



“Emma, this is Linda,” said Miss Taylor. “She’s a new student. Please take her to Class 4C.”

“Yes, Miss Taylor. I like your bag, Linda.”

“Thank you.”



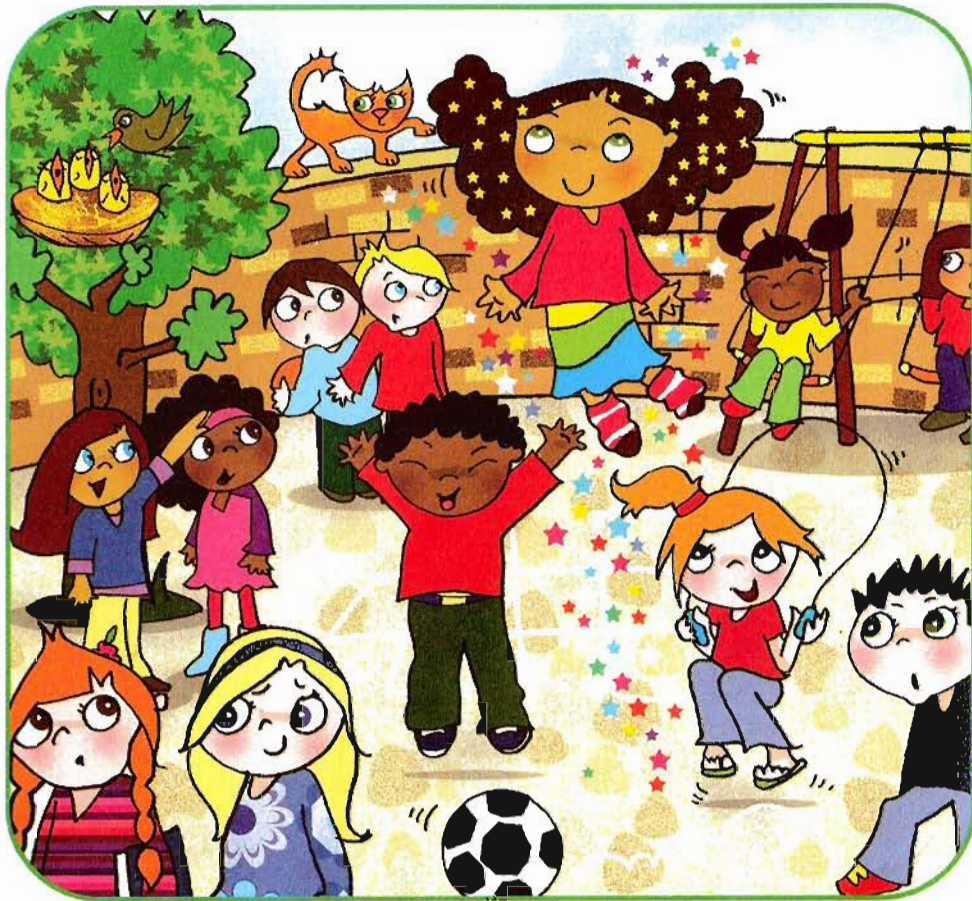
“What are you painting, Linda?” asked Peter.

“I’m painting some flowers.”

“Wow! How do you do that?”

“I look at the brushes, then I look at the paint.”





The children were in the playground.  
 "I'm skipping," said Emma.  
 "I'm jumping," said Peter.  
 "I'm flying," said Linda. "Fly with me."  
 "We can't fly, Linda!"  
 "What a pity!"

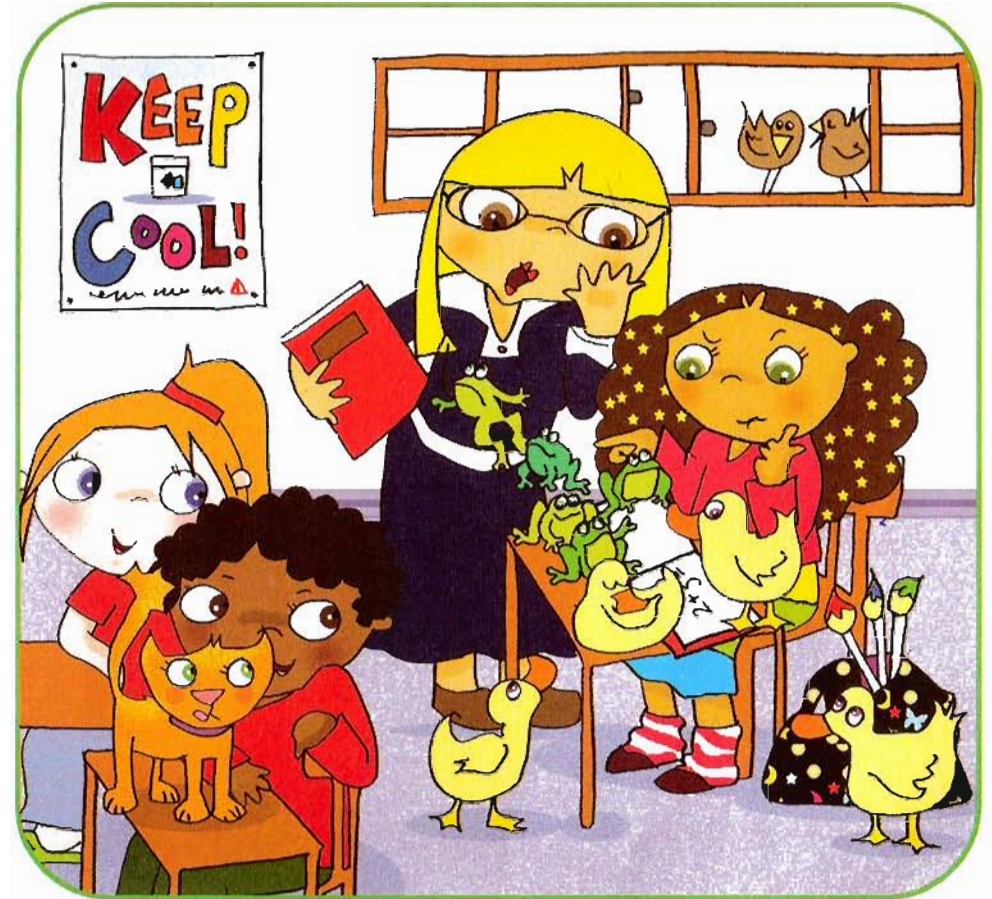


"Let's play some music," said Linda.  
 "I can play the piano, the violin,  
 and the drums."  
 "I can play the flute," said Emma.  
 "I can play the guitar," said Peter.  
 "Let's go," said Linda.





“I’m very hungry,” said Linda.  
 “I want a biscuit. Emma and Peter,  
 do you want a biscuit, too?”  
 “Yes please, Linda,” they said.  
 “Here you are. One for you, one for  
 you, and one for me.”



“Linda, why are there ducks on your  
 desk?” asked Mrs Young.  
 “I’m counting, Mrs Young. Two  
 frogs and three frogs is five frogs.  
 How many ducks are there? One,  
 two, three, four...”





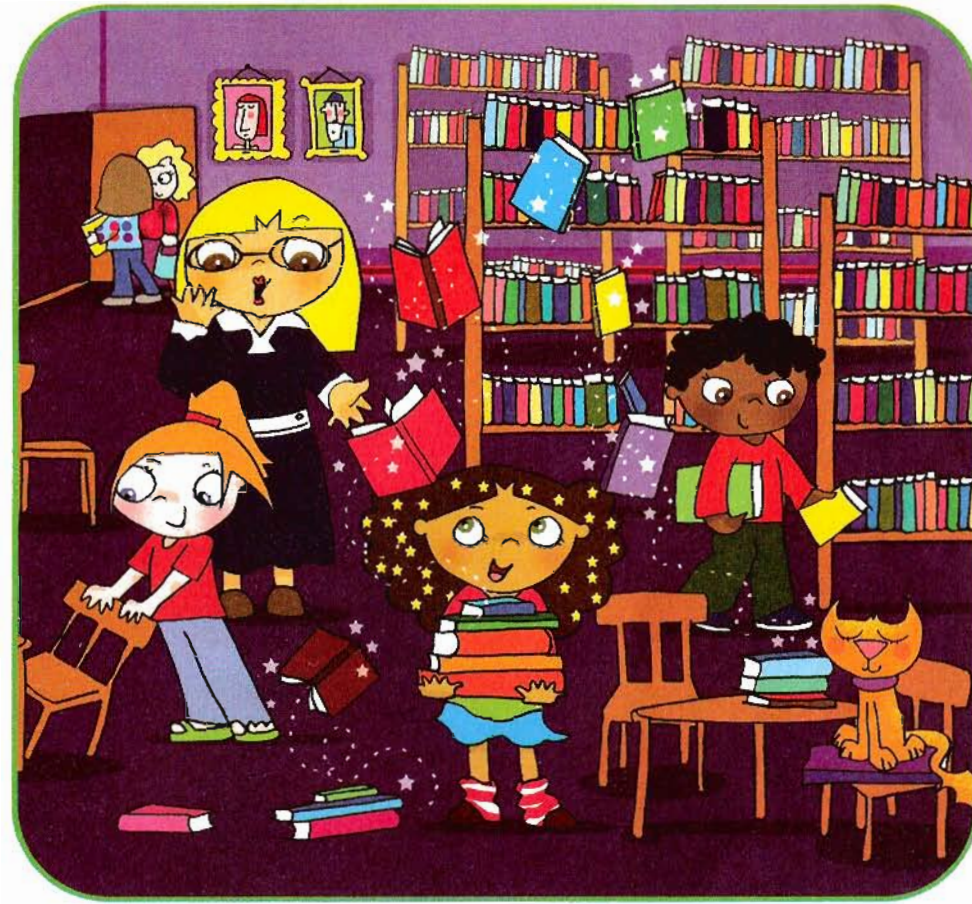
“Can you play basketball, Linda?”  
asked Peter.

“Yes, I can, Peter. Watch.”

“Ouch! That’s my knee.”

“Ouch! That’s my elbow.”

“Ouch! That’s my head.”



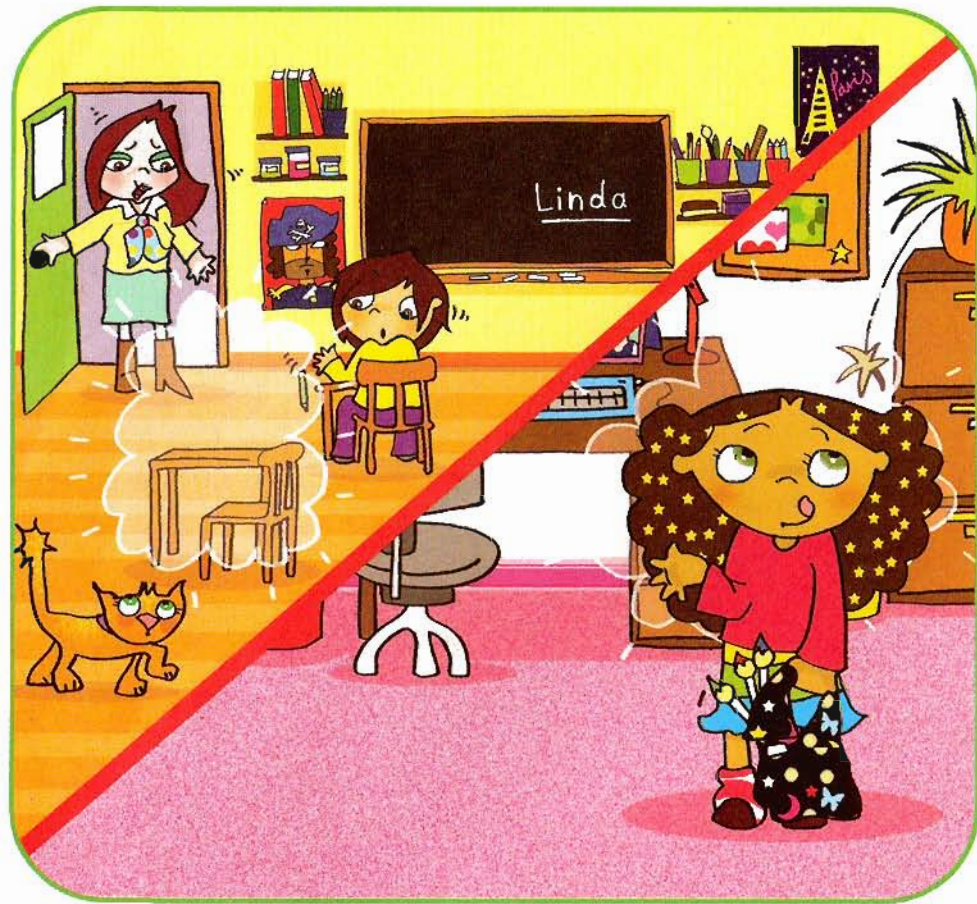
“What a mess! Let’s help the  
teacher,” said Emma.

“OK. You put the chairs back, and I  
can put the books away.”

“Thank you, girls,” said Mrs Young.

“That’s great!”





“Linda, please come to the office,”  
said Miss Taylor. “Now, where  
did she go?”

“I’m here, Miss Taylor. I’m in  
the office!”



“Hello, Mum,” said Linda. “What’s  
the matter?”

“I’m sorry, Linda,” said her Mum.  
“This is the wrong school for you.  
You must go to the Magic School,  
not this school.”



