

**Lost and found**      by Oliver Jeffers

Hello, everyone. My number is \_\_\_\_ .

Today I'm going to read you a story. It's called "**Lost and found**".

Once there was a boy, he found a penguin at his door. The boy didn't know where it had come from, but it began to follow him everywhere. The penguin looked sad, and the boy thought it must be lost, so the boy decided to help the penguin find its way home.

He checked in the lost and found office, but no one was missing a penguin. He asked some birds if they knew where the penguin came from, but they ignored him. The boy asked his duck, but the duck floated away.

That night, the boy couldn't sleep for disappointment. The next morning, he discovered that penguins came from the South Pole. So, together, he and the penguin would row to the South Pole.

The boy took his rowboat out of the cupboard. They packed everything they would need, and pushed the rowboat out to sea. They rowed south for many days and nights, with the boy telling stories all the way. The penguin listened to everything that the boy said.

They floated through good weather and bad, when the waves were as big as mountains, until they came to the South Pole. The boy was delighted, but the penguin said nothing.

Suddenly, it looked sad again as the boy helped it out of the boat. The boy said goodbye and floated away, but as he looked back, the penguin looked sadder than ever. It felt strange to be on his own, and the more he thought, the more he realized he was making a big mistake. The penguin wasn't lost; it was just lonely. Quickly, he turned the boat around and headed back to the South Pole as fast as he could.

At last, he reached the pole again, but where was the penguin? The boy searched and searched, but it was nowhere to be found. Sadly, the boy set off for home. There was no point telling stories because there was no one to listen. But then, the boy saw something in the water ahead of him. Closer and closer he got until he could see the penguin.

And so, the boy and his friend went home together, talking of wonderful things all the way.

Thank you for listening. Have a nice day!

## Contrary Mary      by Anita Jeram

Hello, everyone. My number is \_\_\_\_ .

Today I'm going to read you a story. It's called "**Contrary Mary**".

When Mary got up this morning, she was feeling contrary. She put her cap on back to front and her shoes on the wrong feet. "Are you awake, Mary?" her mum called. "No!" said Contrary Mary.

For breakfast there was hot toast with peanut butter. "What would you like, Mary?" asked Mum. "Roast potatoes and gravy, please," said Contrary Mary.

When they went to the shops, it was raining. "Come under the umbrella, Mary," said Mum. But Contrary Mary didn't. She just danced about, getting wet.

All day long, Contrary Mary did contrary things. She rode her bicycle, backwards. She went for a walk, on her hands. She read a book upside down. She flew her kite along the ground.

Mary's mum shook her head. "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," she said. And then she had an idea. That evening, at bedtime, instead of tucking Mary in the right way round, Mary's mum tucked her in upside down. Then she opened the curtains,

turned on the light, kissed Mary's toes and said, "Good morning!"

Mary laughed and laughed. "Contrary Mum!" she said. "Do you love me, Contrary Mary?" asked Mary's mum, giving her a cuddle. "No!" said Contrary Mary. And she gave her mum a great big kiss.

Thank you for listening. Have a nice day!

## Baby Duck and the New Eyeglasses

Hello, everyone. My number is \_\_\_\_ .

Today I'm going to read you a story.

It's called "**Baby Duck and the New Eyeglasses**".

Baby Duck was looking in the mirror. She was trying on her new eyeglasses. They were too big on her baby face. They pushed against her baby cheeks. And she did not look like Baby.

Baby came slowly down the stairs. "Park time!" said Mr. Duck. "Grandpa will be waiting in his boat at the lake!" "How sweet you look in your new eyeglasses!" cooed Mrs. Duck. "Don't you love them?" "No," Baby said. "How well you must see in your new eyeglasses!" clucked Mr. Duck. "Don't you like them just a little?" "No," Baby said.

The Duck family went out of the front door. Mr. and Mrs. Duck hopped along. "Hop down the lane, Baby!" Baby did not hop. Her glasses might fall off. Mr. and Mrs. Duck danced along. "Dance down the lane, Baby!" Baby did not dance. Her glasses might fall off. When they got to the park, Baby sat in the grass behind a tree. She sang a little song.

*"Poor, poor Baby, she looks ugly*

*in her bad eyeglasses.*

*Everyone can play but me,*

*Poor, poor, poor, poor Baby.”*

Grandpa came up to the hill. “Where’s that Baby?” he called. “I’m afraid she is hiding. She does not like her new eyeglasses,” worried Mr. Duck.

Grandpa sat in the grass behind the tree. “I like your hiding place,” he whispered. “Thank you,” Baby said. Grandpa peered around the side of the tree.

“I see new eyeglasses,” he whispered. “Are they blue?” “No,” Baby said. “Green?” Grandpa whispered. “No,” Baby said. “Cocoa brown?” Grandpa whispered. Baby came out from behind the tree. Grandpa folded his arms and said “Well, I think those eyeglasses are very fine.” “Why?” Baby asked. “Because they are red like mine!” Grandpa said.

Grandpa kissed Baby’s cheek. “Can you still run to the lake and splash about?” Baby ran and splashed. Then she splashed harder. Her glasses did not fall off. “Come with me, Baby. I have a surprise,” Grandpa said.

They walked down to the lake. There was a little boat right next to Grandpa’s boat. , “Can you read what it says?” Grandpa asked. Baby read, “B-a-b-y.” The letters were very

clear. Then Grandpa, Mr. and Mrs. Duck sat in Grandpa's boat.  
But Baby sat in her boat and sang a new song.

*"I have nice new eyeglasses!*

*I look like my grandpa.*

*My rowing-boat is lots of fun,*

*And I can read my name on it."*

Thank you for listening. Have a nice day!

## The Letter

by Arnold Lobel

Hello, everyone. My number is \_\_\_\_ .

Today I'm going to read you a story.

It's called "**The Letter**".

Toad was sitting on his front porch. Frog came along and said, "What is the matter, Toad? You are looking sad."

"Yes," said Toad. "This is my sad time of day. It is the time when I wait for the mail to come. It always makes me very unhappy."

"Why is that?" asked Frog. "Because I never get any mail," said Toad. "Not ever?" asked Frog. "No, never," said Toad. "No one has ever sent me a letter. Every day my mailbox is empty. That is why waiting for the mail is a sad time for me."

Frog and Toad sat on the porch, feeling sad together.

Then Frog said, "I have to go home now, Toad. There is something that I must do."

Frog hurried home. He found a pencil and a piece of paper. He wrote on the paper. He put the paper in an envelope. On the envelope he wrote "A LETTER FOR TOAD."

Frog ran out of his house. He saw a snail that he knew. "Snail," said Frog, "please take this letter to Toad's house and put it in his mailbox." "Sure," said the snail. "Right away."

Then Frog ran back to Toad's house. Toad was in bed, taking a nap. "Toad," said Frog, "I think you should get up and wait for the mail some more." "No," said Toad, "I am tired of waiting for the mail."

Frog looked out of the window at Toad's mailbox. The snail



was not there yet.

“Toad,” said Frog, “you never know when someone may send you a letter.” “No, no,” said Toad. “I do not think anyone will ever send me a letter.”

Frog looked out of the window. The snail was not there yet.

“But, Toad,” said Frog, “someone may send you a letter today.”

“Don’t be silly,” said Toad. “No one has ever sent me a letter before, and no one will send me a letter today.”

Frog looked out of the window. The snail was still not there.

“Frog, why do you keep looking out of the window?” asked Toad.

“Because now I am waiting for the mail,” said Frog. “But there will not be any,” said Toad. “Oh, yes there will,” said Frog, “because I have sent you a letter.” “You have?” said Toad. “What did you write in the letter?” Frog said, “I wrote ‘Dear Toad, I am glad that you are my best friend. Your best friend, Frog.’” “Oh,” said Toad, “that makes a very good letter.”

Then Frog and Toad went out onto the front porch to wait for the mail. They sat there, feeling happy together.

Frog and Toad waited a long time. Four days later the snail got to Toad’s house and gave him the letter from Frog. Toad was very pleased to have it.

Thank you for listening. Have a nice day!