What Vusi’s sister said

Nina Orange

Wiehan de Jager

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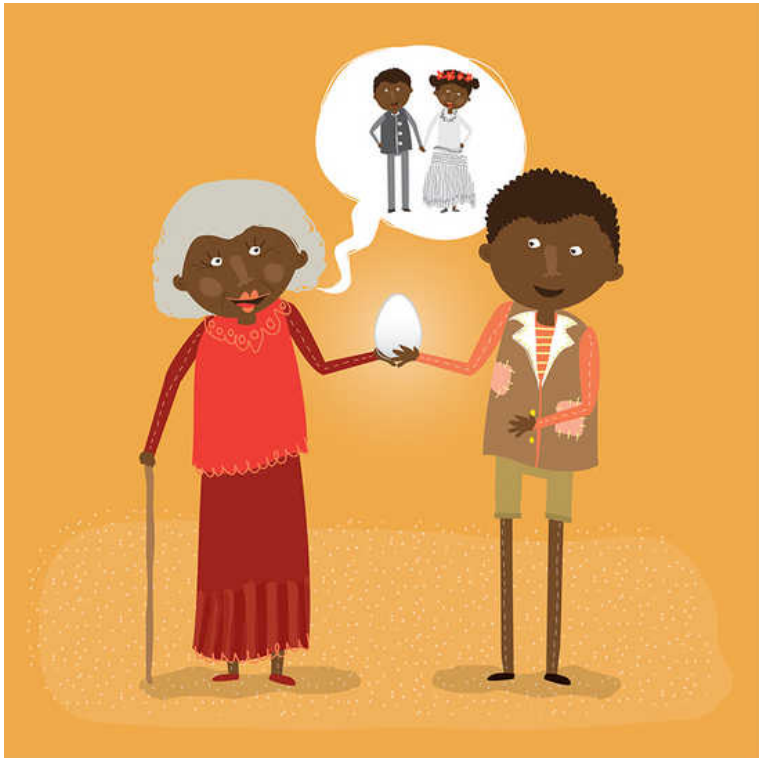
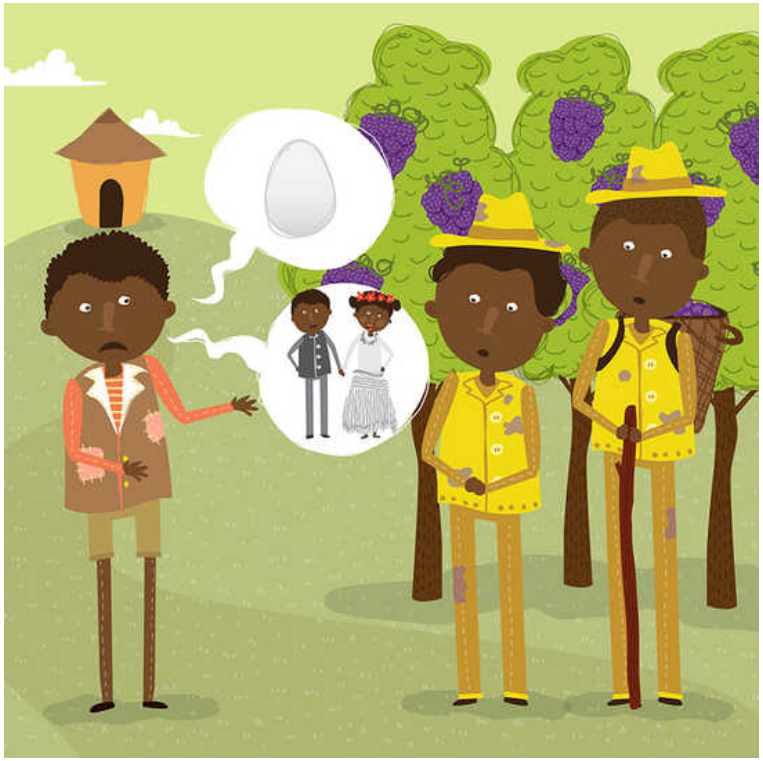


Early one morning Vusi's granny called him, "Vusi, please take this egg to your parents. They want to make a large cake for your sister's wedding."

On his way to his parents, Vusi met two boys picking fruit. One boy grabbed the egg from Vusi and shot it at a tree. The egg broke.



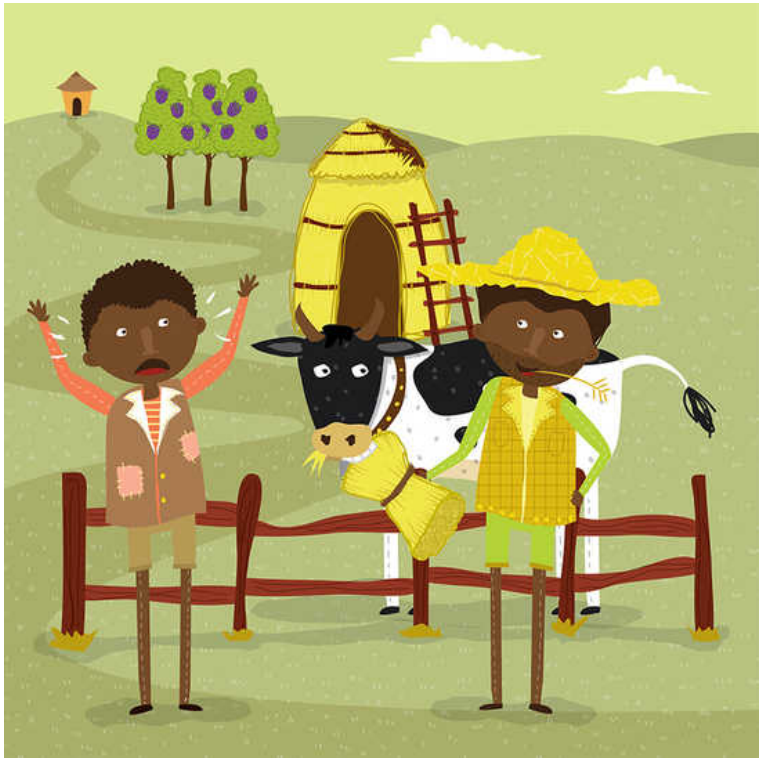
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That egg was for a cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. What will my sister say if there is no wedding cake?”

The boys were sorry for teasing Vusi. “We can’t help with the cake, but here is a walking stick for your sister,” said one. Vusi continued on his journey.

Along the way he met two men building a house. “Can we use that strong stick?” asked one. But the stick was not strong enough for building, and it broke.

“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That stick was a gift for my sister. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for the cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will my sister say?”

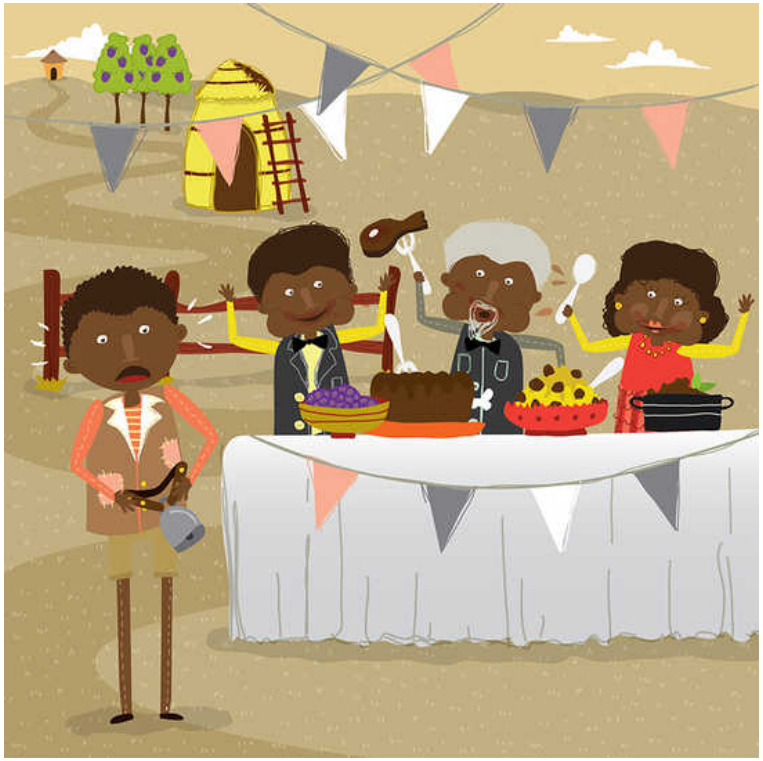
The builders were sorry for breaking the stick. “We can’t help with the cake, but here is some thatch for your sister,” said one. And so Vusi continued on his journey.



Along the way, Vusi met a farmer and a cow. “What delicious thatch, can I have a nibble?” asked the cow. But the thatch was so tasty that the cow ate it all!

“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That thatch was a gift for my sister. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for my sister’s cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will my sister say?”

The cow was sorry she was greedy. The farmer agreed that the cow could go with Vusi as a gift for his sister. And so Vusi carried on.



But the cow ran back to the farmer at supper time. And Vusi got lost on his journey. He arrived very late for his sister’s wedding. The guests were already eating.

“What shall I do?” cried Vusi. “The cow that ran away was a gift, in return for the thatch the builders gave me. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for the cake. The cake was for the wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift.”

Vusi’s sister thought for a while, then she said, “Vusi my brother, I don’t really care about gifts. I don’t even care about the cake! We are all here together, I am happy. Now put on your smart clothes and let’s celebrate this day!” And so that’s what Vusi did.

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