Lesedi's Sandbox

This book belongs to

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Lesedi's Sandbox
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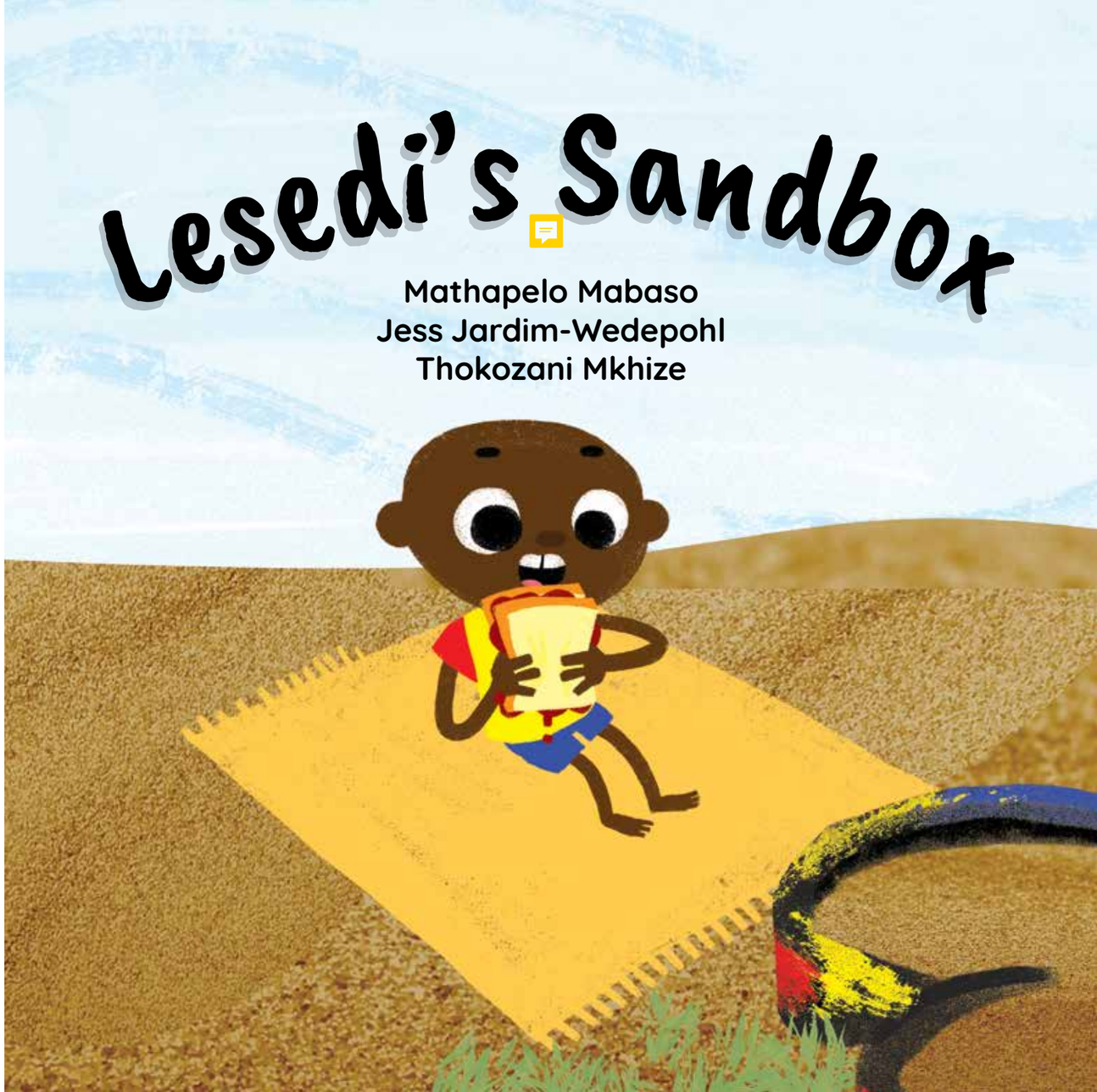
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Lesedi's Sandbox

Mathapelo Mabaso
Jess Jardim-Wedepohl
Thokozani Mkhize





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.

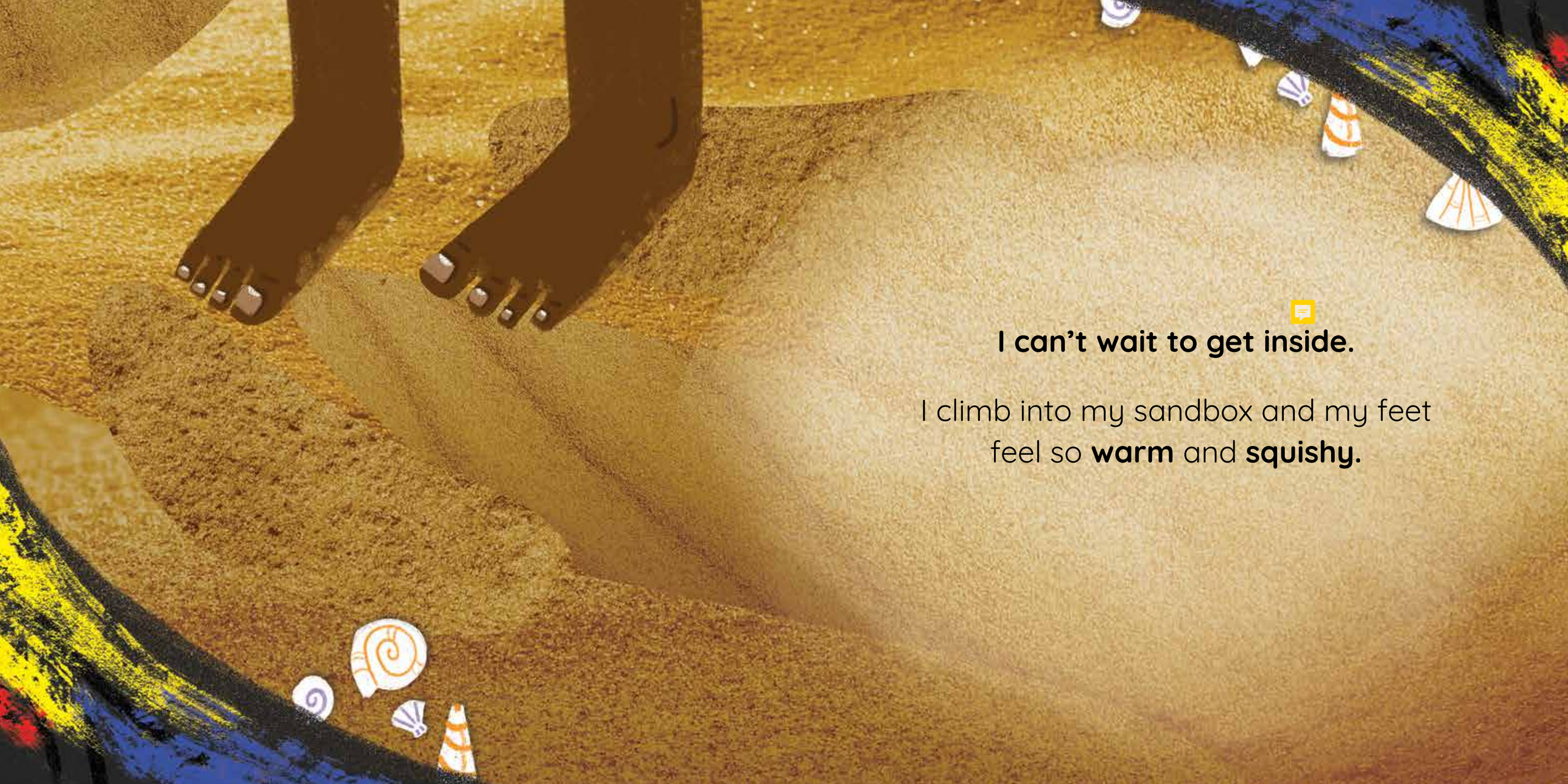




Surprise!

‘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!

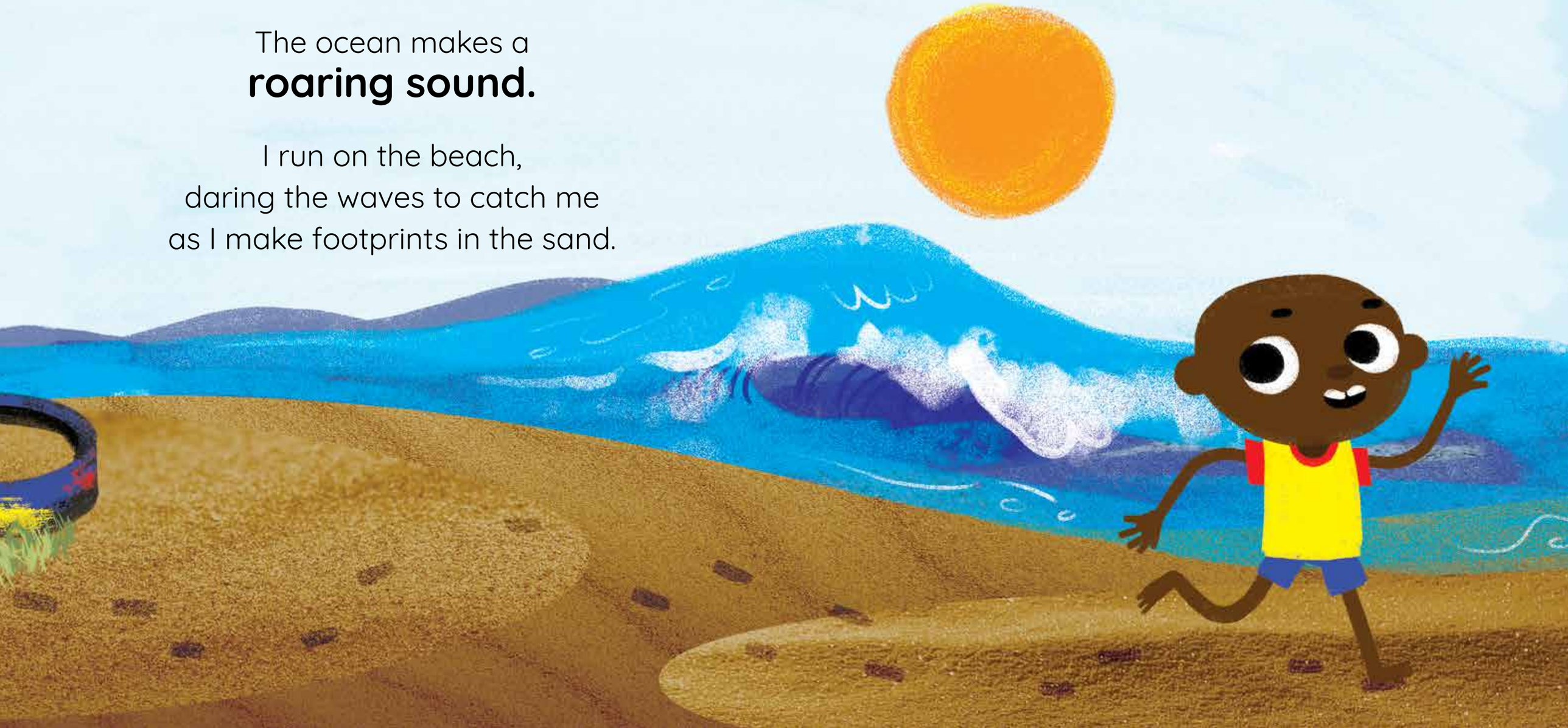
I'm at the beach.

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

That looks like a good spot to spread my blanket.

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.**





Let me build a sandcastle.
Wow, that's huge!



It’s lunchtime!

Maybe I should have a
strawberry jam sandwich.

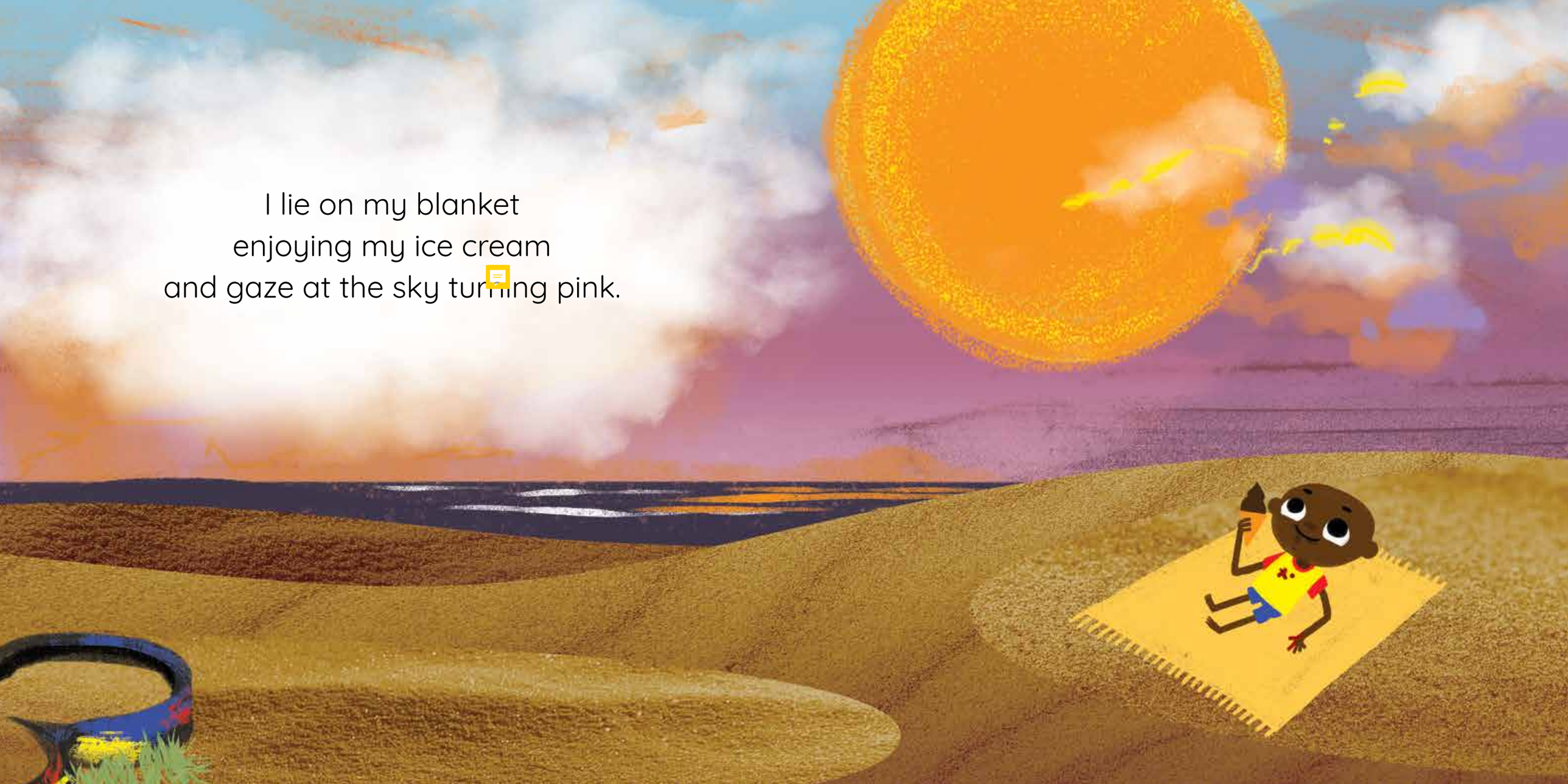
Mmm, my favourite.
Lunch was so yummy.





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.



This has to be the
happiest day
of my life!

Thank you, Mom and Dad.





