

Boris and his ball



Boris is at the park.
He has some bread.
The bread is old.
But the bread is still yummee.



The bread is for the duck.
The duck is swimming in the pond.



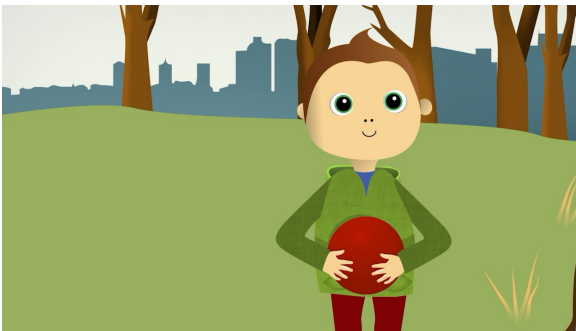
Are you cold, duck?
No, I am not cold.
Are you cold, Boris?
No, I am not cold.



Boris goes to the pond.
He throws a piece of bread into the pond.
Yummee yummee, Boris says.



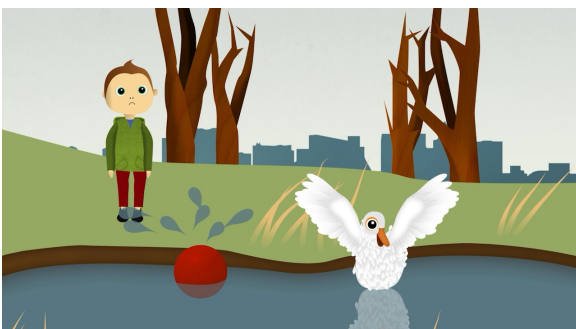
Boris throws another piece of bread.
And another one.
All gone!



Now I am going to play with my ball.
Boris has a beautiful red ball.



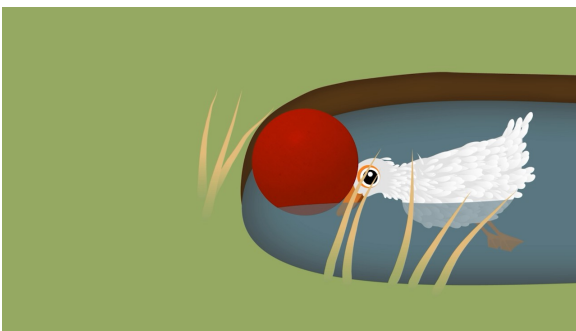
He throws it in the air.
Higher and higher.
Bravo Boris!
Boris throws the ball in the air again.



Oh no! The ball falls into the pond.
Into the middle of the pond.
Where the duck is swimming.
What now, Boris?



Boris starts to cry.
My ball is in the pond.
In the middle of the pond.
The duck hears Boris crying.



The duck brings back the ball, out of the pond.
Here you are, Boris. Here is your ball.
Boris takes his ball.
Thank you duck, he says.