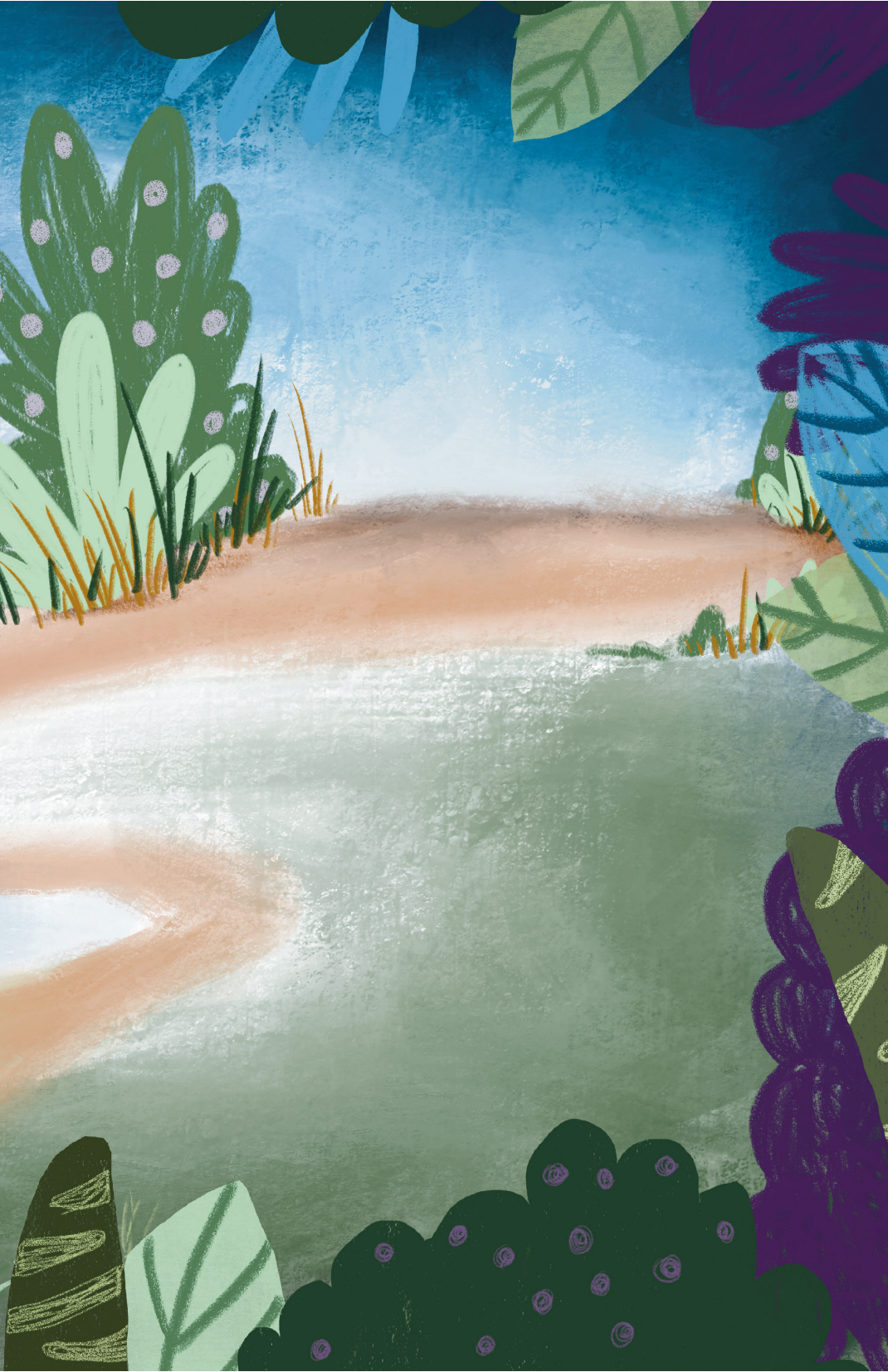




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FANIE
VILJOEN

SPRINGBOOKAROO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ELSABÉ EBERSÖHN



1

THE BIG SCARE



Not all springboks play rugby.

One springbok does something completely different.

He reads books. Many, many books.

His name is **SPRINGBOOKAROO!**

But his friends just called him Bookaroo.

One day, Bookaroo stood in front of his bookshelf. It was carved from a large tree trunk. Thick bushes grew around the tree. That's why you could hardly see the bookshelf and the small clearing in front of it. That's where Bookaroo always sat, reading - just like one day in summer.

His eyes wandered over all the books. Which one should he read next?

He chewed his tongue as he thought.

He scratched his head with his hoof as he wondered.

He pursed his lips as he decided.

“AAH!” Bookaroo shouted loudly. He pulled a thick book from the shelf. **THE BIG BOOK OF FAIRY TALES.**

Bookaroo lay down on his back in front of the bookshelf. The mat of woven grass was soft beneath him. He rolled a wild watermelon in under his head - carefully, so it wouldn't get caught on his short horns. Then he opened the book. It had the most beautiful pictures of wart-hog fairies, crow kings and tortoise soldiers. Bookaroo's favourite was a skunk mermaid.

Bookaroo found the first story in the book. Pure joy shivered through him. What adventure lay ahead in the story today?

“One day, there was ...” he read.

Suddenly, there was a loud roar.



GRRR-RRR-RRR-AUUU!

Bookaroo slammed the book shut. His whole body turned cold. His tail twitched nervously.

GRRR-RRR-RRR-AUUU!

GRRR-RRR-RRR-AUUU!

Goodness grazeland, it was a lion!

Bookaroo leapt to his feet. He skipped around frantically. His legs twisted like vines.

Ouff! He tripped over his book.

He flew back up.

His eyes widened to the size of ostrich eggs.

His heart thumped thumped thumped wildly in his chest.

He wanted to bolt away.

But he bumped right into something rock hard that left him dazed.

THE LION!

