

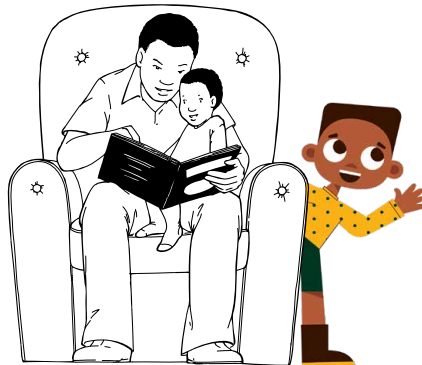
Look out, Luthando!

Sue Boucher · Hylton Warburton · Sinomonde Ngwane



Look out, Luthando!

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Look out, Luthando
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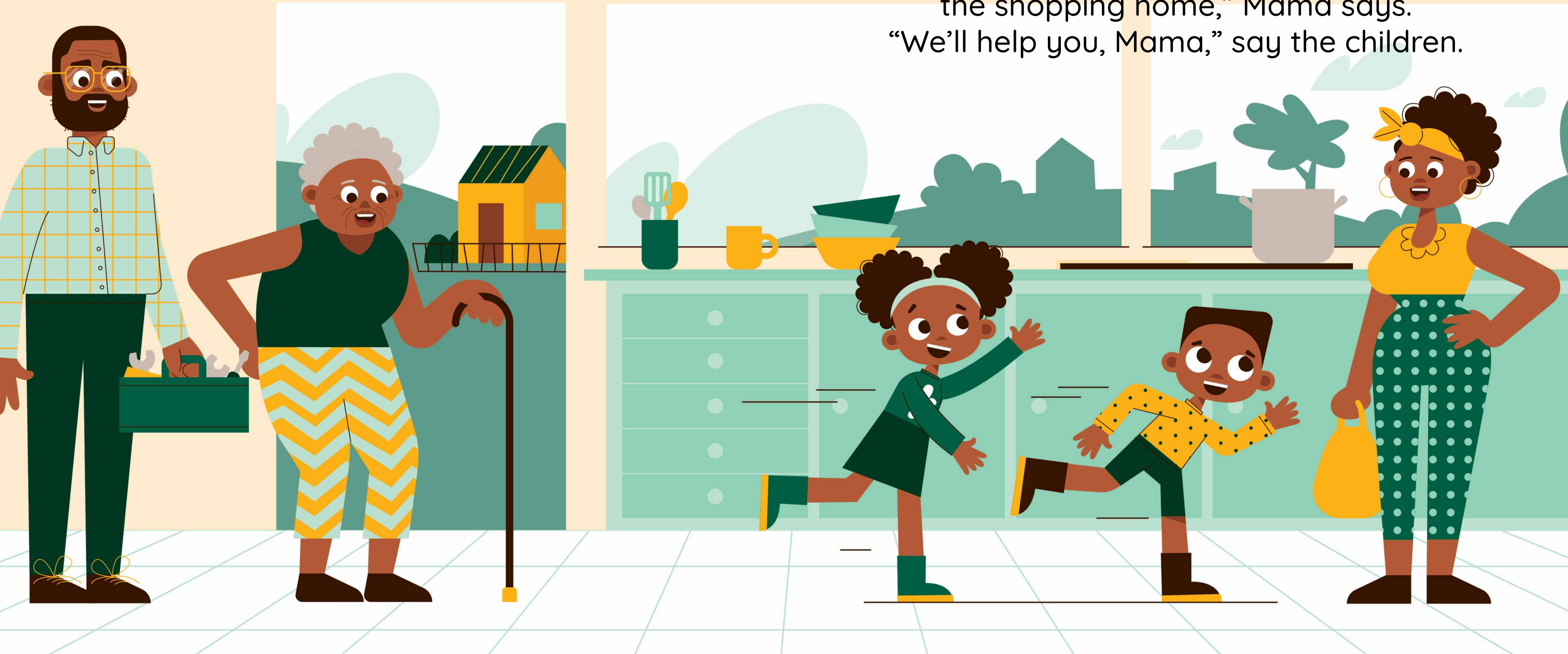


“Listen!” says Luthando.
“What do you hear?” asks Sonto.
“Saturday.”
“What does Saturday sound like?”
“It’s quieter than Friday,” says Luthando.
“Everyone’s still sleeping.”



“I must fix Gogo’s gate today,” Daddy says.

“An ice cream for anyone who helps me carry the shopping home,” Mama says.
“We’ll help you, Mama,” say the children.





“Look out, Luthando!”
“Hawu!”
“You’re so funny,” Sonto laughs.

“I hear a motorbike,” says Luthando.

“There’s no motorbike,” says Sonto,
looking all around.



A motorbike zooms past.
“You’re very good
at hearing, Luthando.”



“Look out, Luthando!”
“Hawu!” says Luthando as
he steps into a puddle.

“Look how wet you are,”
says Mama.



“Daddy’s home.”
“How do you know, Luthando?” asks Sonto.



“I can smell his cooking,”
says Luthando sniffing the air.
“You’re also good at smelling,” Mama says.

“Look out, Luthando!”

“Ouch!”

“Watch where you’re walking,” Mama says.

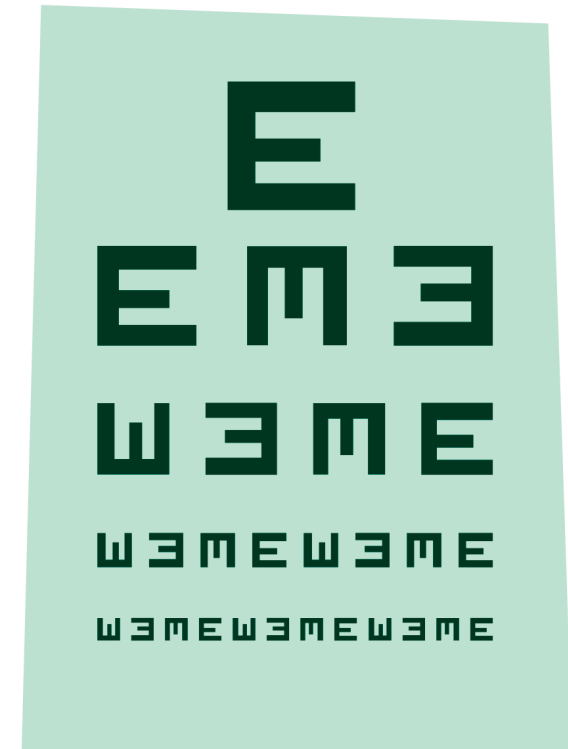
“Luthando’s not so good at looking,”
says Sonto.



“What do you see, Luthando?”
asks the friendly woman.
Luthando squeezes his eyes together.
He sees black squiggles on the wall.



He looks through a pair of glasses.
“I see letters,” he says.
“Excellent!”



“Look, Gogo!”
“You have glasses,” says Gogo,
clapping her hands.
“How wonderful. Tell me what you see.”



“I see bugs and ants and spiders and bees.
I see EVERYTHING now.”





“Gogo, your face has cracks,”
says Luthando, touching Gogo’s face.
“Hayi...Luthando! Those aren’t cracks.
They’re lines on my face from getting old and
laughing at all the funny things you say.”

“Don’t...”



“Look, a puddle!” says Luthando.

Too late!



