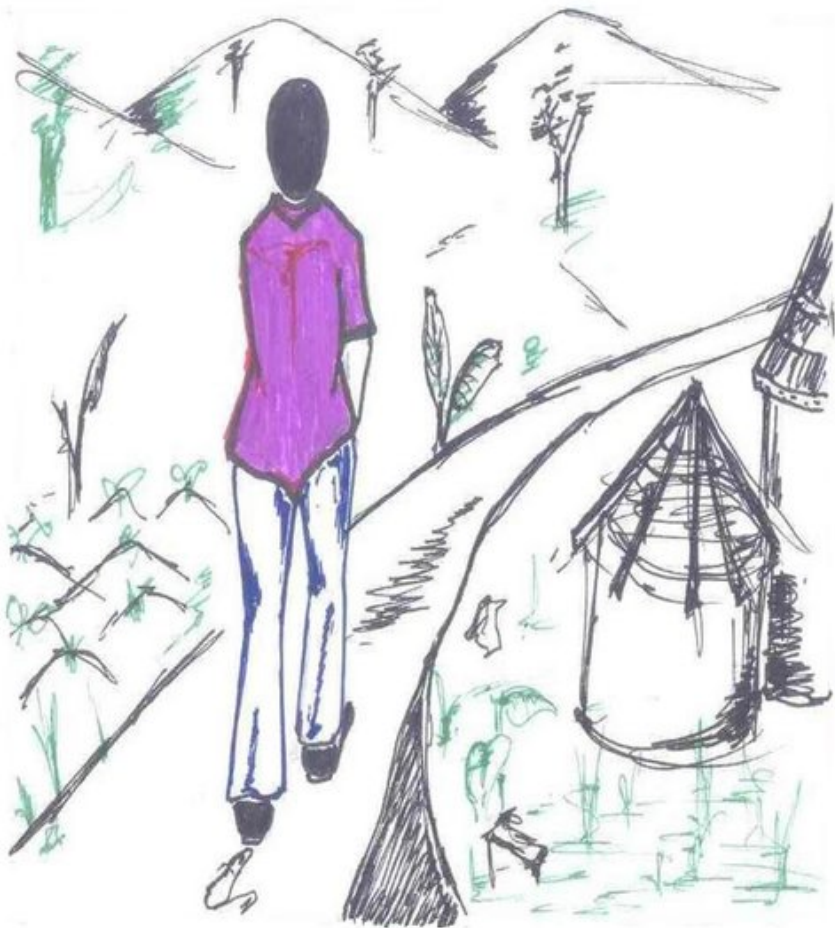


# The Hornbill

Bukheye Mulongo Christopher  
English





As I was moving in  
Bunjaanga village I found a  
fat hornbill.

When I struck it with a catapult, it shouted “ηaa, ηaa, ηa!”





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.

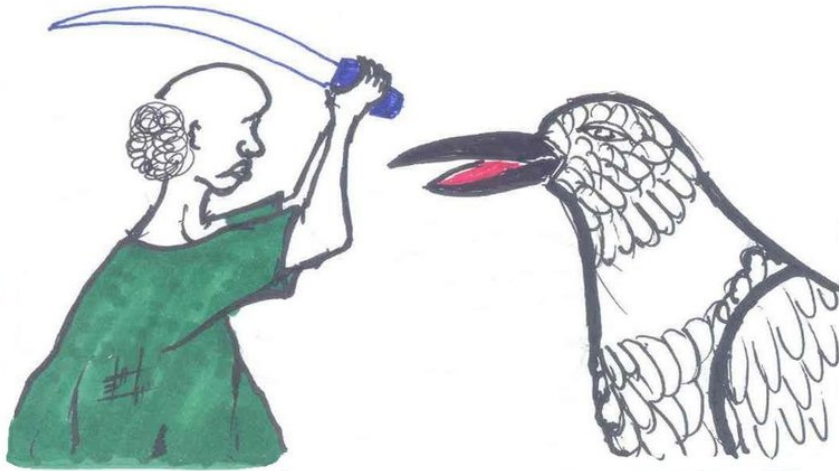




I picked up the hornbill.

And I gave it to Hiryagaana:  
one who eats whatever he  
finds. (One time, I gave him  
Namupongera.)  
He happily received the  
hornbill.





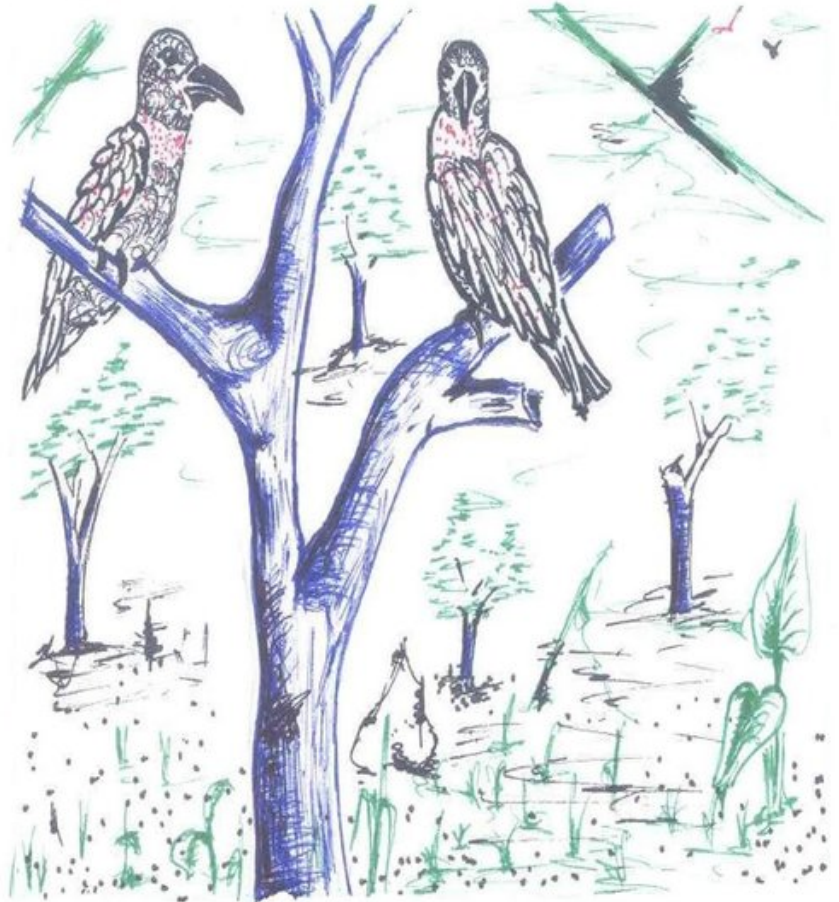
The head of the hornbill was very big and as hard as a panga or machete.





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 Hiriyagaana eats hornbills.



# The Hornbill

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