

Mr. Pearce liked shooting ducks very much. Whenever he had a free day, he went out shooting with his friends.

But one summer he said to himself, 'I've never been to the mountains. My holidays are going to begin soon, so I'm going to go to the mountains and shoot deer. They're more interesting than ducks, I think.'

So when his holidays began, Mr. Pearce went to the station, bought his ticket and was soon in the mountains.

He got out at a small station and walked through fields and forests for a few kilometers. Then he saw a farmer in a field.

'Good morning,' Mr. Pearce said to him. 'Are there any deer here?'

'Well,' answered the farmer slowly, 'there was one last year, but all the gentlemen from the town came and shot at it, and it's gone somewhere else now, I think.'