

# The bleeding apple

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English





Kala was staying with his Mom. They lived in a big house. Kala was a spoiled boy. His Mom loved him very much. He got everything that he wanted.



It was a bright, sunny Saturday morning. It was the start of the school holidays.

Kala woke up later than usual. He was excited and ready to go out in the street to play with his friends.

Kala's Mom was working in her vegetable garden. She saw her son running out through the door.





On the kitchen table there was a big basket full of a variety of fruits. Kala called out to his Mom, asking for an apple. "Did you bath?" asked his Mom. "Did you brush your teeth?" she asked too. "Yes Mom!" answered Kala. "Ok, you can have one," she agreed.



Kala immediately chose the biggest, juiciest apple from the fruit basket. He then dashed outside towards his favourite playing area.

After a few seconds, Mom heard  
Kala screaming.  
"Aah, Mom!" called Kala.



"Mom, my apple is bleeding!" he said.  
His Mom was busy in the kitchen and Kala burst through the door. "Why are you making such a noise Kala," asked his Mom. "What is it?"





"My apple is bleeding, look," he said again. Kala's Mom stopped what she was doing and turned to look at her son. She had a surprise look on her face.

She took the apple from Kala's hand and looked at it.  
"Come here and open your mouth," she order Kala.  
"Aah," opened Kala wide. Mom bend a little and peeped  
into her son's mouth.

"It's not the apple that is bleeding, you little, lazy, naughty boy. It's your filthy, yellow rotting teeth!" she shouted.

"You do not brush your teeth as told!" she said with a cross face. All that Kala felt as he escaped through the door, was his behind getting warm from his Mom's dish cloth!

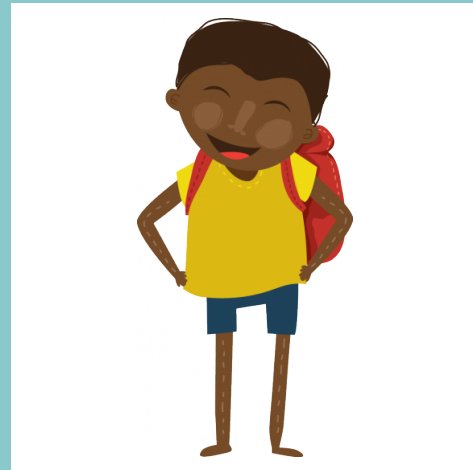


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