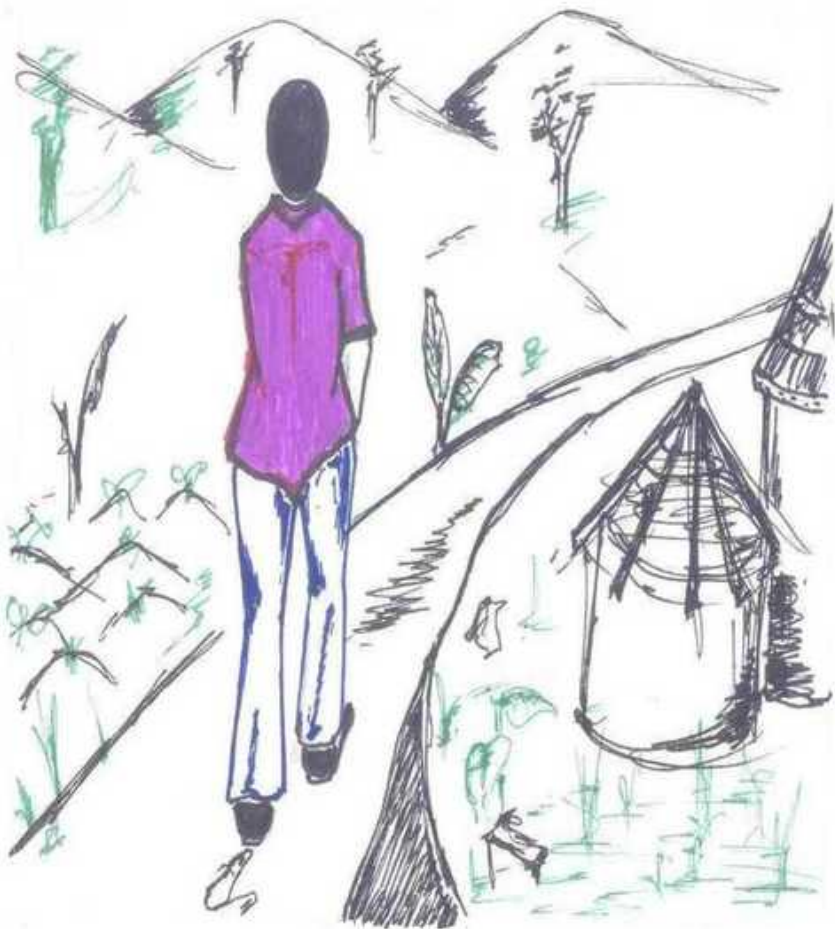


The Hornbill

Bukheye Mulongo
Christopher
English





As I was moving in
Bunjaanga village I
found a fat hornbill.

When I struck it with a
catapult, it shouted
“ηaa, ηaa, ηa!”





The hornbill flew into
the air.
But I ran after it
through the grass...

...until it perched on a
dead tree.
Then I shot it again.
This time it fell to the
ground.





I picked up the hornbill.

And I gave it to
Hiryagaana: one who
eats whatever he finds.
(One time, I gave him
Namupongera.)
He happily received the
hornbill.





The head of the hornbill was very big and as hard as a panga or machete.



The bird had fat like
that of a sheep.
It was so appetising!

It's not easy to find a
hornbill without
planning.

At night, hornbills roost
on dry branches.

A person eats what he
likes.

That is why Hiryagaana
eats hornbills.



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Writer: Bukheye Mulongo Christopher

Illustration: Joshua Waswa

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