2

Vusi and the vuvuzela

My senses

Vusi loved soccer.
He loved Bafana Bafana ...
He loved his soccer ball ...
He loved his soccer shoes ...
But he loved his vuvuzela best of all.

He blew it in the morning.
He blew it in the afternoon.
He even blew it at night!

Voo, vooo, voooo went the vuvuzela.

No! said Mom.
No! said Dad.
No! said Sis.
No! said the neighbours.

"Try playing something else, Vusi," said Bra Jo.

He tried Oupa's penny whistle.
But it was too soft ... and it made his lips buzz.
Squeak, squeak, squeak!

He tried Bra Jo's guitar.
But it was too difficult ... and it made his fingers numb.
Twang, twang, twang!

He tried a bin drum.
But it smelled so bad ... it made his nose tickle.
Bang, bang, bang!



What was he to do?
He missed his vuvuzela.

"Look!" said Dad.
Vusi could not believe his eyes.

At the game Vusi blew his vuvuzela
as loud and as hard as he could.
Vooo, went his vuvuzela.
Vooo, vooo, vooo, went all the vuvuzelas!
Vooo, vooo, vooo!
Viva, viva!
Viva Bafana Bafana!