reals Sandbor

Mathapelo Mabaso Jess Jardim-Wedepohl Thokozani Mkhize

Lesedi's Sandboy This book belongs to







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resedi's Sandbor

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It's the holidays and I'd love to go to the beach, but we have never been.

I wonder what it feels like to play in the sea sand.



Surprise!

'Look what we made you. A sandbox,' exclaims Lesedi's dad.

Dad says he used some of his old tyres. Mom painted them with all my favourite colours: **blue, red and yellow.**



I can't wait to get inside.

I climb into my sandbox and my feet feel so **warm** and **squishy**.

Look!

I'm at the beach.

That looks like a good spot to spread my blanket.

I set up my umbrella, but the wind blows it away.



The ocean makes a **roaring sound.**

I run on the beach, daring the waves to catch me as I make footprints in the sand.





Using my bucket and spade, I dig for shells.

They come in many **shapes and sizes.**







It's lunchtime!

Maybe I should have a strawberry jam sandwich.

Mmm, my favourite.



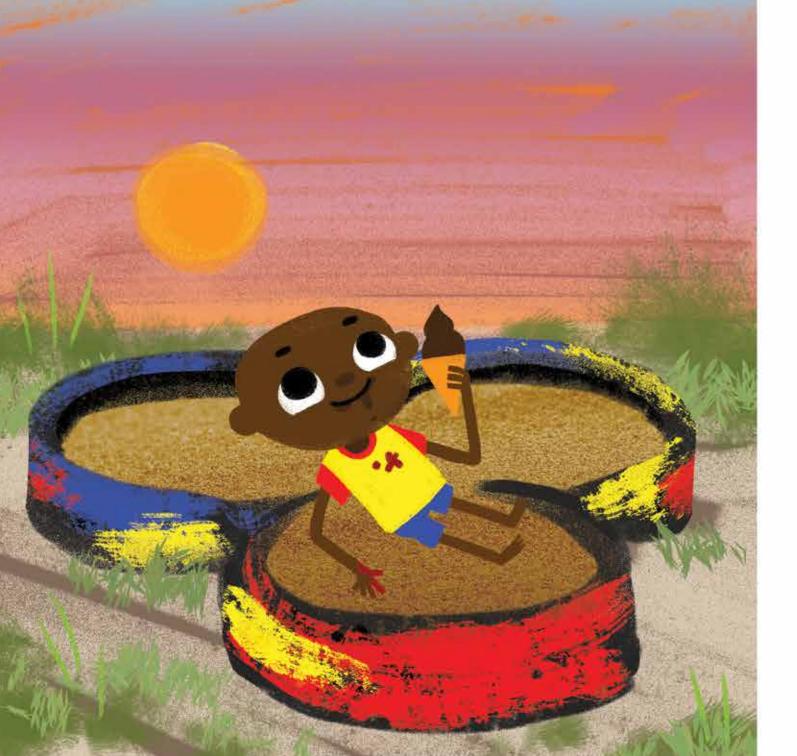


For dessert, Mom brings me some **chocolate ice cream.**



I lie on my blanket enjoying my ice cream and gaze at the **sky turning pink.**







Lesedi's mom and dad watch him, their eyes beaming with pleasure.

'I'm so happy we could make his dream come true right here at home,' Lesedi's mom says.



Thank you, Mom and Dad.

Today was the **happiest day** of my life!





