

The Little Red Ball



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But the little boy couldn't find his ball anywhere in the playground. He saw a wet **dog** tied to a bench. He untied the dog.

"Thank you for untying me, little boy," said the dog.
"Why are you so sad?"

"I lost my ball in the playground."

"Don't cry. We'll look for it together. Let's ask the cat who lives in those flats over there. She can see the whole playground. Perhaps she can help us."

"And how will we be able to recognize her?"

"She has white fur, a long tail, and she loves lying on the windowsill."

"Thank you, Doggy."



They walked to the building together. On the first floor, there was a white **cat** lying on a windowsill.

“Excuse me, Pussycat, have you seen my ball?”

“What does it look like?”

“It’s small and red. I lost it in the playground.”

“Yes, I have seen your ball. Some boys were playing football with it. They kicked it into those bushes. Perhaps the crow can help you. He often flies to those bushes.”

“And how will we be able to recognize him?”

“The crow has black feathers, black feet, and a black beak, and he likes sitting on roofs.”

“Thank you, Pussycat.”



They came to the drainpipe. There was a little pile of dry leaves nearby. A **hedgehog** was snuggled up inside it.

“Excuse me, Miss Hedgehog, have you seen my ball?”

“What does it look like?”

“It’s small, red, round, and smooth.”

“Oh yes, I have seen it. It fell from the drainpipe into my leaf pile. I thought it was an egg and tried to crack it. I pierced it with my claw, but there was nothing inside. Then the wind blew and the ball rolled away. Perhaps the mouse can help. He lives near the bakery and knows all the little paths around here.”

“And how will we be able to recognize him?”

“The mouse is very little with round ears and a long, thin tail.”

“Thank you, Miss Hedgehog.”.



They came to the bakery and
saw a hole in the ground.
A little **mouse** peeked out.

“Excuse me, Mr. Mouse, have you seen my ball?”

“What does it look like?”

“It’s small, red, round, smooth, and it has a tiny hole in it.”

“Oh yes, I have seen it. I wanted to make a little house out of it. But then it started to rain, and the water washed it into the gutter and down to the river. Perhaps the frog can help you. She lives in a little pool by the river.”

“And how will we be able to recognize her?”

“The frog is green with long legs and big bulging eyes, and she loves jumping into the water.”

“Thank you, Mr. Mouse.”



A large orange **truck** was parked beside the bin.

“Excuse me, Mr. Binman, have you seen my ball?”

“What does it look like?”

“It’s small, red, and smooth, and there’s no air in it. It has two little holes and one big one, and the fisherman threw it in the bin.”

“I’m afraid, I haven’t seen your ball. But you can come with me to the tip if you’d like. That’s where we take all the rubbish from the bins.”

They drove to the tip, just outside the city.

“What are those big hills?” the boy asked.

“Those are big heaps of rubbish from all the bins in the city,” the binman replied.

“Oh, we’ll never find my ball among all that rubbish!” The little boy began to cry again.

“Perhaps your doggy friend can help you.”

“Thank you, Mr. Binman.”



A little boy left his ball at the playground.
Where has it gone? Where could it be?
Has anyone seen it?

A story that shows that we sometimes
need help from others to find what we're
looking for – even if it's only a little
red ball.

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aged 2 and over