

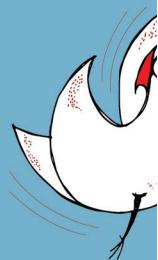
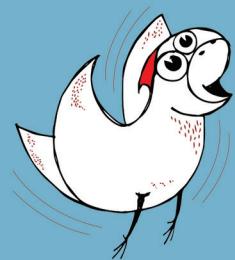
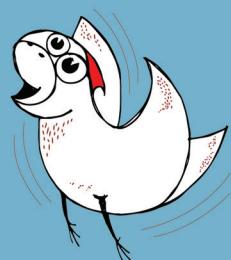
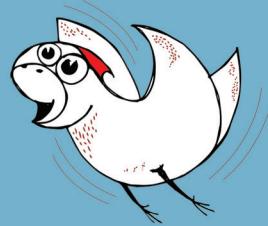
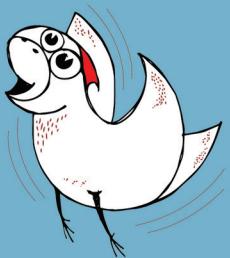


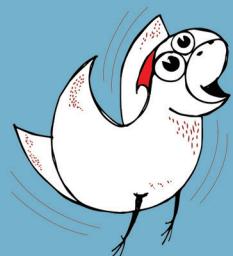
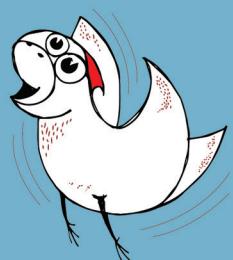
# Ongelooflike Daisy!

Hierdie boek behoort aan

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*Ongelooflike Daisy!*

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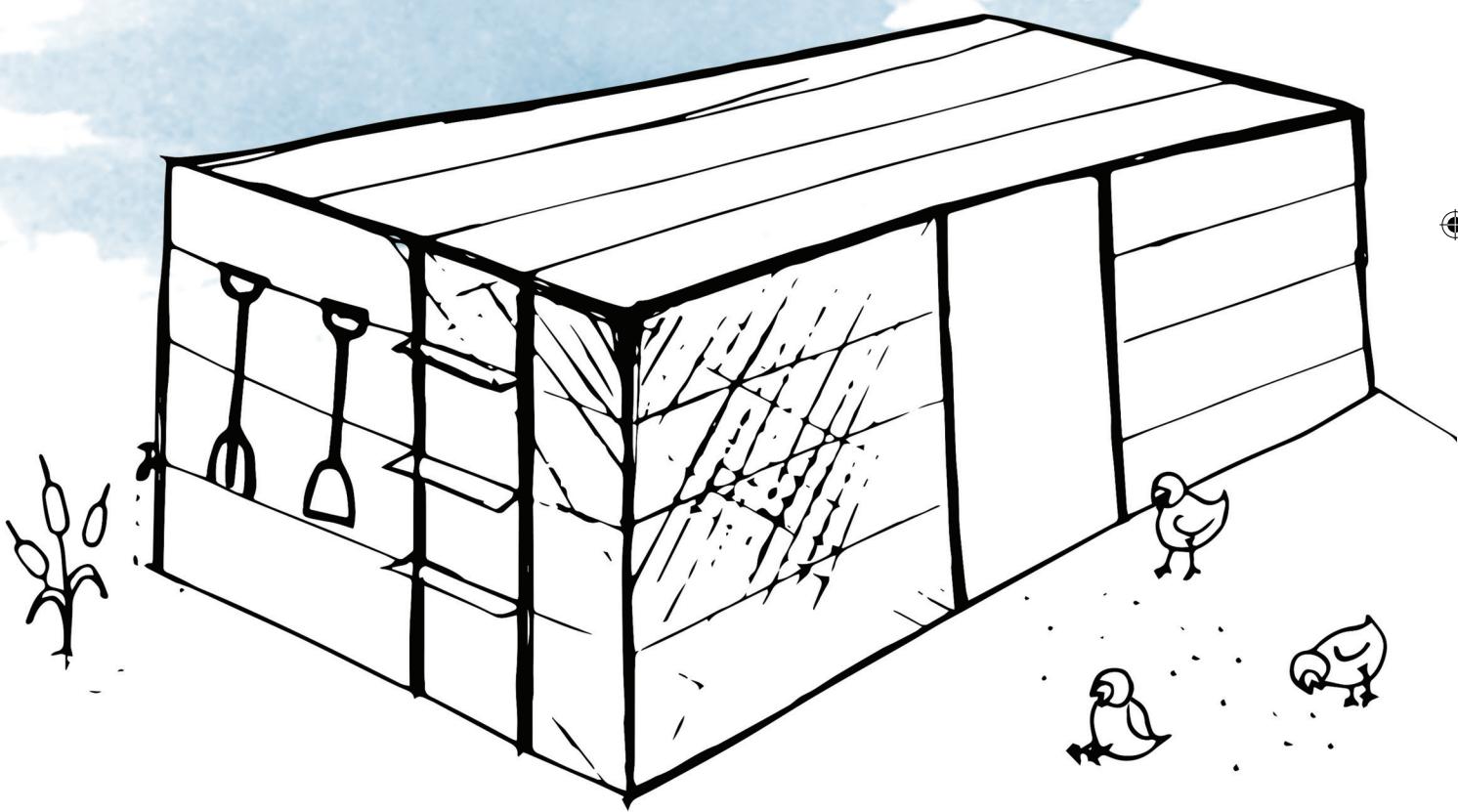
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# Ongelooflike Daisy!

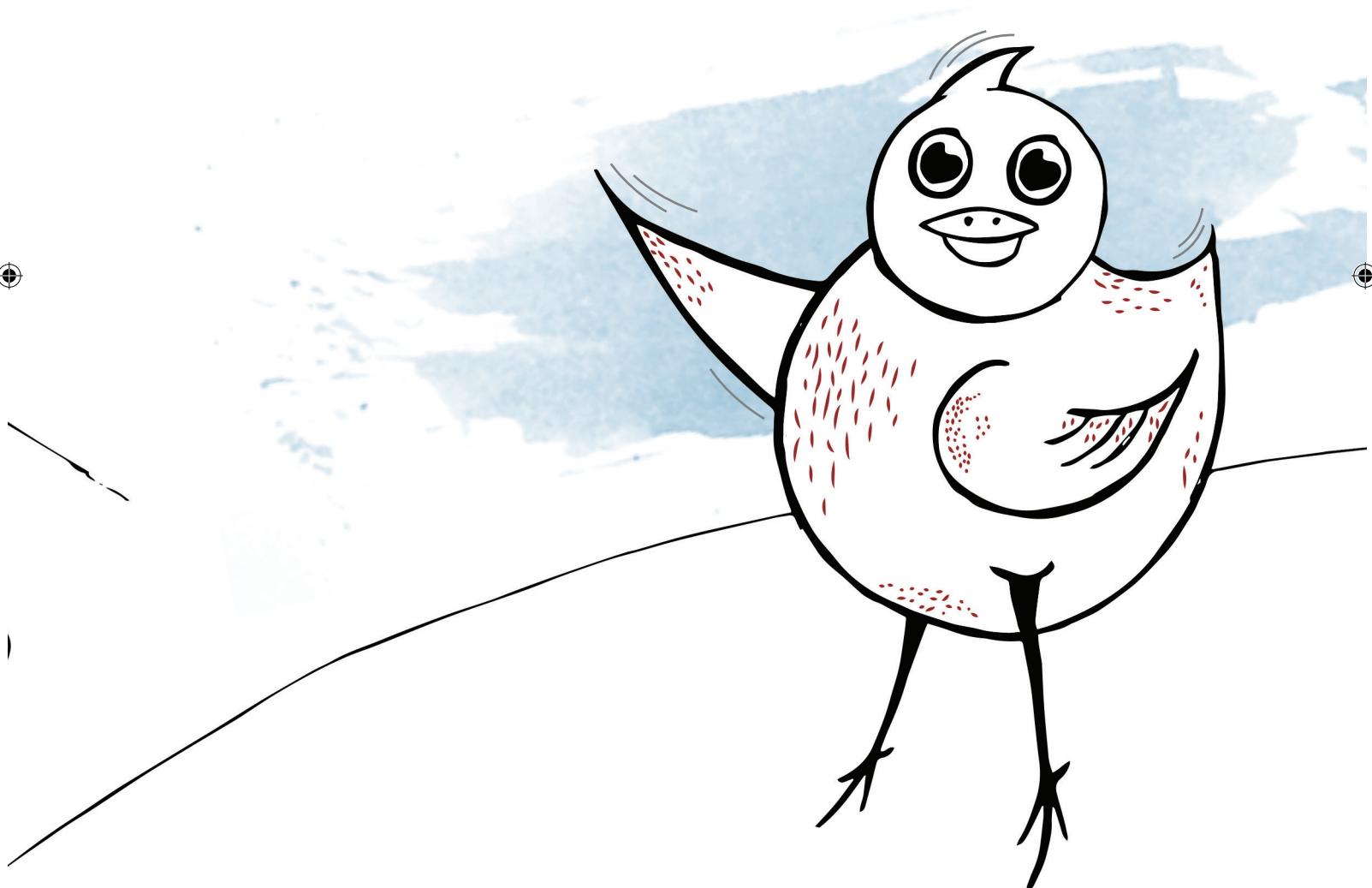


Nozizwe Herero • Siya Masuku • Leona Ingram



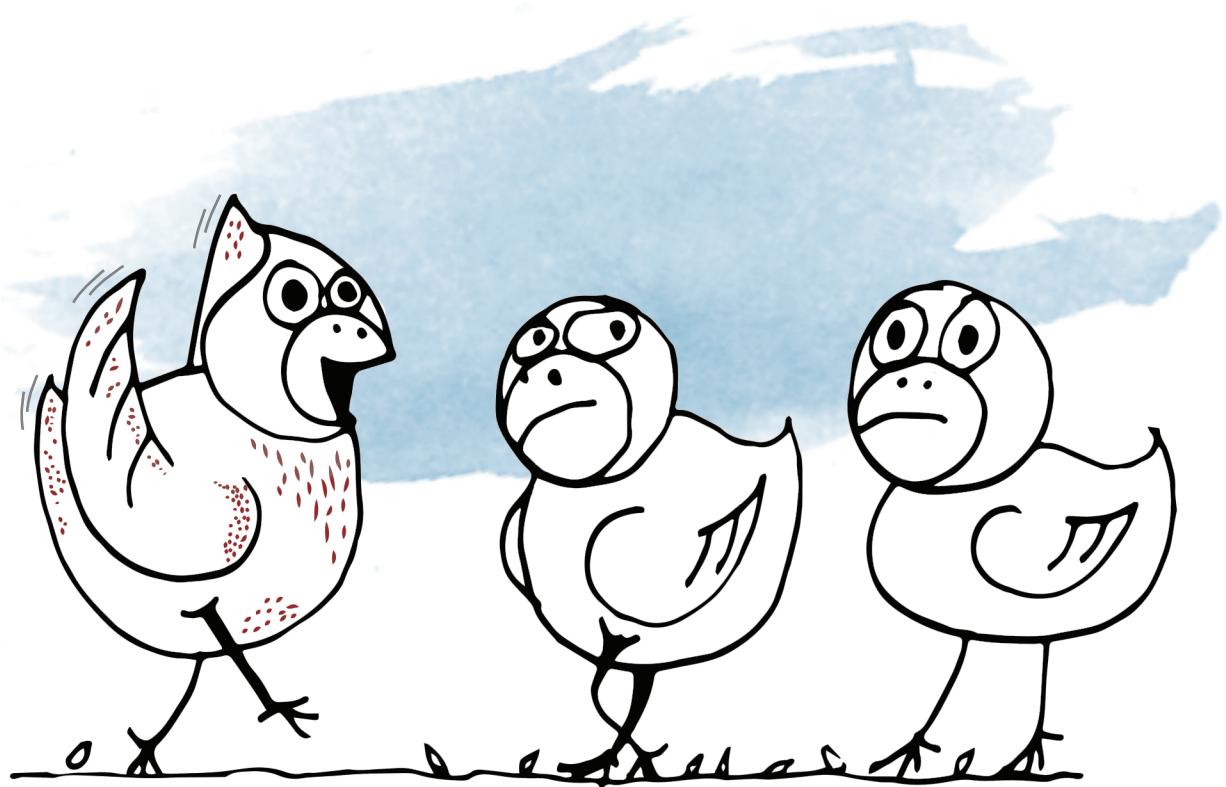


Eendag het daar 'n hoender met die naam Daisy op 'n klein plasie naby 'n klein dorpie gewoon.



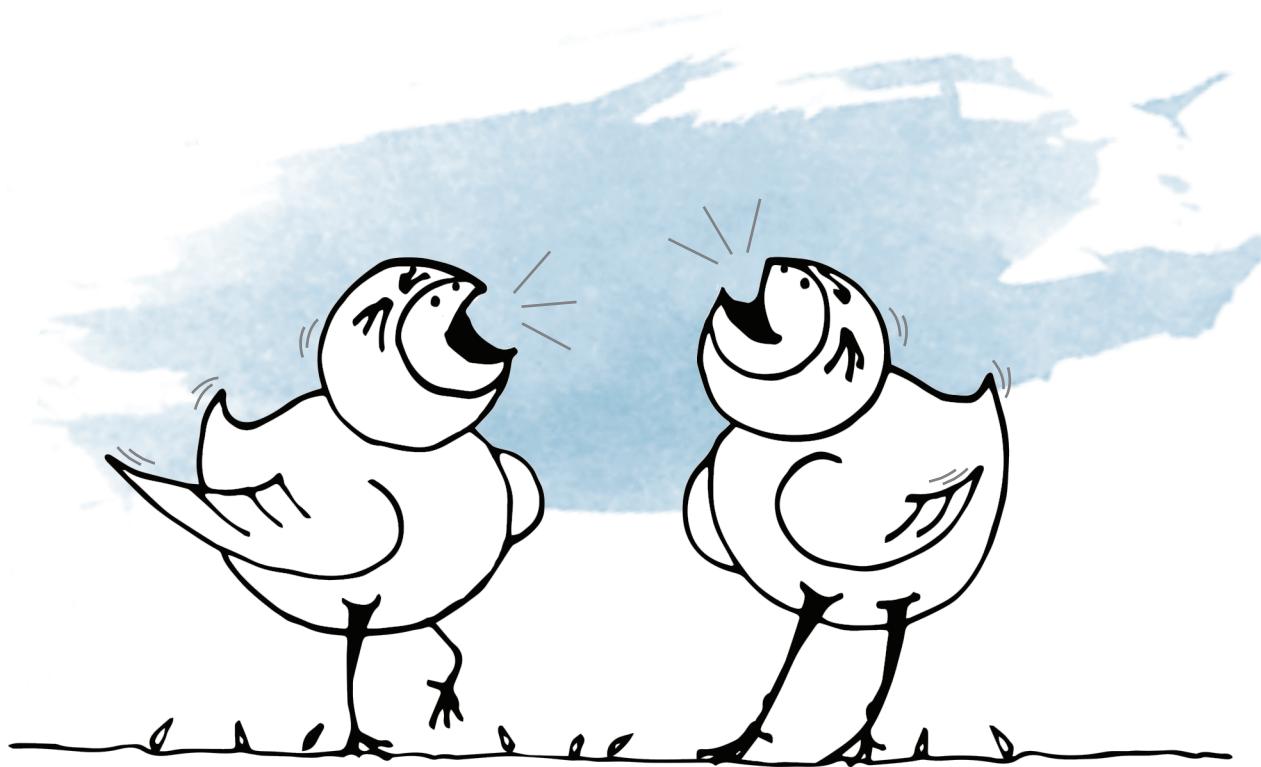


“Wanneer ek een dag groot is, wil ek hoog in die lug rondvlieg,” sê Daisy.



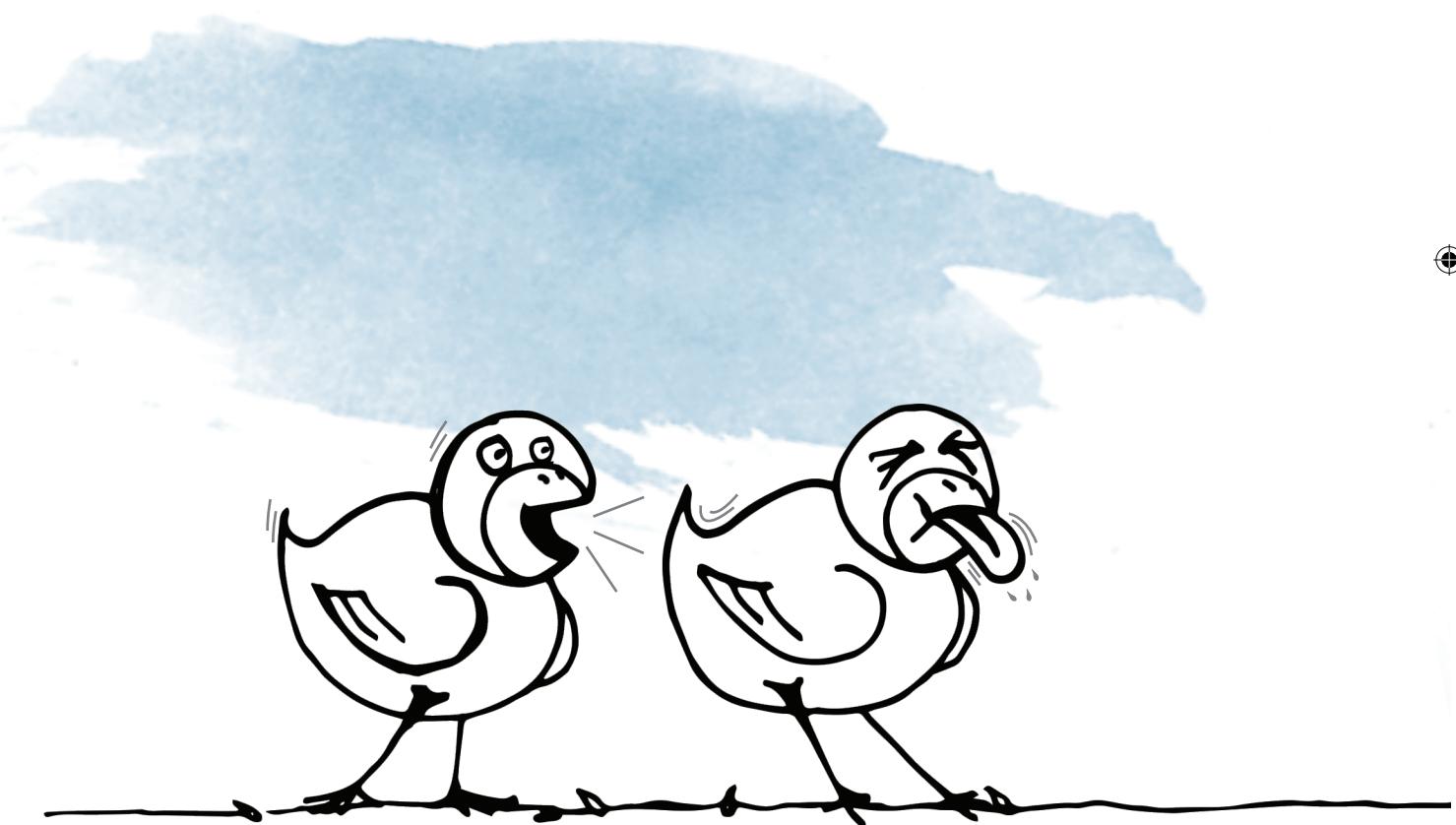


Maar al die ander hoenders lag  
vir haar.



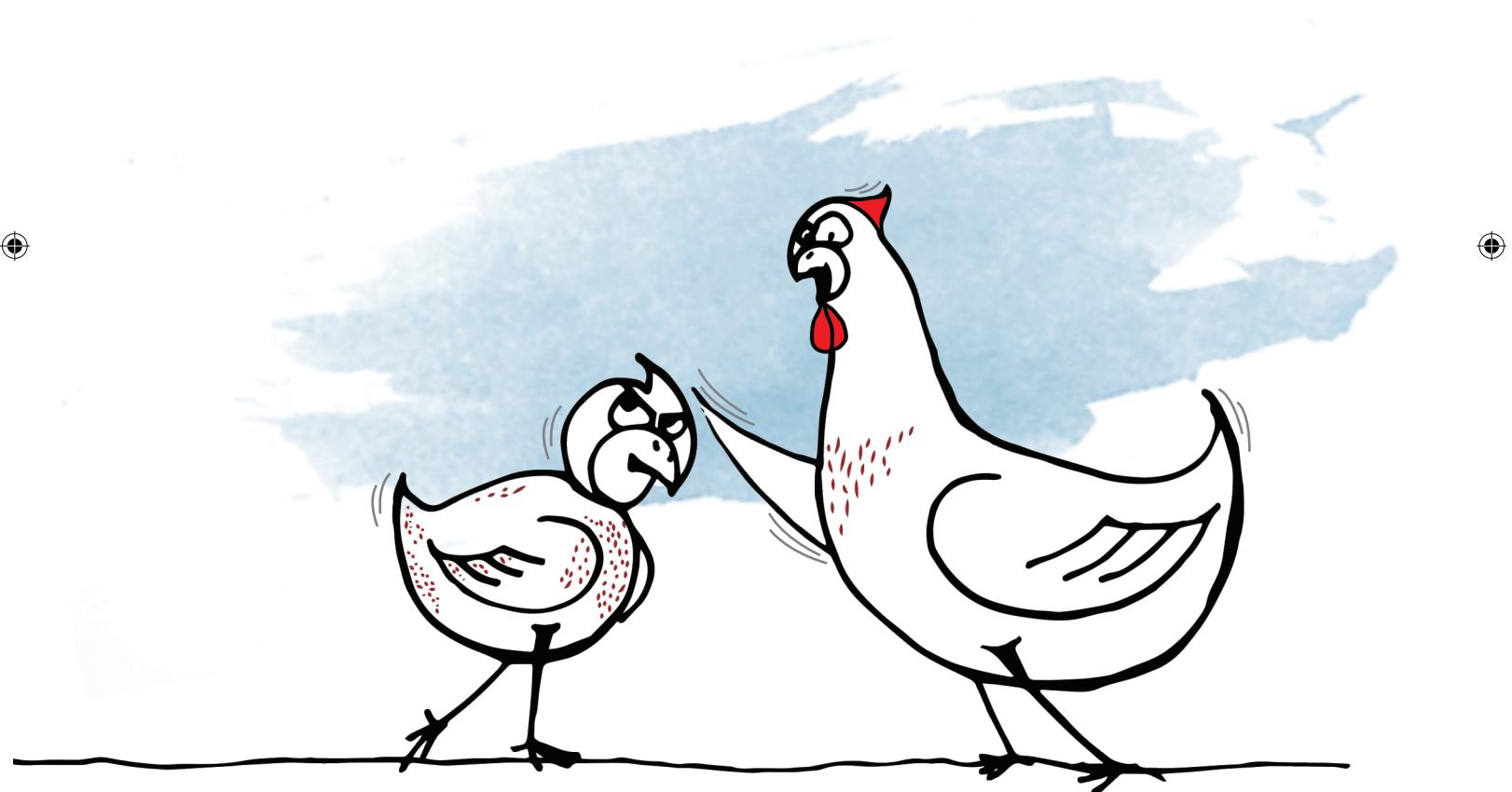


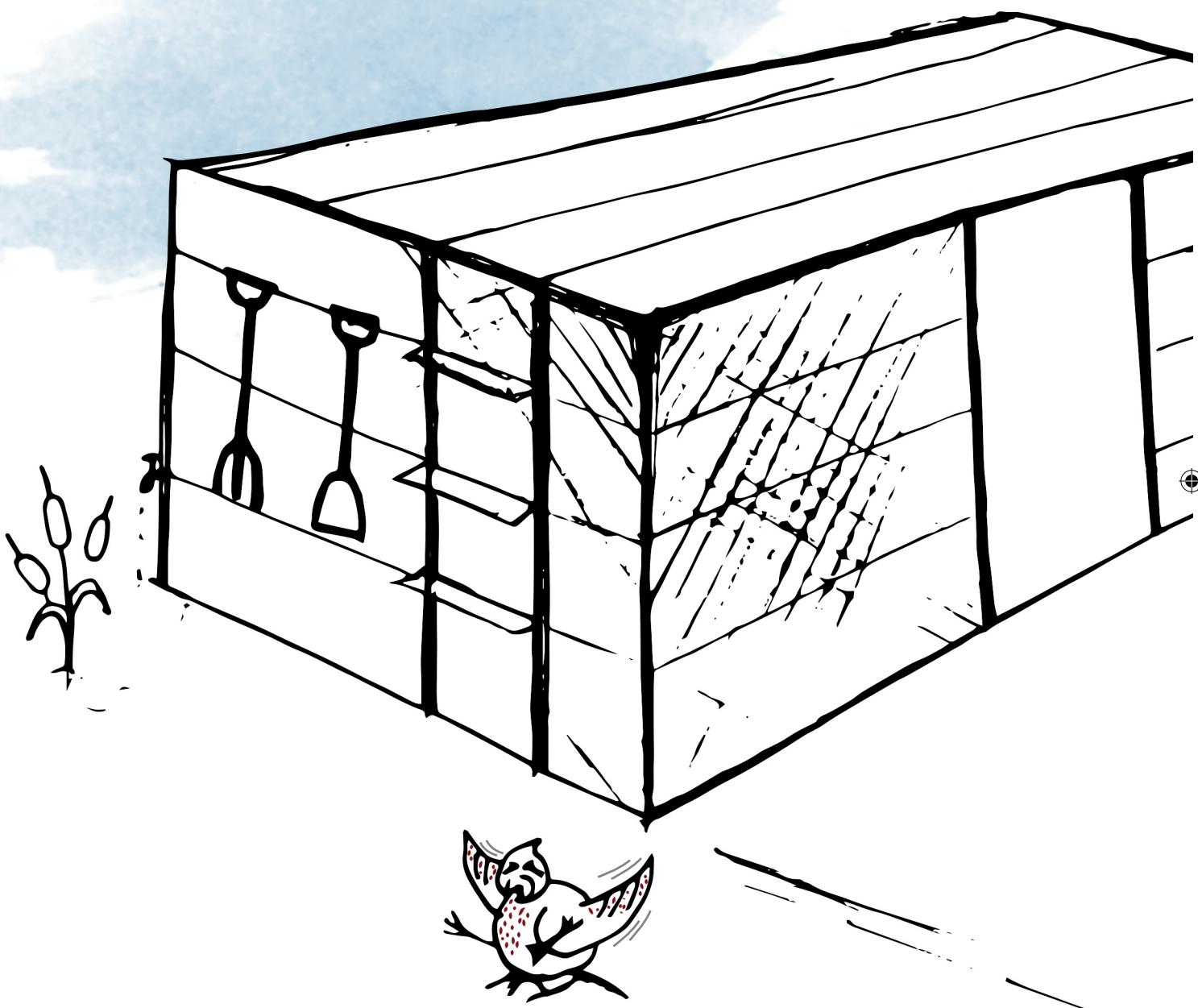
“Jy's so vreemd,” sê hulle. “Ons gaan nie meer met jou speel nie.”

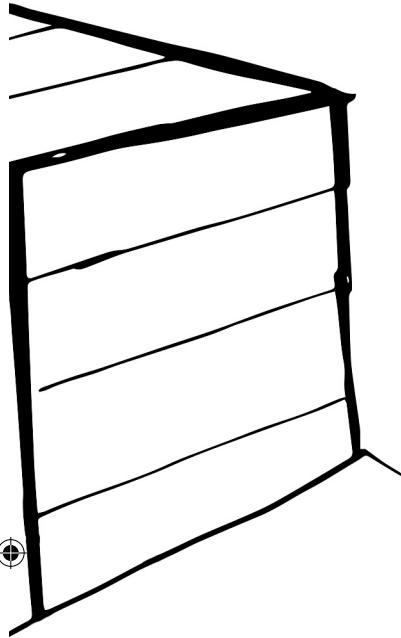




“Daisy, ons kan almal ons vlerke klap,  
maar dit is baie moeilik vir hoenders  
om te vlieg,” sê Mamma vir haar.



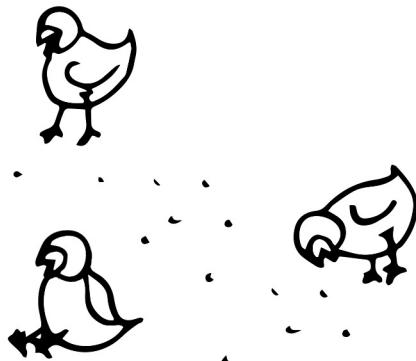


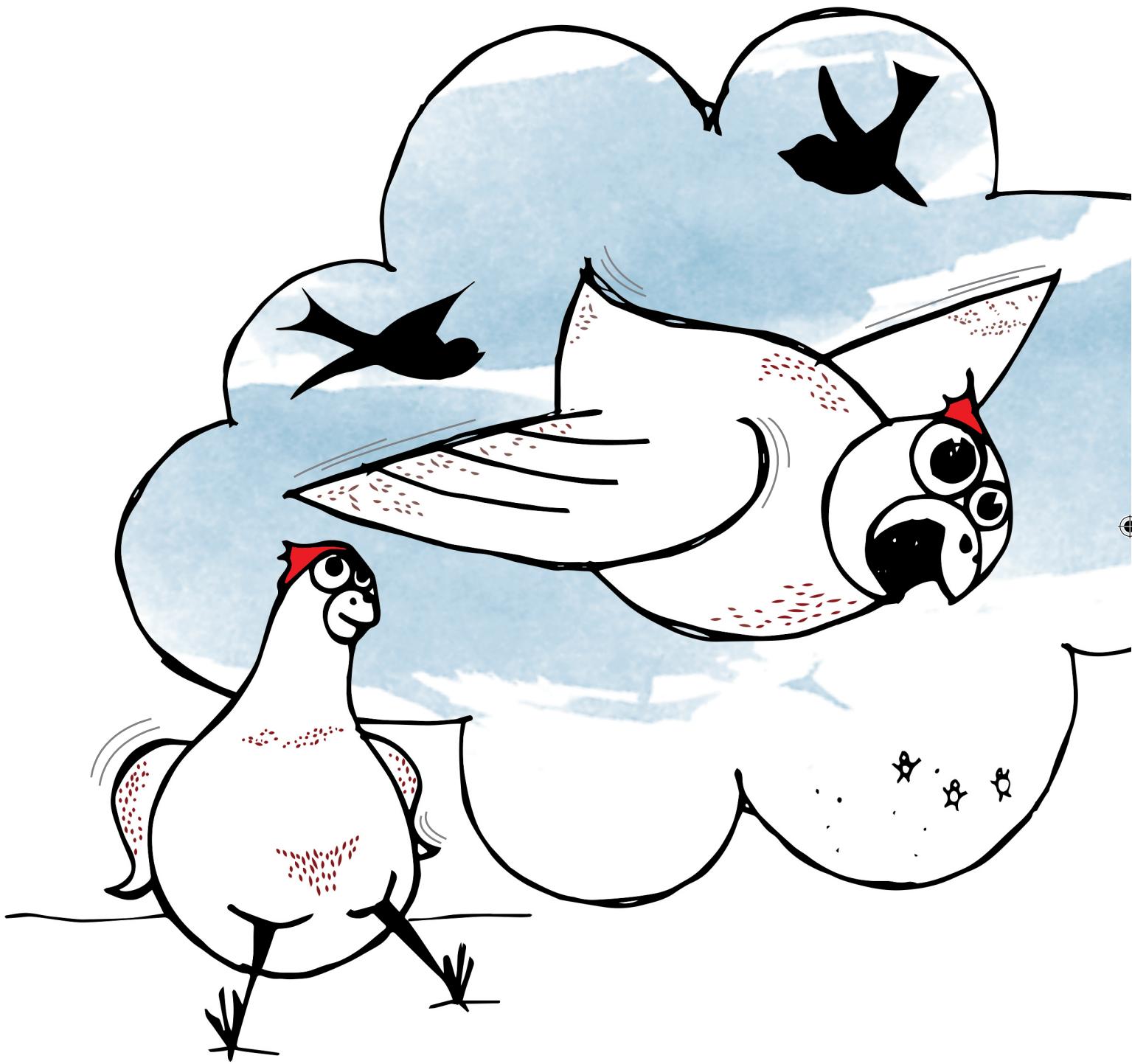


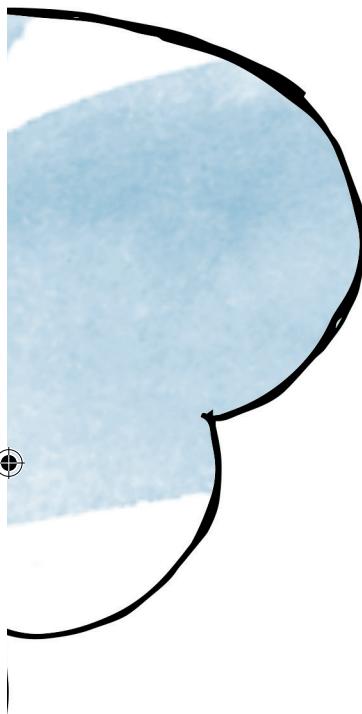
Maar Daisy gee nie moed  
op nie.

Sy oefen elke dag op haar  
eie om haar vlerke te klap.

Klap, klap, klap – sy klap  
haar vlerke, maar sy bly op  
die grond.







Terwyl sy oefen, verbeel sy  
haar dat sy hoog bo in  
die lug rondvlieg en na die  
hoenders onder haar kyk.

Sy verbeel haar dat sy verby  
die mossies en verby die  
swaeltjies vlieg.

“Sjoe!” roep die voëls. “’n  
Hoender wat kan vlieg!”



So klap, klap, klap Daisy elke  
dag haar vlerke.



Sy lig van die grond af op,  
maar val weer terug.





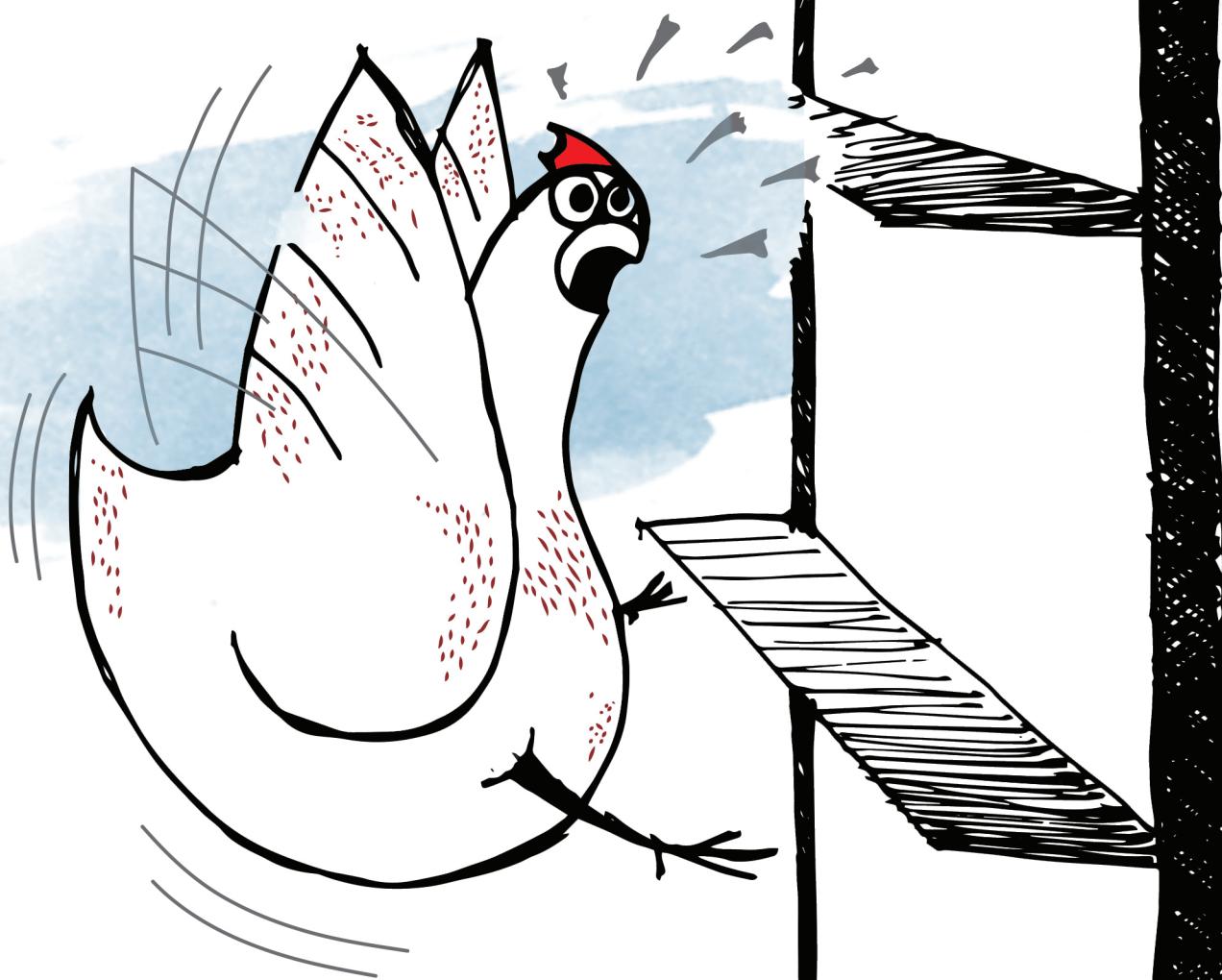
“Ek sal nooit kan vlieg nie!” huil Daisy  
by Mamma. “Die ander is reg.”





“Daisy, jy is anders as die ander hoenders. Hulle wil nie vlieg nie, maar jy wil! Jy kan dit doen,” sê Mamma.







Die volgende dag klim Daisy tot  
bo-op die hoenderhoek en – klap,  
klap, klap – klap sy haar vlerke.

Sy vlieg in die lug op en klap  
haar vlerke ...

en klap haar vlerke ...

en klap haar vlerke en ...



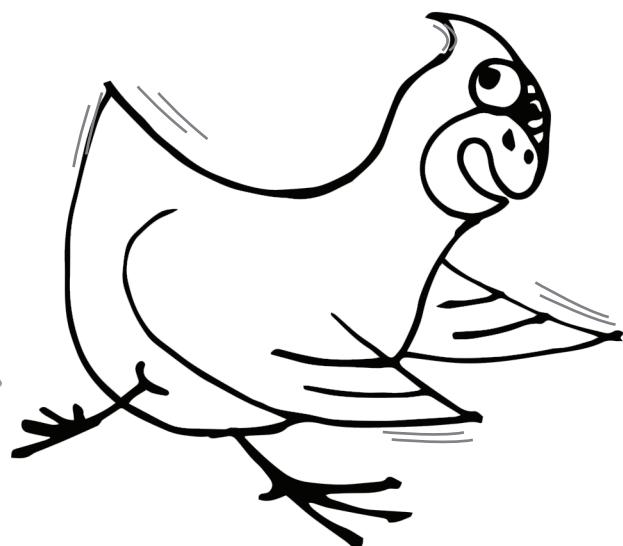
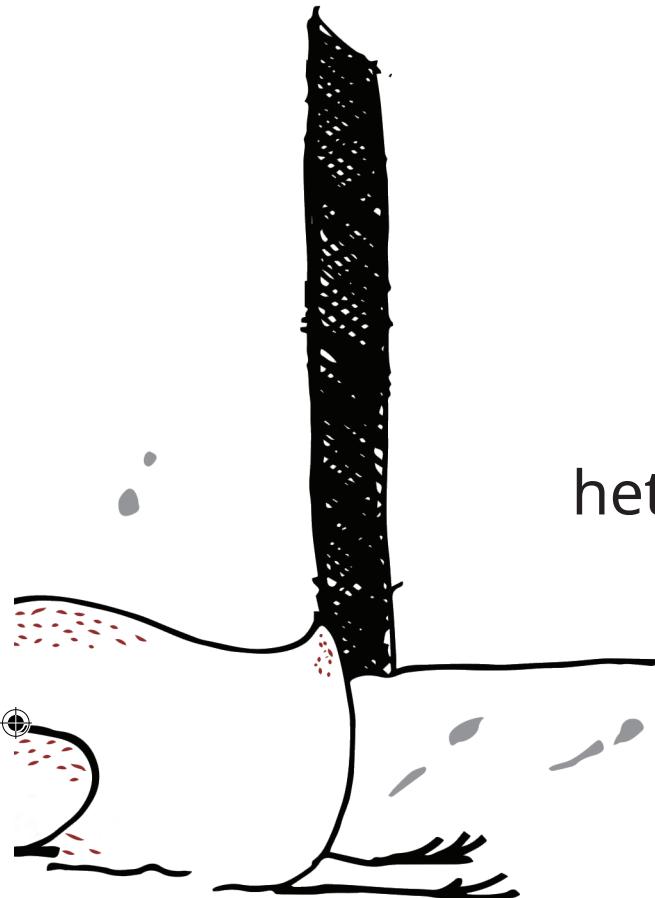
# KADOEF!





Die ander hoenders  
lag hardop.

“Ha, ha, ha! Ons  
het jou gesê hoenders kan  
nie vlieg nie!”





Maar die volgende dag  
klim Daisy nog hoër, tot  
bo-op die rondawel.



Klap, klap, klap - klap  
Daisy haar vlerke.





Sy vlieg in die lug op en klap haar vlerke  
... en klap haar vlerke ... en klap haar  
vlerke en ...

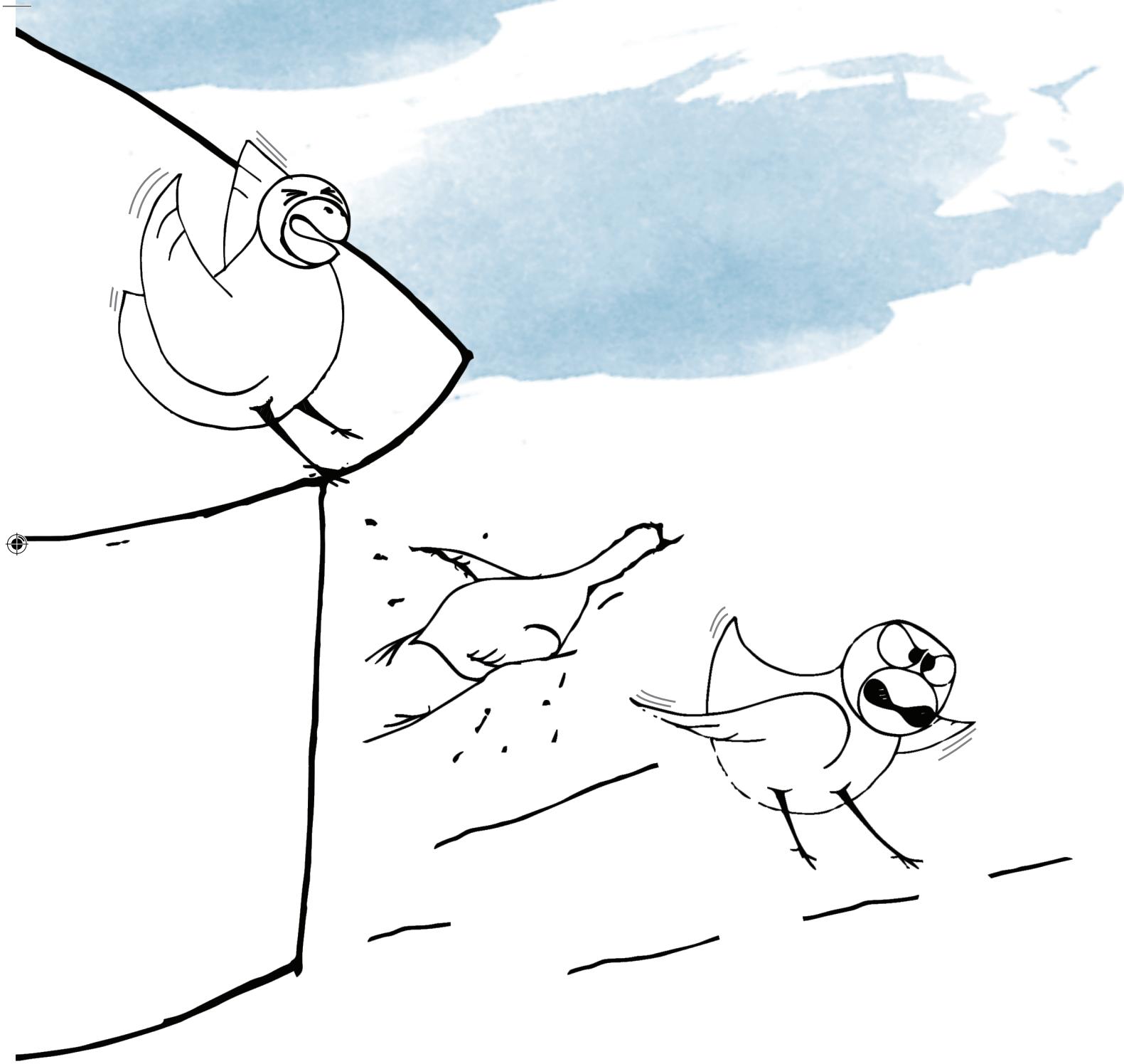




... hou aan vlieg!

Die wind onder haar vlerke word  
sterker en sterker, en sy vlieg  
hoër en hoër!

Die mossies en die swaeltjies sê:  
“Ongelooflik! ’n Hoender wat  
kan vlieg!”





En die ander hoenders wil net  
soos sy wees.

Hulle sê: "O Daisy, jy's  
ongelooflik!"

