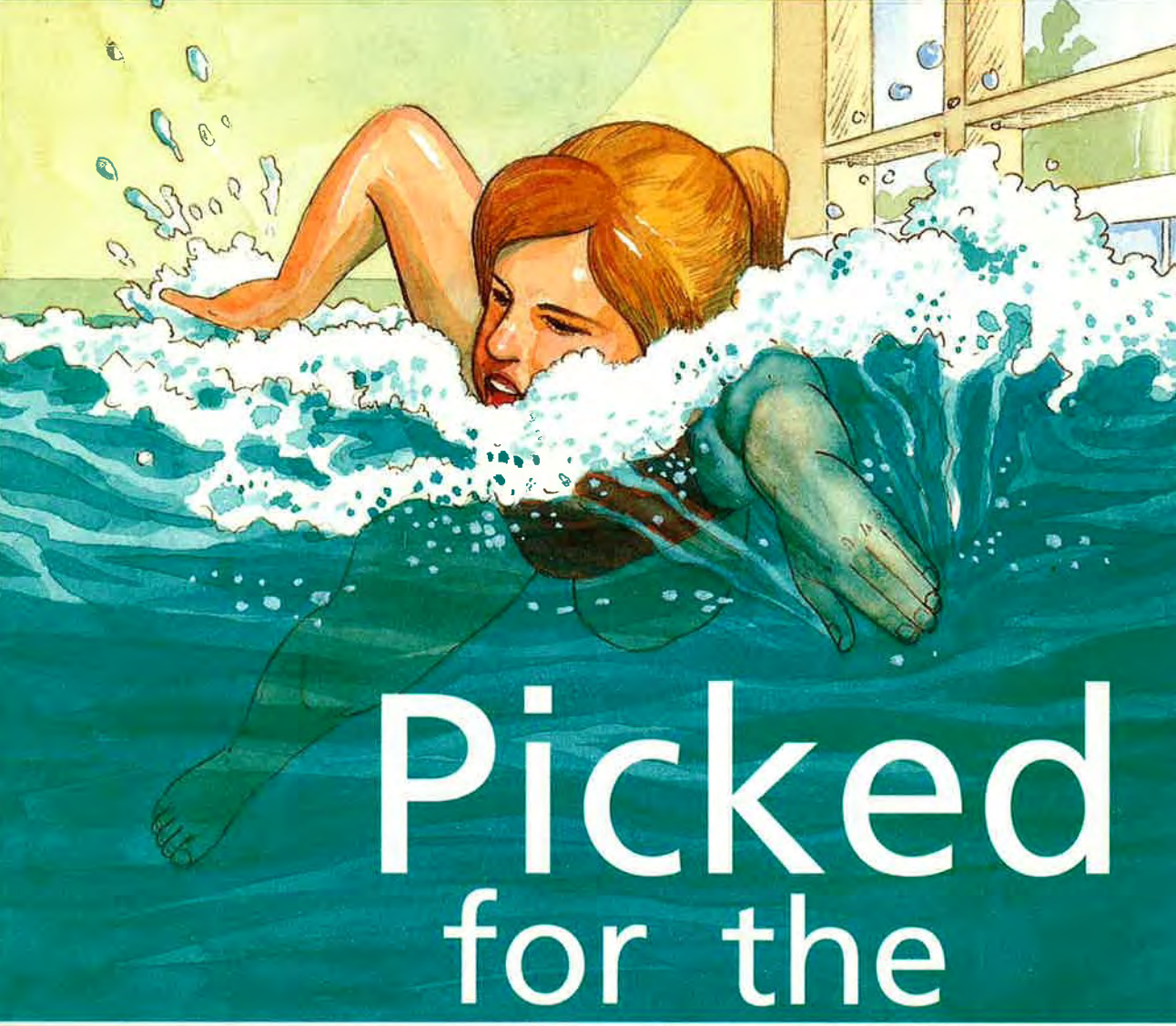


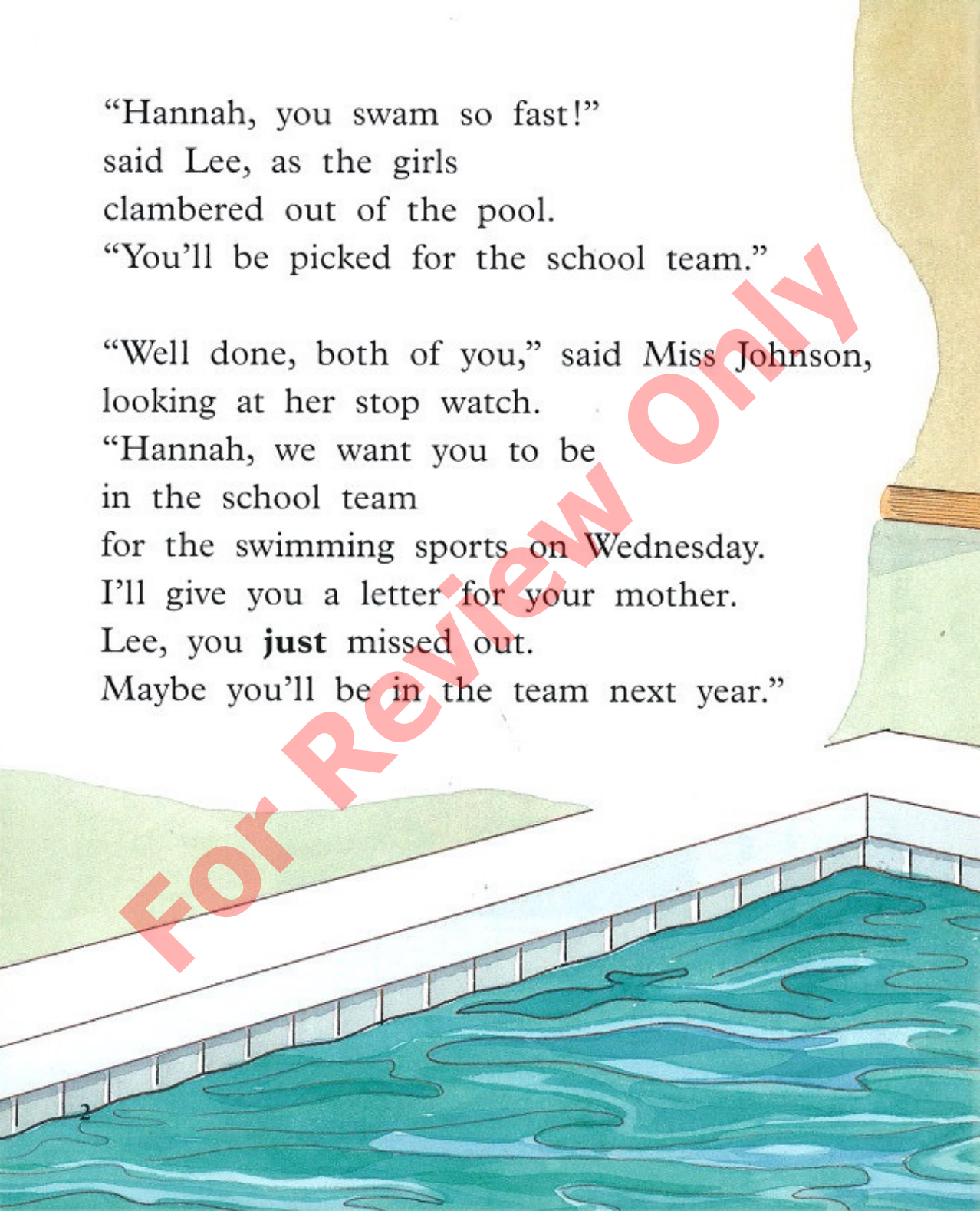
Picked for the Team

Story by Annette Smith
Illustrations by Xiangyi Mo and Jingwen Wang

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"Hannah, you swam so fast!"
said Lee, as the girls
clambered out of the pool.
"You'll be picked for the school team."

"Well done, both of you," said Miss Johnson,
looking at her stop watch.
"Hannah, we want you to be
in the school team
for the swimming sports on Wednesday.
I'll give you a letter for your mother.
Lee, you **just** missed out.
Maybe you'll be in the team next year."



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Hannah was very excited
as she raced home after school.

"Mum! Mum!" she called,
dropping her bag on the verandah.
"I'm in the school swimming team."

"Slow down a bit, Hannah,"
laughed Mum.
"Now, what's all the excitement?"

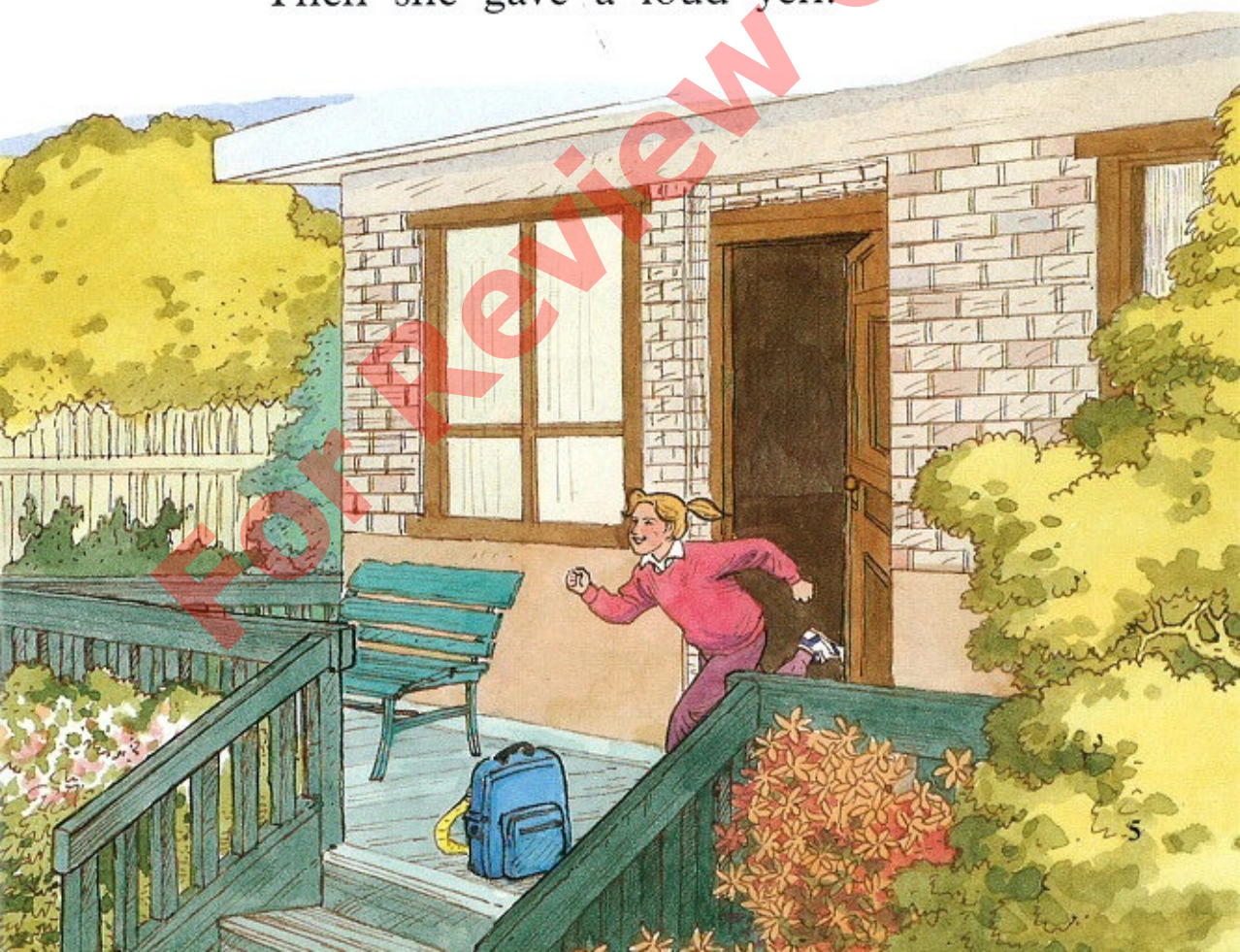


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A short time later, they heard
Dad's car pull up in the driveway.

"Dad's home!
I'm going to tell him, too," said Hannah,
as she dashed outside.

Then she gave a loud yell.



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Hannah had tripped over her school bag, and she was lying on the concrete path at the bottom of the steps.



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"My leg hurts," she cried,
struggling to sit up.
"Just lie still, Hannah," said Mum.
"Don't try to get up. Let me have a look."

By now, Dad was with them.
He looked anxiously at Hannah.
Her face was very white,
and she seemed to be in a lot of pain.

"I'll go and phone the doctor," said Mum.
"We won't move you,
because you may have broken your leg."

"Oh, no!" cried Hannah.
"I **can't** have a broken leg."

"Here, Hannah," said Dad.
"I'll put my jacket around you.
Lie as still as you can."

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