



Skilpad soek sy huis

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Skilpad soek sy huis

(Tortoise finds his home)

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ISBN: 978-0-9922358-1-9

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Skilpad soek sy huis



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Skilpad loop een dag deur die veld.
Hy soek en soek.

Ná 'n ruk loop hy verby Slak.





“Jy lyk of jy iets soek,” sê Slak vir Skilpad.

“Ja Slak, ek soek my huis. Weet jy dalk waar ek hom kan kry?”





Slak sê: “Nee, ek weet nie, maar ek sal help soek!”

Sy klim bo-op Skilpad se dop. Skilpad loop verder met Slak wat bo-op ry. Hulle kyk en hulle soek, maar hulle sien niks wat huis is nie. Die son is hoog in die lug.









“Jy lyk of jy iets soek,” sê Mossie vir Skilpad.

“Ja Mossie, ek soek my huis. Weet jy dalk waar ek
hom kan kry?”

Mossie sê: “Nee, ek weet nie, maar ek sal help soek!”



Hy klap sy vlerkies. Woerts is hy weg.

“Maar jy beweeg te vinnig vir my,” roep Skilpad.

Mossie kom terug. “Nou goed, dan klim ek op.”

Skilpad loop verder, met Slak en Mossie wat bo-op ry. Hulle kyk en hulle soek, maar hulle sien niks wat huis is nie. Die son sak 'n bietjie.













Liewenheersbesie sê: “Nee, ek weet nie, maar ek sal help soek!”

Sy klim bo-op Skilpad se dop, en Skilpad loop verder, met Slak en Mossie en Liewenheersbesie wat bo-op ry. Hulle kyk en hulle soek, maar hulle sien niks wat huis is nie. ’n Briesie steek op.

Ná 'n ruk loop hulle verby Streepmuis. Hy is besig om 'n blommekransie te vleg.

“Jy lyk of jy iets soek,” sê Streepmuis vir Skilpad.

“Ja Streepmuis, ek soek my huis. Weet jy dalk waar ek hom kan kry?”







Streepmuis sê: “Nee, ek weet nie, maar ek sal help soek!”

Hy klim bo-op Skilpad se dop. “Wag, ek kan nie my madeliefies los nie.” Skilpad wag. Streepmuis rek en strek en skep sy kransie op.





Skilpad loop verder, met Slak en Mossie en
Liewenheersbesie en Streepmuis wat bo-op ry.
Hulle kyk en hulle soek, maar hulle sien niks wat
huis is nie. Die wind raak 'n bietjie sterker.
Later is Skilpad moeg. “Julle ouens is swaar,” kla hy.





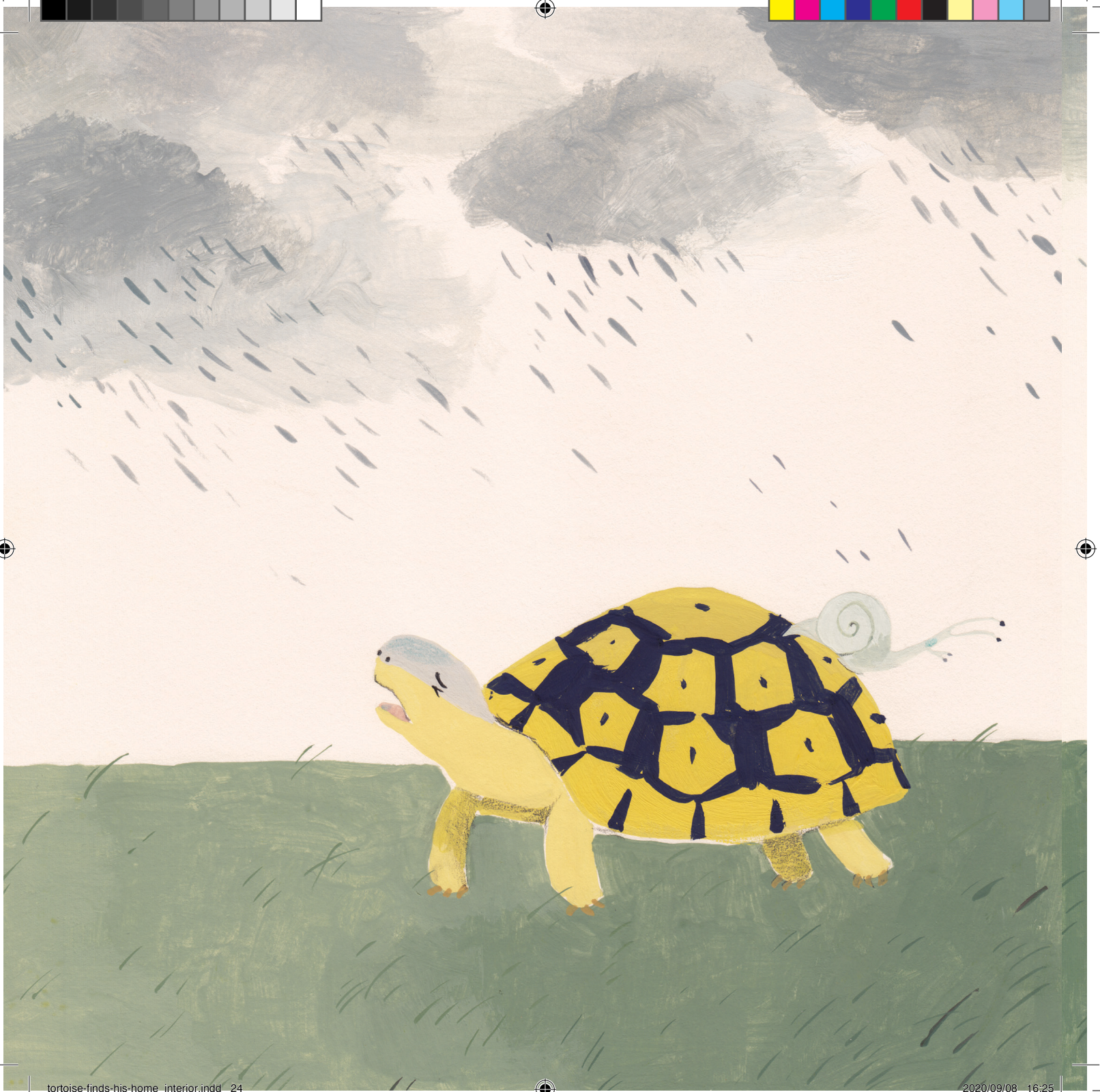


Die wind waai sterker. Die lug word donker.

“Ag, waar is my huis?” vra Skilpad hartseer.

In die berge rammel donderweer. In die verte
klap die blits. Drup-drup kom die reën.

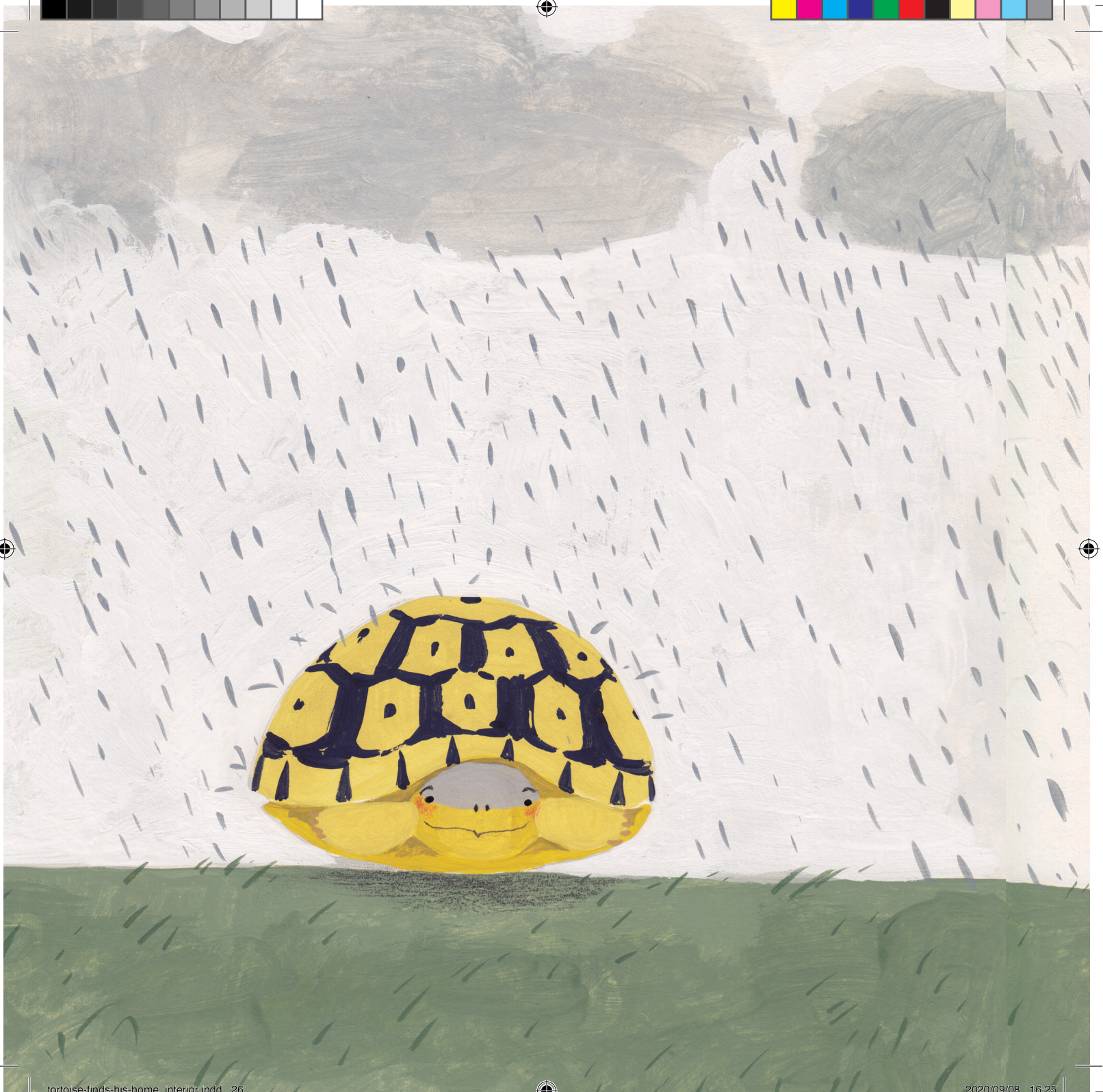
“Ag, waar is Skilpad se huis?” vra Slak en
Mossie en Liewenheersbesie en Streepmuis.






Die wind waai sterk en die wind waai
sterker. Die wind blaas Slak en Mossie
en Liewenheersbesie en Streepmuis
van Skilpad se rug af.





A painting of a rainy day. The sky is a pale, textured beige, filled with numerous dark grey, teardrop-shaped raindrops falling diagonally. In the foreground, a green field is also textured with brushstrokes. A large, light grey snail with a spiral shell is moving across the grass. To its right, a small red and black ladybug is visible. On the right side of the image, a portion of a grey winged creature is visible. The overall style is soft and painterly.

En daar kom die hael, tip-tip-tip.
Skilpad skrik so groot, hy kruip in
sy dop. Dis warm en veilig daar.

“O, hier is my huis!”





“O, hier is Skilpad se huis!”







