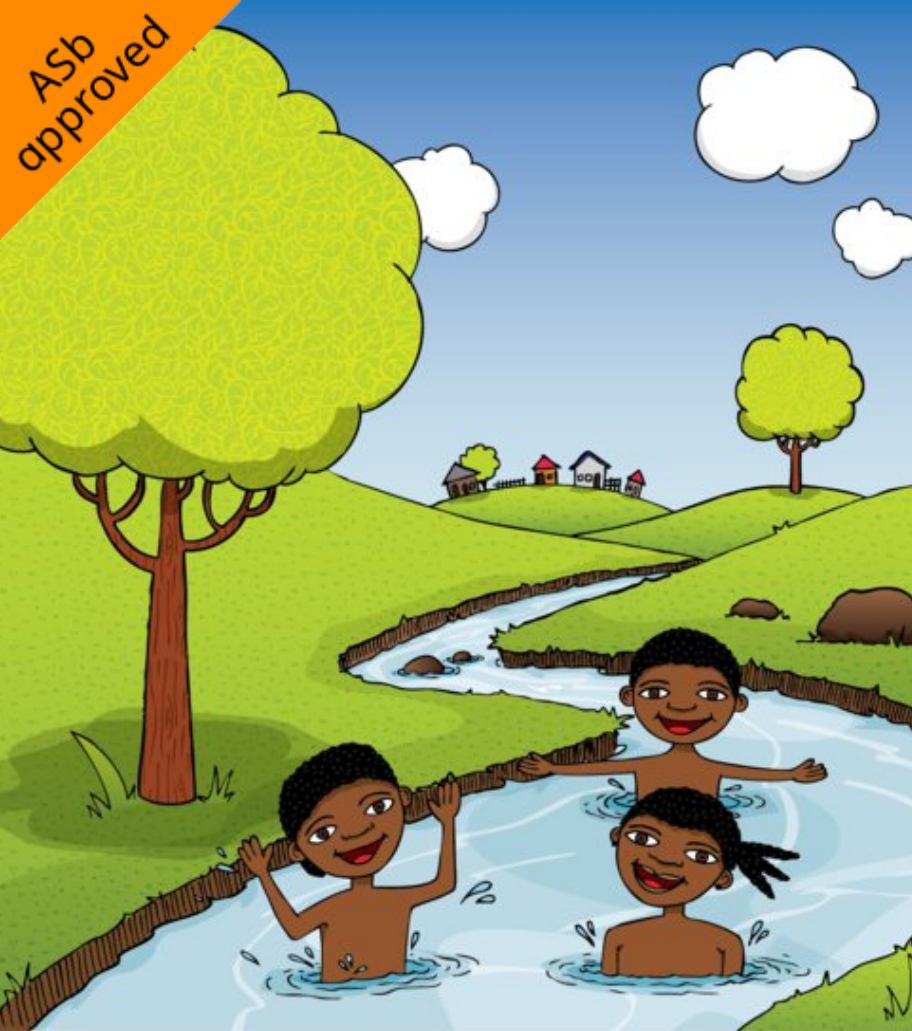




One hot Saturday afternoon

Nombulelo
Thabane and Tessa
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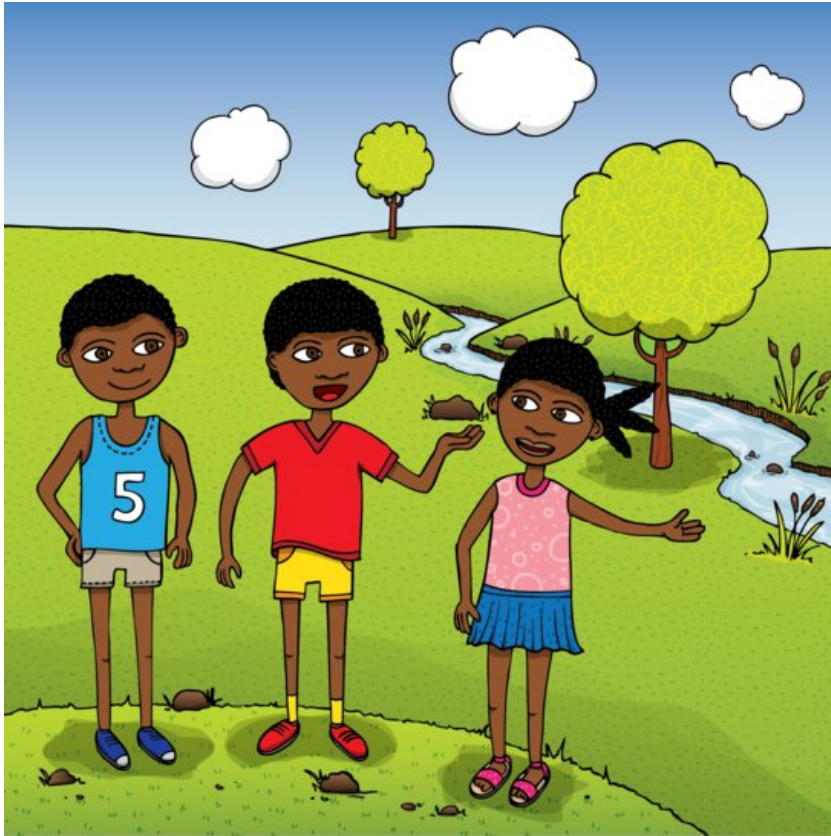


It was a very hot Saturday
afternoon in December.



"Bontle and Mpho and Lerato, go out and play!" Mme said to us. "I don't want you under my feet."

We ran out of the house.



"Let's go to the river,"
Lerato said. "It's cooler
there."

"But Mme told us not to
swim in the river," said
Bontle.

"We won't swim,"
answered Lerato. "We'll
just play in the shade next
to the water."



But playing libeke is hot work, even when you're under the trees next to the river.

First we took off our shoes. But we were still hot.

Then we took off our shirts and skirts. But we were still hot.



We put our feet in the river to cool off. Then we splashed each other. Soon we were soaked with water.



"Oh come on! Let's swim," said Mpho. "Mme will never know."

We swam and swam and forgot about the time.



The sun started to go down, and the day began to cool.

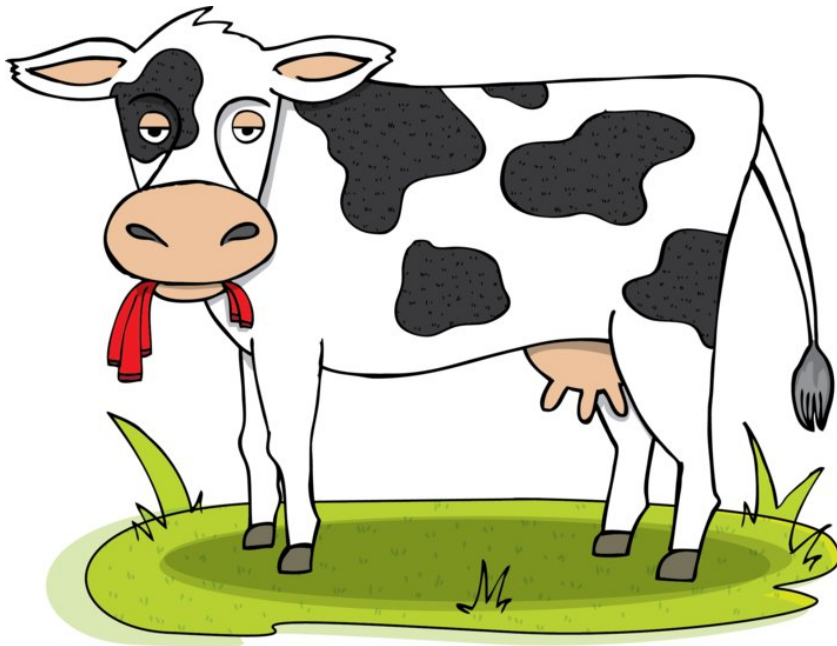
Where were our clothes?



We looked under the trees.

We looked on the bushes.

We looked everywhere.



There were some cows near the river, enjoying the sweet grass. Bontle looked up, "Look at that cow! What's in her mouth?"

"She's eating a red flower," said Lerato.

"It's not a red flower," shouted Mpho. "It's your shirt!"



We looked at another cow
who was chewing
something blue.

“That’s my skirt!” shouted
Bontle.



We went home in our
panties, shivering. But not
only because it was cool.

"It was the cows," we cried.
"The cows ate our clothes."



But did Mme believe us?

Soon our bottoms were
very warm. And it wasn't
from the sun.

One hot Saturday afternoon

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