

Tales from Africa

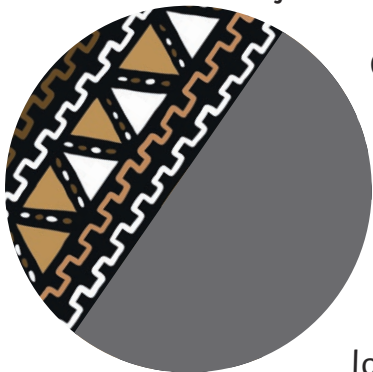
Why the Rhino Has Grey Skin

Long ago, when the world was new, Africa was a hot place to be.

In the summer, the storms would bring great big drops of rain that would fill the waterholes, giving all the animals plenty to drink. The grass would grow green and as tall as the backs of the impala. There would also be lots of lovely, squishy mud to lie in. Summer was a relaxing time for all the animals out on the savannahs of Africa, especially Razo Rhino. Razo was the savannah's best and bravest firefighter. In summer, when there was plenty of water around, there were never any fires to put out so Razo spent his day lying in the squishy mud. He would spread the cool mud all over his beautiful, shiny, brown skin and watch the world go by.



When winter came to Africa, there would be no rain for months. The waterholes would dry up and the grass of the savannah would turn dry and brown. But even though it was winter, the sun kept on burning down on the savannah, often starting fires in the long, dry grass. So, winter was a tough time for Razo. He spent a lot of his days and nights out on the savannah, stamping out the fires and keeping everyone safe.



One year, the rains stopped before the end of summer and the savannah was hot and dry before winter even came. As the sun blazed down on the savannah, fires started springing up. Razo found himself having to work even harder than usual. He would be running all over the savannah, day and night, trampling out the fires. Before long, the ash from the fires started to stick to his beautiful, brown, shiny skin; coating him in a thick layer of dull, grey ash.

But Razo was so busy saving the other animals from the fire that he didn't even notice that his beautiful, brown skin had changed into a dull, grey color.

Eventually, the winter ended with a large thunderstorm that brought cool drops of rain to the savannah. Finally, Razo had a chance to rest and have a well-deserved bath but he soon discovered that the dull, grey ash had been on his skin for so long that it had stained his skin forever.



Verhale van Afrika

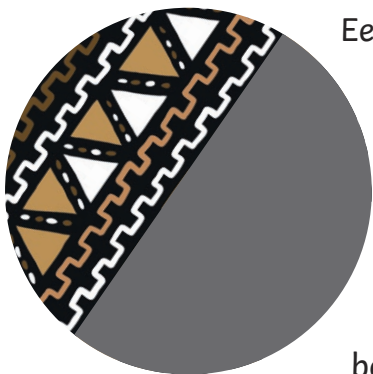
Hoekom Renoster Grys Vel Het

Lank gelede, toe die wêreld nog jonk was, was Afrika 'n baie warm plek gewees.

In die somer bring die storms groot reëndruppels wat die watergate sou volmaak en al die diere genoeg gee om te drink. Die gras sou groen wees en so hoog soos die rûe van die rooibokke wees. Daar sou ook baie lieflike, pap modder wees om in te lê. Somer was ontspannende tyd vir al die diere op die landskap van Afrika, veral Razo die renoster. Razo was die landskap se beste en braafste brandweerman. In die somer, wanneer daar volop water was, was daar nooit enige vure om te blus nie, daarom kon Razo sy dag in die pap modder bestee. Hy sou die koel modder regoor sy pragtige, blink, bruin vel versprei en kyk hoe die wêreld vergaan.



Wanneer winter na Afrika toe kom, sou daar geen reën vir maande wees nie. Die watergate sou opdroog en die gras van die landskap sou droog en bruin word. Maar selfs al was dit winter, sou die son aanhou brand en dikwels vure in die lang, droë gras begin. Winter was daarom 'n moeilike tyd vir Razo. Hy sou baie van sy dae en nagte uit op die landskap spandeer en die vure doodtrap om almal veilig te hou.



Een jaar het die reën voor die einde van die somer opgehou en die landskap was warm en droog nog voor die winter begin het. Soos die warm son op die landskap geskyn het, het vure orals begin opduik. Razo het selfs harder as gewoonlik gewerk. Hy sou dag en nag oor die landskap heen gehardloop het om die vure te vertrap. Kort voor lank het die as van die vure aan sy pragtige, bruin, blink vel begin klou en hom in 'n dik laag vaal, grys as bedek. Razo was so besig om die ander diere van die vuur te red dat hy nie eers agtergekom het dat sy pragtige, bruin vel in 'n vaal, grys kleur verander het nie.

Uiteindelik het die winter geëindig met 'n groot donderbui wat koel druppels reën na die landskap gebring het. Razo kon uiteindelik 'n kans kry om te rus en 'n welverdiende bad te vat, maar hy het gou agtergekom dat die vaal, grys as wat vir so lank op sy vel was, sy vel vir ewig gekleur het.

