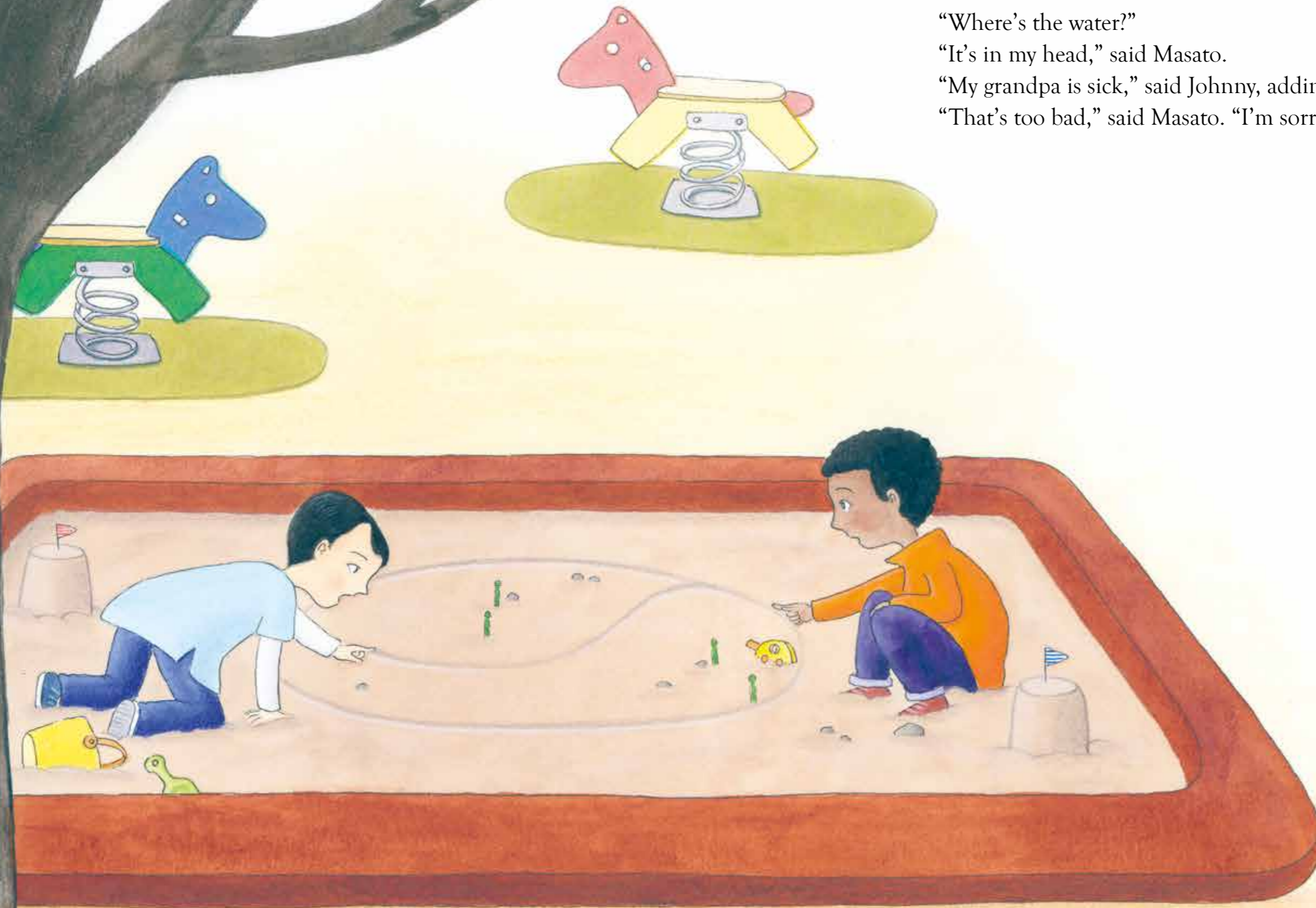
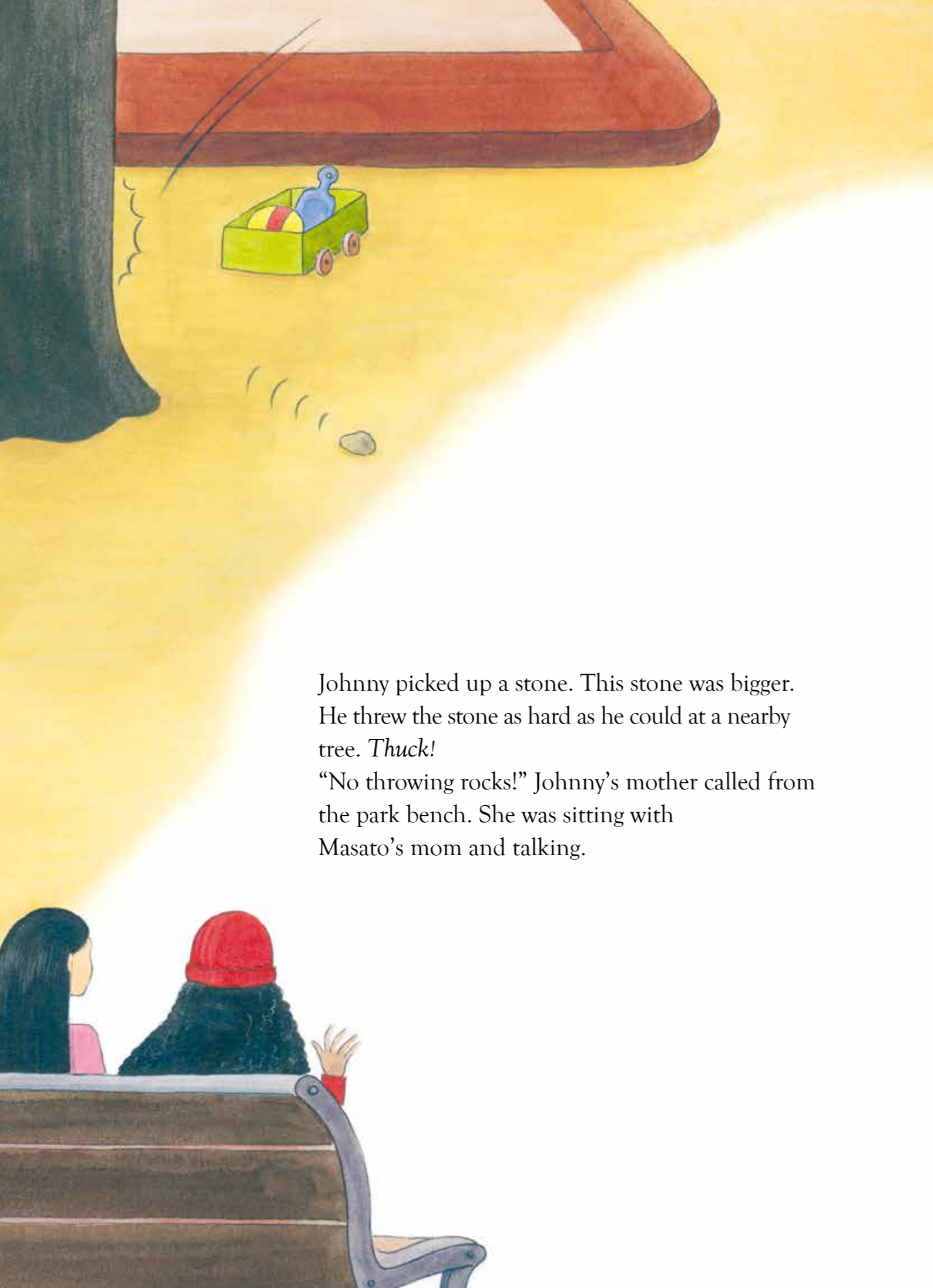


Johnny and Masato were playing in the sandbox.
Johnny had made a circle of small stones.
Inside the circle were his toy cannon and soldiers.
Masato ran his finger through the sand.
“What’s that?” asked Johnny.
“A river.”
“Where’s the water?”
“It’s in my head,” said Masato.
“My grandpa is sick,” said Johnny, adding a stone to his circle.
“That’s too bad,” said Masato. “I’m sorry he’s sick.”





Johnny picked up a stone. This stone was bigger. He threw the stone as hard as he could at a nearby tree. *Thuck!*
“No throwing rocks!” Johnny’s mother called from the park bench. She was sitting with Masato’s mom and talking.

Johnny picked up another rock. It felt smooth in his hand. He looked at his mother. He put the rock down.
“I don’t like my grandpa being sick,” said Johnny.
“Me either,” said Masato.

