

# The Stork

Milena Lukešová  
Jan Kudláček





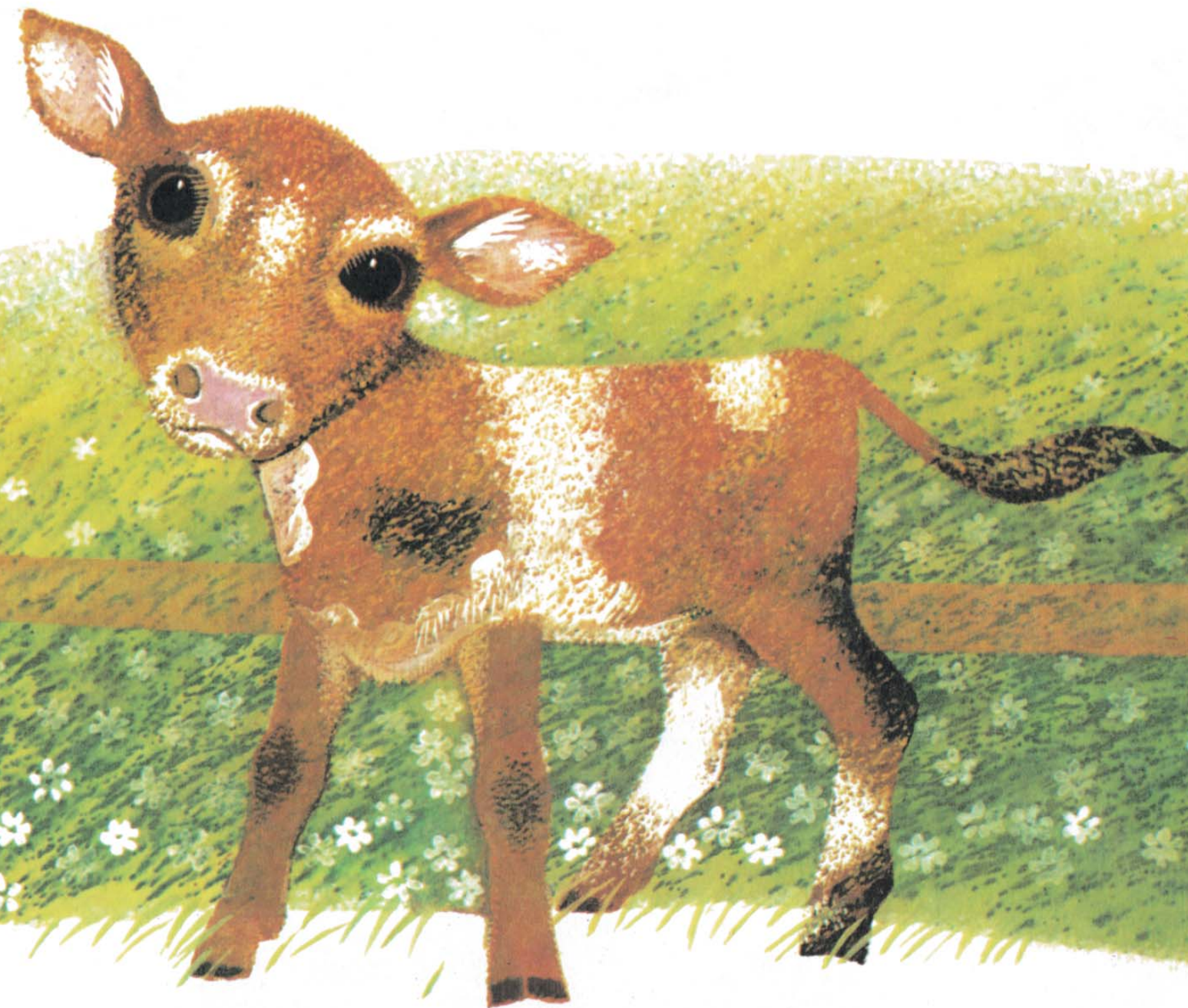


“What are you doing there in the flowerbed, Jamie?” calls Martin from the other side of the fence. “You should be watching out for your stork!” “Our dad has put a wheel on our chimney, too, just in case. Up there – look!” Bertie points into the distance. “Maybe this year your Manny will make his nest at our house. Our roof is much higher than yours.”





Jamie runs and runs.  
“It’s me, Manny!”  
“It’s me, Manny!”



When the stork sees the boy at the edge of the village, will it know him?  
And will it fly after him, to the house where it nested last year?  
The calf doesn’t know. There are lots of things the calf doesn’t know.





“Your Jamie has run off!”  
calls Bertie over the fence.

Mum is only afraid for a moment. Then she gives the pillow  
a good beating. “Our Jamie won’t get lost. He knows the way.”



“Where did you come from, Jamie?  
Are you looking for me? Why the hurry?”  
Jamie wants to tell Dad everything, but he must  
take several deep breaths to hold back his tears.





