



Klein Bokkie

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Klein Bokkie

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with the help of the Book Dash participants in Grahamstown on 12 November 2016.

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Klein Bokkie



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Tiffany Mac Sherry

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Klein Bokkie is op soek na die
soetste gras.





Die lug is blou daarbo.
Maar sy kyk nie op nie.







Die rivier murmel daar onder. Maar
Klein Bokkie luister nie daarna nie.





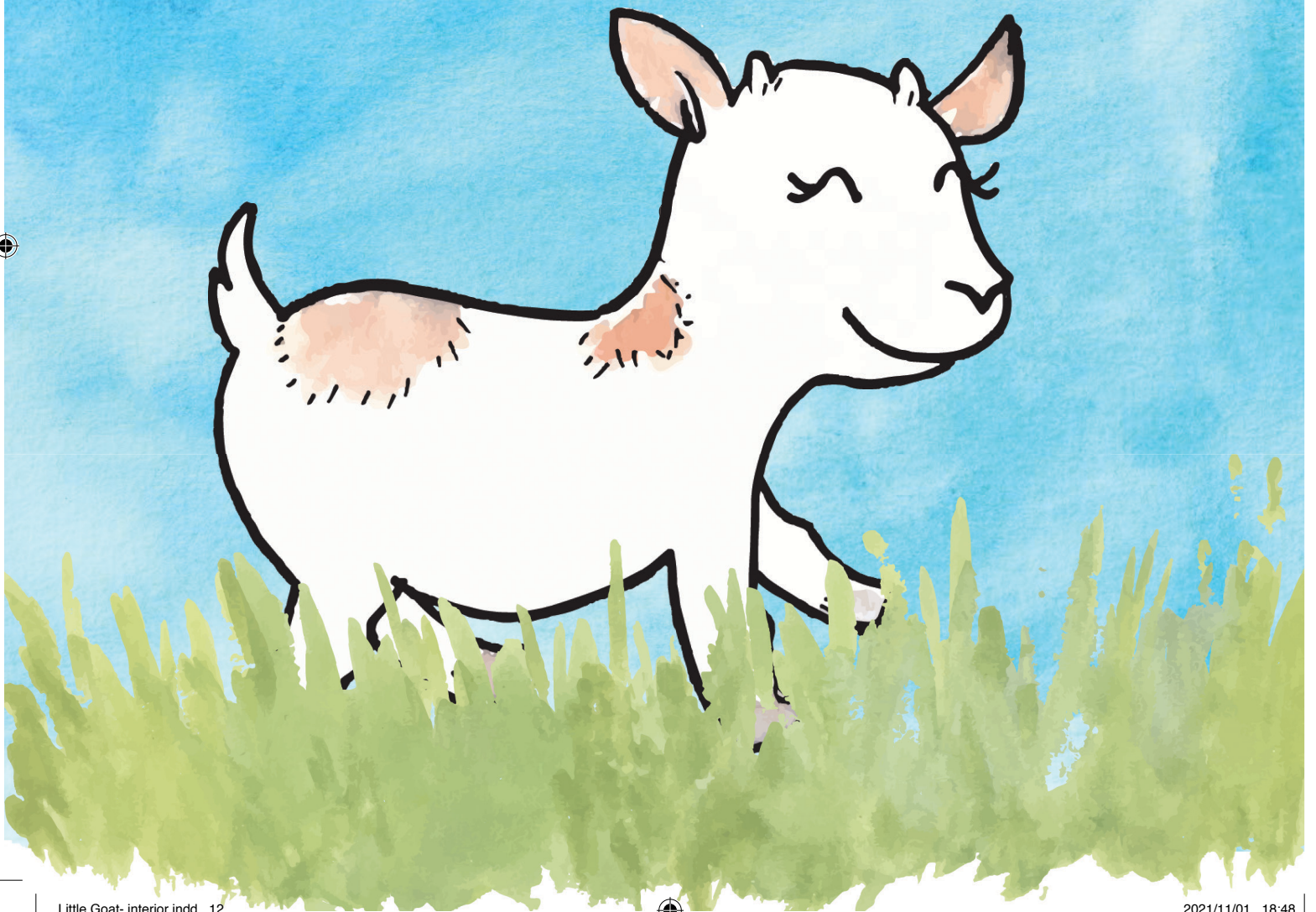
'n Voëltjie roep na haar en vra:
"Hoe gaan dit?"





Maar Klein Bokkie antwoord nie.

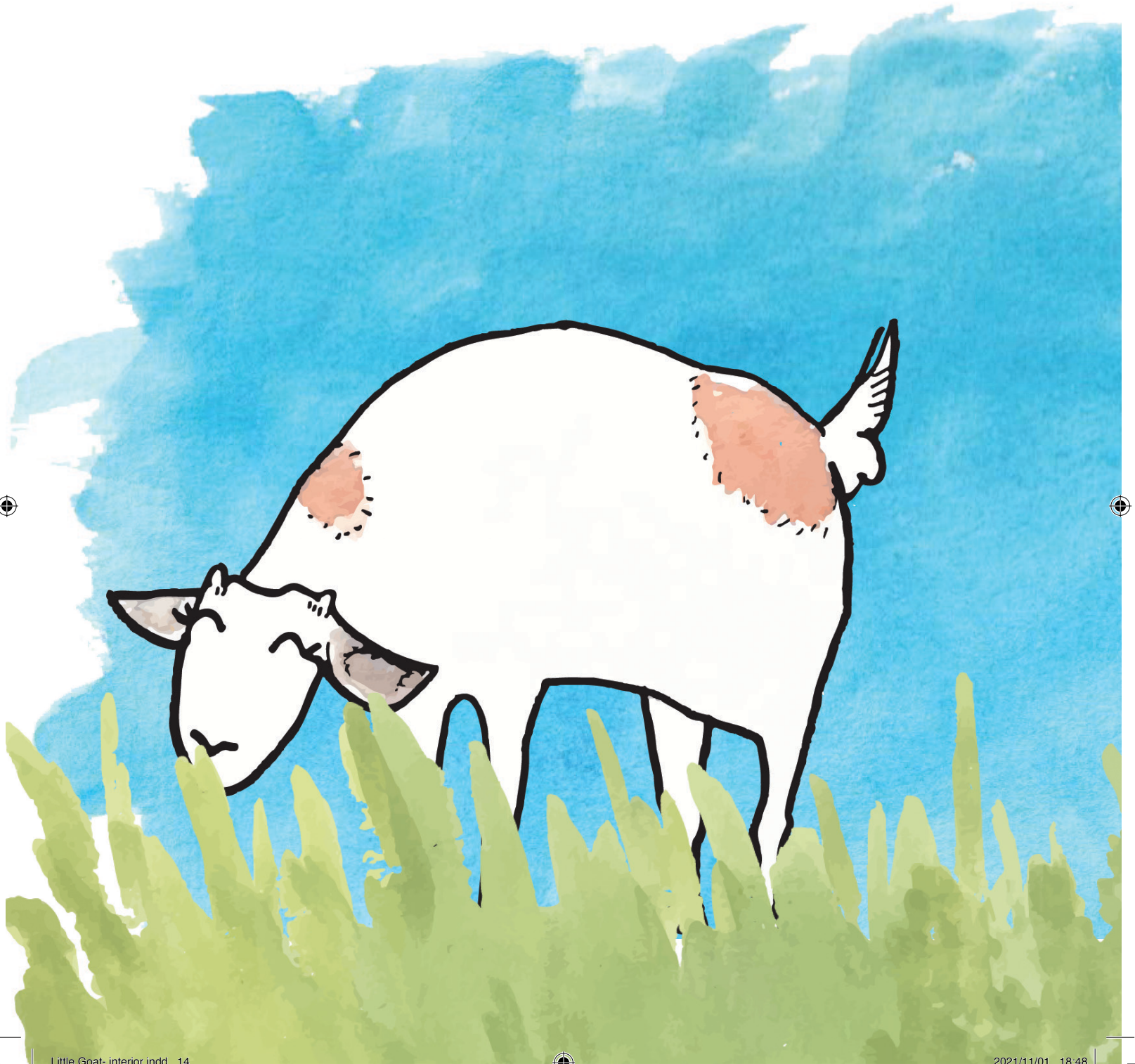






Sy loop net verder, op soek na die
soetste gras.





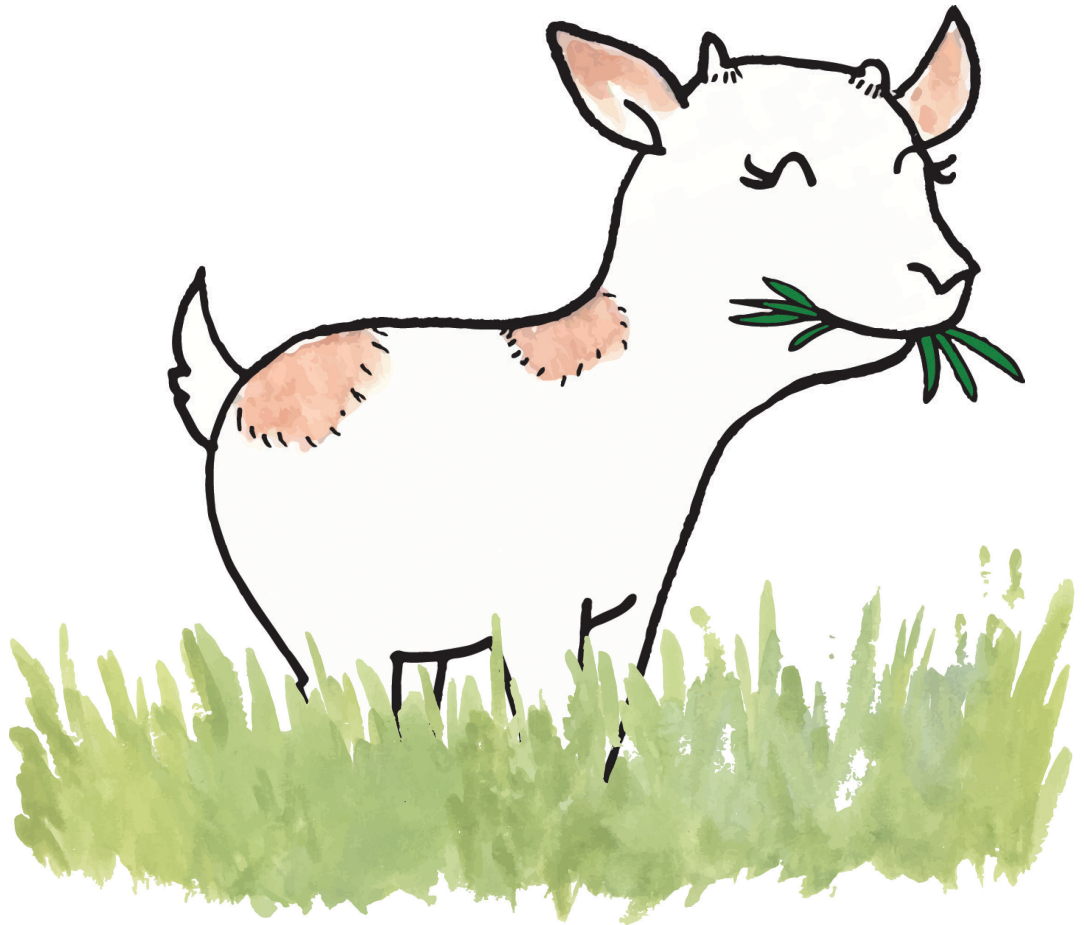


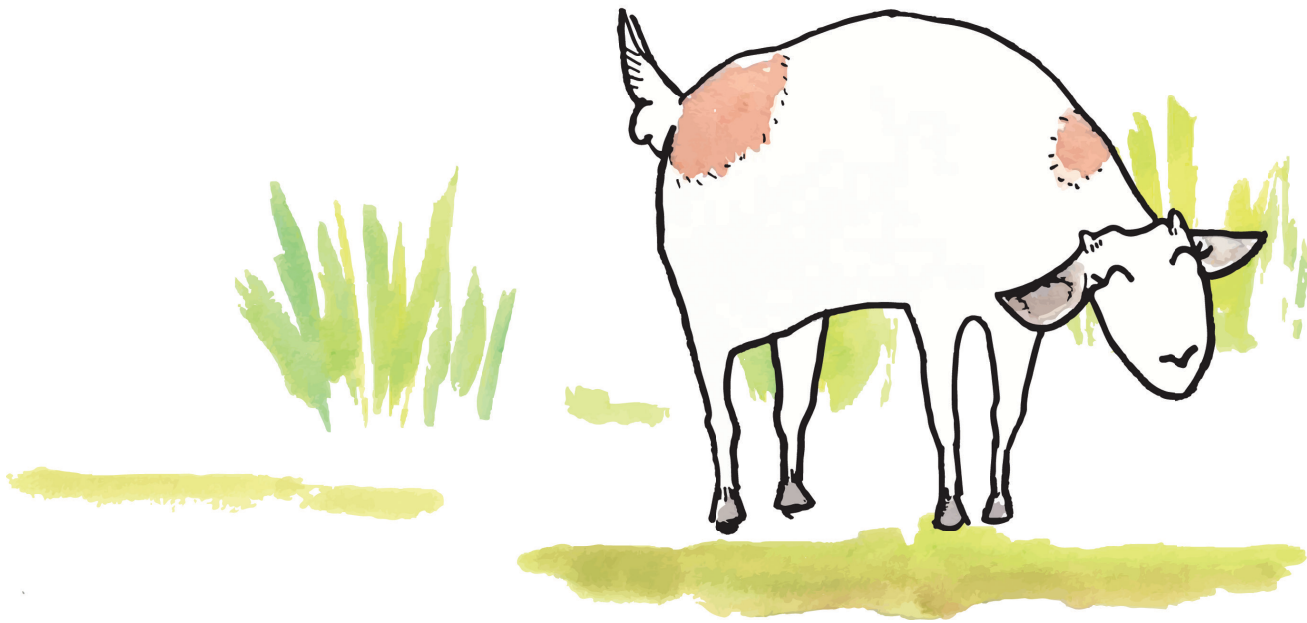
En soos sy soek, loop Klein Bokkie
al verder en verder weg van
Mamma Bok af.





Klein Bokkie vind die soetste gras.
Sy eet en eet.





Sy is nou baie ver van Mamma Bok af.





Mamma Bok wonder waar Klein Bokkie
kan wees.



Sy gaan kyk in die mielieland, maar
Klein Bokkie is nie daar nie.



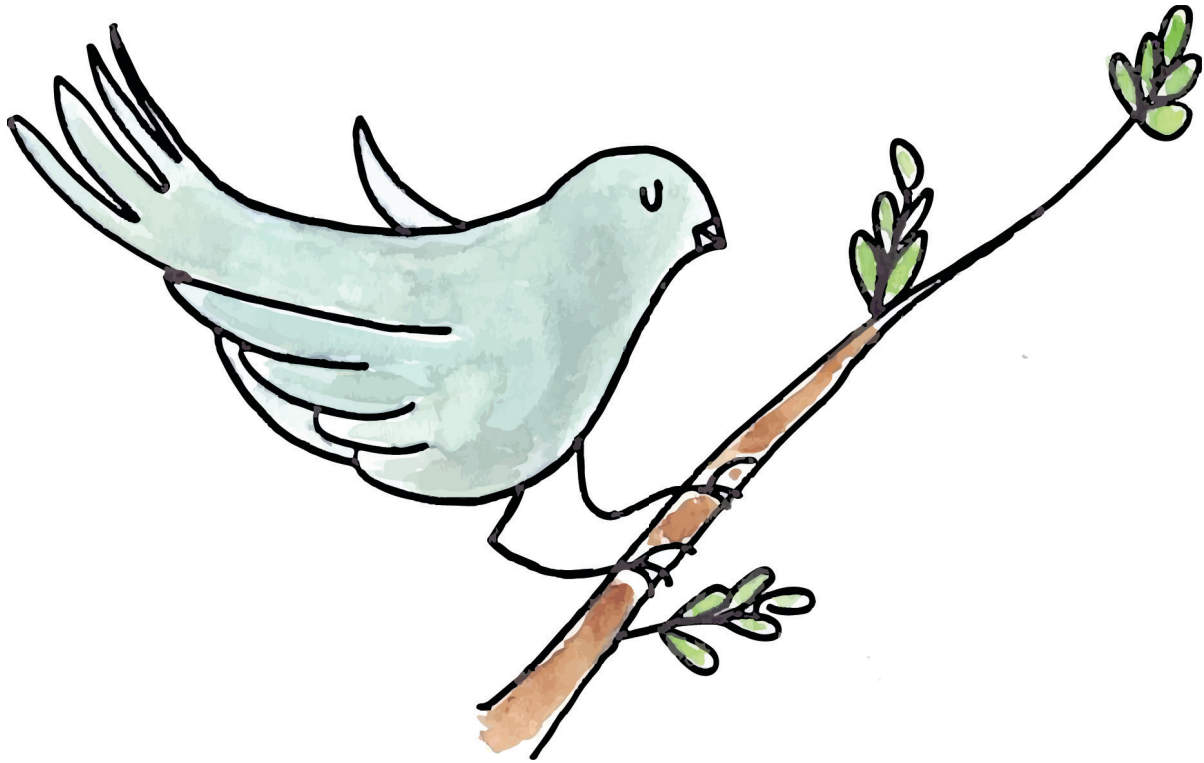




Mamma Bok hardloop na die rivier toe.
Maar Klein Bokkie is nie daar nie.

“Waar is jy, Klein Bokkie?” blêr
Mamma Bok.







'n Voëltjie roep na Mamma Bok:
"Klein Bokkie slaap in die soet gras
oorkant die brug."







Mamma Bok loop oor die brug tot by
die soet gras.





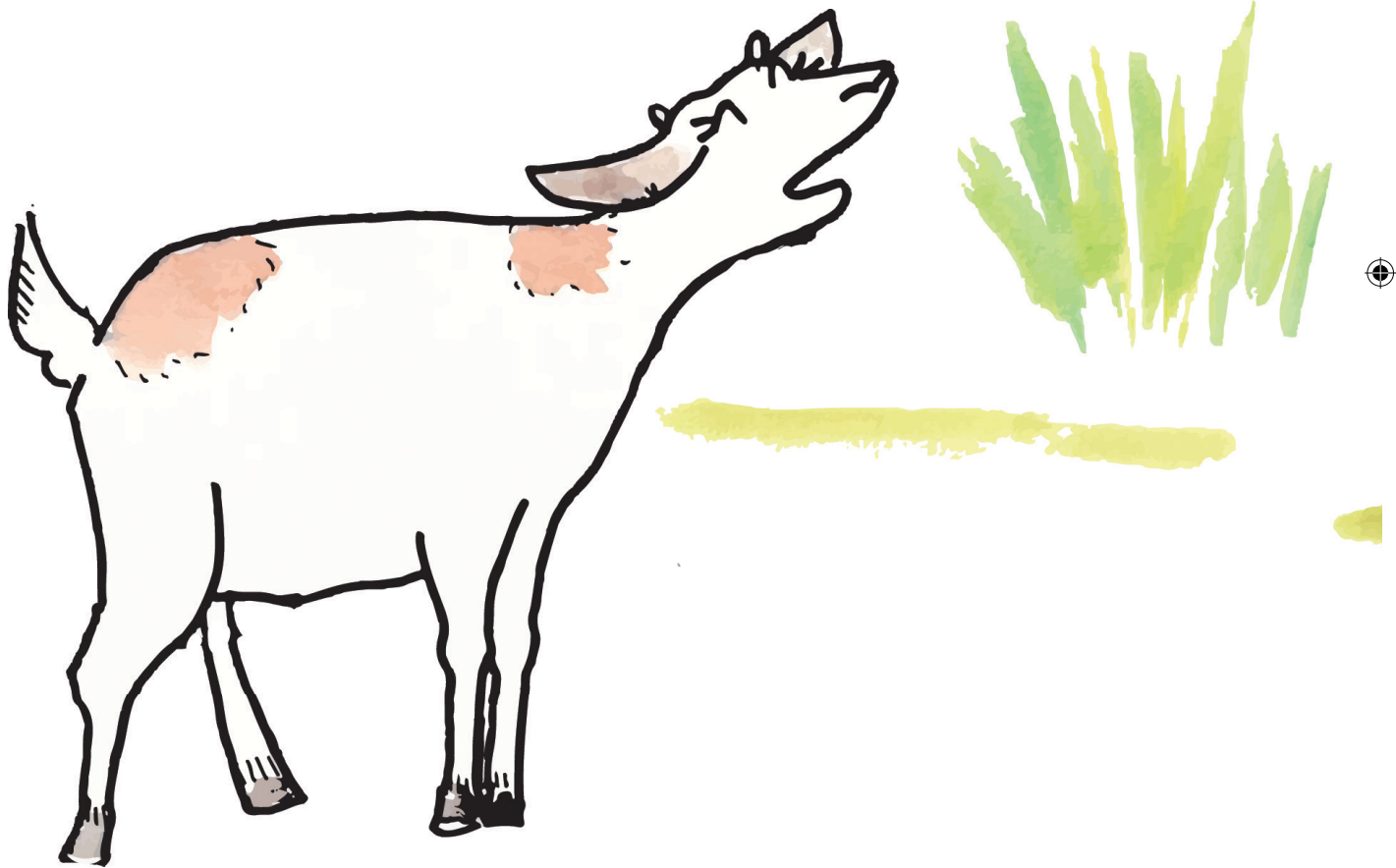
Daar kry sy Klein Bokkie, vas aan
die slaap.







“Word wakker, Klein Bokkie,” sê
Mamma Bok saggies. “Ek was bang
jy het weggeraak!”





“Ek het nie weggeraak nie ... ek was nog die hele tyd hier!” sê Klein Bokkie.







