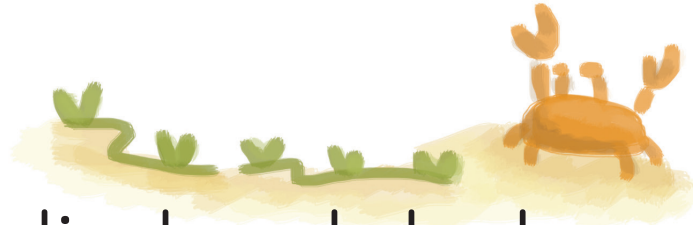




Mev. Pikkewyn se Perfekte Paleis



Hierdie boek behoort aan







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*Mev. Pikkewyn se Perfekte Paleis
(Mrs Penguin's Perfect Palace)*

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with Vian Oelofsen and Jennifer Jacobs, and the help of Book Dash participants in Cape Town on 10 May 2014.

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Mev. Pikkewyn se Perfekte Paleis



Helen Brain • Celeste Beckerling





“Ek wens ek het ’n HUIS gehad!” sê mev. Pikkewyn.
“Ek haat dit om tussen die rommel te woon.”





“Liewe mev. Pikkewyn,” sê mnr. Pikkewyn.
“Ons sal vir jou ’n kasteel bou.”





Die Pikkewyn-gesin spring aan die werk.

“Die sand laat my jeuk,”
mor Sussie.



“Die afmetings is
verkeerd,” sê Boetie.





“Ek’s honger,”
sê Pikkie.



Mev. Pikkewyn sug.
Sy moet al die werk
doen.





Uiteindelijk is die
kasteel klaar.





Maar die gety kom in en spoel dit weg.
“Ons sal weer probeer,” sê mnr. Pikkewyn.





“Kom kinders, ons gaan vir Mamma ’n herehuis
van klip bou.”





Die Pikkewyn-gesin spring aan die werk.





“Die klippe is swaar,”
mor Sussie.



“Die afmetings is
verkeerd,” sê Boetie.





“Ek’s nog steeds honger,” sê Pikkie.





Uiteindelijk is die
herehuis klaar. Maar
die wind kom en
waai dit om.





Mev. Pikkewyn is kwaad.
“Ek gaan nie nog ’n steek
werk doen nie,” sê sy.





“Ons sal weer probeer,” sê mnr. Pikkewyn.

“Ek kan aan niks dink nie,” sê Sussie. “Dis te moeilik.”

“Ons het nie sement nie,”
sê Boetie. “’n Mens kan
nie ’n behoorlike huis
sonder sement bou nie.”





“Ek’s honger,” sê Pikkie.

Mev. Pikkewyn sug.

Sy gaan nooit haar huis kry nie.





“Kyk net na hierdie gemors,” sê sy.





Toe kry mev. Pikkewyn 'n blink plan.





“Boetie, gaan haal jy
hout,” sê sy.



“Sussie, gaan soek
jy nette.”





“Pikkie, gaan haal jy
plastiek. Mnr. Pikkewyn,
gaan kry die hamer.”

Hulle werk die
hele dag lank.





“Ek’s moeg,” sê Sussie.

“Hou aan werk,” sê mev. Pikkewyn.

“Die afmetings is verkeerd,” sê Boetie.

“Hou aan werk,” sê mev. Pikkewyn.





“Ek’s nog steeds honger,” sê Pikkie.
“Hou aan werk,” sê mev. Pikkewyn.





“Dit gaan wonderlik wees,” sê mnr. Pikkewyn.
“Jy doen goeie werk,” sê mev. Pikkewyn.





En hulle werk en werk
en werk en werk ...



... en uiteindelijk is
die huis klaar.







“Welkom by jou paleis,” sê mnr. Pikkewyn.
Mev. Pikkewyn klap haar vlerke. “Dankie,” sê sy.

“Dit is mev. Pikkewyn se
Perfekte Paleis.”

