The Hornbill
Bukheye Mulongo Christopher
English
As I was moving in Buŋaanga village I found a fat hornbill.
When I struck it with a catapult, it shouted “ŋaa, ŋaa, ŋa!”
The hornbill flew into the air.
But I ran after it through the grass...
...until it perched on a dead tree.
Then I shot it again.
This time it fell to the ground.
I picked up the hornbill.
And I gave it to Hiryagaana: one who eats whatever he finds. (One time, I gave him Namupongera.) He happily received the hornbill.
The head of the hornbill was very big and as hard as a panga or machete.
The bird had fat like that of a sheep.
It was so appetising!
It’s not easy to find a hornbill without planning. At night, hornbills roost on dry branches.
A person eats what he likes. That is why Hiryagaana eats hornbills.
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Writer: Bukheye Mulongo Christopher
Illustration: Joshua Waswa
Language: English

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