

Hansie Brinker.

A long time ago, somewhere in the 1890-ties a boy was living in the Netherlands. His dad was the lockkeeper of Spaarnwoude. It was a healthy strong real Dutch boy, blond and lean. By the age of eight his parents told him to bring pancakes to a blind man who was living all by himself down in the polder. Hans walk to the blind man. The old man was kind and happy to welcome the young boy.



On the way back Hans noticed the water was higher than normal. Being the son of the lockkeeper he knows: the water will be mad at the lockkeeper. At his dad. Mad it couldn't float freely towards to see. But he also knows his dad was protecting the polder. The fertile soil and the people who live there. It was the eternal fight: water against man.

Looking at his long shadow and seeing the sun going down Hansie knew he stayed too long talking to the old man. He had to hurry to be back before dark. Or maybe he better not do this because he already knows he won't make it. Thinking what to tell his parents he was walking further and further away from the little house in the polder.

Suddenly he stopped. He was listening to a sound. He knew that sound: running water. Where is it coming from?. Without hesitating he was sliding down from the dike. Soon he saw water running. In an instant he put his finger in the dike.

For now the dike is save. At least for now. Running water will take the sand away. A little hole whole get bigger and bigger in no time. Before you know it the dike would give away. It would be a disaster. Not only Spaarndam would disappear under water but also the surrounding lowlands. But..... what to do?



In the beginning it was easy. The sun gave away this last warm sunrays. But soon it was getting colder. It started to rain. He was shivering. He was getting cold. Hansie was getting tired too. He started to yel.

Someone had to hear his cries. Mom help! But he knew it already: his mom closed the blinds long before dark. He knew no one would walk the dike at this hour of the day. He could do only one thing: pray to God.

During the evening and night he just sat there. Finger in the dike. Cold hands, feet, his whole body was cold, stiff and shivering. Close to disappear he doesn't know what to do. Close to giving up? By sunrise was heard a noise. Hansie looked up and saw the pastor walking on top of the dike. He was on his way back from a dying man. At the time he saw Hansie he already knew what the boy was doing. He knew the boy prevented many households from a disaster!

Help was finally on the way.

Is this a real Dutch saga?. Did it actually happened? NO. It is just one little chapter of a book called Hansie Brinker and the silver skate. A book telling a story about a boy who loves to skate. It was written by an American lady called Mary Mapes.

We made it ours and Hansie even got his own statue. Actually 3 Harlingen, Madurodam and Spaarndam.



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