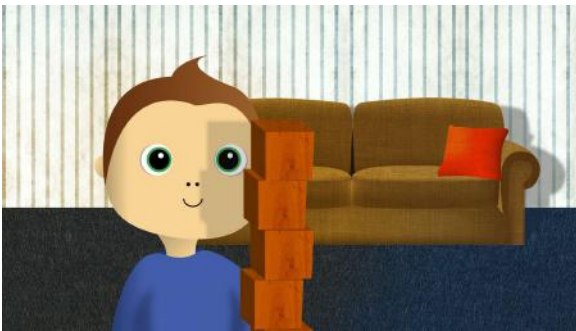


Boris and the pigeon



Boris is at home.
The window is open.
The sun is shining.
A car drives past.



What is Boris doing?
He is making a tower.
A tower as big as the table.



Boris doesn't look at the pigeon.
He puts one block on top of the other.
He doesn't look at the pigeon on the window sill.
But the pigeon looks at Boris.



And it looks at the bread crumbs
under the table.
One, two, three bread crumbs.
Yummee, the pigeon says.
The pigeons jumps under the table.



Mummy, there is a pigeon under the table!
Boris shouts.
But Mummy is in the other room.
And the door is closed.



What now, Boris?
Boris hides behind the couch.
He looks at the pigeon.
It is a real pigeon.



It has two wings.
Its wings are grey.
It is a beautiful pigeon.
Hello pigeon, Boris says.



Rookoo, the pigeon says.
And it picks up the crumbs.
1, 2, 3 breadcrumbs.
All gone!



Wait, says Boris.
He gets a slice of bread.
He gives the slice of bread to the pigeon.



The pigeon picks up the slice of bread.
And the pigeon flies off.
Bye pigeon, bye!