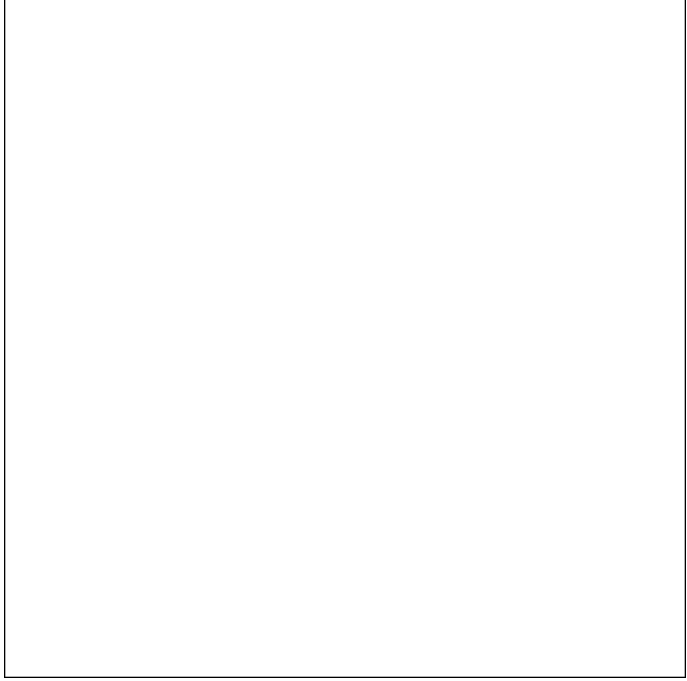
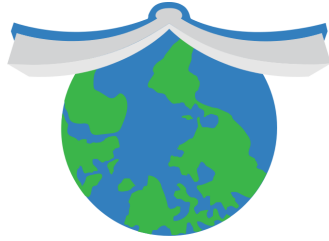


Khalai talks to plants



✎ Ursula Natula
✉ Jesse Pietersen
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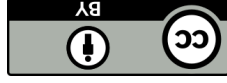


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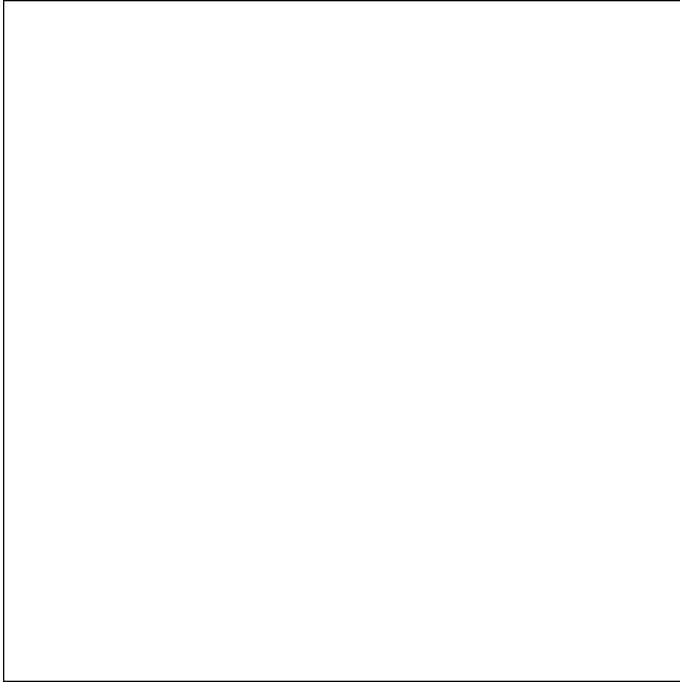
Khalai talks to plants

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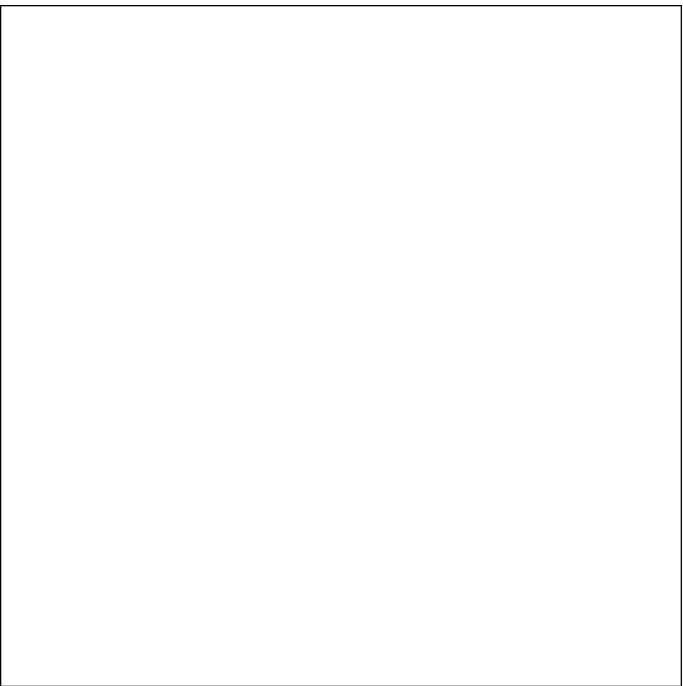
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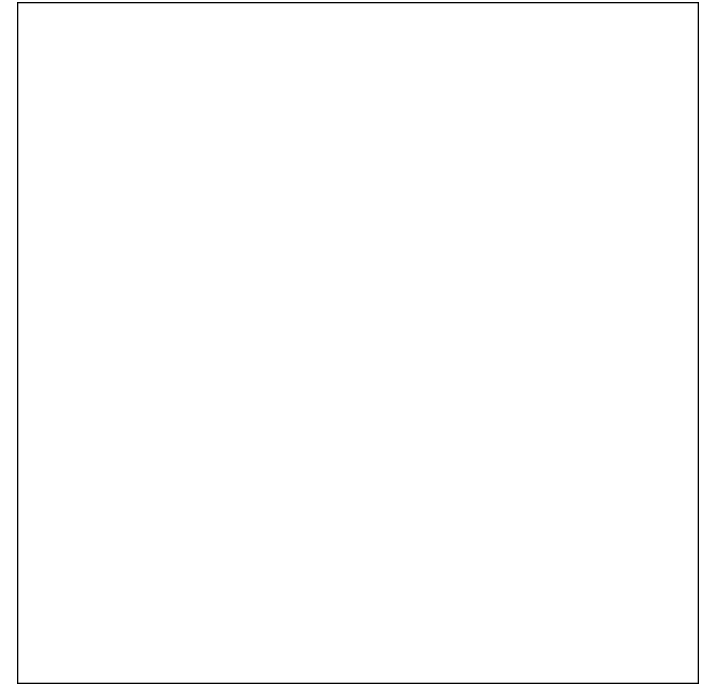
This is Khalai. She is seven years old. Her name means 'the good one' in her language, Lubukusu.

Khalai wakes up and talks to
the orange tree. "Please
orange tree, grow big and give
us lots of ripe oranges."



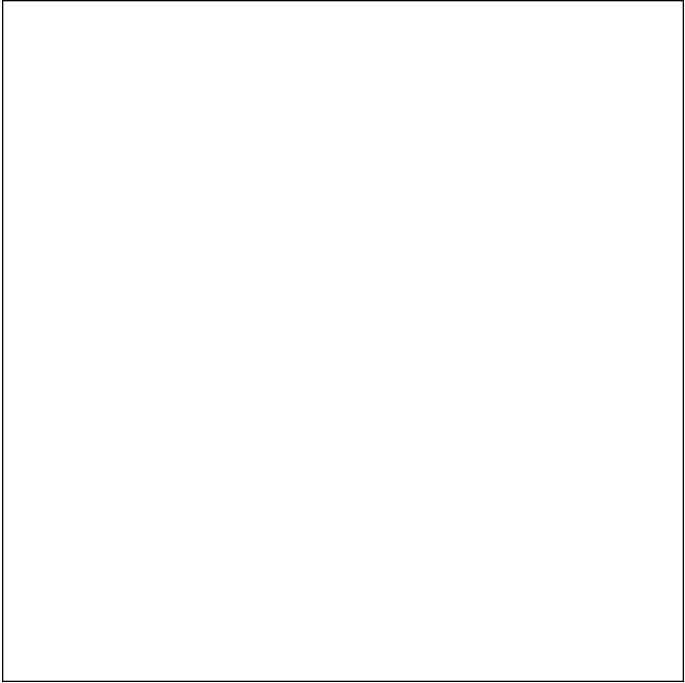


Khalai walks to school. On the way she talks to the grass.
“Please grass, grow greener and don’t dry up.”

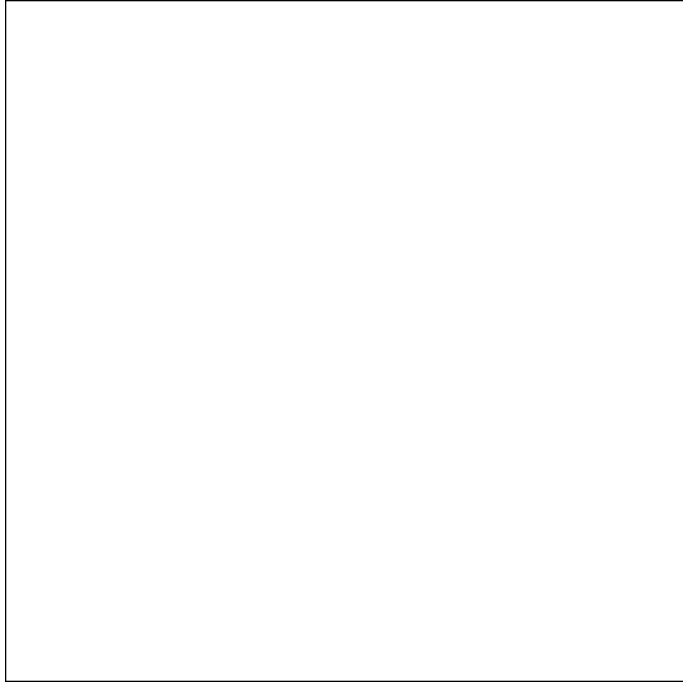


“The oranges are still green,” sighs Khalai. “I will see you tomorrow orange tree,” says Khalai. “Perhaps then you will have a ripe orange for me!”

khalai passes wild flowers.
"Please flowers, keep blooming
so I can put you in my hair."

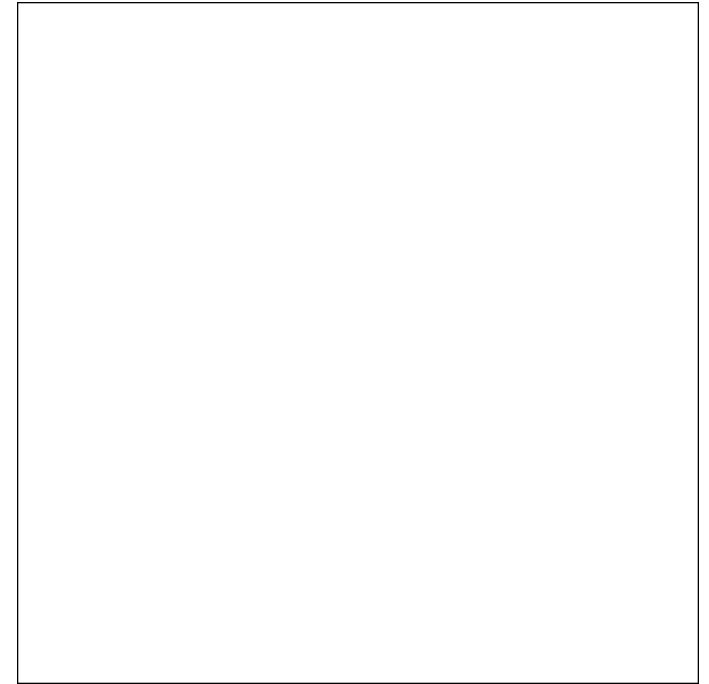


When khalai returns home
from school, she visits the
orange tree. "Are your oranges
ripe yet?" asks khalai.





At school, Khalai talks to the tree in the middle of the compound. "Please tree, put out big branches so we can read under your shade."



Khalai talks to the hedge around her school. "Please grow strong and stop bad people from coming in."