

Grade

3

Anthology

Read Aloud Story 1

My mother's new friend

I am Nokuthula. I am nine years old. I have a big sister called Zama. She is fifteen years old. I have a little brother called Mzi. He is only two. We live with our mother and our granny.

My mother used to be with us at home all the time. We used to talk all the time with her, but it was hard because we had no money. I wanted new shoes because my old ones hurt my feet. But my mother said there was no money.

We were all happy when she got a job. Now she is a cashier at the hyper. When she got her first pay she got a new cell phone. She took my big sister to get a weave. She bought me new shoes.

Then she got a new friend. His name is Mr Jali. She met him at work. Now she is always looking at her phone. She takes selfies on her phone and sends them to Mr Jali. I think Mr Jali has a lot of money. He has a gold chain round his neck. He talks about deals. I don't know what a deal is. But my mum says he is a business man and deals are what business men do to get their money. Mr Jali buys nice things for my mother and says he has got a big new deal.

One day Mr Jali brought a bottle in a smart box to our house. He took the bottle out of the box. He poured drinks from the bottle for my mother and himself. He put ice in the drinks. My little brother saw a tiny picture on the bottle. The picture was of a man walking. He liked the little picture. He was pointing at the picture and laughing. So Mr Jali said "Ha! You want some, small boy!" He gave my brother a drink from his glass. That was when my granny came in. My mother and Mr Jali were laughing. My granny looked very cross. She said to my mother "So you think this is clever?" My mother said "Hayibo mama, we are just playing." My granny clicked her tongue and said "Sies!" My mother said, "Hawu, ma, but we were playing." My granny put my little brother on her back and tied him with a small blanket. She told me to go to the shop with her. "We need to buy bread," she said. Mr Jali said he would take us in his car. He held up his car keys. He said he would take us to the mall and buy lots of things. My granny was already walking out of the house with us. She was holding my hand hard. "Oh just let them go," said Mr Jali, "Anyway why is she still carrying that boy on her back?" I did not like to hear that. My brother loves being carried on my granny's back. On the road Mr Jali and my mother passed us in his car. They were waving and laughing. We just walked with my granny to the spaza shop. It was not a nice day.

Another day Mr Jali saw my sister and me on the road. He drove slowly next to us in his car. He told Zama she looked nice. "Come for a ride," he said to her, "just you and me. I will buy you a nice dress." I did not want Zama to go with him. I said quietly in her ear "Say no!" So Zama said "No, sorry, not today," Mr Jali laughed. "You are getting very pretty, Zama," he said, "soon you must come with me", and he drove away.

When we got home Mr Jali was there. He was sitting on the sofa with my mother. He said "Hello girls!" We did not say anything. We just went to the bedroom. My mother called us back. "Hawu!" she said, "I thought I taught you good manners. Say hello nicely." We said "Good afternoon Mr Jali," and we went to the bedroom. Zama was not happy. She said "Shall we tell Mum that Mr Jali wanted me to go with him?" We didn't know if we should. We didn't think she would be happy if she knew what Mr Jali said to Zama. Then I said "I know! Let's tell Granny!" That made Zama laugh out loud. "Yoooo!" she said "Granny would be so cross!" and we both laughed and laughed. We couldn't stop laughing. It was funny to think about how cross Granny would be with Mr Jali if she knew he wanted Zama to go in the car with him.