Karen Lilje Michelle Preen Wilna Combrinck

Die verlore lag

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Hierdie boek behoort aan

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Die verlore lag
(The lost laugh)
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with the help of the Book Dash participants in Cape Town on 2 December 2017.

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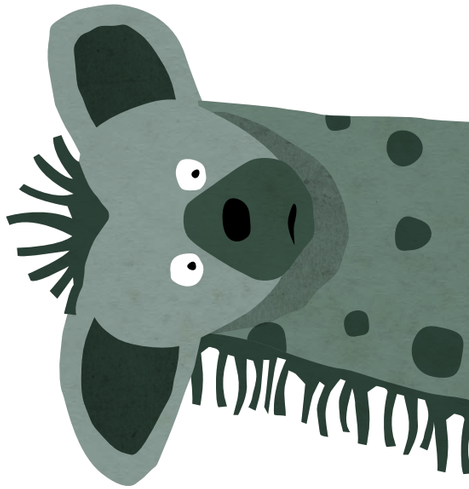
Die verlore lag



Karen Lilje Michelle Preen Wilna Combrinck

Spotty, die hiëna, was
baie hartseer.
Hy het sy lag verloor.

“Help my asseblief
om my lag te vind,
Kameelperd,” vra hy.

“Hier bo
kan ek nie
’n lag hoor nie,”
sê Kameelperd.

“Help my asseblief om
my lag te vind, Seekoei,”
sê Spotty.

“Hier onder
kan ek nie
’n lag hoor nie,”
sê Seekoei.

“Help my asseblief om
my lag te vind, Vlakvark.”
sê Spotty.

“Hier binne kan ek

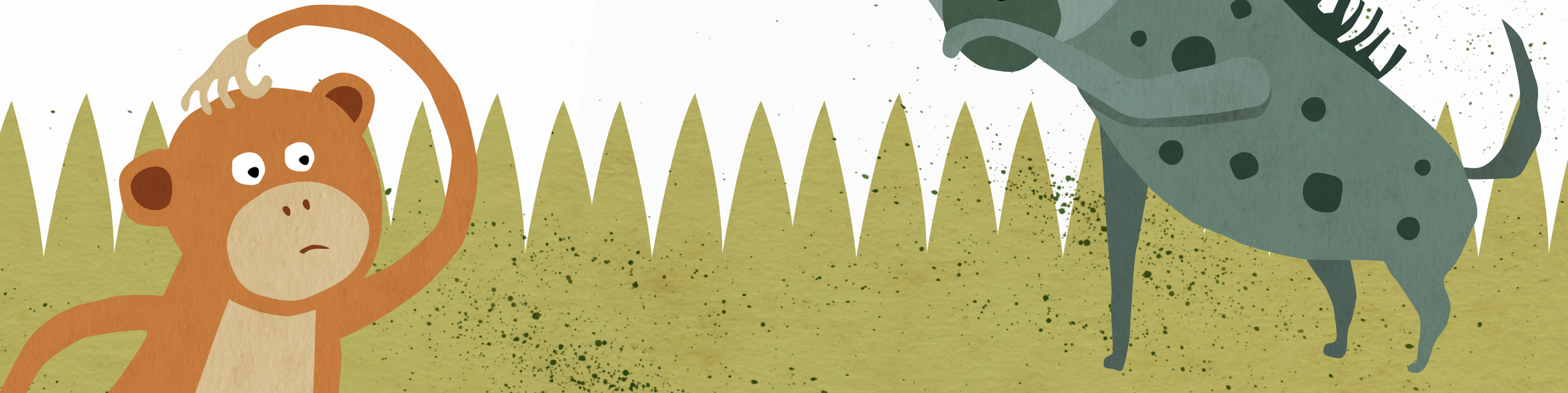
nie ’n lag hoor nie.”

“Help my asseblief om my lag te vind, Aap,” sê Spotty.

“Hoe het jy dit verloor?” vra Aap.

“Wanneer ek lag, kan ’n mens my groot tande sien. Dit maak almal bang,” sê Spotty.

“Toe raak ek hartseer en my lag het net verdwyn.



Ek kan dit
nêrens kry nie.”

“Maar jy soek op die
verkeerde plek,”
sê Aap

terwyl sy

uit die

boom spring

en ’n veer optel.

Toe begin sy Spotty oraloor kielie.

Stadigaan begin Spotty glimlag, en toe lag hy kliphard.

Hy lag en lag tot hy op die grond rondrol.

Al die ander diere begin
ook lag.

“Waar het jy sy lag gekry?”
vra hulle.

“Sy lag was heeltyd binne-in hom.
Ek het hom net gelukkig gemaak en
toe kom dit uit,” verduidelik Aap.

Hulle almal lag dat jy net
tande sien.

“Ek sal nooit weer
my lag verloor nie,”

sê Spotty,
die gelukkige hiëna.