

For my dad x

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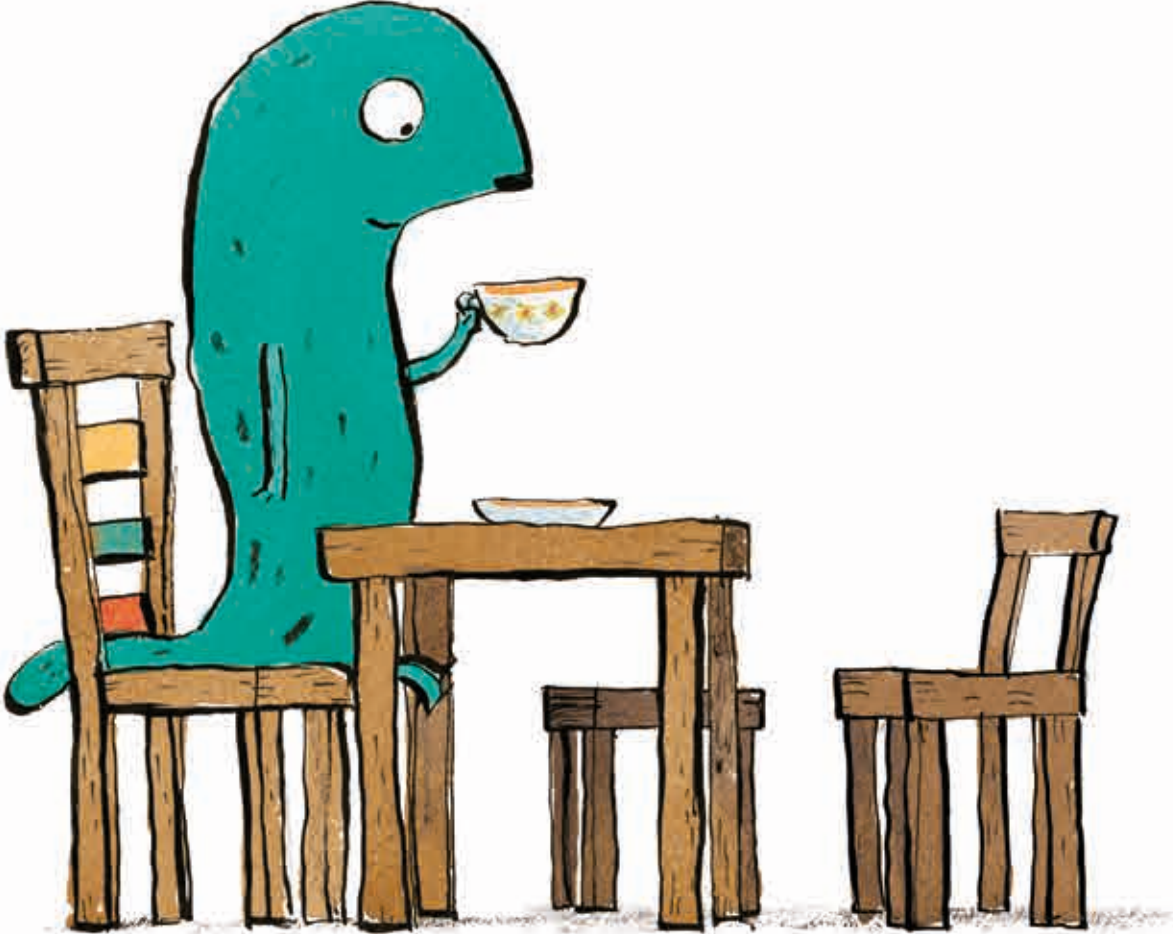
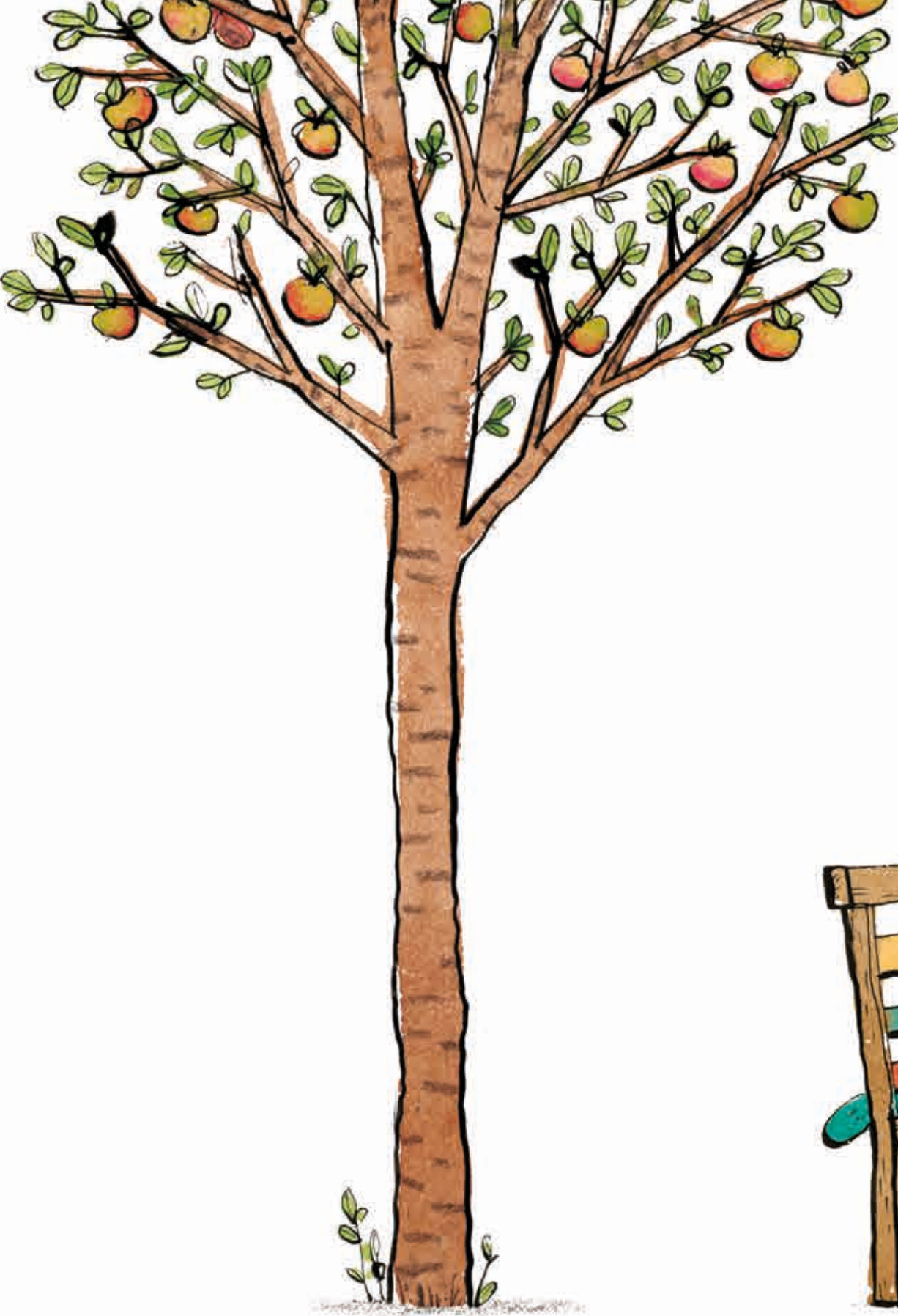
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The Teacup

Chris Naylor-Ballesteros

A long time ago, a stranger arrived from
far away with nothing but a teacup
and an old photograph in a suitcase.

He made new friends and a new home.



And every morning his friends would
come by to share a cup of tea together.

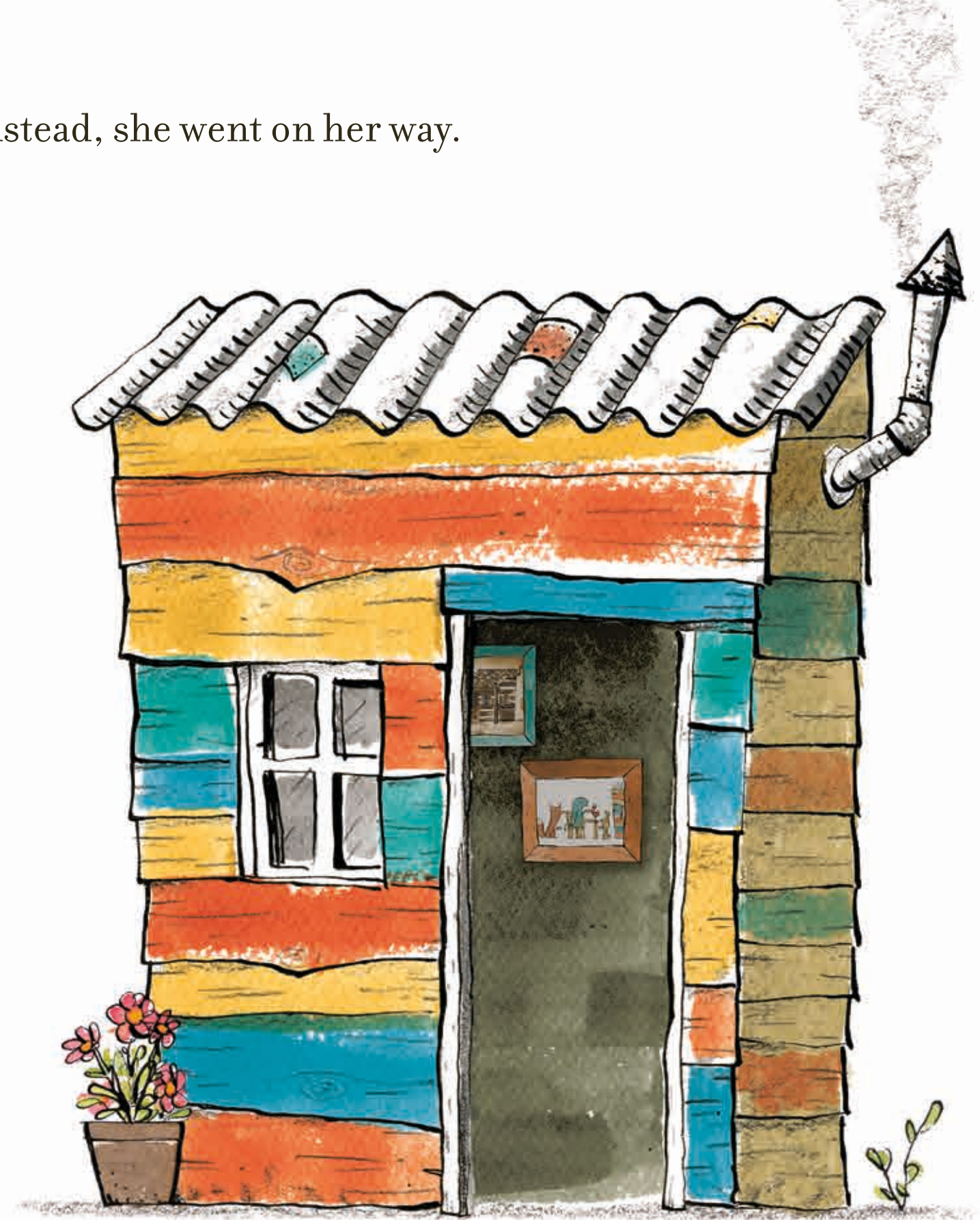




Very early one morning, when the sun was still rising, a new stranger arrived. She carried a tattered old bag and was softly singing to herself.

She looked at the apples on the table, and the cosy cabin with smoke unfurling from the chimney, but didn't dare to knock.

Instead, she went on her way.



The sun was bright and warm
when the friends arrived.



Mmm . . . those
apples look
delicious.

Hello!

What a
lovely
morning!

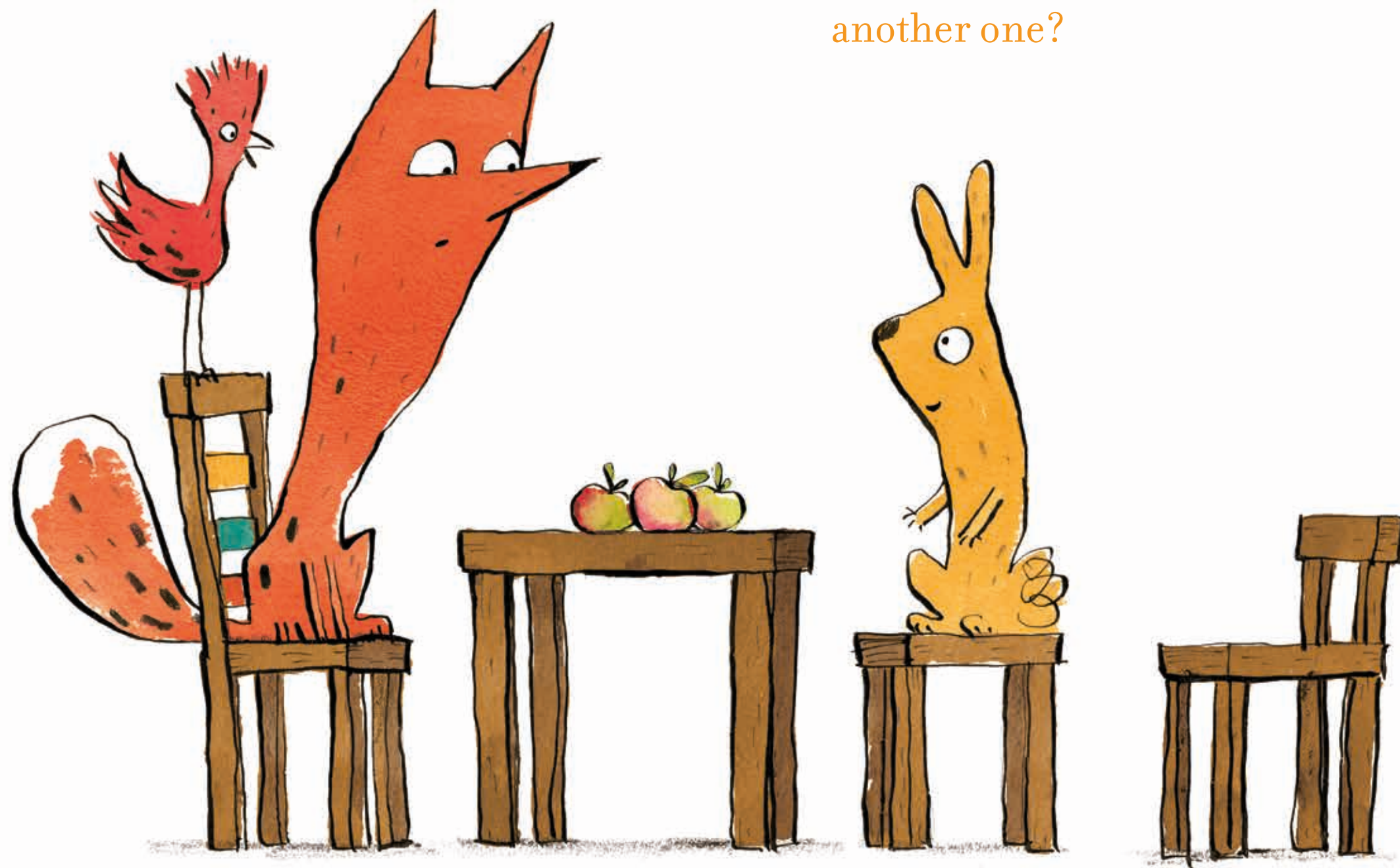


Good morning,
everyone!
Yes, they do.
I picked a
fresh one for
each of us.

Thank you!
But . . .
there's only
three.

That's
strange!

Well, why
don't we pick
another one?



I'm sure
I picked four . . .
but never mind.



The friends sat and
talked until it was
time for them to be
on their way.