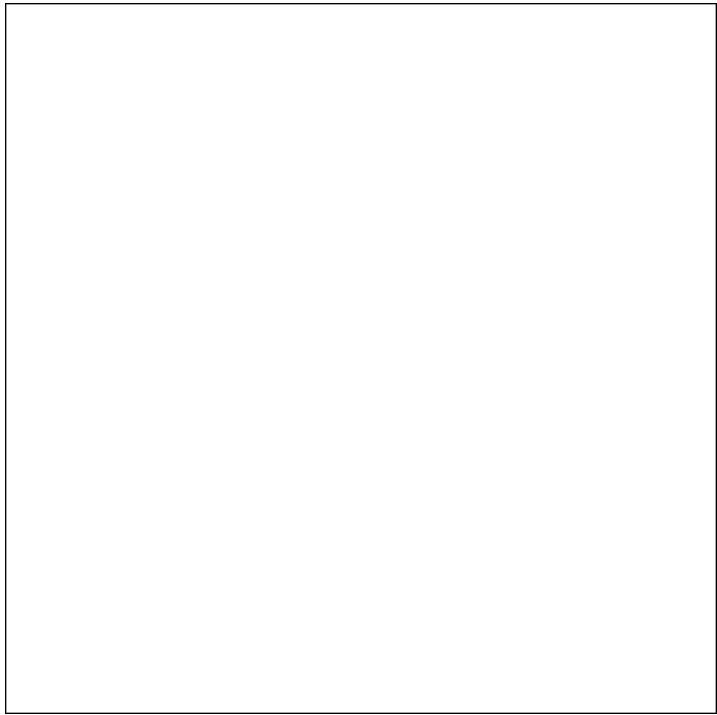




(imageless edition)

Basilio Gimo, David Ker ✎
Carol Liddiment 🗣️
Laura Pighini 📄
Italian / English 🗣️
Level 2 📖



Perché gli ippopotami non hanno il pelo /
Why hippos have no hair



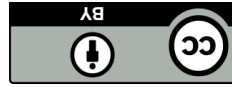
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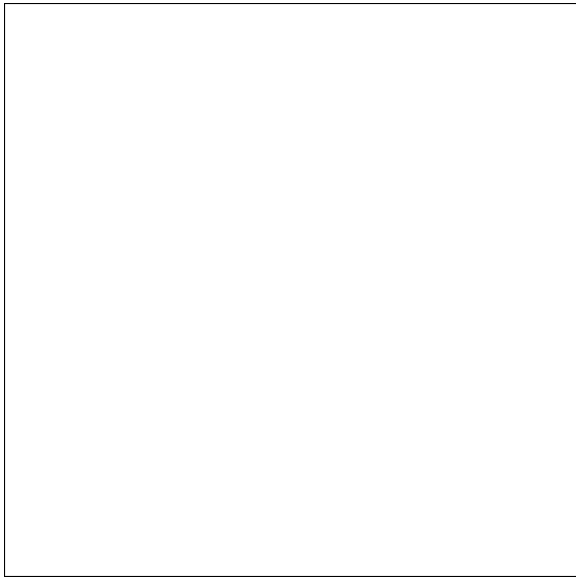
Perché gli ippopotami non hanno il pelo /
Why hippos have no hair

Written by: Basilio Gimo, David Ker
Illustrated by: Carol Liddiment
Translated by: (it) Laura Pighini!

This story originates from the African Storybook (africanstorybook.org) and is brought to you by Storybooks Canada in an effort to provide children's stories in Canada's many languages.



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Un giorno, Coniglio stava costeggiando la riva del fiume.

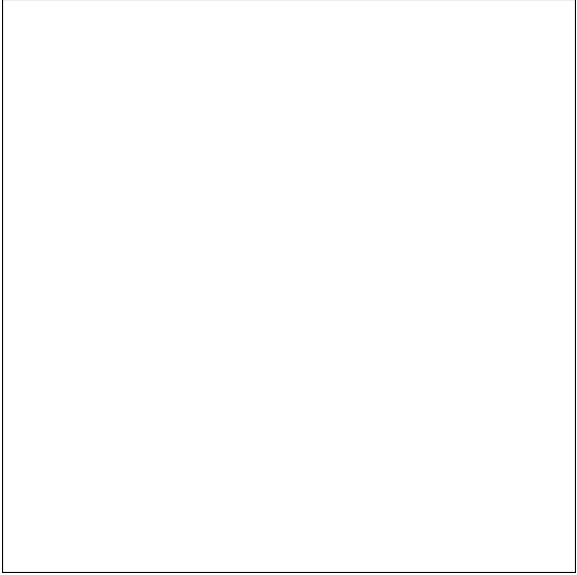
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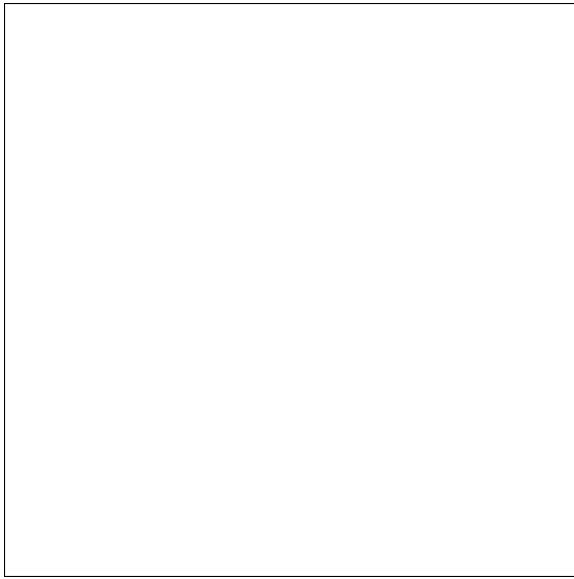
One day, Rabbit was walking by the riverside.

Hippo was there too, going for a stroll and eating some nice green grass.

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Anche Ippotamo era lì, passeggiava e mangiava un po' di buona erbetta verde.

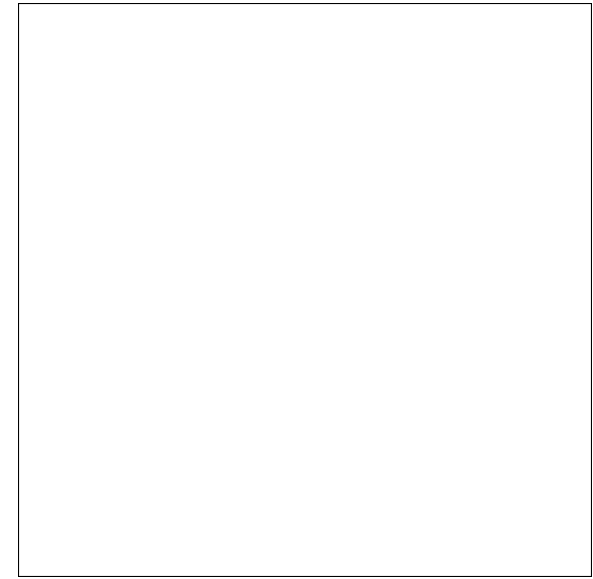




Ippopotamo non vide che Coniglio era lì e per sbaglio gli pestò la zampa. Coniglio cominciò a urlare. “Ehi tu, Ippopotamo! non vedi che mi stai schiacciando la zampa?”

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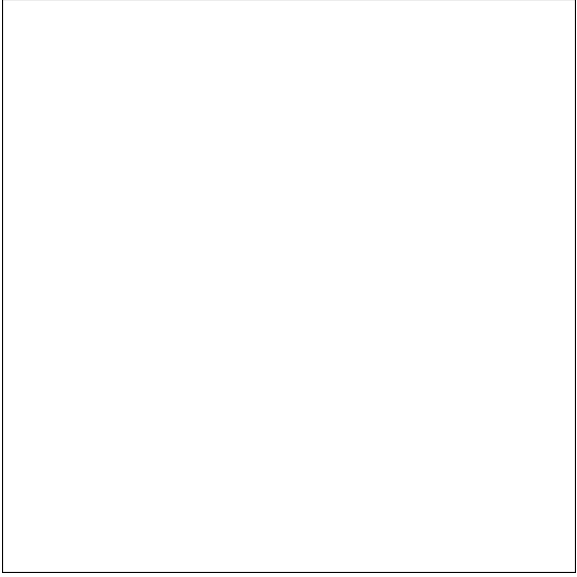
Hippo didn't see that Rabbit was there and she accidentally stepped on Rabbit's foot. Rabbit started screaming at Hippo, “You Hippo! Can't you see that you're stepping on my foot?”



Coniglio era felice che il pelo di Ippopotamo si fosse bruciato. Da quel giorno, per paura del fuoco, gli ippopotami non si allontanano mai dall'acqua.

...

Rabbit was happy that Hippo's hair was burned. And to this day, for fear of fire, the hippo never goes far from the water.



Ippopotamo si scusò con Coniglio. "Mi

dispiace, non ti ho visto. Per favore,

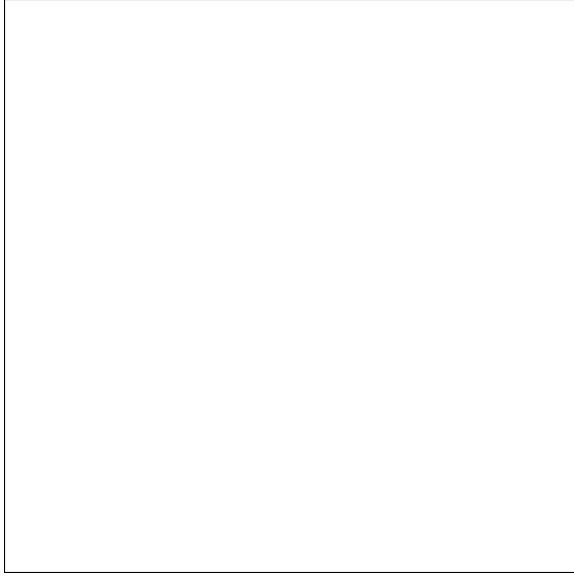
perdonami!" Ma coniglio non voleva sentir

ragioni e urlò a Ippopotamo "Lo hai fatto

apposta! Un giorno vedrai! La pagherai!"

...

Hippo apologised to Rabbit, "I'm so sorry. I
didn't see you. Please forgive me!" But Rabbit
wouldn't listen and he shouted at Hippo, "You
did that on purpose! Someday, you'll see!
You're going to pay!"



Ippopotamo cominciò a piangere e corse in

acqua. Il suo pelo si era bruciato tutto con il

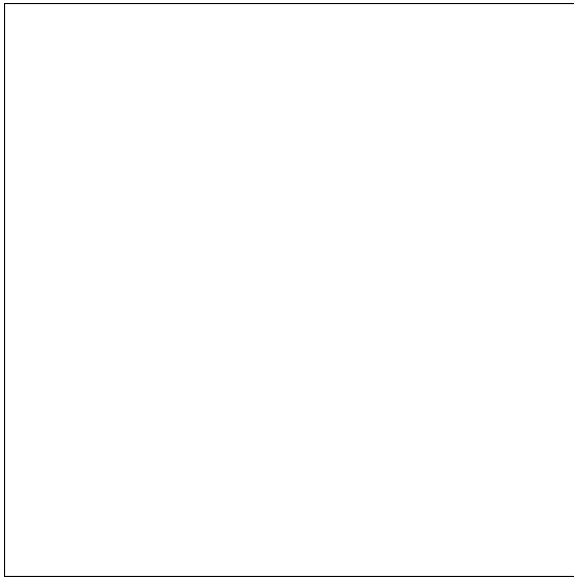
fuoco. Ippopotamo continuò a piangere "Il mio

pelo si è bruciato col fuoco! Il mio pelo è

spartito! Il mio bellissimo pelo!"

...

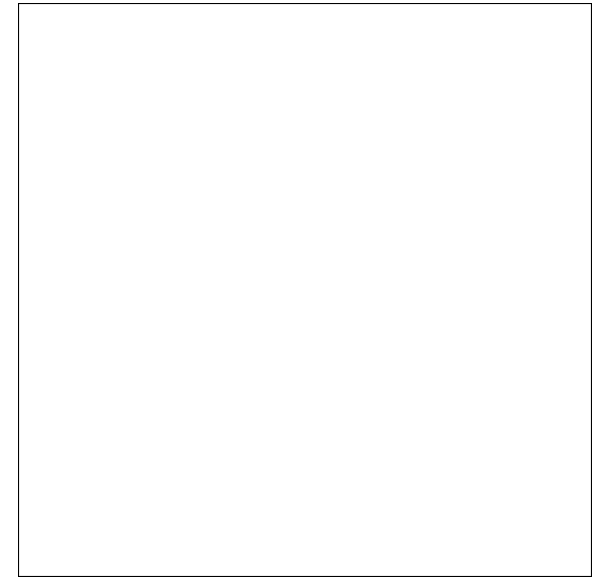
Hippo started to cry and ran for the water. All
her hair was burned off by the fire. Hippo kept
crying, "My hair has burned in the fire! My hair
is all gone! My beautiful hair!"



Coniglio andò a cercare Fuoco e disse “Vai a bruciare Ippopotamo quando esce dall’acqua per mangiare l’erba. Mi ha schiacciato il piede!” Fuoco rispose: “Non c’è problema Coniglio, mio amico. Farò quello che mi hai chiesto.”

...

Rabbit went to find Fire and said, “Go, burn Hippo when she comes out of the water to eat grass. She stepped on me!” Fire answered, “No problem, Rabbit, my friend. I’ll do just what you ask.”



Più tardi, Ippopotamo stava mangiando l’erba lontano dal fiume quando: “Whoosh!” Fuoco esplose in mille fiamme. Le fiamme incominciarono a bruciare il pelo di Ippopotamo.

...

Later, Hippo was eating grass far from the river when, “Whoosh!” Fire burst into flame. The flames began to burn Hippo’s hair.