

Billy lived on a quiet street in a big city. His mother sometimes took him to the park to play, but when she was busy, he played in the street. One evening Billy's father gave him a beautiful new ball, and the next morning Billy went out into the street to play with it. He played happily for a few minutes, but then a big dog came along. When the dog saw the ball, he wanted to play with it too.

Billy picked the ball up and held it above his head. He did not want the big dog to take it and run away with it, but the dog jumped up and knocked him over.

Billy's mother came out of the house and ran to him at once. "Did he bite you?" she asked.

"No, he didn't bite me," Billy answered, "but he tasted me."