

# Wees kreatief hierdie Kersfees

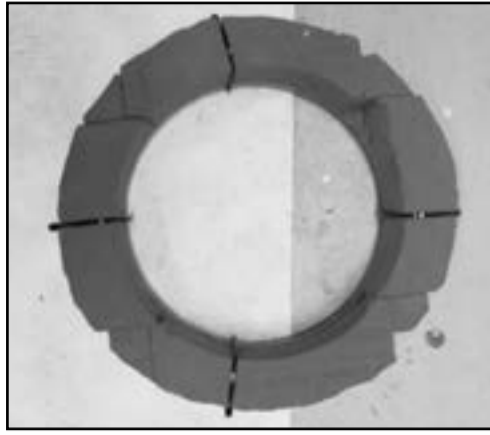
*Beplan vroegtydig vir die kersseisoen*



**M**aak jou eie kerskrans hierdie Kersfees.

**Benodighede:**

- Oase
- "Cable ties"
- 'n plastiekbasis vir die krans
- Mos
- Blomme, takke en ander versierings wat jy wil gebruik
- Bloemistendraad
- 'n Gomgeweer



Stap 1: Sny twee blokke oase in die middel deur sodat vier blokke het. Hierdie blokke moet dan in die basis ingedruk word om 'n sirkel te vorm. Sny die oortollige oase af todat die sirkel gevorm is. Die "cable ties" word dan gebruik om die oase aan die basis van die krans vas te maak.



Stap 2: Bedek jou oase met mos. Gebruik die bloemistendraad om die mos mooi stewig vas te sit in die oase sodat dit nie kan verloor nie. Jy kan selfs die gongeweer gebruik indien daar stukkie is wat vasgeplak moet word aan die oase.



Stap 3: Gebruik nou jou blomme, blare en ander versierings. Gebruik verskillende teksture en groottes en druk dit op verskillende plekke in die oase in. As jy die krans klaar voltooi het, maak seker daar steek nêrens meer oase uit nie. Vir ekstra glans kan jy feestigies in jou krans gebruik.



Gee jou kersgeskenk bietjie kleur deur ou kersballe te gebruik en met 'n groot strik saam te bind. Gebruik eenvoudige geskenkpapier om die balle te laat uitstaan.



'n Oulike manier om jou kersgeskenke anders te laat lyk: draai die geskenke toe in swart geskenkpapier en gebruik 'n wit merke om die geskenk mee te versier.



Versier jou kersgeskenke deur met doodgewone bruin papier toe te draai. Gebruik dennebolle, tou en groenheid om die geskenk mee af te rond.



Bruinpapier kan weereens gebruik word om geskenke mee toe te draai. Knip die voorletters van 'n familielid of vriend uit ou koerante of boeke om die geskenk maklik tussen die ander uit te ken.

## Dabbling in dog's affairs in downright dumb

• Mr SM Sethabela  
(English Educator, Phiritona High)

One cold morning I had found Jack resting under the car. That was seven years ago. It was a jovial little puppy, and adorable Golden Retriever. Love at first sight. It probably strayed off from the mother in the night when they toppled dustbins scurrying for food scrapes. My daughter, same age as Jack, bonded with this newly found friend. They'd run all over scampering on the streets forgetful of any dangers. A stranger's knock on the door, brought the alarming news that there is a child in the company of a dog seen two streets away. All to one's biggest surprise, there they were hurrying off like two young lions that just evaded capture. This was to become an unbreakable connection of a child and her dog, unassuming friends lost in innocence.

Jack is always in his good moods. Very timid amongst family members, yet alert to any potential threats. Its wagging tail pointed high on every stride. When I arrive back home from work, it prances to the car, careful not to be bumped. Those flappy ears raised and the wet nose ready to sniff out my body odour. Jack doesn't wait for me to open the car door completely. It'd jump up and gently land soft paws on my lap. The gold brownish eyes pry into the depths of my heart. A strong reaffirmation of loyalty and genuine friendship shines through that gaze. Upon finishing easy strokes on the mane, on the back of Jack's head, it struts off in contentment.

Jack's beautiful soul is now in danger. At this young age it has been haunted by the primal instinct to meet others of its kind. It's been prowling the streets often landing in trouble. Mating seasons have been a big torment to it. Sometimes it'd wander far from home, for days. When suddenly reappearing we had been delighted, welcoming it back home like the prodigal son.

Unfortunately one has been marking Jack's bloody bruises and savagery scars from the brutal battles fought to earn mating rights. Often the ears would be bitten off in a ruthless fight. Amongst all these warrior stripes is an occasional weird wound on either one of the hind legs. These wounds look disturbingly deep, more like Jack has been stabbed. I wondered if dogs now carry knives to the ritual fights. What kind of dog would stab another and leave such a gaping wound? Strange! I realized that people involve themselves in dogs' affairs. The wriggling and twitching movements of mating dogs in one's courtyard is a sore sight. The poor dogs are pelted with stones, battered with sticks and mauled with every available armour.

Dogs only follow their instincts and natural behaviour when rambling about the neighbourhood. Please go easy on them when suddenly encountered in your yard. They do not understand humans' territorial barriers. Dogs do not have any sense of unwritten rules that you and me follow. They are dogs and we are humans, for goodness sake! The invisible laws that govern property rights are not inclusive of the dogs. Waiting furiously to use one's garden fork, a spear or any lethal weapon to kill any dog that tampers with your dog, is not only unwise, but is downright irresponsible. Let us preserve the lives of these wonderful friends and appreciate them as true gifts from God. Imagine waking up to a desolate world without these wonderful animals. Wouldn't we grumble and start question such miserable existence? Every living creature is purposed to serve a particular function that harmonises life. We coexist with all different kinds of creatures for the greater good. It sums up to all just possessing one little pet to understand this beautiful reality. Just one little dog.






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**Petrus Steyn**

Ondervinding van John Deere en Case 'n vereiste. Vragmotors, verkopers ens. 'n aanbeveling. Moet kan reis na Bothaville en Christiana.  
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