



How Zebra got his stripes

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Long, long ago, when Zebra's skin was still white, a terrible drought occurred.

For months not a single drop of rain fell.

The grass turned dull, the trees became bare and the rivers dried up one by one.

Springbok, Warthog and Zebra had to walk very far each day in search of water.



One morning when Springbok arrived at the only watering hole, he heard an angry voice say, "Make way! Scoot! Or heads will roll! This is Baboon's watering hole!"

Springbok's eyes widened.

Baboon was sitting on a rock next to the watering hole, grilling bananas over his open fire.



“But I’m so thirsty, my tongue feels like biltong,” Springbok said.

“Where will I find water?”

Baboon growled “Not my problem! Scoot! Or heads will roll! This is Baboon’s watering hole.”

Springbok saw Baboon’s long teeth and was scared.

He turned around and trotted away.



After a while Warthog came trotting along.

But as soon as he lowered his head to take a sip of water, he heard an angry voice, "Make way! Scoot! Or heads will roll! This is Baboon's watering hole!"

Surprised, Warthog turned around.

He saw Baboon sitting on the rock next to the watering hole grilling his bananas.



“But I’m so thirsty, it feels as if I’ve eaten dust,” Warthog said.

“Where will I find water?”

Baboon growled “Not my problem! Scoot! Or heads will roll! This is Baboon’s watering hole.”

Warthog bristled at first, but when he saw Baboon’s long teeth, he got scared.

He turned around and trotted away, tail in the air.



After a while Zebra turned up at the watering hole.

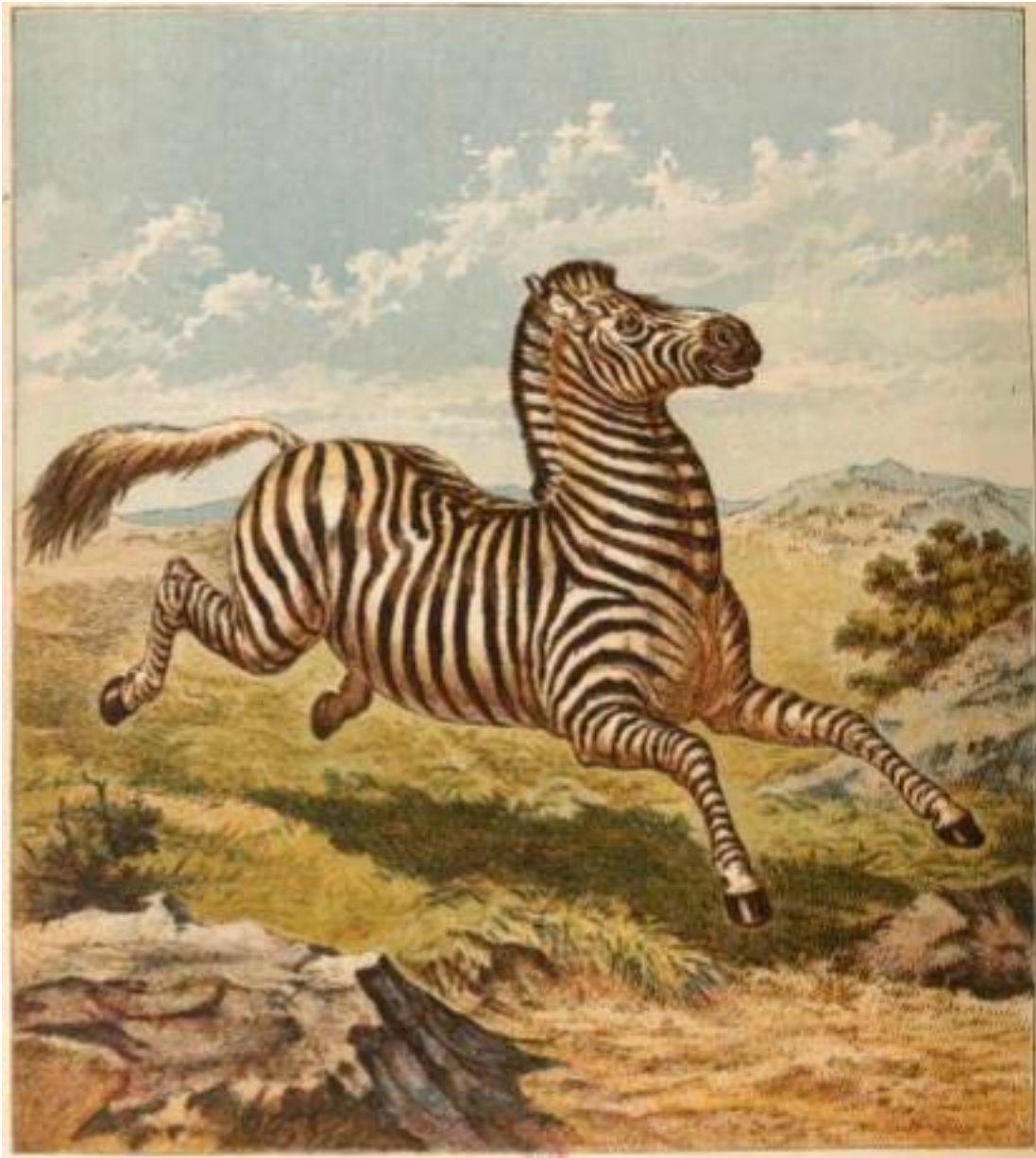
Before he could take a sip of water he heard an angry voice.

“Make way! Scoot! Or heads will roll!

This is Baboon’s watering hole!”

Zebra snorted and looked up.

He saw Baboon sitting on the rock grilling his bananas.



“But I’m so thirsty, it feels as if my tongue slept outside my mouth last night,” Zebra said.

“Where will I find water?”

“Not my problem! Scoot! Or heads will roll! This is Baboon’s watering hole.”

Baboon showed his long teeth.

Zebra wasn’t scared.



With clip-clopping hooves he stormed at baboon.

He was so angry that he ran right through Baboon's burning fire.

Sparks and smoke and bananas were flying.

Baboon tried to escape, but it was too late.

Zebra kicked him so hard that he flew through the air.

“Ouch!” Baboon yelled.

His butt landed on a sun baked rock.

The rock was so hot that it burned off
Baboon’s hair.

From that day Baboon has never had hair
on his butt.

And Zebra’s skin has never been lilywhite
again.





Baboon's fire burned stripes onto his skin.

It was now safe for the animals to drink at the watering hole.

And each morning, as they came to drink water, Springbok, Warthog and Zebra sang, "Come wet your throat here while you stroll, this is everybody's watering hole!"