

Story

The Big Wave

One sunny Saturday morning, Mr and Mrs Madiswa decided to take Sam and Zinzi to the beach. They invited their friends, the Ibrahims, to go with them. They packed some delicious, healthy food, and water bottles into a basket. Mr Ibrahim baked some of his special pies for everybody. "Put on your hats and shoes, and remember to bring your sunscreen, buckets and spades!" said Mrs Madiswa.

The two families walked to the main road and Mrs Ibrahim waved down a taxi. The taxi stopped and they all climbed in. The journey to the sea took so long that Ali fell fast asleep.

At the beach, they spread out their towels on the soft, golden sand. "Why don't we build a sandcastle?" asked Sam. The children started to dig in the sand with their spades. Ali and his father collected shells and seaweed for decoration. What a beautiful sandcastle they built! The children used their fingers to write their names in the sand next to the castle.

After all that hard work, they felt hot. "It's time to cool off, everybody. Let's go and have a swim," said Mr Ibrahim. The water was cold but refreshing, and the four friends were soon jumping up and down in the waves. Zinzi and Musa counted out aloud as the waves curled in front of them: 1,2,3,4! "Ooh...some salty water went up my nose," laughed Ali.

Mrs Ibrahim came to the water's edge. "Aren't you hungry?" she called.

The children dried themselves and sat down to have their picnic. As they started eating, a very big wave broke in front of them and the water came rushing up the beach towards them. Oh no! The big wave covered their castle and washed it away. There was nothing left of their beautiful sandcastle! Sam started to cry. "Never mind, children. We can build another one the next time we come to the beach," said Mr Madiswa.

As the sun was setting, they packed their buckets, spades and towels into their baskets. They gave all their rubbish to Mrs Ibrahim to put in the bin.

Their taxi was waiting. Everyone settled into their seats, warm from the sun. They could feel the sea salt prickling their skin and the sand crunching between their toes. The children waved goodbye to the beach. What a happy day it had been!

And that is the end of the story.

