



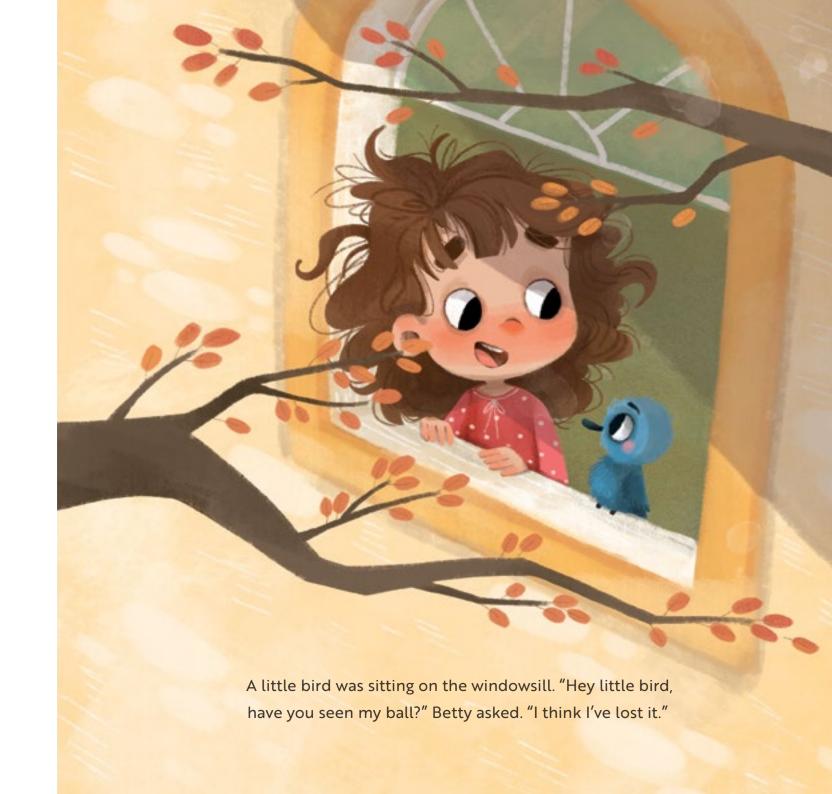


She looked in her toybox, but the ball wasn't there.



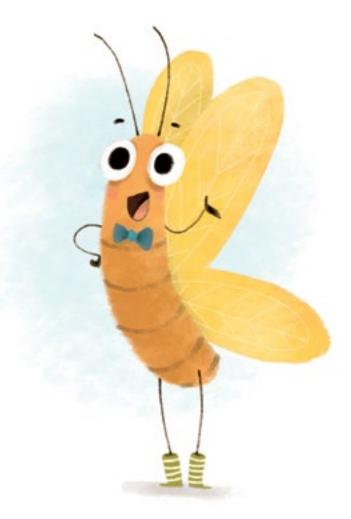
She looked under the bed and in the wardrobe, but it wasn't there either.

"Where are you?"
Betty called.
"I have to find
my ball."





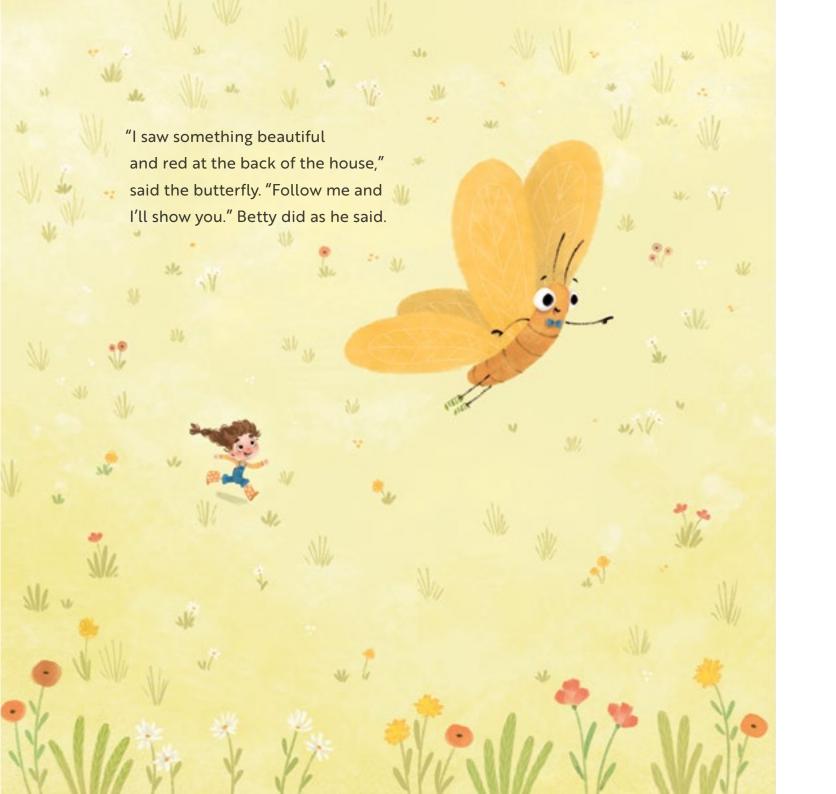
Betty got dressed, put on her shoes and ran into the garden. She saw a butterfly sitting on the letterbox.



"Hello, little butterfly," said Betty. "Have you seen my ball? I think I've lost it."

"What does it look like?" asked the butterfly.

"It's really beautiful and it's red," Betty replied.





The butterfly settled on a skirt Betty's mother had just hung on the line. "That's not my ball, it's my skirt," said Betty. "Not only is my ball beautiful and red, but it's round too."

"I'm sorry," said the butterfly. "I haven't seen anything like that." With a wave of his wings, he flew away.



