

Khaya Wants to

Row



Maria Lebedeva

Zandile Mnisi

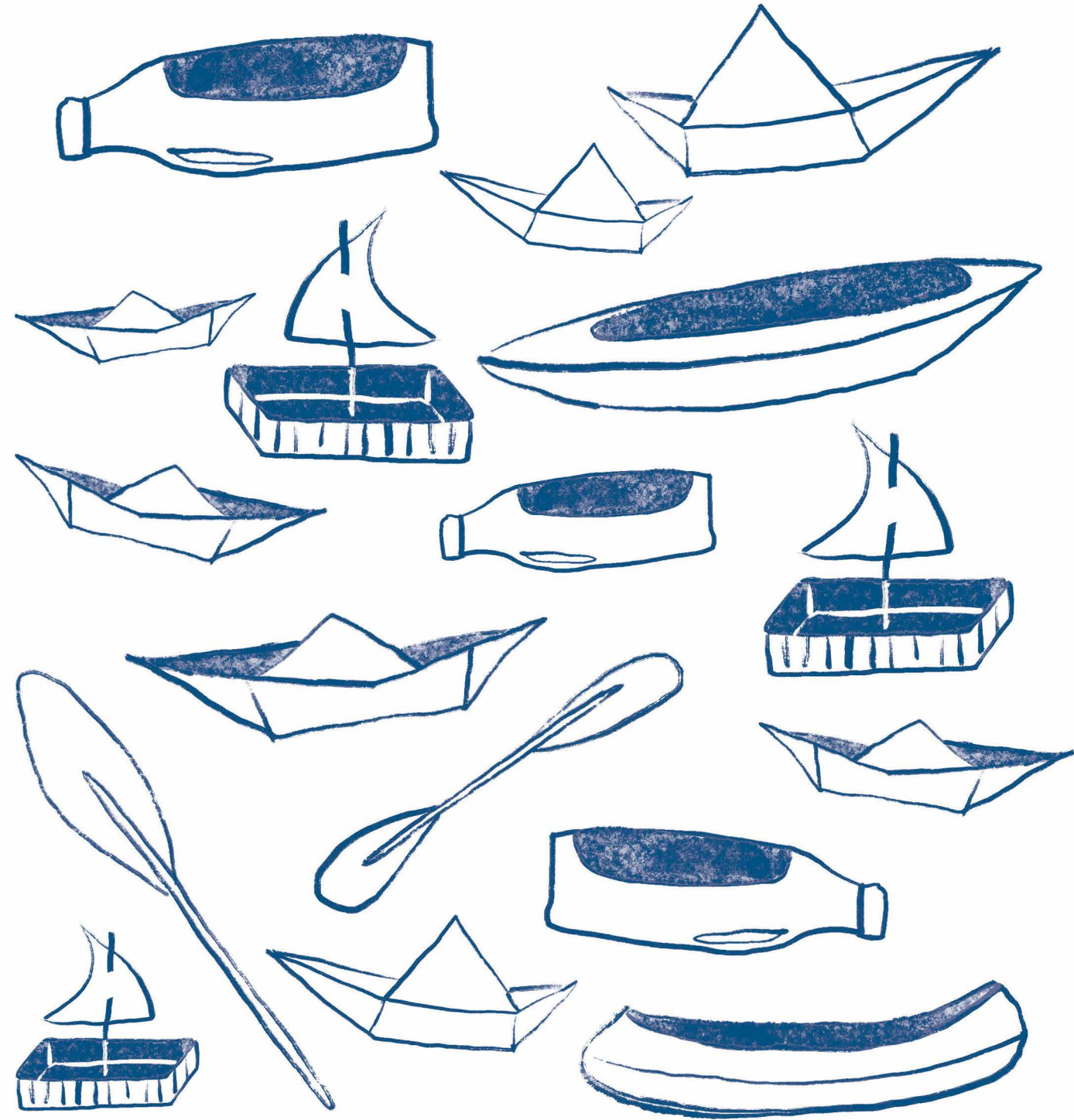
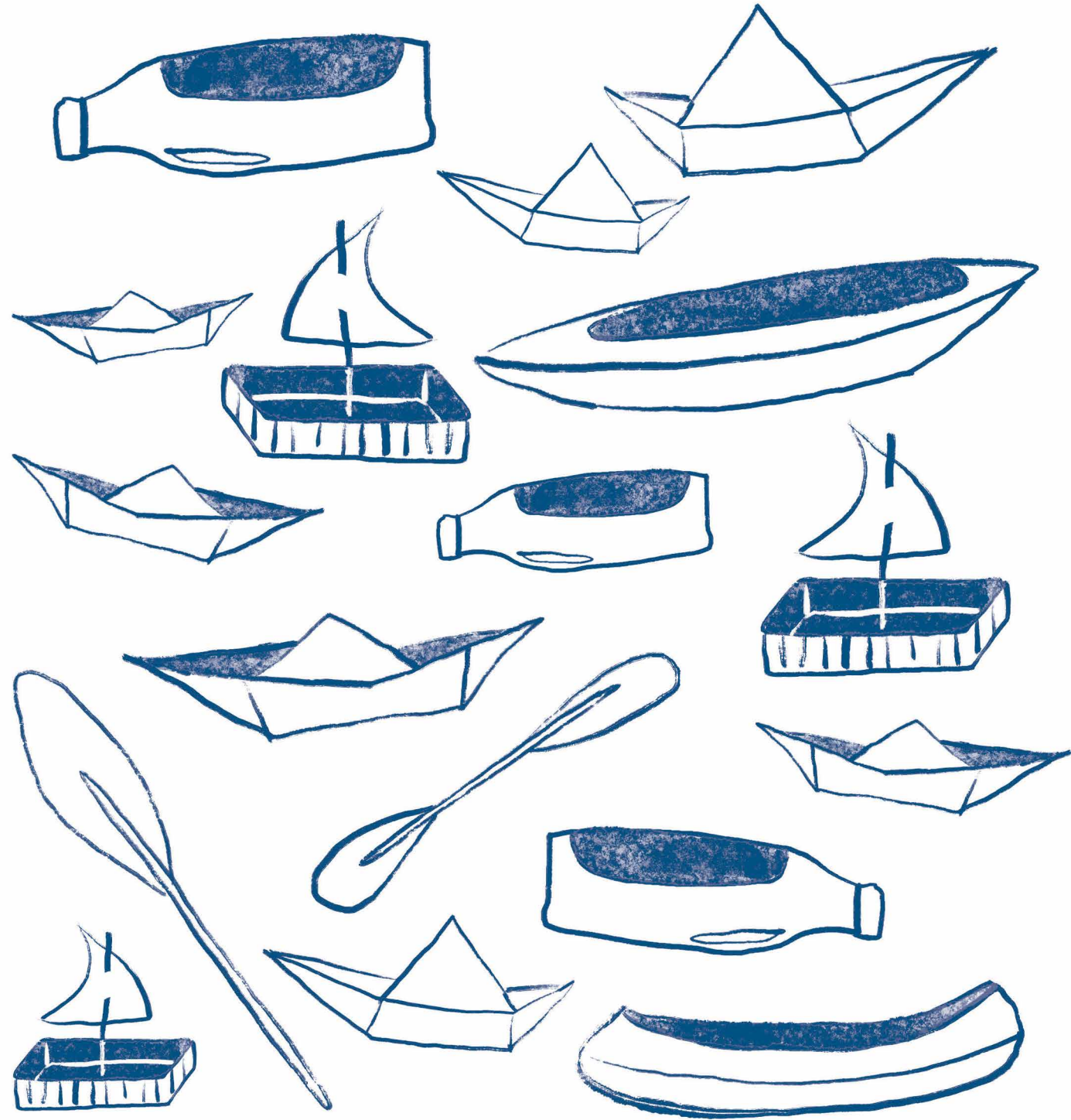
Wilna Combrinck

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Khaya Wants to Row

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Khaya Wants to Row

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Khaya lives in Joza township
with Gogo Lucy and
Mkhulu Majozi. His mother
works far away in Cape Town.





Every morning, Khaya eats porridge with Gogo on the stoep. The kettle whistles on the paraffin stove. The sun peeks over Joza.

“Gogo, tell me a story!”

Khaya says.

Gogo smiles. She tells him stories
of rivers and dreams.

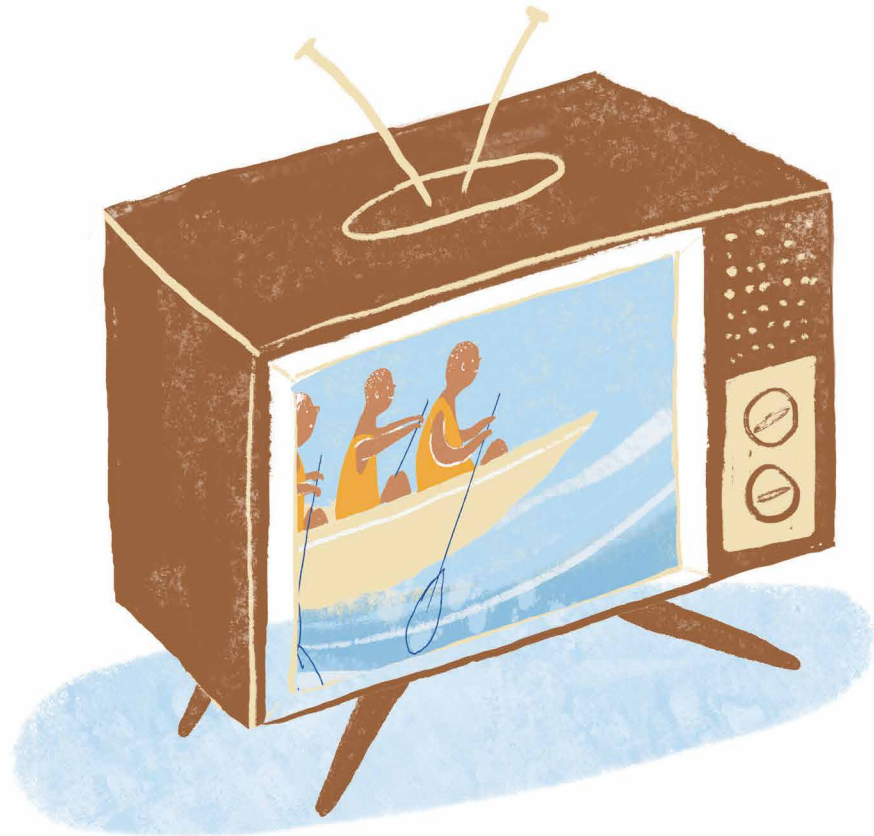
“Khaya,” she says, “when you are big and strong,

you can be anything you want.”

Khaya smiles and nods.



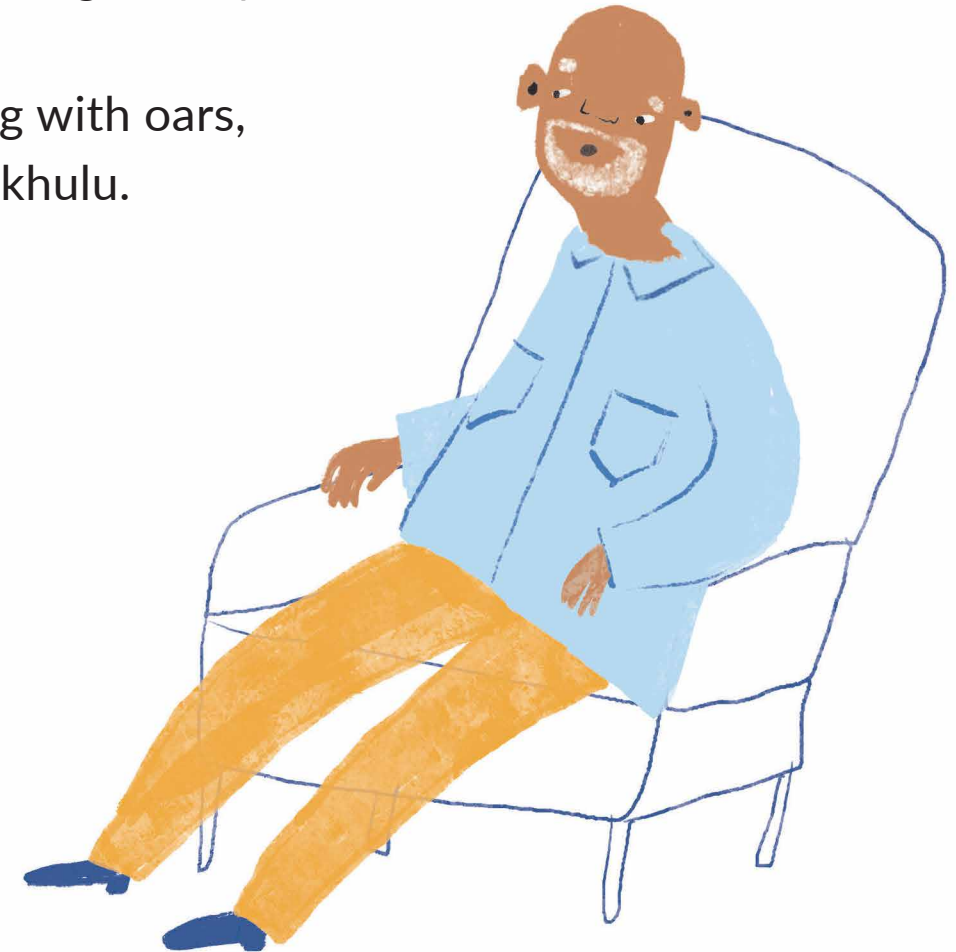
One Saturday, Mkhulu switches on the TV.
Rowers are gliding across the water.



“Mkhulu!

What are they doing?” Khaya asks.

“They are rowing with oars,
my boy,” says Mkhulu.





Khaya claps his hands.

“Oh wow!
I want to row too!”

He sings,

“I want to row a boat,
I want to row a boat!”



Mkhulu sings with him,

*“Khaya wants to row,
Khaya wants to row!”*



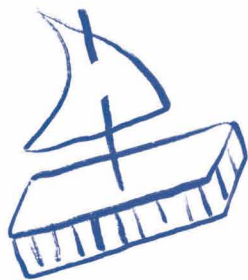
Row a boat with an oar.

Row a boat with an oar.”

Gogo laughs and joins in.



From that day, Khaya plays in
puddles, draws boats in the sand,
and builds toy boats from scraps.





One morning, Mkhulu
wakes Khaya early.

**“Come, Mzukululu,
I have a surprise.”**

Khaya gets ready.
Today feels special.



At the Kowie River, boats are lined up.

They take a taxi to Port Alfred.



Rowers are ready with their oars. “Wow, Mkhulu!
This is where people row!” Khaya shouts.

He watches boats racing fast across the water.
He waves at rowers and takes a photo with one.





At the end of the day, Khaya hugs Mkhulu.

**“Thank you, Mkhulu.
You are the best!”**

“One day, Khaya,” Mkhulu says,
“you will row a boat like a champion.”

Khaya smiles and whispers,

“Khaya wants to row, row.
Khaya wants to row.



Row a boat with an oar.
Row a boat with an oari!”

