



Thoko's FantaPine Seed

Khothatso Ranoosi and
Marion Drew
English



It was a warm day in Malealea.
Thoko was sitting on his father's wagon.
It was piled high with mielies.
There were many children on the wagon.
They were going home after spending
the whole day in the fields.
They had all worked hard that day.

Thoko was very lucky.
He worked the hardest of all the children.
So his father had bought him a
FantaPine drink from M'e Pontso's shop.
"Mmmmm, mmmmm it is delicious," said
Thoko.
It was Thoko's favourite drink.





He sipped it slowly. He wanted it to last him until they got to the top of the hill. At the top of the hill his father stopped to give the oxen a rest.

“What a beautiful valley we live in children,” he said.

“We are lucky to live in such a clean, fresh place.” He smiled.

On they went.

The sun was warm.
The wagon was rocking gently from side to side as the oxen walked.
The children were chatting softly to each other.
Thoko felt sleepy.
He wanted to lie down on the mielies and sleep a little.
He looked at the empty FantaPine tin in his hand.
“I am tired of holding this empty tin,” he thought to himself.
What can I do with it?”





Thoko thought for a minute.
Then he threw that FantaPine tin as far
as he could out into the field.

Wheeeeeeeee! That tin flew over the field.
Twok! It landed in one of the furrows.
The children laughed.
“Aiee, Thoko is good at throwing!” they said.
“Look how far he threw that FantaPine tin!”





Thoko's father turned around.
He stopped the wagon.
"What did you throw into my field
Thoko?" he asked.
"I threw my FantaPine tin father," said
Thoko.
"Why did you do that Thoko?" asked his
father.
"I was tired of holding it, and it made my
fingers sticky," said Thoko.

“Let me ask you something, Thoko,” said his father.

“Do I grow FantaPine in my fields?”

“Hahahahahahaha,” the children laughed.

“Aiee, no, no, no, of course not father,”

Thoko said.

“Have you seen FantaPine growing on the stalks in the summer Thoko?”

“Heeeehahahahahahaha,” laughed the children.

“No father, never,” said Thoko.





“Have you seen us harvesting FantaPine in winter in my fields Thoko?” asked his father.

“Whooo, heeee, ha, ha, haaaaa!” laughed the children.

“No father, we do not,” said Thoko.

“Do you see us taking FantaPine tins home on my wagon to eat?” his father went on.

“Absolutely not, my father,” said Thoko.

“Does your mother grind FantaPine tins to make sorghum porridge Thoko?”
The children were laughing so much they had to hold onto the sides of the wagon.
But Thoko could see that his father was not happy.
“Never father.” said Thoko.





“So Thoko, answer me please,” said his father. “What do I grow in my fields?”
“You grow corn and sorghum in your fields father,” answered Thoko.
“Yes,” said Thoko’s father, “you are right. So I am asking myself a question. Why is my son planting FantaPine tins in my field, when he knows very well that I grow only corn and sorghum?”

The children stopped laughing.
There was silence on the wagon.
Thoko looked at his father.
His father was frowning.
He said, "Thoko, you get down off this wagon right now.
You go and find that FantaPine tin and you bring it back here at once!"
He spoke in a big, loud voice.





Thoko felt ashamed.

He got down off the wagon and went into the field.

He looked for his empty FantaPine tin.

There it was, shining in the sun.

He walked over to it.

Just as he was about to pick it up, he noticed a dirty plastic bag lying nearby.

Thoko stopped and thought about that plastic bag.

Then he walked over to it and picked it up.

He went back to the wagon.

His father was waiting for him.

"What have you got there, Thoko?" he asked.

"I have my FantaPine tin and a plastic bag father, he said.

"I see," said his father.

"Yes," said Thoko.

"I said to myself, my father grows only corn and sorghum in his fields.

He does not grow FantaPine drinks, and he also does not grow plastic bags in his fields."





“Thoko, I am very proud of you my son,” said his father.

“Children, let’s all go into the field. We will see if there are other plastic bags, and tins and other things that we don’t grow there,” he said.

“Mm, good idea!” said Thoko.

The children clapped their hands and jumped down off the wagon. They ran into the field. They found many plastic bags, papers, tins and boxes there. "These must not be planted in the fields," they said. When they came back to the wagon, their arms were full of all the rubbish.





"Put them all here children," said Thoko's father.

"We will take them home and burn them. We do not want these things in our fields. These things we cannot grow. These things are not good for our soil."

"Yes, yeeees!" said the children.

Everybody got back onto the wagon.

Thoko's father whistled to the oxen.
The wagon began to move again.
"Thoko," said his father, "tell me, do you
think our fields are happy now?"
'Yes, father,' said Thoko, smiling. 'And me
too, I am happy now.'



Thoko's FantaPine Seed

Writer: Khothatso Ranoosi and Marion Drew

Illustration: Paleng Children's Centre

Translated By: Khothatso Ranoosi and Marion Drew

Language: English



This story was created in Paleng Children's Centre, Lesotho. Please visit our FaceBook page: 'Paleng' and our website <http://paleng.weebly.com/> to find out more about us.

© Khothatso Ranoosi and Marion Drew, 2015



This story is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution Non-Commercial licence: CC-BY-NC 4.0 You are free to download, copy, translate or adapt this story and use the illustrations as long as you attribute or credit the original writer/s and illustrator/s. You may not use this story for commercial purposes (for profit).

Saide 
South African Institute
for Distance Education
www.africanstorybook.org
A Saide Initiative