



My sister Lesedi is a whirlwind.

She'll rock on her chair and pretend she's a bear. She'll hide up a tree if you try to catch her.



Granny shouts, "Come down from there, you'll ruin your hair!"

"Oh Granny," Lesedi replies, "I'm already mid-air!" In disbelief, Granny shakes her head.



Best believe whenever it's raining, my sister Lesedi will run through the rain.

"Lesedi!" shouts Grandma, "Come inside, you'll ruin your clothes!"





Lesedi makes drawings from her dinner and little puddles with her tea.





She booms and bangs on her drum set and blasts her electric guitar.



It's no wonder she doesn't notice the mess she's making in our room!



“Lesedi,” says Grandma, “Truly this is no way for a young lady to behave.”





“Oh Granny,” yawns Lesedi, “This is the way I was made.”



But all through the night, Lesedi, tosses and turns, she doesn't sleep a wink.



Come the morning, Lesedi is still sleepy.

“Oh Granny,” says Lesedi, “I didn’t sleep well at all. Please pass me a broom, I think I’ll tidy my room.”





“Oh Lesedi,” smiles Grandma, “Perhaps you can be a lady after all!”

“Oh Granny,” smiles Lesedi, “I can be me, just as well as I can be a lady.”



"I can be both. I can be anything I please," exclaims my sister as she hugs Grandma.