read the beginning of the story below. Look at the picture. Now write what you think happened next.

Long, long ago, hares had beautiful, long, fluffy white tails, which they wagged whenever they felt happy or excited. At that time, all the hares lived on an island, separated from the mainland by a wide, foaming river. Though the hares knew how to swim, they could never reach the mainland, because in this river lived dozens and dozens of big, green, hungry crocodiles. These crocodiles loved nothing more than delicious hare for breakfast, lunch and supper.

One day, an especially frisky young hare called Haruki suddenly had a brilliant idea. "Guess what?" he boasted to his friends. "Today I'm going to escape to the mainland!"



- Buisa matseno a leinane le le fa tlase. Leba setshwantsho. Jaanong kwala se o akanyang se diragetse go tloga fa.**
- Bogologotata, mebutla e ne e na le megatla e mentle, e meleele ya boboa, e e neng e e fefetla fa e itumetse e bile e ipela ka sengwe. Ka nako eo, mebutla yotlhe e ne e nna mo setlhakatlhakeng, se se neng se kgaogantswe le lefatshhe ke noka e e sephara ya lefulo. Le fa e le gore mebutla e ne e itse go thuma, e ne e sa kgone go tla mo lefatsheng, ka gonne mo nokeng e go ne go nna dikwena tse dintantsi tse di bogale. Dikwena tse di ne di sa rate sepe go gaisa nama ya mebutla, e le difithilo, dijo tsa motshegare le dilalelo tsa tsona.
- Ka letsatsi lengwe, mmutla o mmošana o o bidiwang Haruki, yo o neng o ithatela metshameko, wa tla ka leano le lentle e le tota. "Lo a itse ke eng?" a ikgantshetsa ditsala tsa gagwe. "Gompieno ke tšile go ngwega ke ye kwa lefatsheng!"

Nal'ibali is here to motivate and support you. Contact us in any of these ways:
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