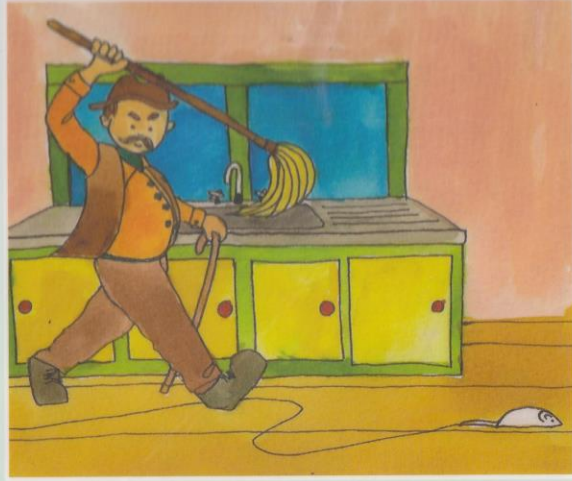


A mouse ran under the door. Mum ran after the mouse with a broom.



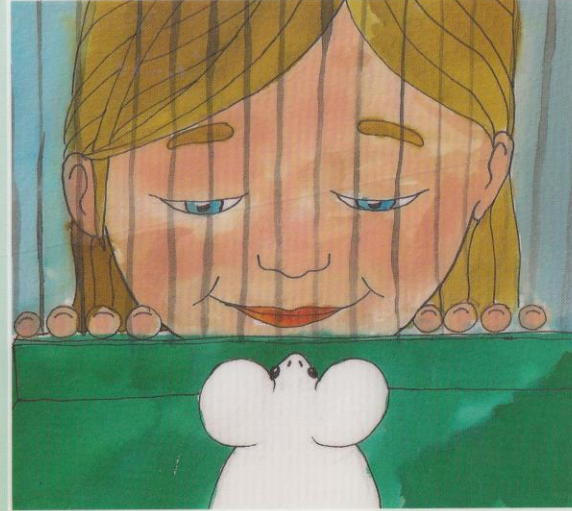
The mouse ran into the kitchen. Pop ran after the mouse with a mop.



The mouse ran into the lounge room. Dad ran after the mouse with his shoe.



The mouse ran into my bedroom. I ran after the mouse with a cage.



The mouse has a new home with me.



THE BIKE RACE

Look out! Here comes Rick and Jack.

They are on loud bikes.

They are going downhill fast. What a thrill.

Rick thinks he is the best.
Jack thinks he can beat Rick.

They take a sharp turn. The track ends. Look out! Will they run into the trees?

No. They have stopped just in time.
Such skill.

A dog pops up from under a bush. It runs at them.

The boys ride off. They are too quick for the dog.

“That was fun,” says Jack. “Beat you to the top.”

“I think I will still win,” says Rick.

The boys are off again.





“Reel it in,” said Pop.

The line pulled and pulled. I reeled and reeled. The fish was strong. It almost pulled me off the wharf.

“Keep reeling,” said Pop. “You have nearly got it.”

I reeled some more. At the end of my line flapped a shiny, silver fish. It was no bigger than my hand.

“Too small,” said Pop. “You’ll have to toss it back.”

On the weekend, Pop and I went fishing. As soon as I cast my line into the water I felt a tug.

“I’ve got one,” I called.

“I don’t think so Tim,” said Pop.

So I waited. I felt a bigger tug. The rod almost slipped from my hand.

“This time I have one,” I yelled.

“No,” said Pop. “That’s the pull of the tide.”

So I waited. Then I felt a very big tug. The tip of my rod bent. I could hardly keep hold of my line.

“This time?” I asked.

