Sima and Siza

This book belongs to

_____

Sima and Siza
Illustrated by CClaire Ingram
Written by Lwando Xaso
Designed by Arthur Attwell
with the help of the Book Dash participants in Johannesburg
on 27 June 2015.

ISBN: 978 XXXXXXXXXX

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 Licence (http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0/). You are free to share (copy and redistribute the material in any medium or format) and adapt (remix, transform, and build upon the material) this work for any purpose, even commercially. The licensor cannot revoke these freedoms as long as you follow the following license terms:

Attribution: You must give appropriate credit, provide a link to the license, and indicate if changes were made. You may do so in any reasonable manner, but not in any way that suggests the licensor endorses you or your use.
No additional restrictions: You may not apply legal terms or technological measures that legally restrict others from doing anything the license permits.
Notices: You do not have to comply with the license for elements of the material in the public domain or where your use is permitted by an applicable exception or limitation.
No warranties are given. The license may not give you all of the permissions necessary for your intended use. For example, other rights such as publicity, privacy, or moral rights may limit how you use the material.

Sima and Siza

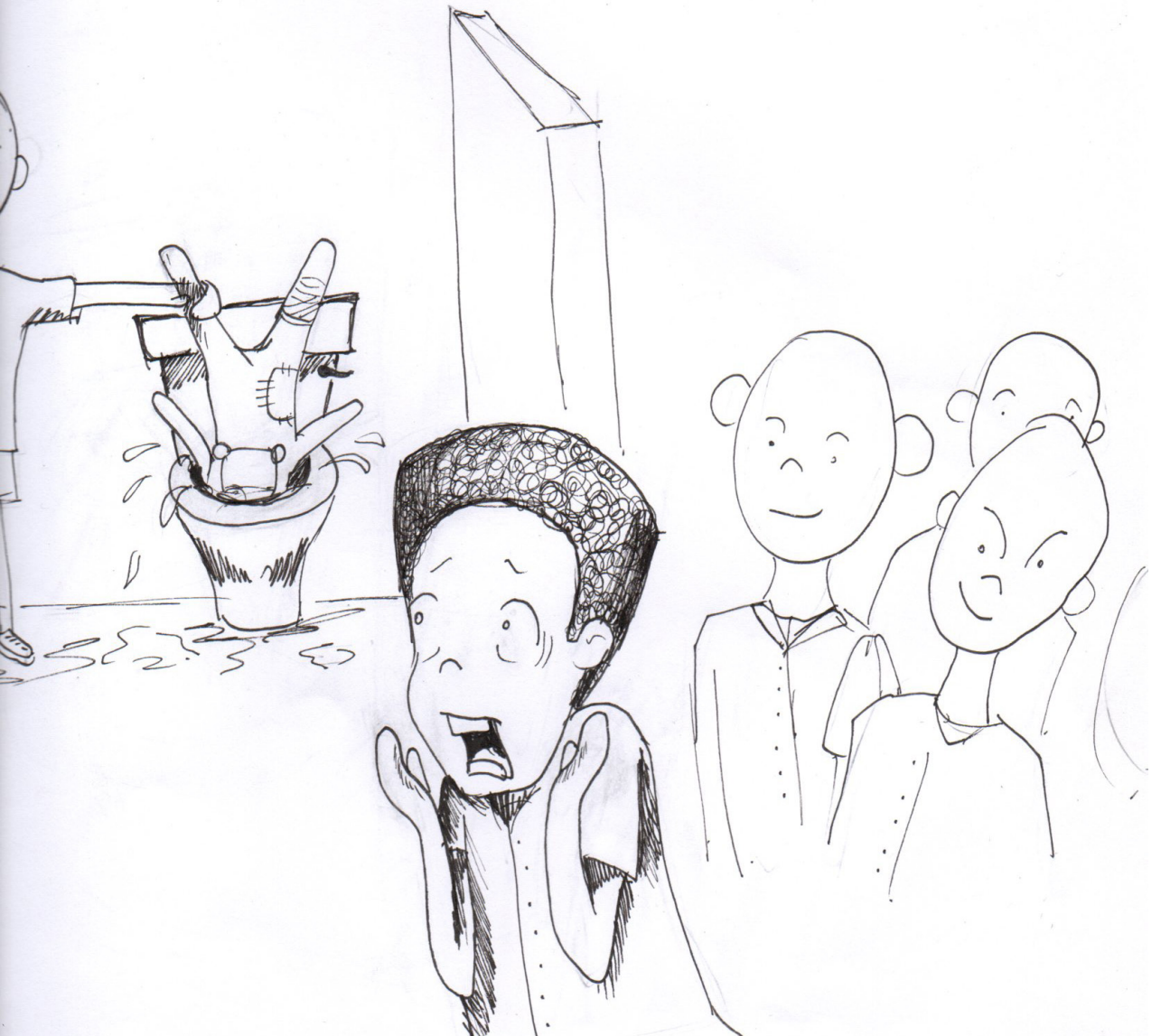
CClaire Ingram,
Lwando Xaso and
Arthur Attwell

Simamkele loves dolls. Mama buys him lots. They keep his loneliness away. Sima's favourite doll is Siza. Sima wants to be a nurse when he grows up.

He loves to put on Mama's skirt, and twirl. Like magic, he suddenly becomes Sima the nurse. He plays hospital-hospital and makes sickly Siza and all his dolls better.

Wherever Sim*a* is, Siz*a* is there too.

But Sima's friends do not like Siza. One day, they took him away and stuck his head in the toilet.



When Papa came home, Sima was nursing Siza.

‘What are you doing?’ asked Papa.

‘I’m being a nurse,’ said Sima. ‘Will you play with me?’

‘Yes. But we will go to the park and play soccer,’ said Papa.

His friends saw Sima and Papa playing soccer. They joined in. Sima and Papa often play soccer now. But they still haven't played with dolls.

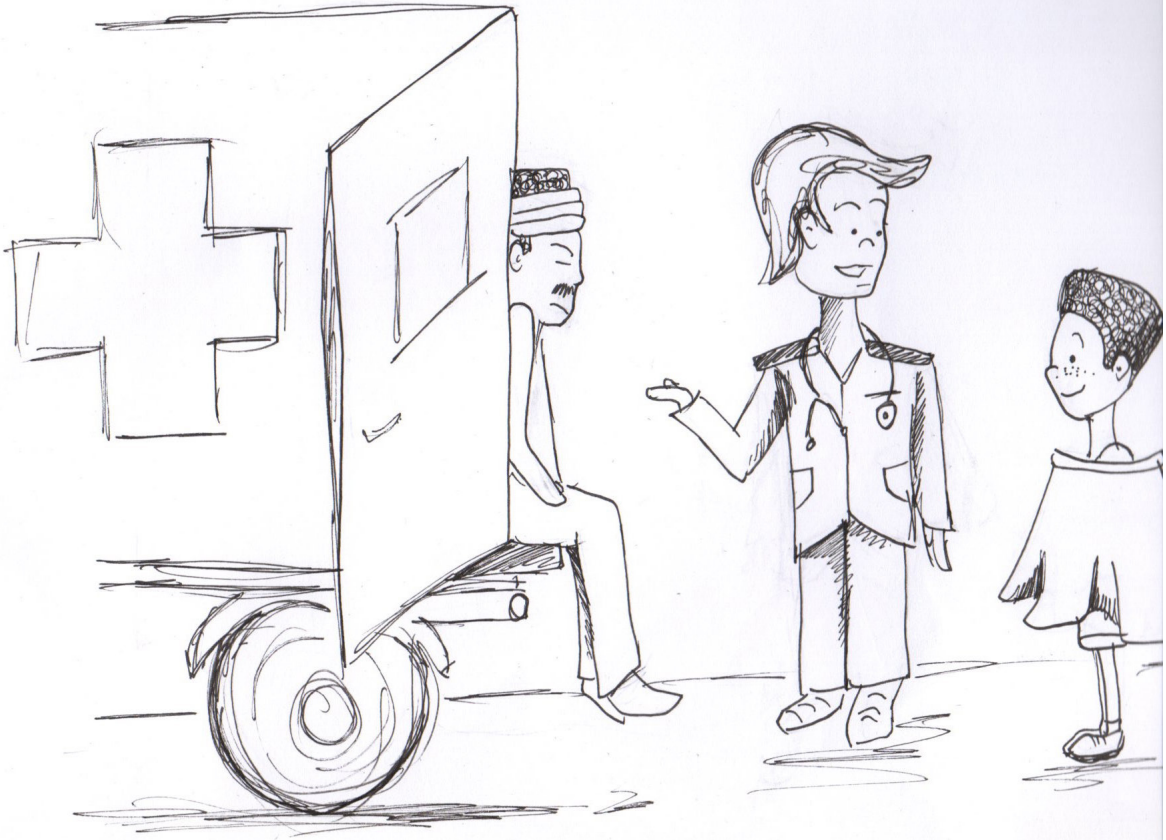
One day, Sima was playing hospital-hospital with his dolls. He heard Mama shout. ‘Sima! Run! Papa is waiting to play with you at the park.’

‘Why on earth are you wearing a dress?’ said Papa in an angry voice. Just then a ball flew out of nowhere and ...

... knocked Papa down. Everyone panicked. Except Sima. He knelt and tied his blanket around Papa's bleeding head.

'Call an ambulance!' he shouted.

‘He needs stiches in his head. You did just the right thing,’ said the nurse. Sima was proud.



‘You’re a hero. You’ll make a great doctor one day.’

‘But I want to be a nurse, just like you,’ said Sima.

‘Thank you, Nurse Sima,’ said Papa. Now Sima and Papa play hospital-hospital and soccer – and his friends do too.