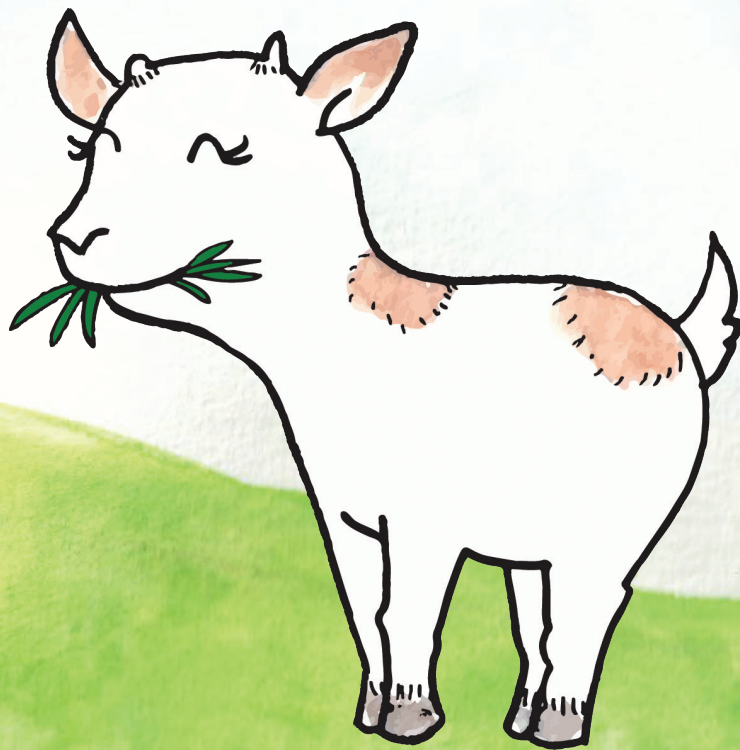


# Baby Bokje



vertaald en overnieuw verteld deu Marco Evenhuis



*Baby Bokje*

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Vertaald en overnieuw verteld deu Marco Evenhuis

Dezen uitgave: *t Uus van t Zeêuus*, West-Souburg 2026

[www.uusvantzeeuws.nl](http://www.uusvantzeeuws.nl)

ISBN: 978-1-9284974-00

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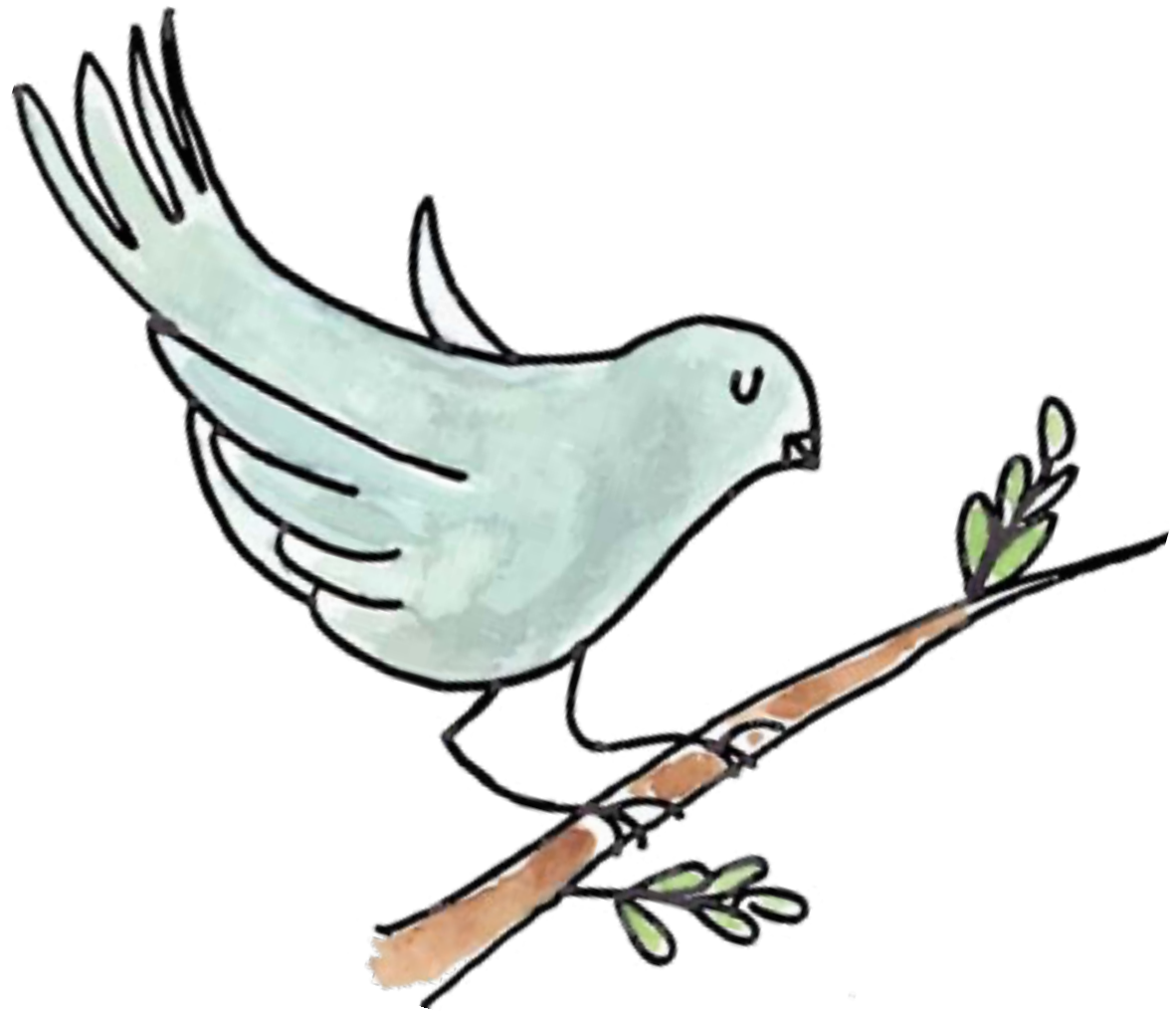
Baby Bokje is op zoek nae t  
zoetste gos.

De lucht is prachtig blauw dae boven.  
Mae Bokje kiek glad nie op.



t Waeter is fris en 'elder dae benee. Mae  
Baby Bokje ziet t nie.

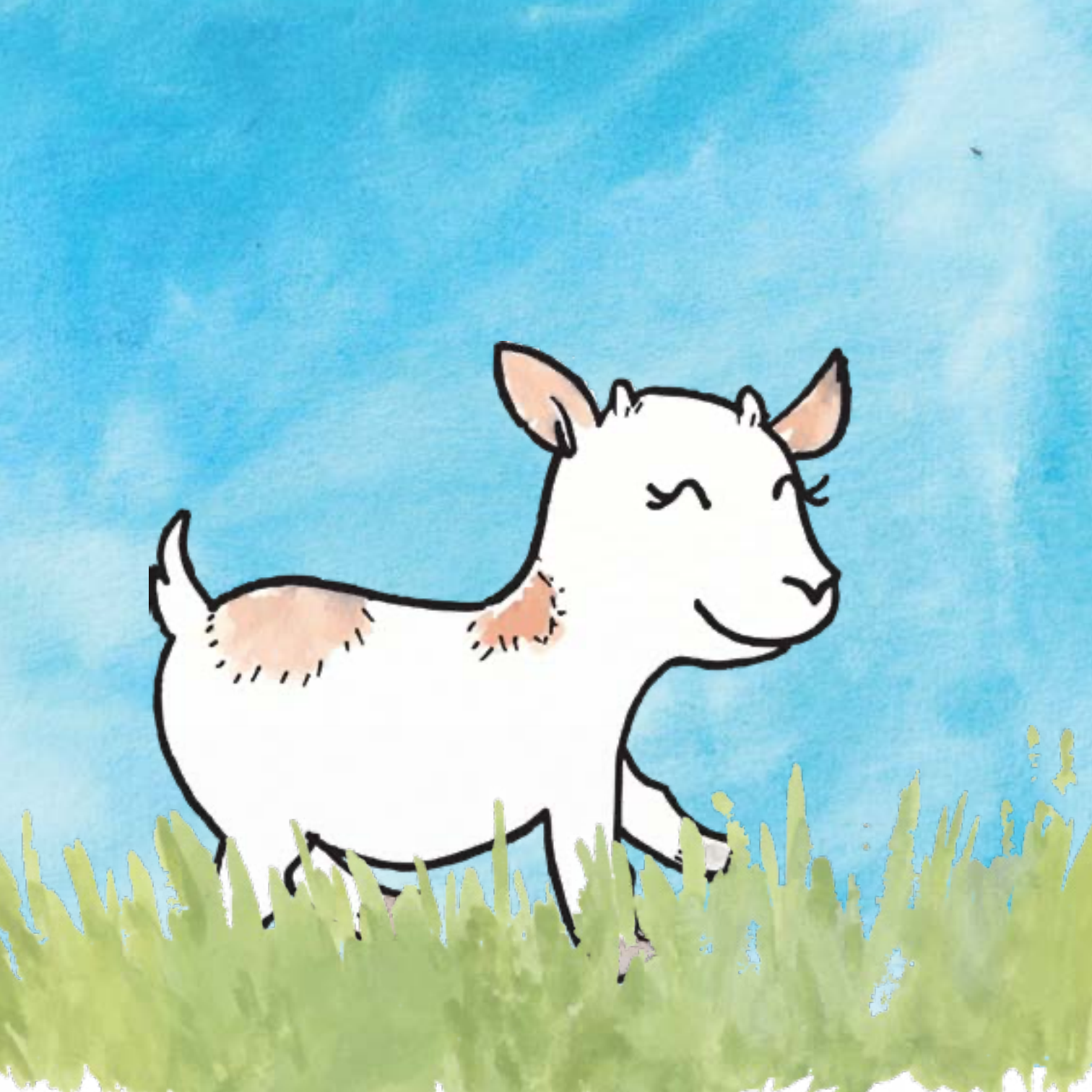




n Veugeltje fluit nae z'n en vraegt:  
"Oe is 't noe?"

Mae Baby Bokje zeit niks trug.





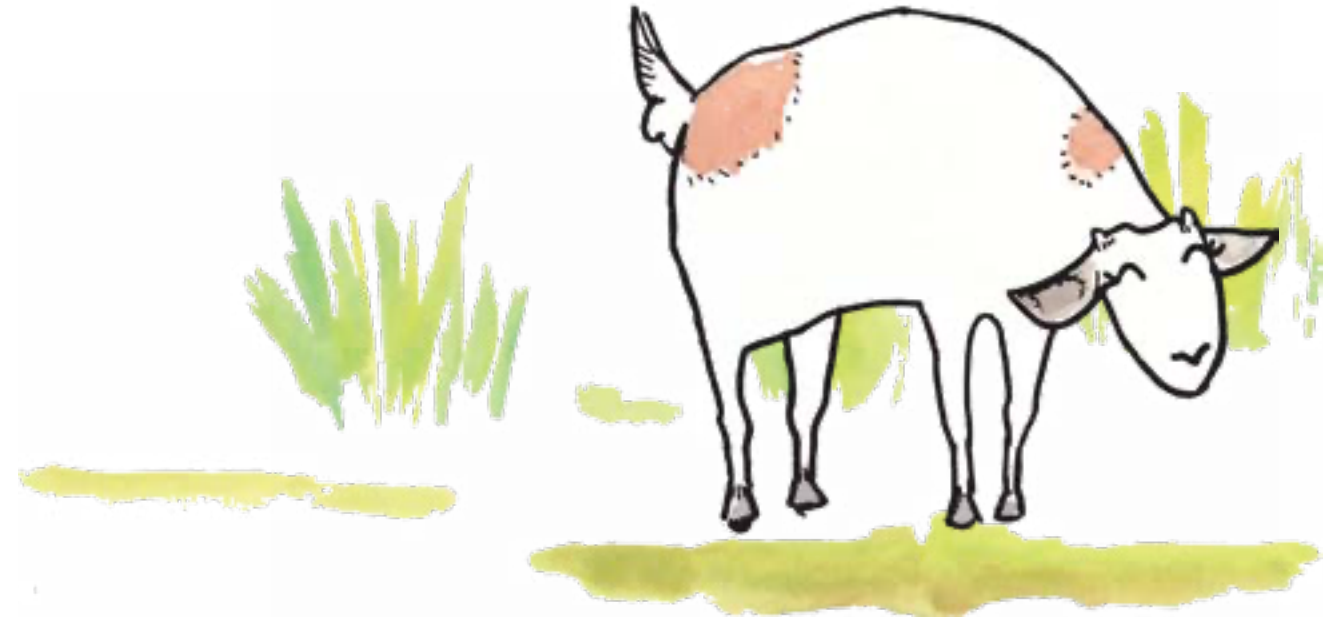
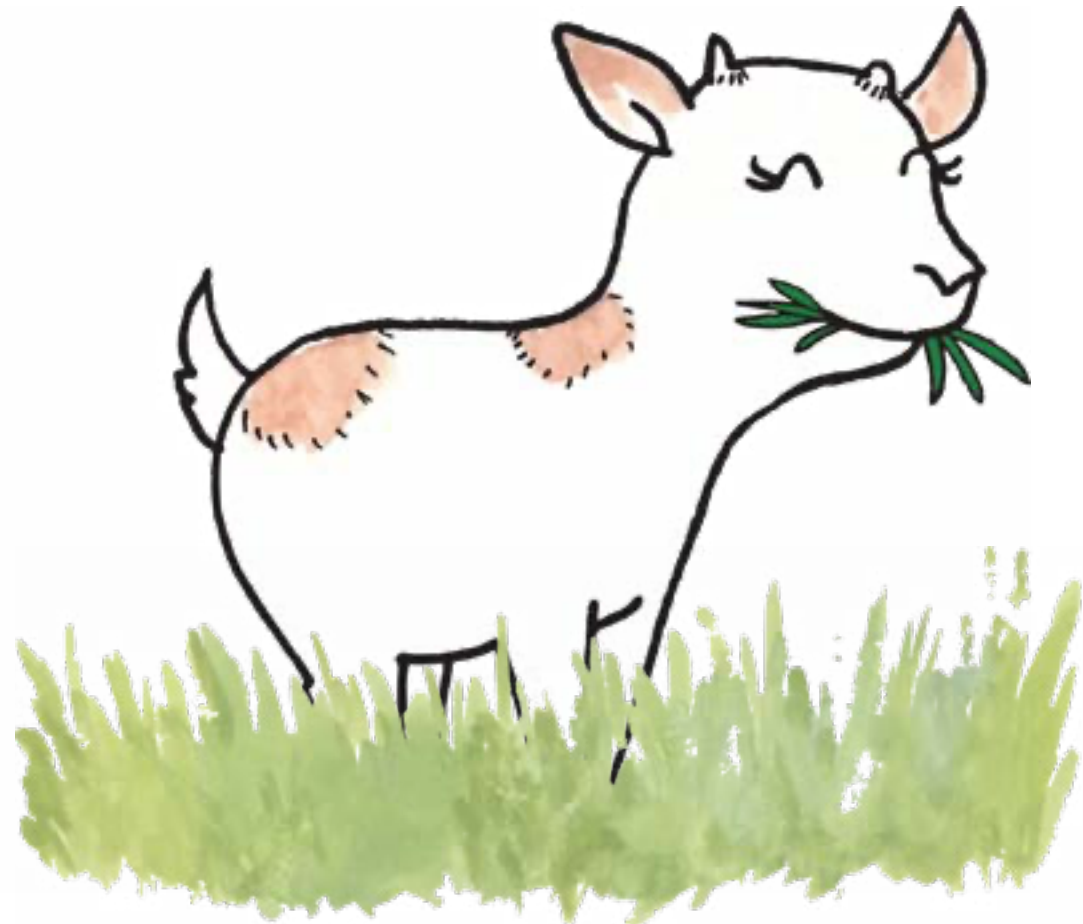
le loôp verder, op zoek nae t  
zoetste gos.



En twint\* as n zoekt, loôpt ons Bokje  
aolmae verder en verder weg van  
Mama Bok.

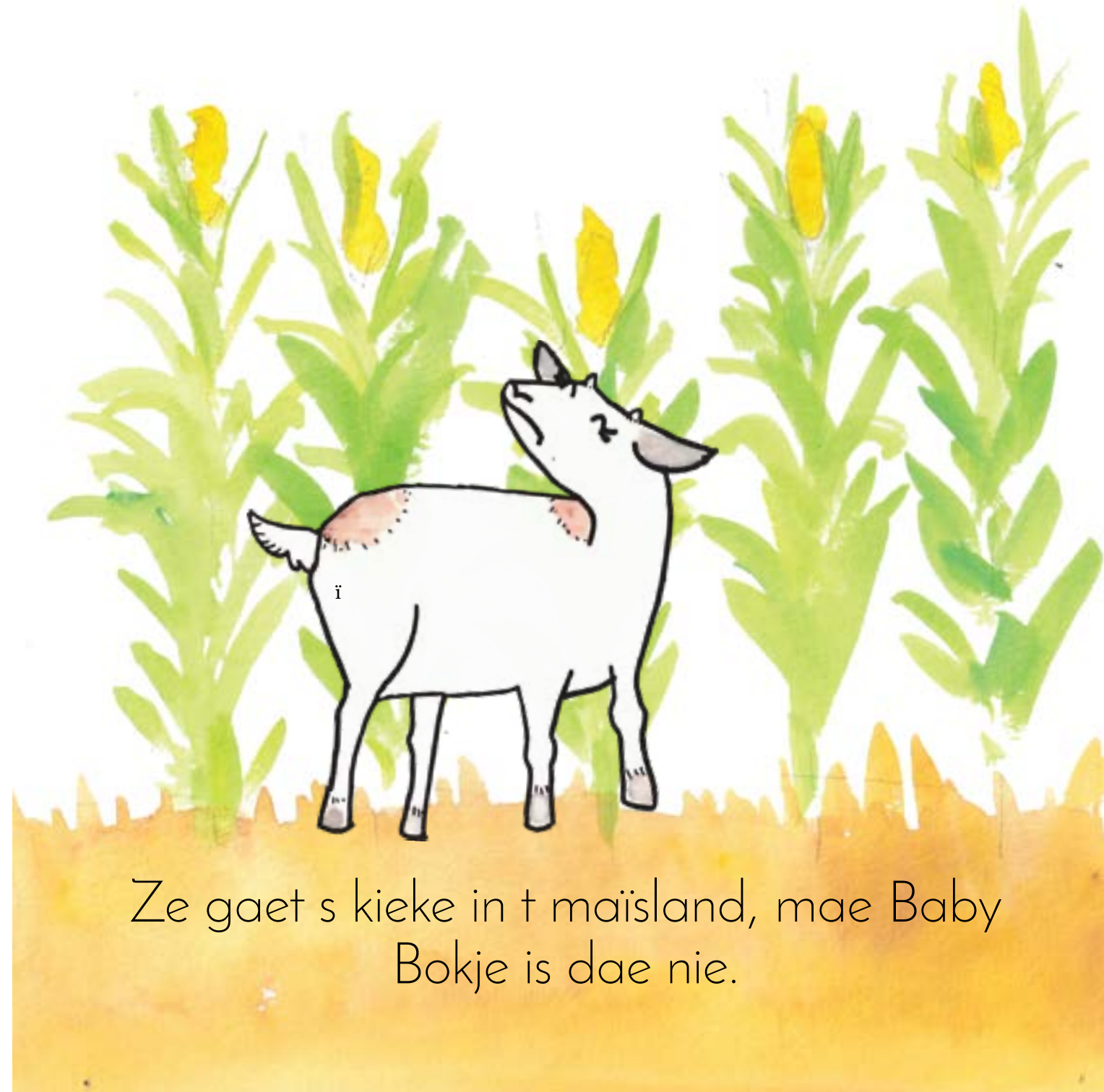
\*terwiel, binst, onderwiele

En dan... Jawoh! Baby Bokje vind t  
zoetste gos. Ie eet en ie eet.



Ie is noe wè stik verre bie Mama weg.

Mama Bok dienkt: wae kan m'n Bokje  
noe toch weze?



Ze gaet s kieke in t maisland, mae Baby  
Bokje is dae nie.

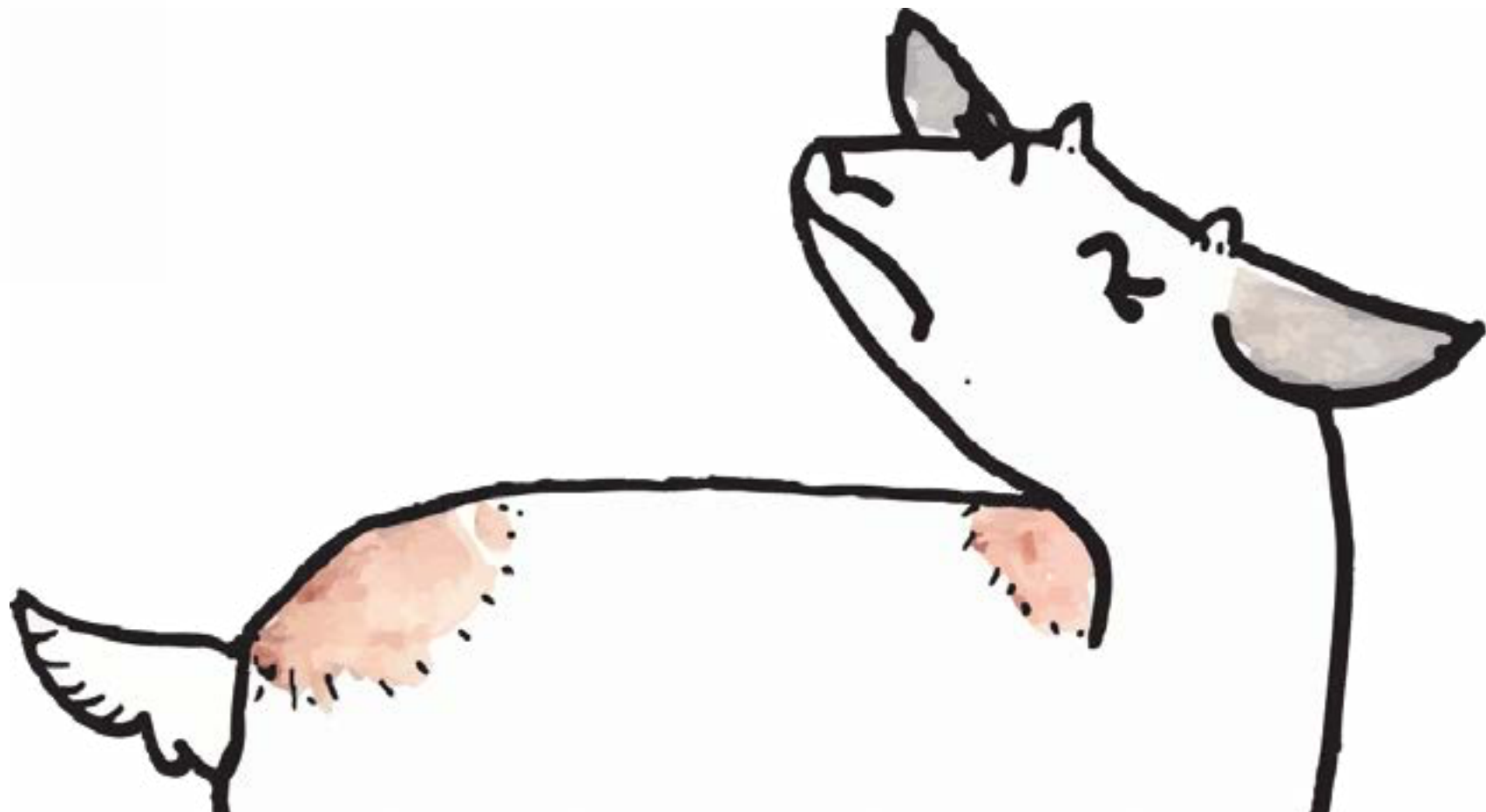


Mama Bok loôp schielijk nae t waeter,  
mae Baby Bokje is dae oôk nie.

“Baby Bokje, m’n liefste Bokje, wae bin  
je noe toch?” brult Mama Bok.



t Veugeltje roep nae Mama Bok:  
"Baby Bokje slaopt in t zoetste gos, an  
de aore kant van de brugge."





Mama Bok gaet over de brugge toet  
bie t zoetste gos.

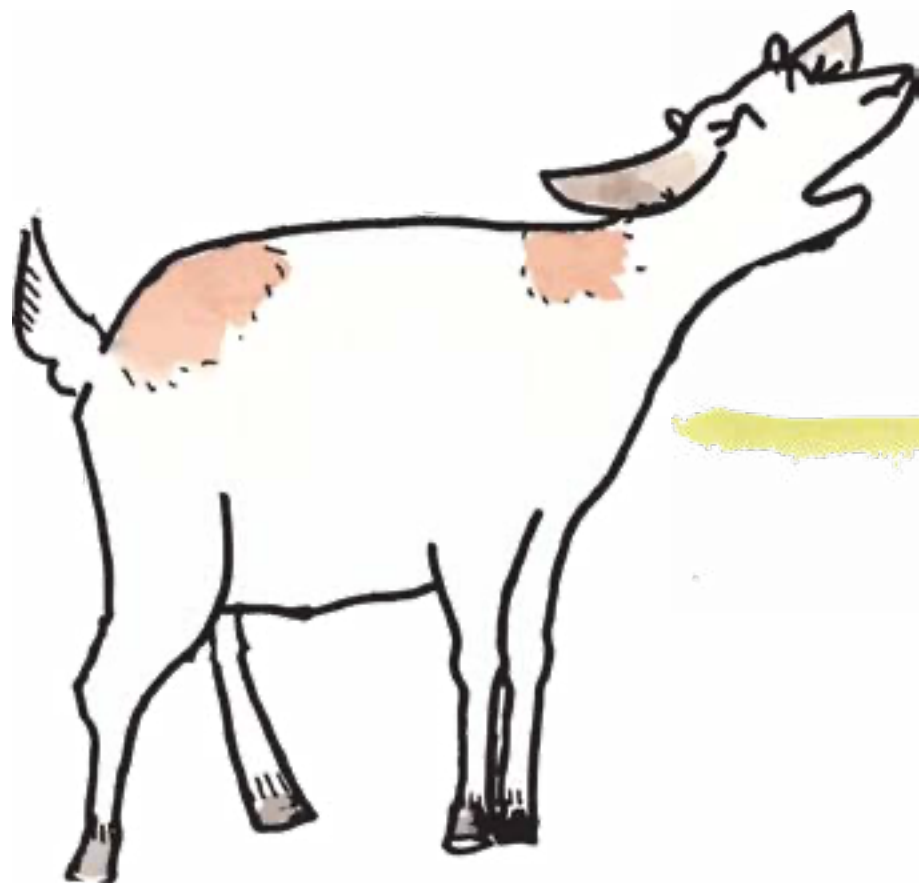
Dae ziet ze ons Bokje, z'n pookje\* rond  
en diepe in slaop.



\*buukje

“Wakker ore\*, Baby Bokje,” zeit Mama zachte.

“k Was benauwd da k je kwiet was!”

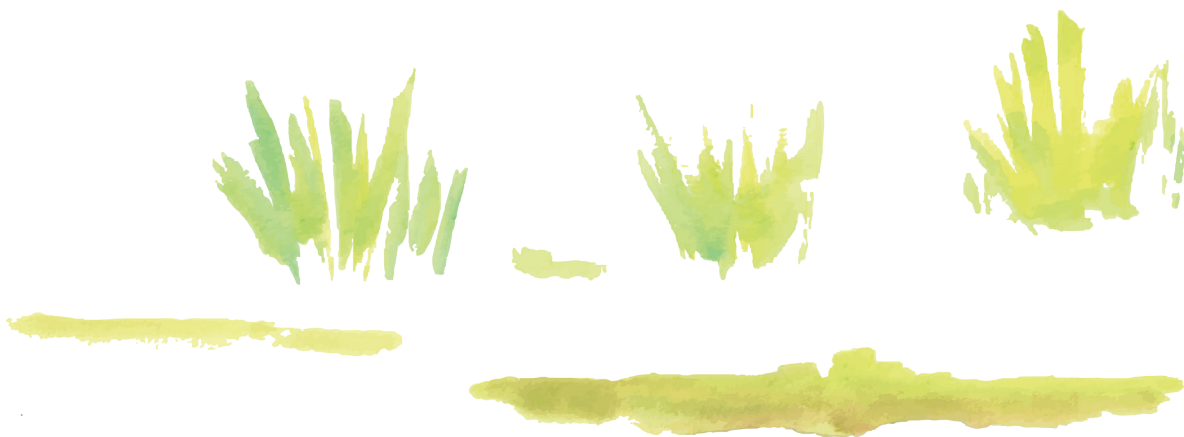


“Ik bin glad nie kwiet - ik was den 'êlen tied a 'ier!” lacht Bokje.  
Ze waere vee bliee om mekaore te zien.

\*worre



Baby Bokje doe lekker zoeken nae t zoetste gos.  
le ei glad nie deu dat n van Mama Bok afdwaelt...



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