

It's breakfast time. I hope I don't get my dress dirty so early in the morning...

"Yuuuummmmmmmmm How delicious!"

Although you can see that my feet don't touch the ground here, you shouldn't think that I'm small.

I'm the third **tallest** in my class.

But the chairs in the kitchen at home are very high.

My father always says that it's because we are too realistic and that from time to time, it's good to let your imagination fly away a little.

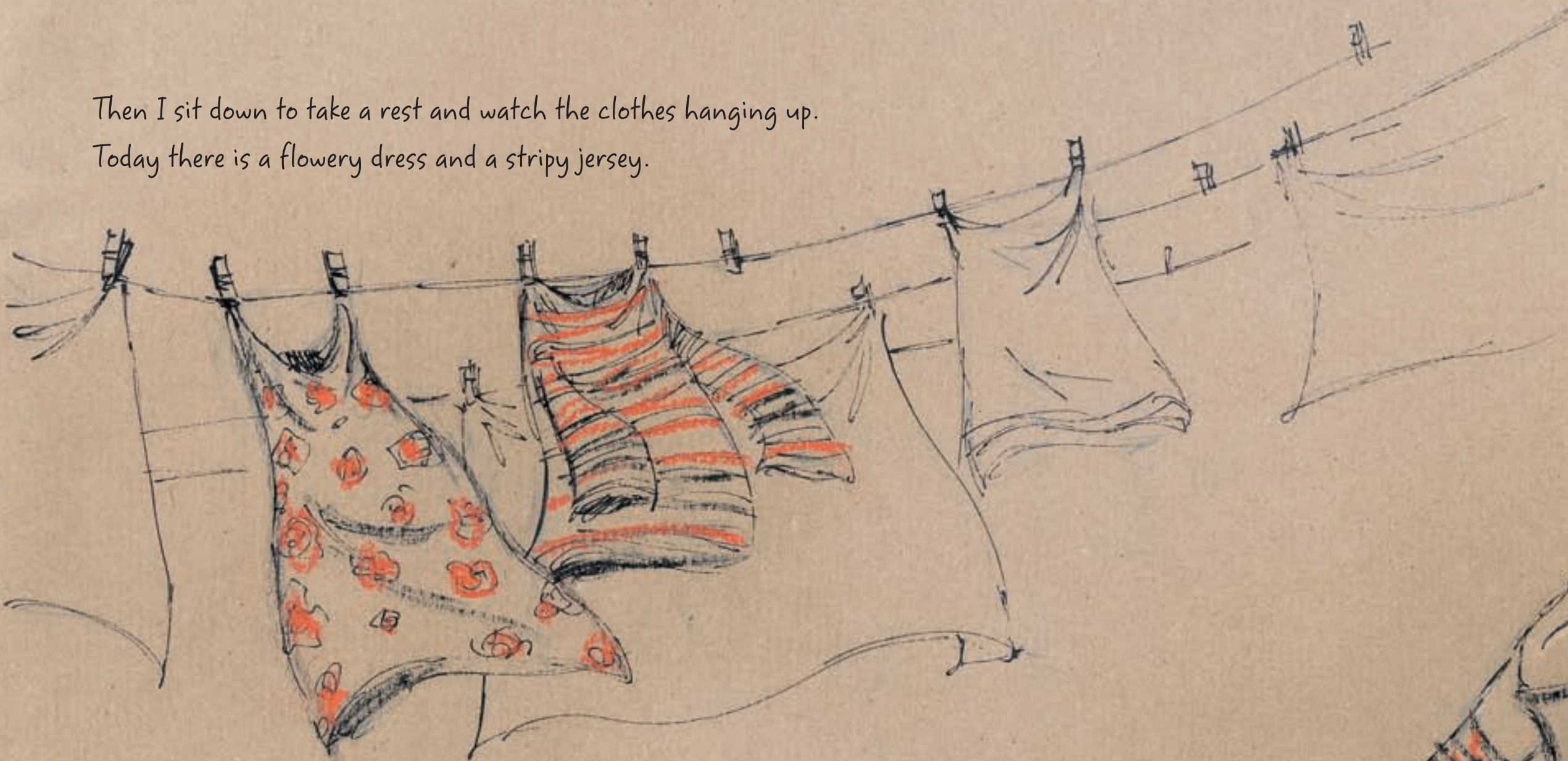


I go to school by bicycle.
Whenever I can,

I leave the house along the plain tree path and I follow
it to the end. I love hearing the leaves murmur
when the wind blows, because I imagine that
this is how the trees tell each
other their secrets.



Then I sit down to take a rest and watch the clothes hanging up.
Today there is a flowery dress and a stripy jersey.



I like watching the wind caress the clean sheets
as I imagine the love story
that might exist between the boy with the
stripy jersey and the girl with that dress.

