

The firefly and the Snail

Several hundred years ago, the firefly and the snail were good friends. The snail had a baby lamp which glittered at night. He often visited the firefly carrying the lamp. The firefly had a sweet house. The firefly's house provided shelter from storms.

The snail envied the firefly and his sweet house. The snail would often think, "How about I occupy the firefly's sweet house?" This evil thought was growing in the snail's mind.

One day, when the firefly went to work, the snail moved into the firefly's house secretly. Much to the snail's disappointment, he found out that his body was too big to fit into the house. He could just carry the house on his back as he ran away. In the evening, the firefly came home. To his great surprise, his house was missing! He shouted, "Where is my house? Who stole my house?" He looked everywhere for his house. Finally, the firefly saw his house on the riverbank. He saw that the snail was inside of his house. He shouted to the snail, "Why did you

steal my house? Return it to me!" But no matter how the firefly yelled, the snail just stayed in the house.

The firefly was mad. He couldn't believe that his house had been stolen by his best friend. To seek revenge, the firefly decided to take away the snail's precious treasure, his baby lamp. At midnight, when the snail stretched out his head, he took off his baby lamp and stared at it happily. Then he fell asleep. Meanwhile, the angry firefly quickly stole the baby lamp. The next morning when the snail woke up, he discovered that the baby lamp was gone! He looked for his lamp everywhere. Finally, the firefly showed up in front of the snail. He had swallowed the lamp!

From then on, the snail lived alone in his shell. And when the night time arrives, the firefly glitters.

Billy, the daydreamer

Billy is twelve years old and his sister is fifteen.

Yesterday was Saturday, and Billy's father gave him fifty cents. Billy climbed the big tree in his garden and sat in it. He always likes to sit in that tree. There, he can listen to the birds, watch the sunset, and daydream.

When he was sitting in the tree, Billy looked at the fifty cents and started to daydream. He said to himself, "I'm going to go to the market tomorrow on my bicycle, and buy some seeds with this money. Then I'm going to plant the seeds under this tree. I'm going to have a lot of flowers, fruit and plants, and I'm going to sell them."

He continued to think, "A lot of people are going to come to my garden every day, and they're going to buy my nice flowers and fruit and plants, and in the end I'm going to have a lot of money. Then I'm going to grow up, go to university, and I'm going to become a doctor."

"One day my sister will come to me and say, 'Doctor,

Doctor Billy, I've broken my left arm! Please help me! Please.' And I'm going to set her arm."

The sky was blue, the weather was hot, and Billy was tired after all his daydreaming, so he went to sleep in the tree. But then suddenly, Billy fell out of the tree and broke his left arm. His mother took him to the doctor, and said, "Doctor, Doctor, my son has broken his left arm! Please help him! Please." And the doctor set Billy's arm.

It will be a long time before Billy can go back to the tree and daydream again.

Mary's Memorable Painting Class

Mary was an elementary school student. She had a painting class last Wednesday. Her best friend, Tom, studied with her.

On that day, their teacher taught them how to make different colors. "Good morning, class. There are three primary colors. Do you know what they are?" their teacher asked. All the students raised their hands and said, "They are red, blue and yellow." The teacher continued to ask, "Who knows what a secondary color is?" Tom knew and said, "It's a color made by two primary colors." The teacher asked, "Would you please tell us an example?" Tom answered, "Orange, we can make orange by mixing red and yellow." Then Mary raised her hand and said, "I know another secondary color is purple. We can make purple by mixing red and blue." The teacher smiled and said, "Good job! Now I want you all to make a secondary color."

All the students began mixing colors. The teacher walked around the class. She looked at all the colors that the children were mixing. She came to Henry's desk and asked, "What color is it?" Henry answered, "I don't know. I mixed all the primary colors together. I wanted to see what color I got." Their teacher said, "That's not a secondary color. That looks like mud!"

Their painting topic of the day was to paint an animal with different colors. Then their teacher taught them how to draw and paint. The students had their own ideas and painted attentively. They created animals of different colors. Tom drew a colorful rabbit. Mary drew an orange and purple bear. Henry drew a red, blue and yellow elephant. All of them had a wonderful painting class. They learned how to make different colors and paint with different colors. It was a memorable painting class.