1. **Emily, the Rat Who Could Not Read**

 Once upon a time, there was a lady rat called Emily who could not read. She lived in a small town and every morning used to put on her glasses to read the local newspaper, but she wasn’t able to read it.

 “My glasses might be dirty,” thought Emily.

 She met a squirrel one day and asked her, “Do you read every day?”

 “Of course,” said the squirrel.

 “I can’t because my glasses are too old and dirty,” replied Emily.

 “You have to go to school to learn to read,” said the squirrel before leaving.

 This didn’t convince the lady rat, and she continued walking until she saw a rabbit.

 “Can you read?” asked Emily.

 “Of course. I’m coming from school and have my bag full of books,” said the rabbit.

 “I can’t. My glasses are too old,” said Emily, and left the place sad.

 She kept walking and when she saw a dog she asked him, too.

 “Have you read the newspaper today?”

 “Yes, I do every day.”

 “Do you wear glasses?”

 “No, I go to school.”

 Emily stood there thinking and decided to act, so the next day she bought pencils, a book bag and a notebook, and started to go to school.

After a few weeks she was so proud of what she had learned that when she saw a hen walking past one day, she ran to ask her, “Can you read?”

 “Of course. I read every day,” said the hen.

 Emily was very happy and could finally say, “Me too! I’m learning at school.”

 She was so happy that she had a party and invited all her friends, just to announce that she was able to read and was reading a book every night, and advised those who couldn’t read to go to school to learn.

1. **Harry—the Dirty Dog**

 Harry was a white dog with black spots who liked everything, except…getting a bath.

 So, one day, when he heard the water running in the tub, he took the scrubbing brush…and buried it in the backyard. Then he ran away from home. He played where they were fixing the street and got very dirty. He played at the railroad and got even dirtier. In fact, he changed from a white dog with black spots to a black dog with white spots. Although there were many other things to do, Harry began to wonder if his family thought that he had really run away. He felt tired and hungry too, so without stopping on the way he ran back home.

 “There’s a strange dog in the backyard…By the way, has anyone seen Harry?” One of the family looked out and said. When Harry heard this, he tried very hard to show them he was Harry. But everyone shook their heads and said, “Oh no, it couldn’t be Harry.” Suddenly, Harry thought of something. He ran to a corner of the garden and started to dig furiously. Soon he found the scrubbing brush! And carrying it in his mouth, he ran into the house. Up the stairs he dashed, and jumped into the bathtub and sat up begging.

 “This little doggy wants a bath!” cried the little girl, and her father said, “Why don’t you and your brother give him one?” As soon as the children started to scrub, they began shouting, “Mummy! Daddy! Look, look! Come quick! It’s Harry! It’s… It’s Harry!” they cried. Harry wagged his tail and was very, very happy. His family combed and brushed him lovingly, and he became once again a white dog with black spots. It was wonderful to be home.

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| 1. Owl babies
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 **By Martin Waddell, Patrick Benson**

Once there were three baby owls: Sarah and Percy and Bill. They lived in a hole in the trunk of a tree with their owl Mother. The hole had twigs and leaves and owl feathers in it. It was their house.

One night they woke up and their Owl Mother was Gone. Where’s mummy? asked Sarah. Oh my goodness! Said Percy. I want my mummy! said Bill.

 The baby owls thought (all owls think a lot) --- I think she’s gone hunting, said Sarah. To get us our food! Said Percy. I want my mummy! said Bill.

But their Owl Mother didn’t come. The baby owls came out of their house and they sat on the tree and waited. A big branch for Sarah, a small branch for Percy, and an old bit of ivy for Bill. She’ll be back, said Sarah. Back soon! Said Percy. I want my mummy! said Bill. It was dark in the wood and they had to be brave, for things moved all around them. She’ll bring us mice and things that are nice, said Sarah. I suppose so! Said Percy. I want my mummy! said Bill.

They sat and they thought (all owls think a lot)—I think we should all sit on my branch, said Sarah. And they did, all three together. Suppose she got lost, said Sarah. Or a fox got her! Said Percy. I want my mummy! said Bill. And the baby owls closed their owl eyes and wished their Owl Mother would come. AND SHE CAME. Soft and silent she swooped through the trees to Sarah and Percy and Bill.

Mummy! they cried and they flapped and they danced and they bounced up and down on their branch. WHAT’S ALL THE FUSS? their Owl Mother asked. You knew I’d come back. The baby owls thought (all owls think a lot)— I knew it, said Sarah. And I knew it, said Percy. I love my mummy! said Bill.