

The ice cream



by

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Joey and his mum were waiting at the bus-stop. They wanted to visit Joey's grandmother who lived at the other end of town. It took about one hour to get there on the bus. Joey enjoyed visiting his grandmother because she always gave him a treat. Chocolate, lollies, jelly babies or ice cream. But ice cream was his favourite.

He enjoyed visiting his grandmother but he didn't enjoy the bus ride, which was boring and too long. While they were waiting for the bus to come, Joey looked across the street. And what do you think he saw? Yes, an ice cream vendor.

'Mum, look over there. An ice cream vendor. I want an ice cream!' He jumped up and down with excitement.



Joey's mum knew he wouldn't be quiet if he didn't get an ice cream. But in the distance she could see the bus coming.

'Quickly then!' she said to Joey. 'The bus will be here in a short while.'

So they crossed the road as fast as they could.

'One ice cream, please,' said Joey's mum.

'Yes, madam. Which flavour do you want?'

'Chocolate,' said Joey. 'No, wait! I'll have strawberry. No, I'll have mango flavour. No, I'll have...'

'Hurry up, Joey!' said his mum. 'Just choose one flavour.'

'Oh, all right,' said Joey. 'I'll have mango.'

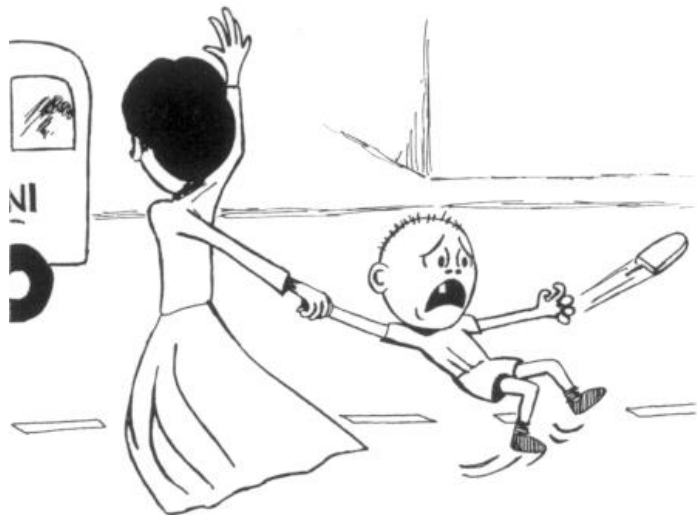


Just then the bus came.

‘Hurry!’ said his mum. ‘We’ll miss the bus!’



She pulled Joey’s hand to get him across the road. But as she was pulling him, he dropped the ice cream, which fell on the dirty road. Joey was so unhappy.



‘Mum, stop! I’ve dropped my ice cream!’ shouted Joey. But, of course, they couldn’t stop. They had to get on the bus.

The journey to grandmother’s house seemed very long that day. Joey cried and cried the whole journey. The other passengers on the bus were very angry. Joey’s mother was so embarrassed. What an awful day!

