

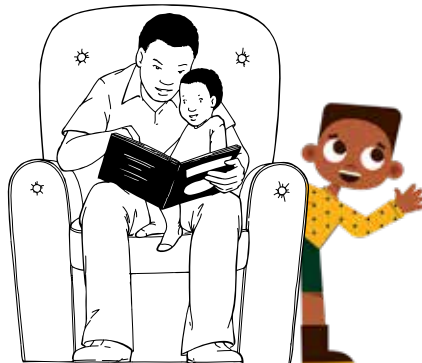
Oppas, Luthando!

Sue Boucher · Hylton Warburton · Sinomonde Ngwane



Oppas, Luthando!

Hierdie boek behoort aan







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Oppas, Luthando!
(Look out, Luthando)
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ISBN: 9781928497035

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“Luister!” sê Luthando.
“Wat hoor jy?” vra Sonto.
“Saterdag.”
“Hoe klink Saterdag?”
“Dis stiller as Vrydag,” sê Luthando.
“Almal slaap nog.”



“Ek moet vandag Ouma se hek regmaak,” sê Pappa.



“Enigeen wat my help om die inkopies huis toe te dra kry ’n roomys,” sê Mamma.
“Ons sal help, Mamma,” sê die kinders.





“Oppas, Luthando!”

“Oeps!”

“Jy’s so snaaks,” sê Sonto en lag.

“Ek hoor ’n motorfiets,” sê Luthando.

“Hier’s geen motorfiets nie,” sê Sonto,
en kyk om haar rond.



'n Motorfiets brul verby.
“Jy kan baie goed hoor, Luthando.”



“Oppas, Luthando!”
“Oeps!” sê Luthando en
trap in ’n waterplas.

“Kyk hoe nat is jy nou,”
sê Mamma.



“Pappa’s by die huis.”
“Hoe weet jy dit, Luthando?” vra Sonto.



“Ek ruik die kos wat hy maak,”
sê Luthando en snuif die lug.
“Jy kan ook baie goed ruik,” sê Mamma.

“Oppas, Luthando!”

“Eina!”

“Kyk waar jy loop,” sê Mamma.

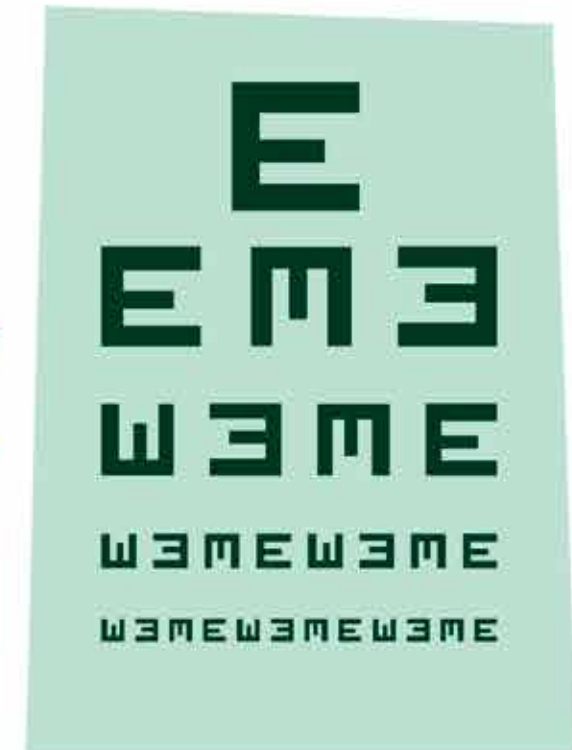
“Luthando kan nie so goed sien nie,” sê Sonto.



“Wat sien jy, Luthando?” vra die vriendelike vrou.
Luthando trek sy oë op skrefies.
Hy sien swart krabbels teen die muur.



Hy kyk deur ’n bril.
“Ek sien letters,” sê hy.
“Fantasties!”



“Kyk, Ouma!”

“Jy’t ’n bril,” sê Ouma, en klap hande.

“Dis wonderlik. Sê vir my wat jy sien.”



“Ek sien goggas en miere

en spinnekoppe en bye.

Ek kan nou ALLES sien.”





“Ouma, jou gesig is vol krake,” sê Luthando,
en vat aan Ouma se gesig.

“Haai ... Luthando! Dis nie krake nie.
My gesig is vol plooië, want ek is al oud,
én ek lag vir al jou snaakse sêgoed.”

“Oppas ...”



“Kyk, ’n waterplas!” sê Luthando.

Te laat!





