

# A New Home

Past the last house, past the factory gates, past the edge of town, there, hidden at the feet of ancient trees, sparkled a small, green pond.

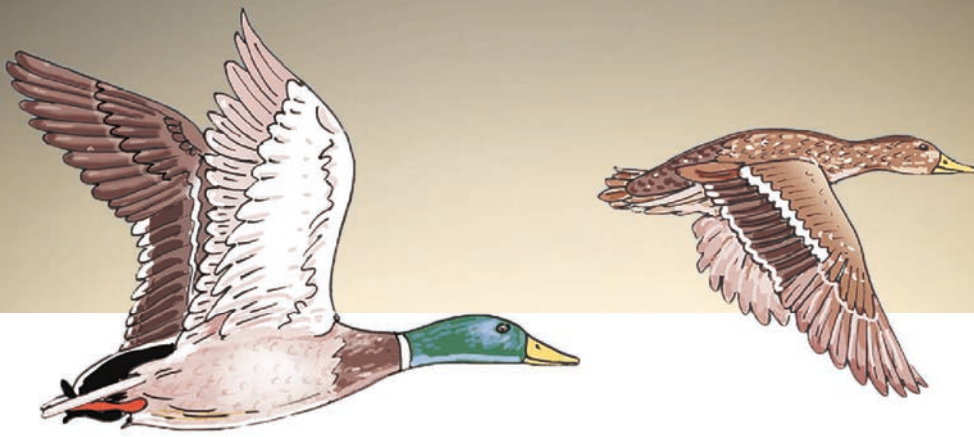
Tall reeds rustled around its edge, hiding croaking frogs and clouds of buzzing insects.

The pond was home for two small, wild ducks who spent their days swimming and diving for food, and their nights sleeping safely on a small island.

One day, huge, rumbling, grumbling machines crawled towards the pond. With a roar and a gurgle, out poured the pond's precious water.

Now the pond and island were gone forever. The ducks would have to find another place to live. The ducks needed water, where they could swim and find food, and a safe place to sleep.





All day the two ducks flew, leaving the town and its grumbling machines far behind. At last, very tired, they came to the sea. But the waves were frightening, the water was salty, and they couldn't find any food.

Grumpy seagulls squawked and chased them away. When the sun went down, the two ducks slept in a silent fairground.

The fair and the beach could not be a home for wild ducks. So the next day, they flew on and on until they found a busy river.

That night, two tired little ducks slept on a small, bobbing boat, but almost went out to sea in the morning.

The homeless ducks flew and flew. Then, just before the sun set, they found another pond.

The ducks hid in some thick reeds. But they were found, pushed into a dark box, and jolted around for a long time.

At last, they were set free on a lake where tall reeds rustled, frogs croaked, and clouds of insects buzzed over the clear water. A new home at last!

