

Chapter 5



I thought about the painting all day at school. The teacher asked me a question, but I didn't hear.

What's wrong with you? You're not listening to a word I say.



I didn't sleep very well last night.

I didn't tell her about the painting. "Nobody will believe me," I thought.

After school I ran home. Outside the house, I looked in the rubbish bin. The rubbish and the painting weren't there.



Good! That's the end of that horrible painting!

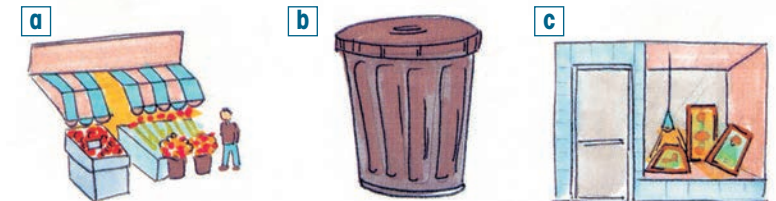
I went into the house. Mum and Dad weren't at home. I started to make something to eat. I heard somebody at the front door.

It was Mum. She had another painting under her arm. She was tired but she was very happy.



"I was lucky today," she said. "I went to the **market** to look at the paintings, but I didn't like them. On the way home, I found this beautiful painting. It was in a rubbish bin on the street." She showed me the painting.

Where did Mum find the painting?



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