Mev. Pikkewyn se *Perfekte Paleis*

Helen Brain • Celeste Beckerling

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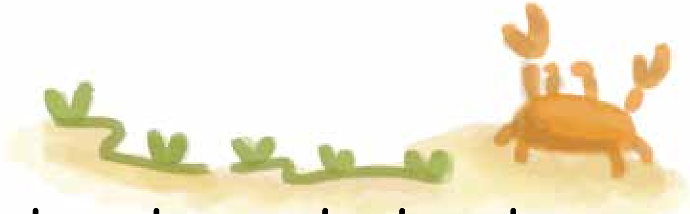

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Mev. Pikkewyn se Perfekte Paleis
(Mrs Penguin's Perfect Palace)
Illustrated by Celeste Beckerling
Written by Helen Brain
Designed by Arthur Attwell
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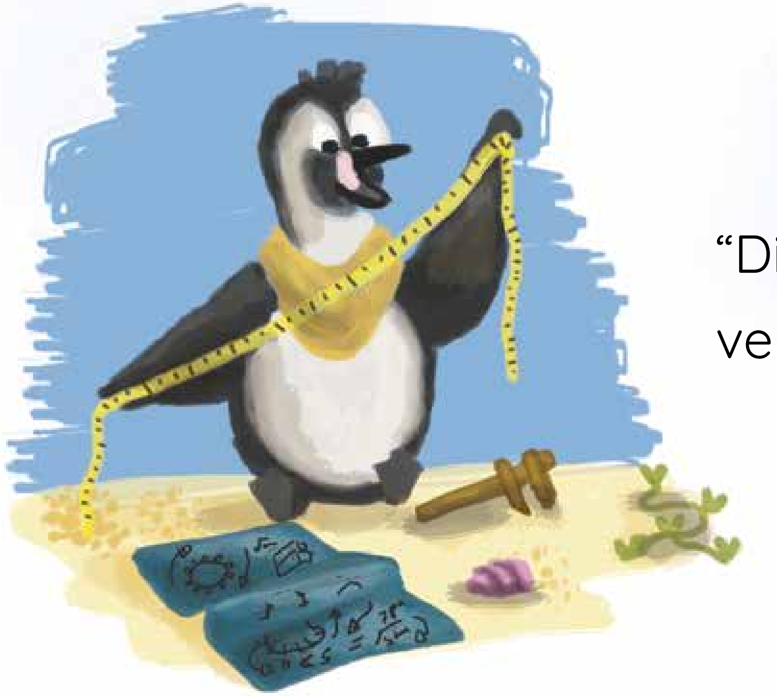
“Ek wens ek het ’n HUIS gehad!” sê mev. Pikkewyn.
“Ek haat dit om tussen die rommel te woon.”

“Liewe mev. Pikkewyn,” sê mnr. Pikkewyn.
“Ons sal vir jou ’n kasteel bou.”

Die Pikkewyn-gesin spring aan die werk.

“Die sand laat my jeuk,” mor Sussie.



“Die afmetings is verkeerd,” sê Boetie.

“Ek’s honger,” sê Pikkie.

Mev. Pikkewyn sug. Sy moet al die werk doen.

Uiteindelik is die
kasteel klaar.

Maar die gety kom in en spoel dit weg.
“Ons sal weer probeer,” sê mnr. Pikkewyn.

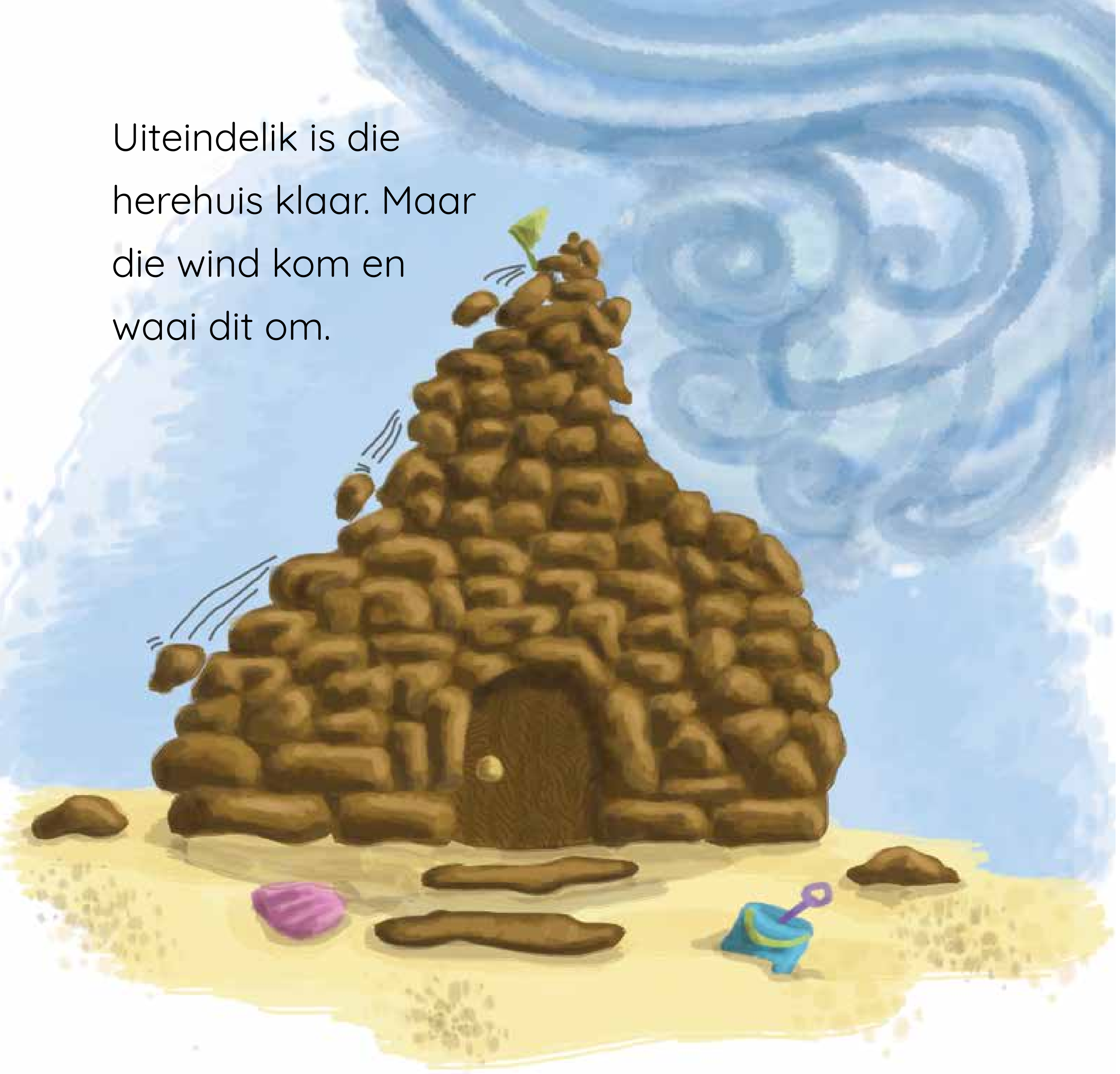
“Kom kinders, ons gaan vir Mamma ’n herehuis van klip bou.”

Die Pikkewyn-gesin spring aan die werk.

“Die klippe is swaar,”
mor Sussie.

“Die afmetings is
verkeerd,” sê Boetie.

“Ek’s nog steeds honger,” sê Pikkie.



Uiteindelik is die herehuis klaar. Maar die wind kom en waai dit om.

Mev. Pikkewyn is kwaad. “Ek gaan nie nog ’n steek werk doen nie,” sê sy.

“Ons sal weer probeer,” sê mnr. Pikkewyn.

“Ek kan aan niks dink nie,” sê Sussie. “Dis te moeilik.”

“Ons het nie sement nie,” sê Boetie. “’n Mens kan nie ’n behoorlike huis sonder sement bou nie.”

“Ek’s honger,” sê Pikkie.

Mev. Pikkewyn sug.

Sy gaan nooit haar huis kry nie.

“Kyk net na hierdie gemors,” sê sy.

Toe kry mev. Pikkewyn ’n blink plan.

"Boetie, gaan haal jy hout," sê sy.

"Sussie, gaan soek jy nette."

"Pikkie, gaan haal jy plastiek. Mnr. Pikkewyn, gaan kry die hamer."

Hulle werk die hele dag lank.

“Ek’s moeg,” sê Sussie.

“Hou aan werk,” sê mev. Pikkewyn.

“Die afmetings is verkeerd,” sê Boetie.

“Hou aan werk,” sê mev. Pikkewyn.

“Ek’s nog steeds honger,” sê Pikkie.

“Hou aan werk,” sê mev. Pikkewyn.

"Dit gaan wonderlik wees," sê mnr. Pikkewyn.

"Jy doen goeie werk," sê mev. Pikkewyn.

En hulle werk en werk en werk en werk ...

... en uiteindelik is die huis klaar.

“Welkom by jou paleis,” sê mnr. Pikkewyn.

Mev. Pikkewyn klap haar vlerke. “Dankie,” sê sy.

“Dit is mev. Pikkewyn se Perfekte Paleis.”