



The Big Slip

Dad and I went for a walk.

Dad went up the steps, one by one, but not me — I ran!

I left Dad and sped up the steps, when...

Trip! Slip! BUMP!

Oh no! The steps had wet mud on top! I bit my lip — I wanted to cry!

“I bumped my leg!”

Dad lifted me up and I limped to the top.

I had to rest, so we sat on a log.

“Why did I slip?” I said.

“It’s a bit wet and you did not spot the mud!” said Dad.

We had a big hug, and Dad tended to my leg.

He got a plum from his bag and put it in my hand.

As I bit into the plum, I began to grin — yum!

I was on the mend — my leg was going to be OK!

The big slip was not so bad in the end.

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