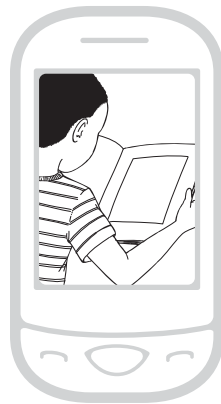


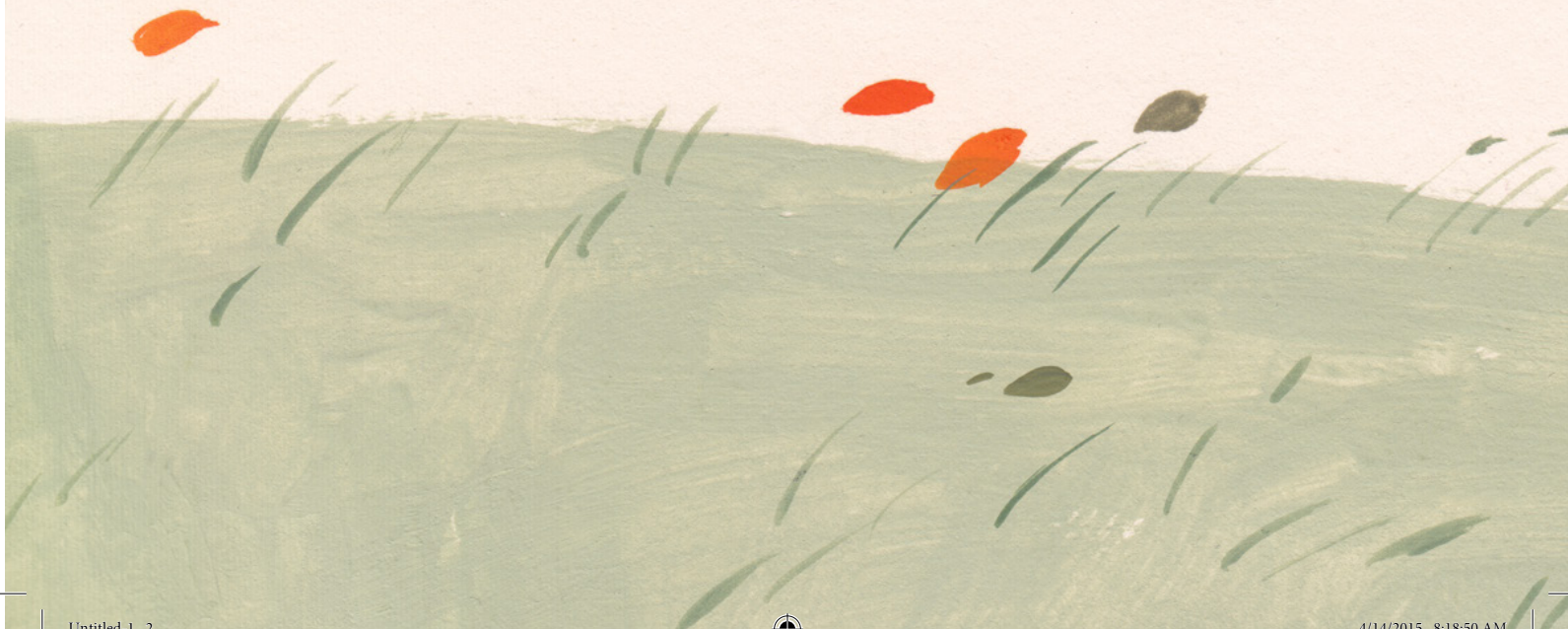


Tortoise finds his home

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*To a wonderful father, Patrick David Mashek,
who loved reading stories to his daughters
and was an incredible storyteller.*





Tortoise finds his home

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with the help of the Book Dash participants at Cape Town, listed here:

bookdash.org/20140628-cape-town

ISBN: 978-0-9922358-0-2

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Tortoise finds his home



Maya Fowler Katrin Coetzer Damian Gibbs





One day Tortoise was walking through
the veld. He was searching and searching.

He gazed into the distance and squinted
at the grass.





“Are you looking for something?”
Snail asked.

“Yes, I’m looking for my house.
Have you seen it?”



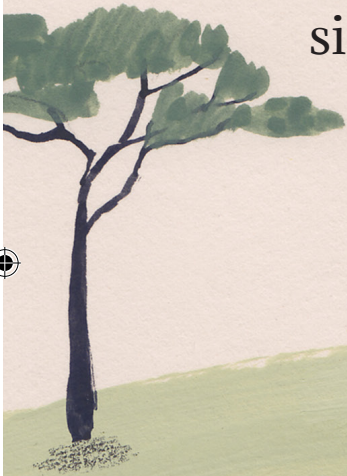


“No, I haven’t, but I’ll help you look!”

Snail climbed onto Tortoise’s shell.

Tortoise walked on with Snail on his back.

They looked and looked, but there was no
sign of a house.









“Are you looking for something?” asked Sparrow.

“Yes, we’re looking for Tortoise’s house. Have you seen it?”

“No, I haven’t, but I’ll help you look!”



Sparrow flapped his wings and whizzed away.

“You’re going too fast!” called Tortoise.

“Alright, then I’ll hop on too.”

Tortoise walked on with Snail and Sparrow perched on his shell. They looked and looked, but there was no sign of a house.

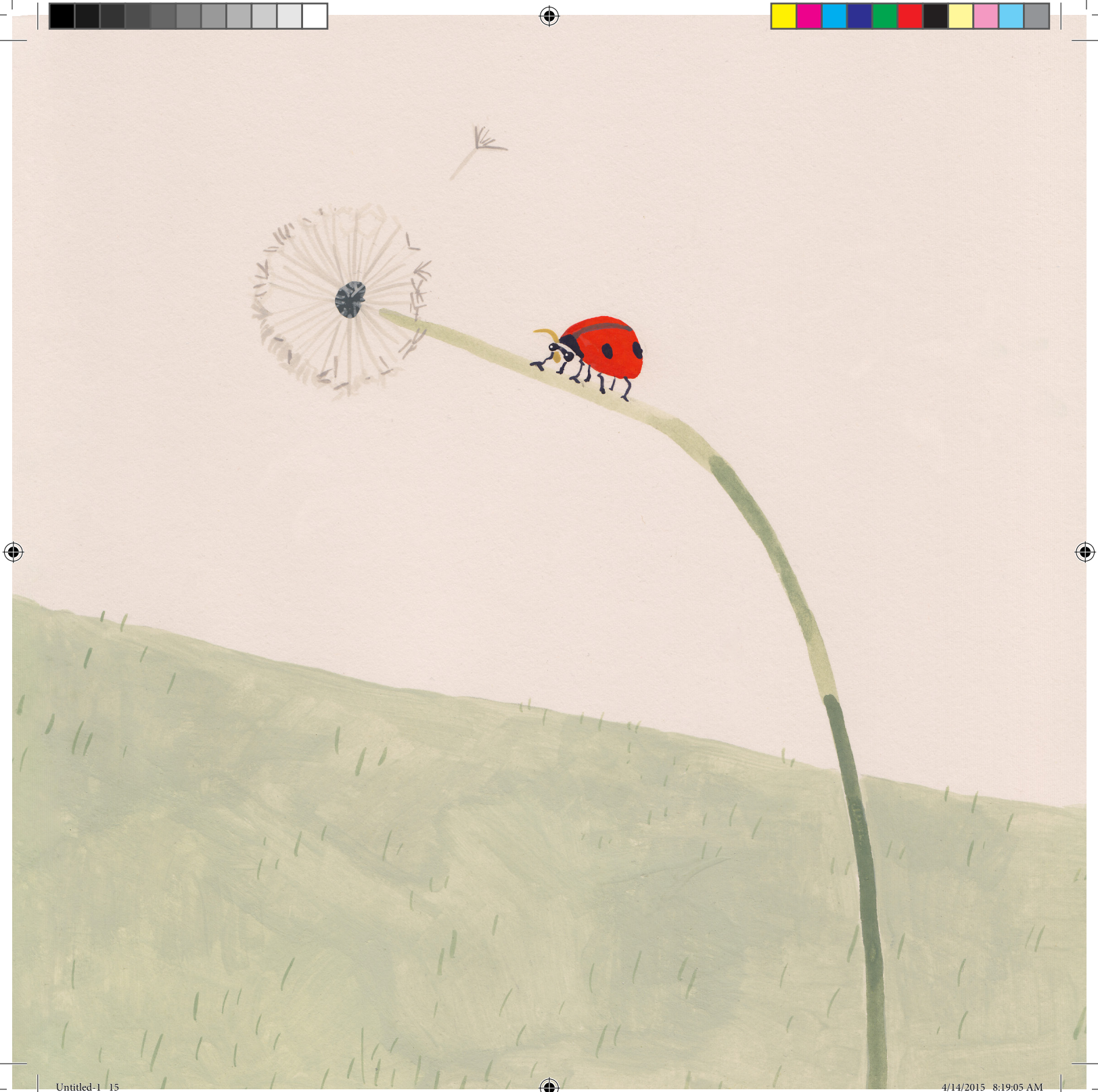






“Are you looking for something?” asked Ladybird.

“Yes, we’re looking for Tortoise’s house. Have you seen it?”







“No, I haven’t, but I’ll help you look!”

Ladybird hopped onto Tortoise’s shell.

Tortoise walked on with Snail and Sparrow
and Ladybird sitting on his back.

They looked and looked, but there was no
sign of a house.

A breeze started to blow.



“Are you looking for something?” asked Mouse.

“Yes, Mouse, I’m looking for my house. Have you seen it?”

“No, I haven’t, but I’ll help you look!”







Mouse jumped onto Tortoise's back.

Tortoise walked on with Snail and Sparrow and
Ladybird and Mouse on his back.

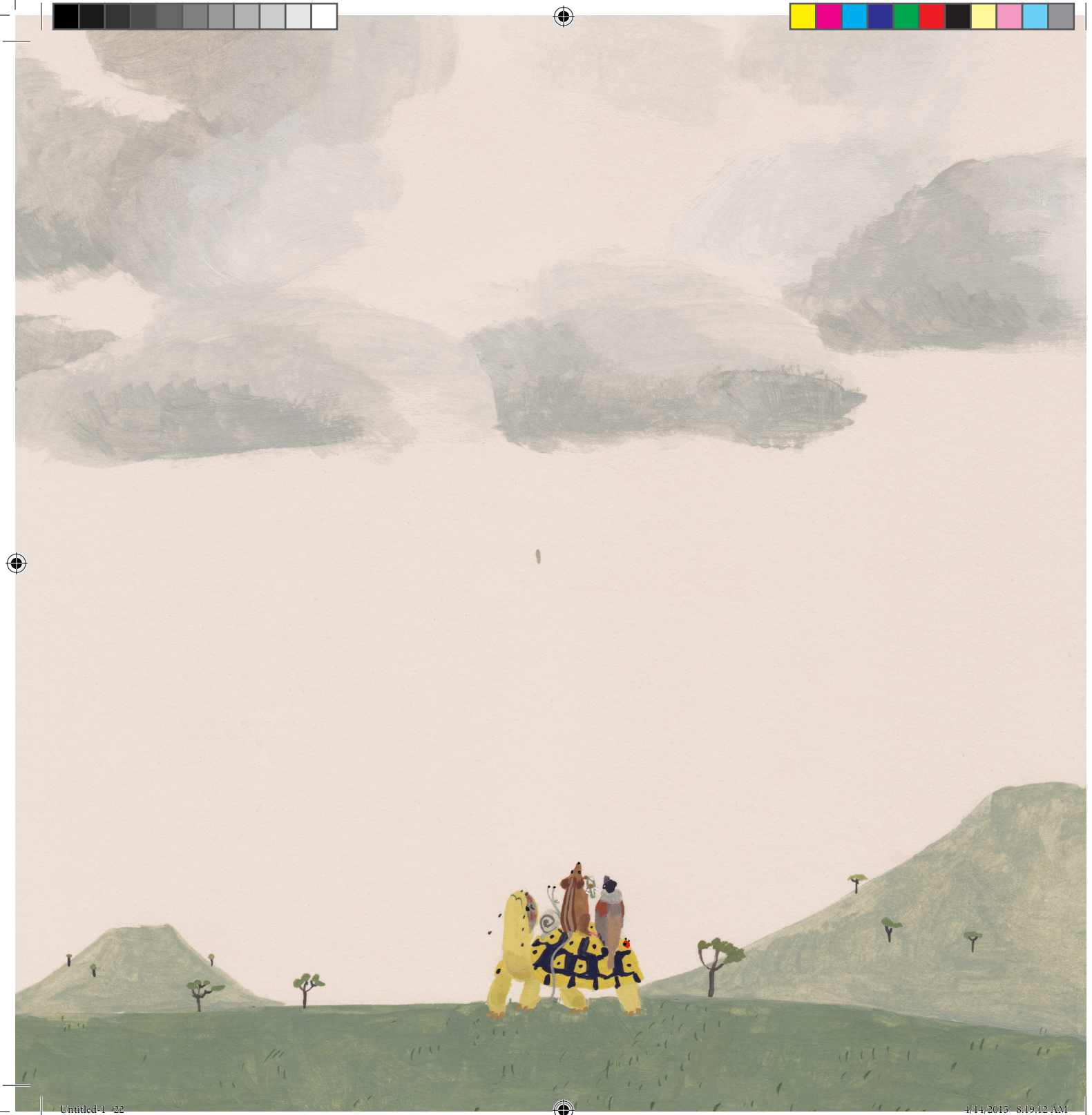




They looked and looked, but there was no sign
of a house.

The wind swept the leaves off the ground and
swirled them around Tortoise.





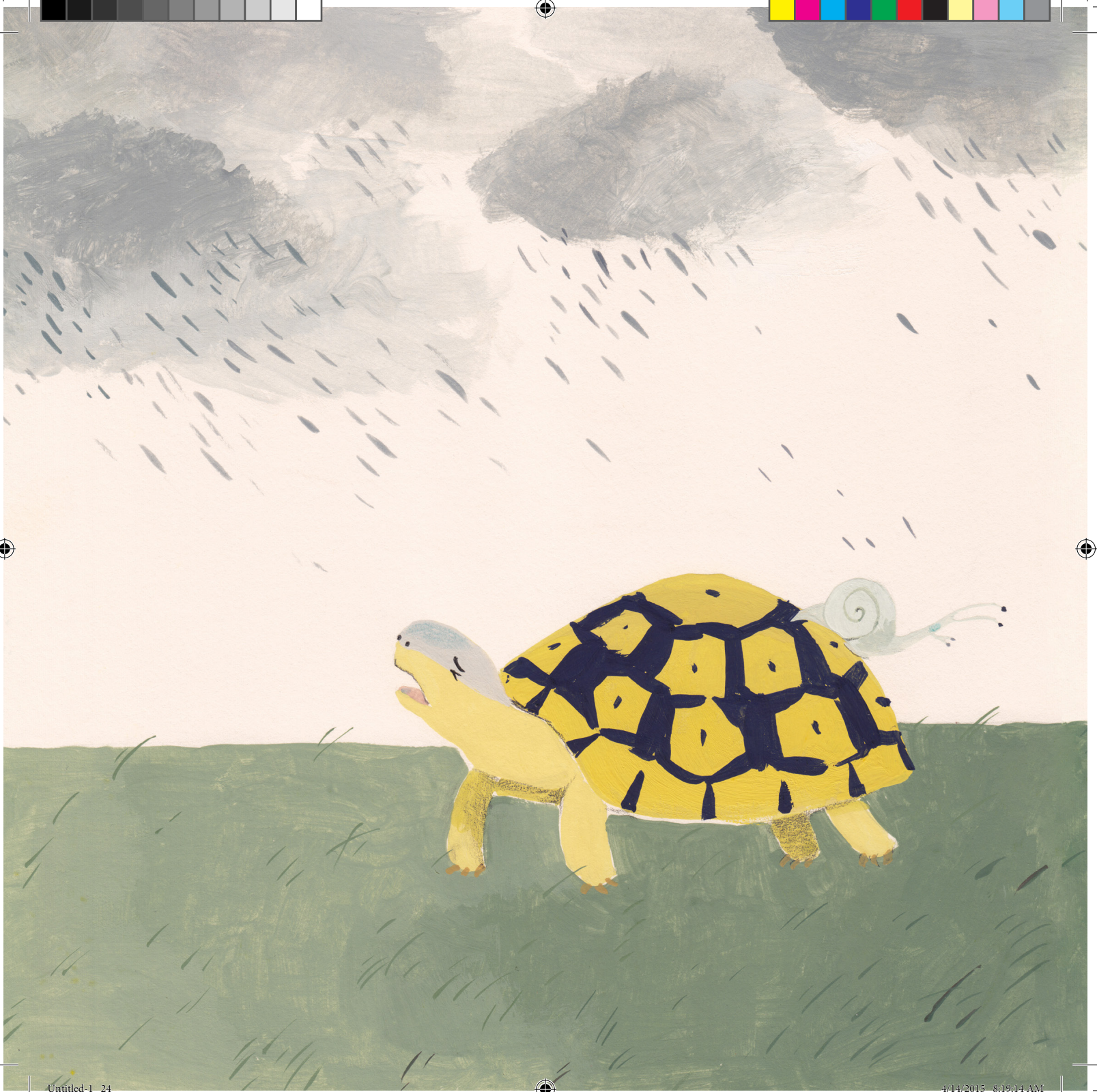


The wind got stronger and stronger.
The sky turned dark.

“Oh, where is my house?” Tortoise sighed.

Thunder roared in the hills. Lightning flashed
in the distance. Drip, drip came the rain.

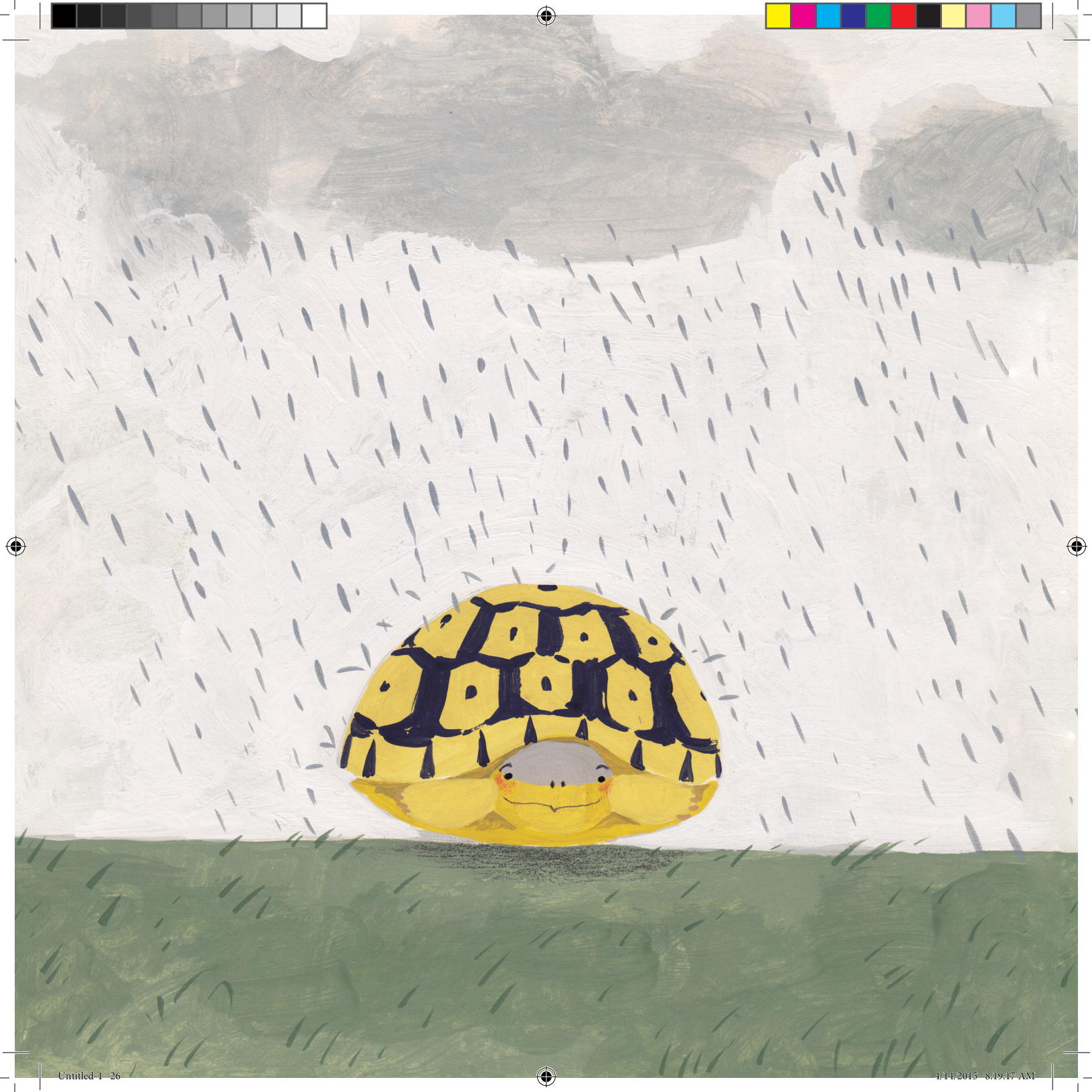
“Oh, where is Tortoise’s house?” asked Snail
and Sparrow and Ladybird and Mouse.





The wind whirled and whipped and
blew Snail and Sparrow and Ladybird
and Mouse right off Tortoise's back.



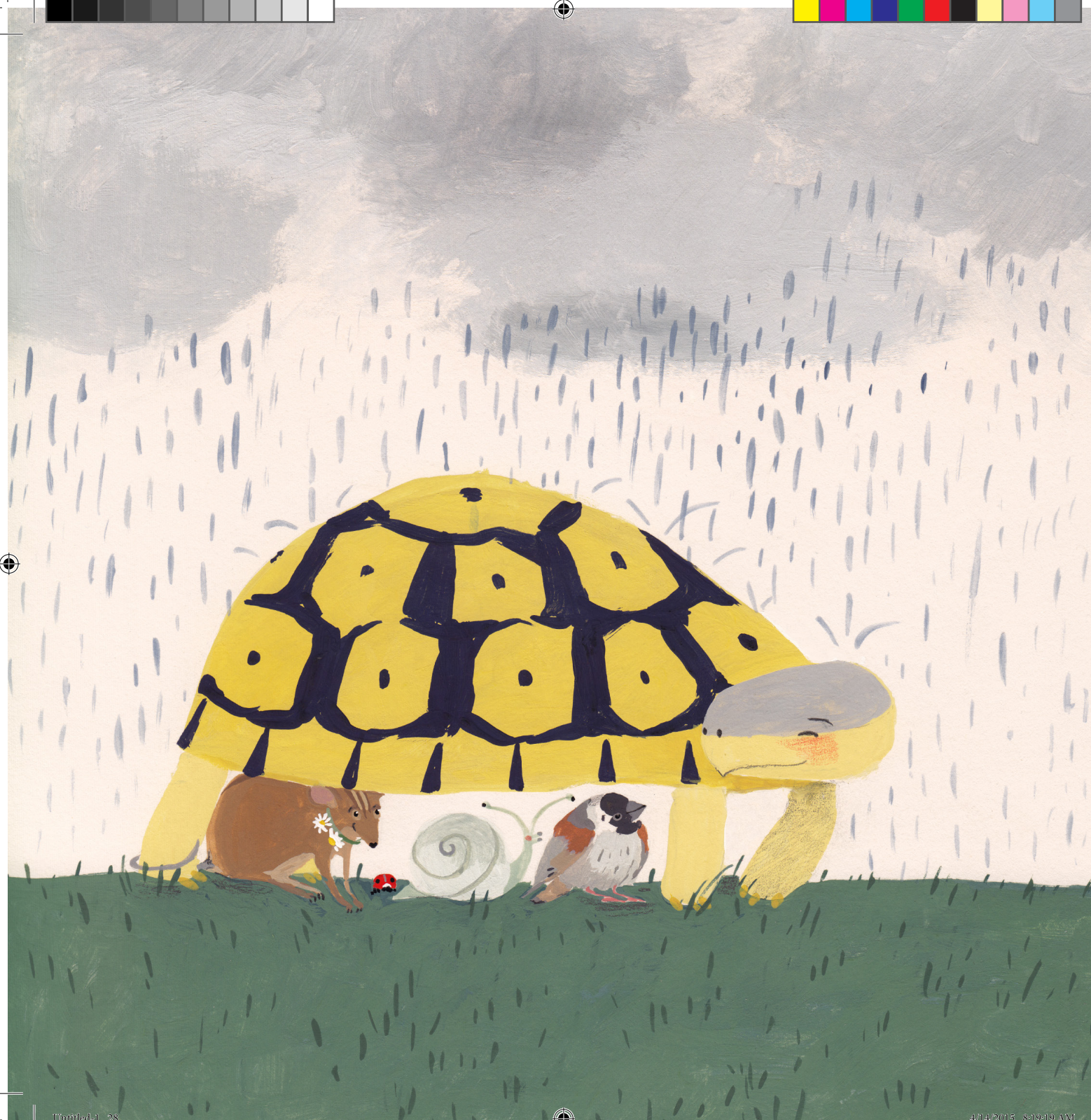


A painting of a rainy day. The sky is a pale, warm peach color, filled with numerous short, dark blue-grey diagonal strokes representing rain. In the upper right, a large, soft, greyish-blue shape suggests a cloud or a large leaf. The ground is a dark, textured green, also with diagonal strokes. In the lower center, a small tortoise with a light grey shell and a dark head is visible. To its right, a small red ladybug with black spots is crawling. The text is centered in the middle of the page.

“Eek!” squeaked Tortoise with a fright,
and he shrank back into his shell.

It was warm and cosy inside.

“Oh, here is my house!”





“Oh, here is Tortoise’s house!”

