

Zenande se helpende hande

Wendy Shelembe

Samantha Garvie

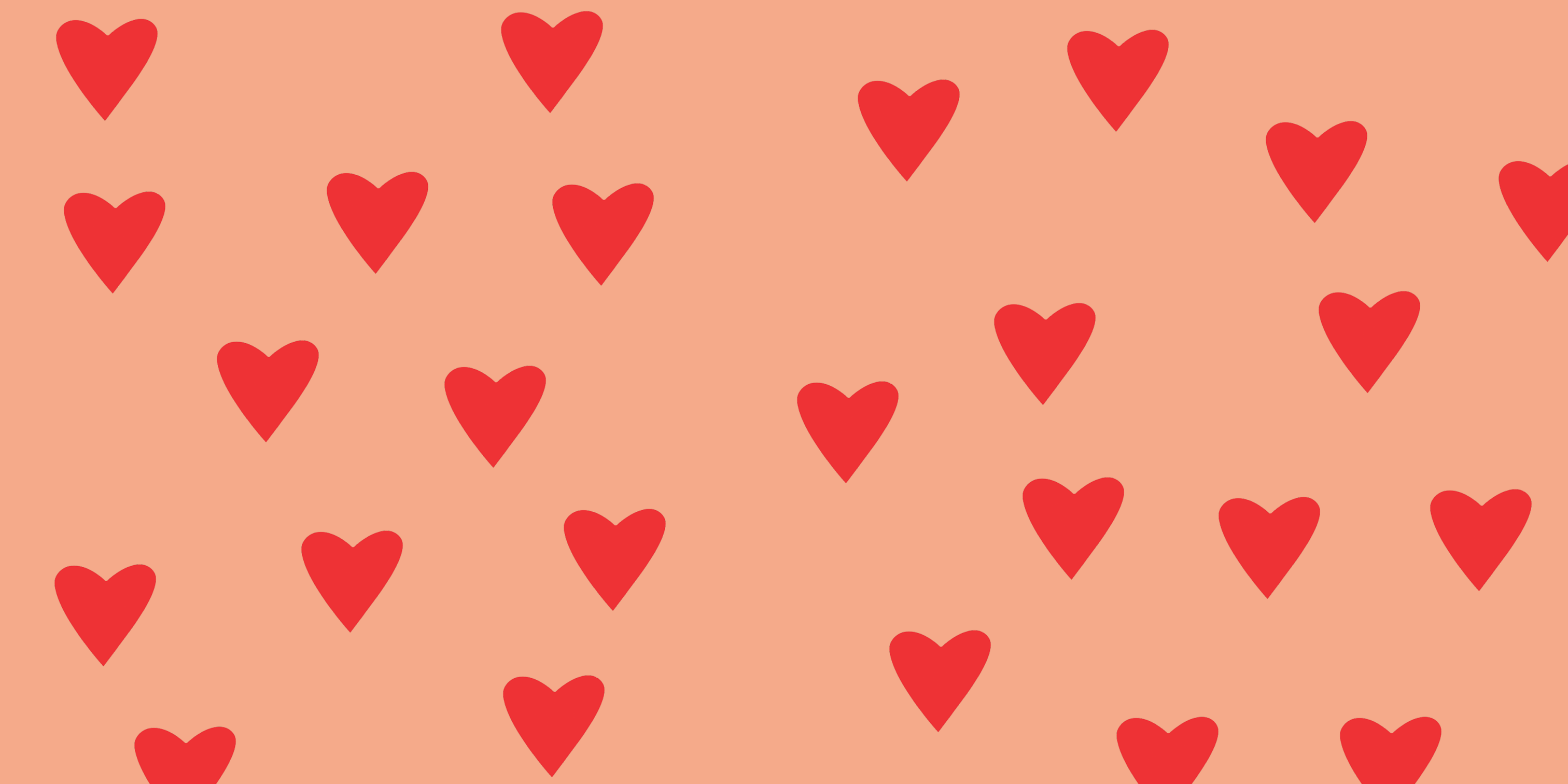
Sibusiso Khumalo



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Zenande se helpende hande

(Zenande's helping hands)

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with the help of the Book Dash participants in Durban on 29 October 2022.

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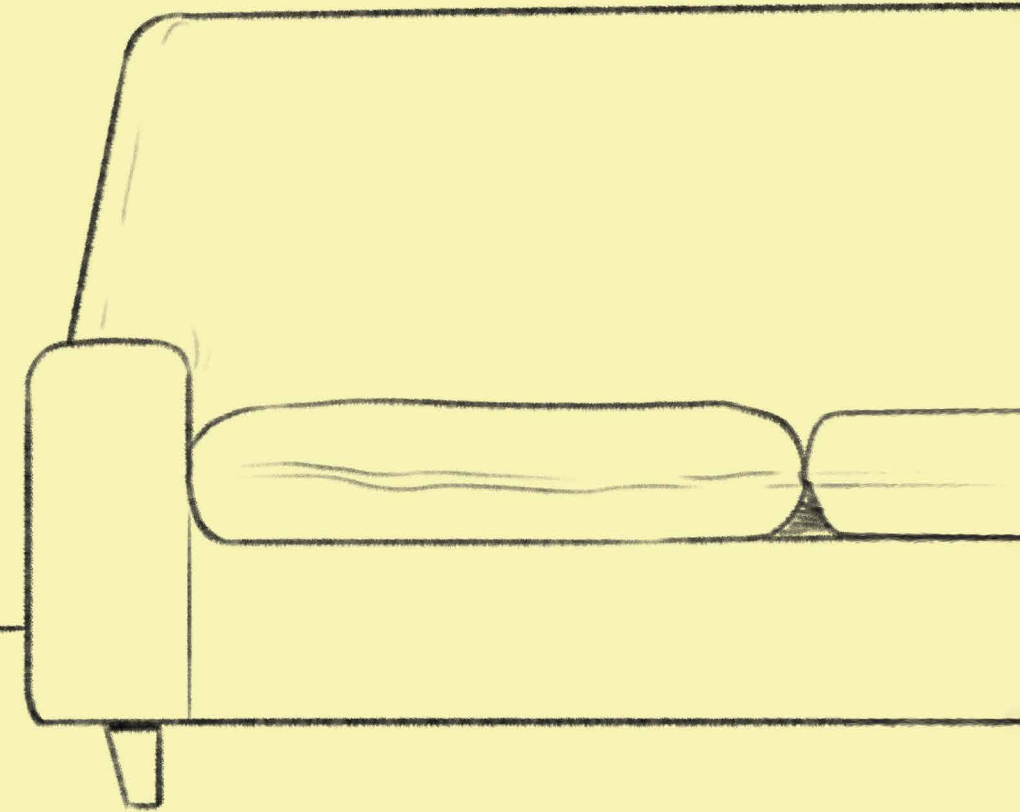
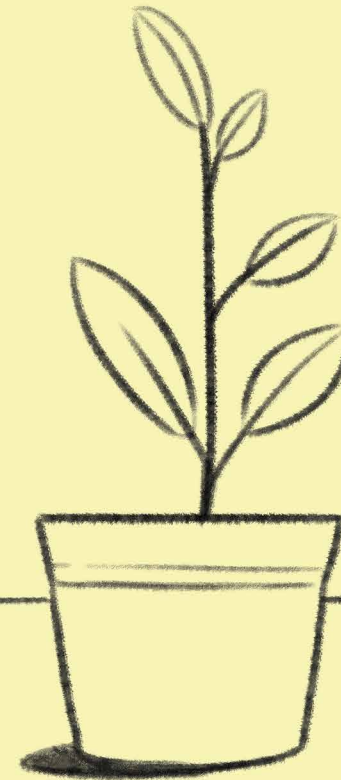
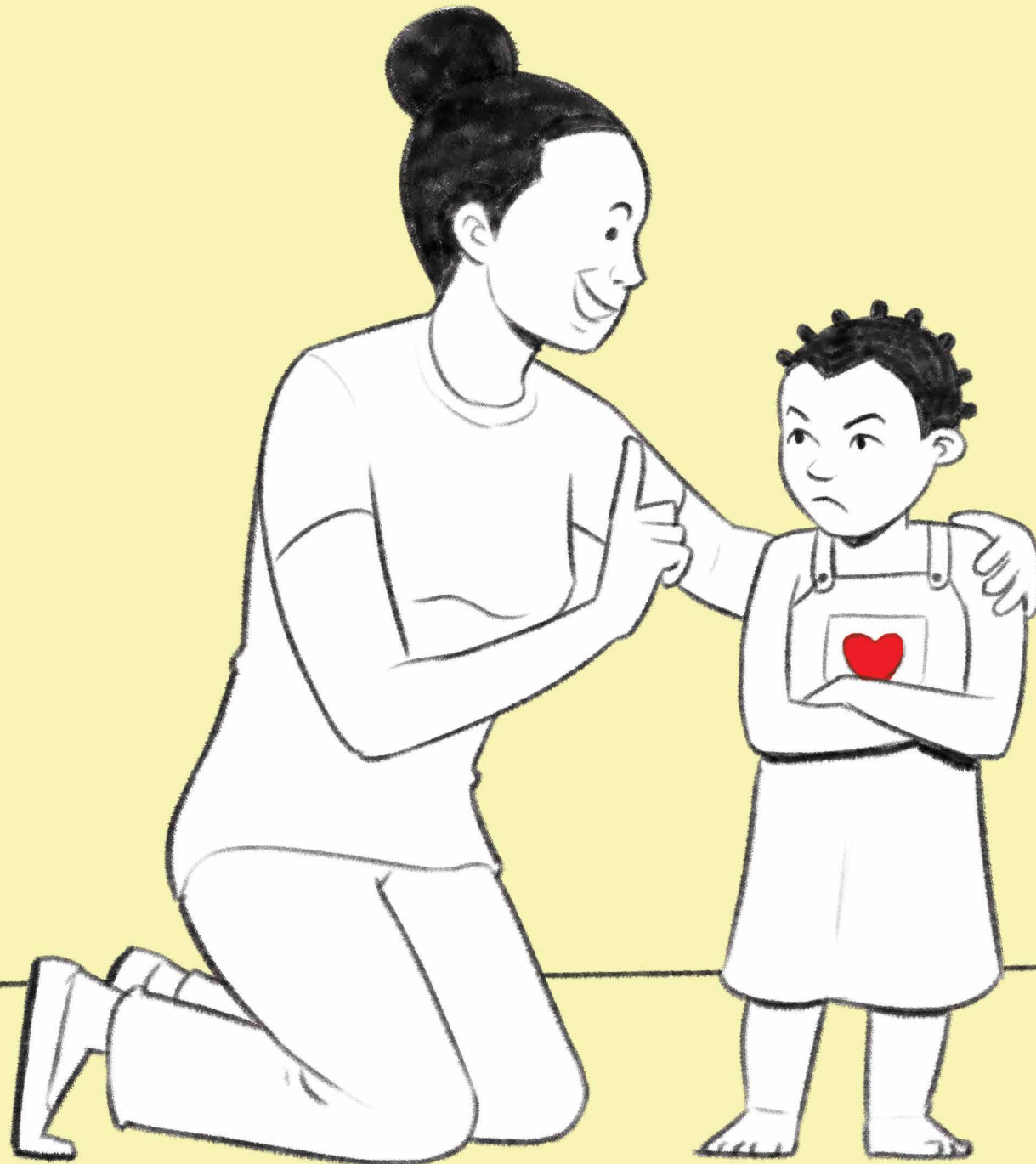
Zenande woon saam met haar
mamma en broer in KwaMashu.

Sy speel graag buite met haar
speelgoed.



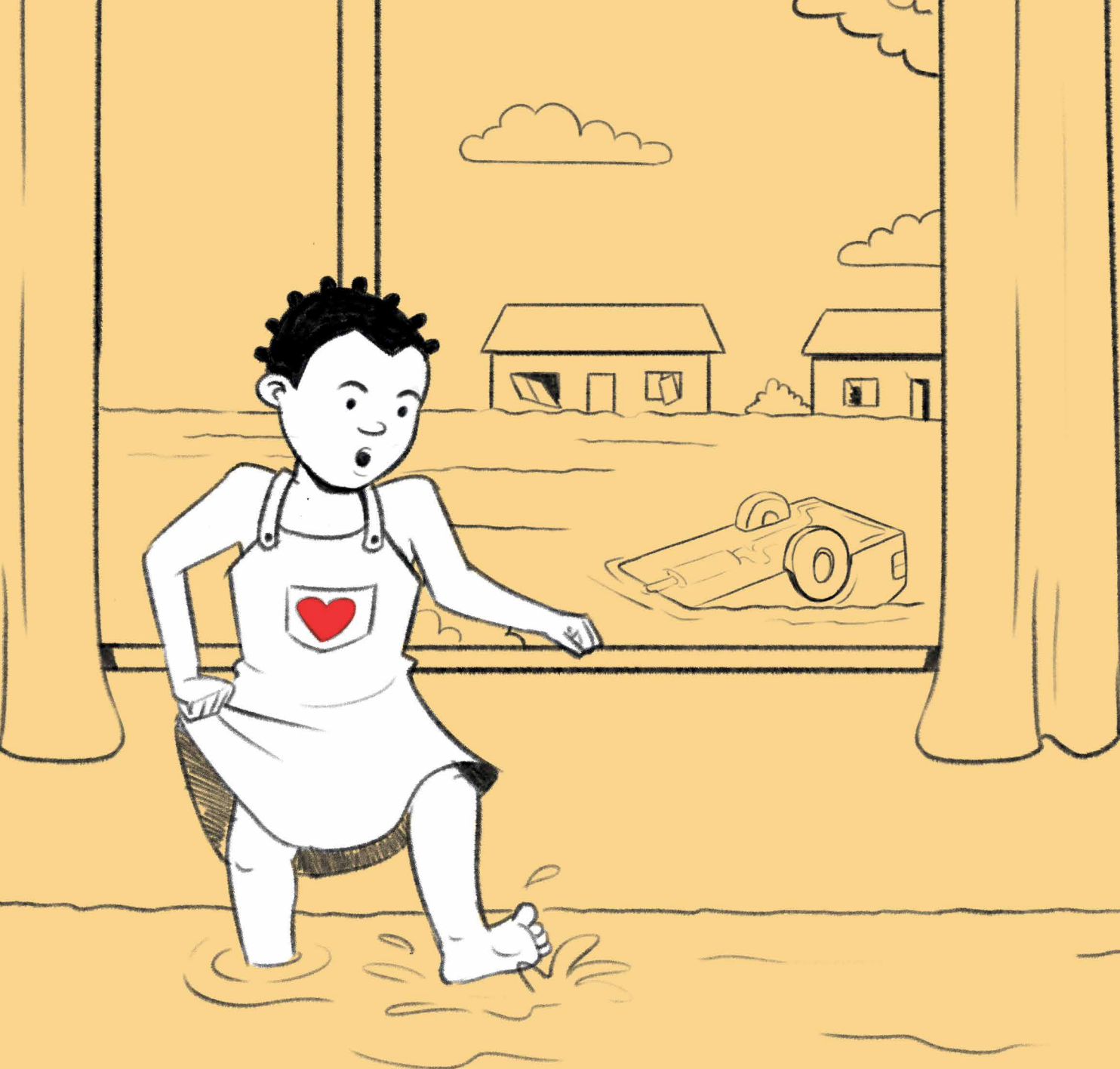
Een oggend sê Mamma vir
Zenande sy kan nie buite
gaan speel nie.

Zenande is hartseer.



Sy kyk by die venster uit en
sien bome wat omgeval het,
strate wat onder water is,
huise wat weggespoel het en
karre wat gaan staan het.





Hulle huis is oorstroom,
van die vensters is gebreek
en haar gunstelingboom,
die mangoboom, is weg.



“Wat het gebeur, Mamma?”



“Dit het gisteraand baie
gereën, die wind was woes en
daar was swaar donderweer,”
verduidelik Mamma.

“Sjoe!”
Zenande verstaan nie.
“Beteken dit ons kan nooit ooit
weer buitentoe gaan nie?”



“Nee, my kind,” lag Mamma.

“Dis nou veilig om buitentoe te gaan. Kom ons gaan help vir Gogo Zondi!”



Mamma en Zenande stap oor die
straat na Gogo Zondi toe.

Sy straal van blydschap.



Die bure help reeds vir
Gogo Zondi deur die vloere te
mop en die nat klere en komberse
buite op die draad te hang.



“Ek het vir Gogo lekkers gebring,”
sê Zenande.

“Jy’s dierbaar, kindjie.”
Gogo Zondi glimlag.



“Ek voel baie beter nou dat
almal hier is om my te help,”
sê Gogo Zondi.

“En ek voel beter omdat ek vir
Gogo help!” sê Zenande met
’n glimlag.





