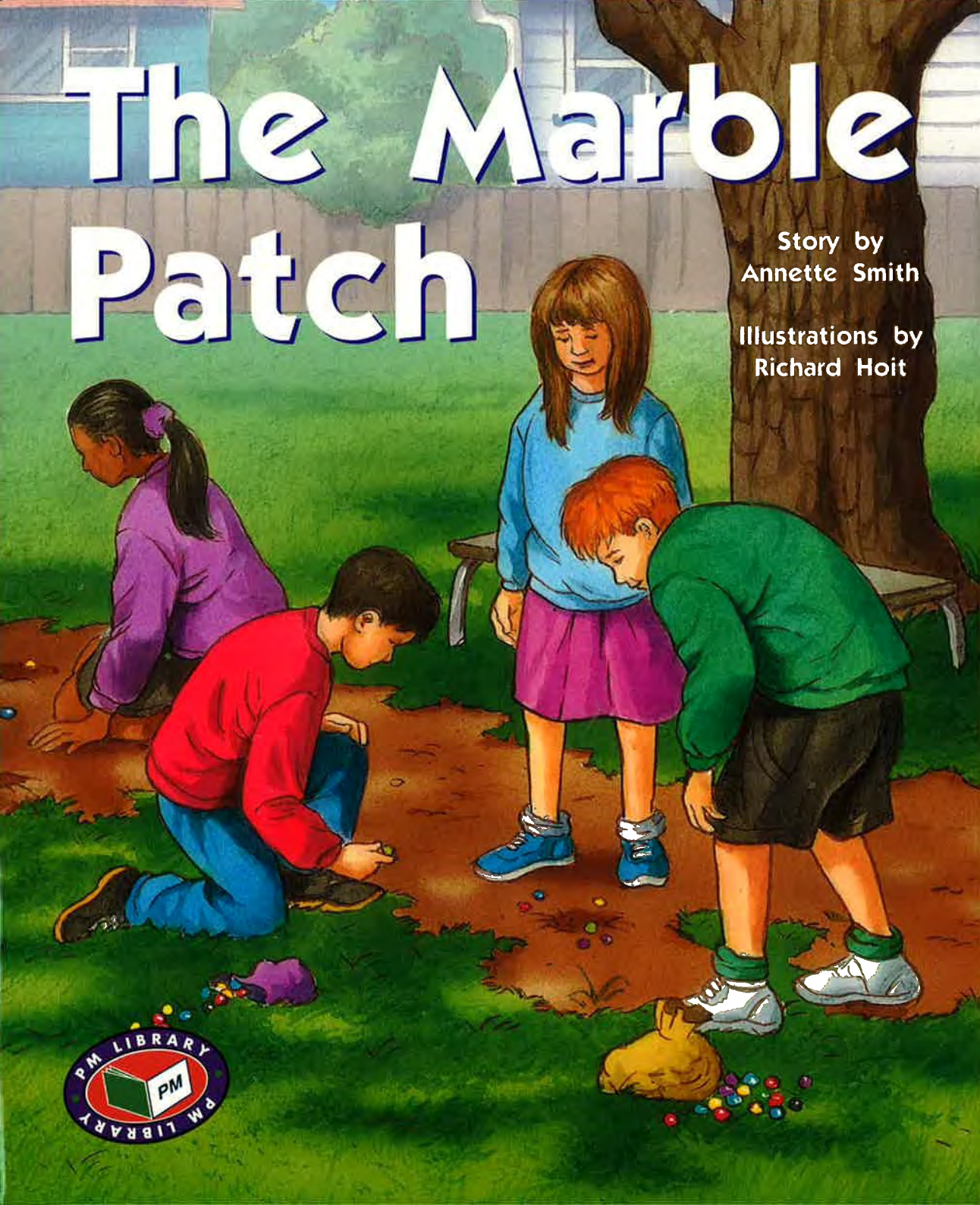
The Marble Patch

Story by
Annette Smith

Illustrations by
Richard Hoit



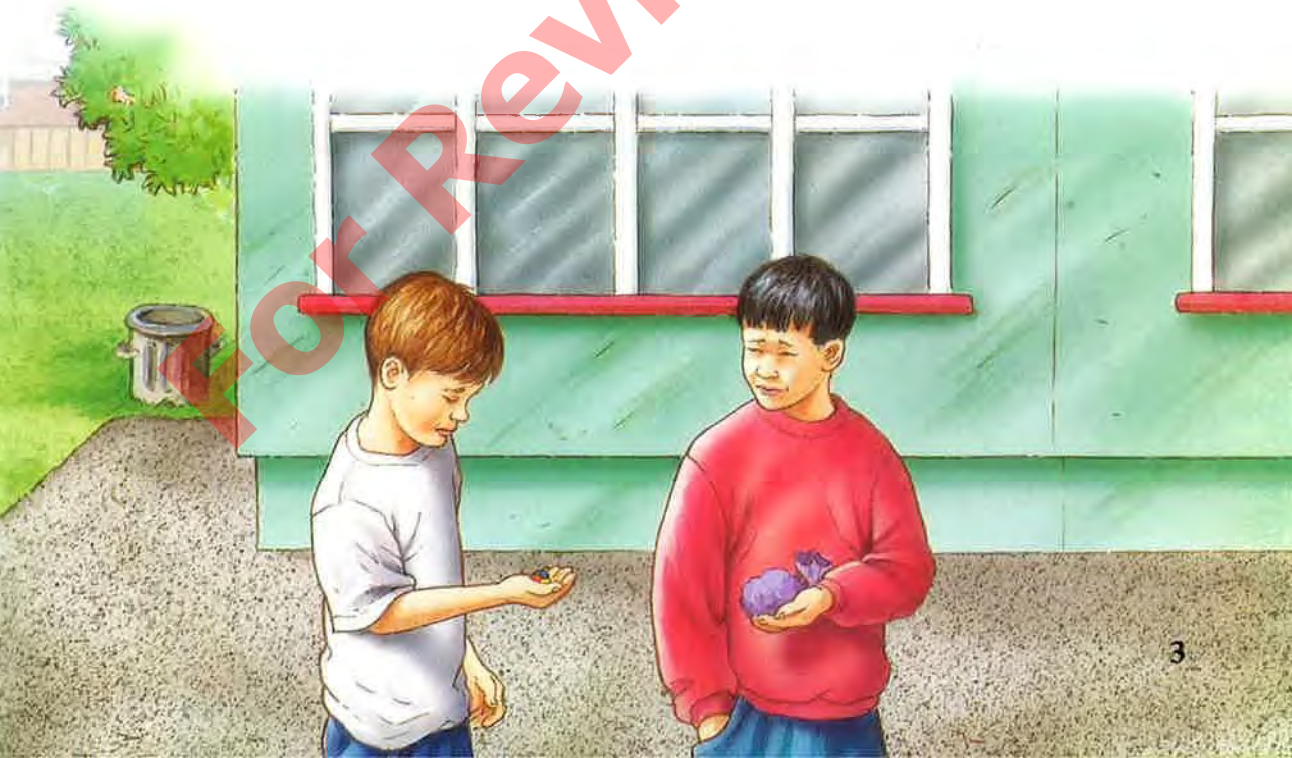
When the school bell rang,
Matthew and Henry
left the marble patch
and walked back to the classroom.

"I used to like playing marbles,"
said Henry,
"but it isn't fun any more.
I keep losing all the time."



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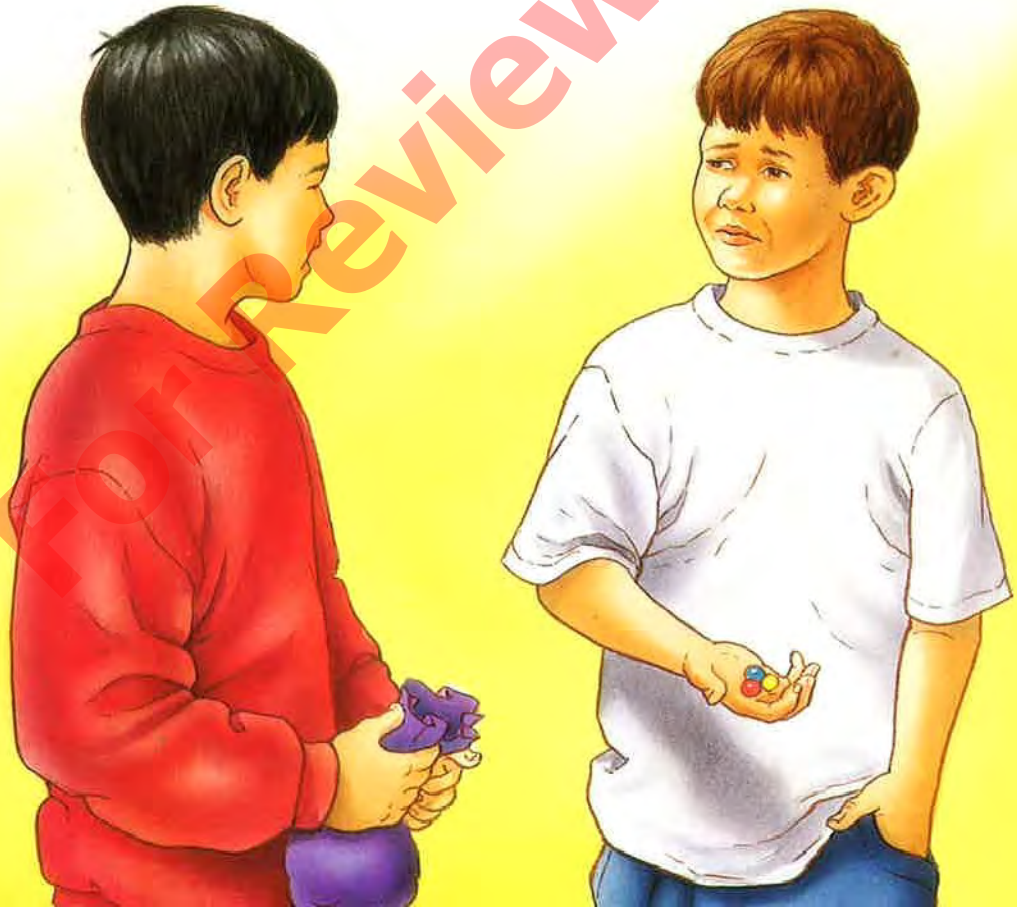
"I lost some of my favourite marbles today," said Matthew.
"We can never beat the big kids, and they always want to play against us.
I've only got three marbles left.
If I lose them tomorrow,
I won't be able to get any more until Saturday.
That's when I get my pocket money."



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"You two don't look very happy,"
said Mr Ford,
as he came over to them.

"We never win any marbles,"
said Henry, looking at Matthew.
"The other kids are better than us."



For Review Only



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The next day, Mr Ford came down
to the marble patch
under the big oak tree.

"Hello, Matthew," he said.
"Why aren't you playing?"

"I only had three marbles left,"
said Matthew,
"and Tim won all of them."



For Preview Only

Mr Ford watched the children for a while.
The older children were winning most of the games.



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