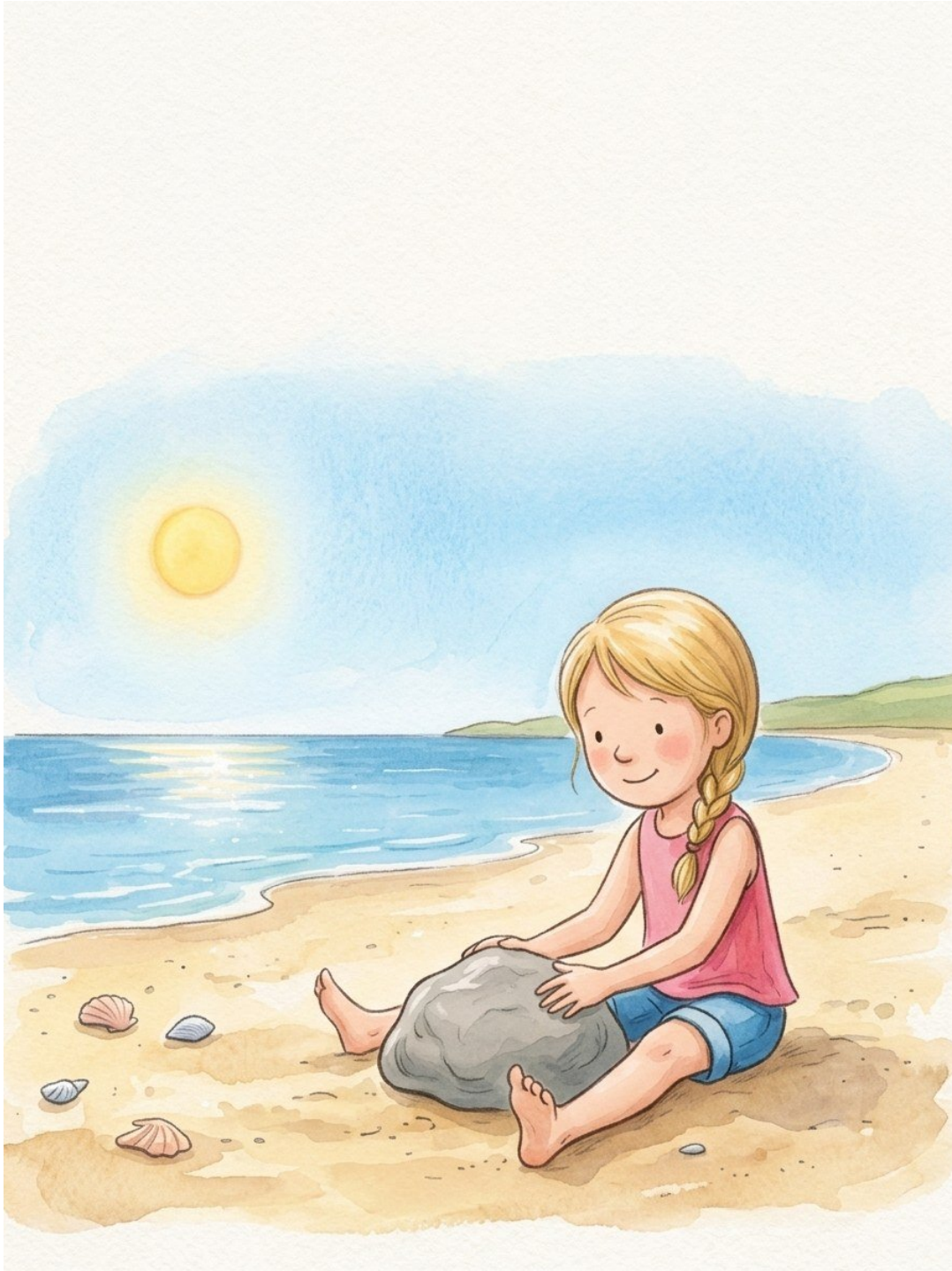




Beth's Clay Tray



It was a fine day down by the bay. Beth sat on the damp sand with a plan. She had a big lump of gray clay.



"I will make a nice tray today," she said. Beth started to press and shape the wet clay. Then, a stray dog ran up.



He saw Beth and wanted to play. He got right in the way. He jumped and gave her a spray of sand.



Beth had to keep the dog off her clay. "No, you must stay back!" Beth said. "I say no!"
The dog did not run off.



He just sat in the sand and looked at her. "I pray he does not step on it," Beth thought. She had to find a way to fix this.



Beth stood up. She grabbed a thick stick and lay it on the sand to make a line. "You can stay on that side of the stick," she told the dog.



"Then we can play." She tossed a small stick for the dog to fetch. The stray dog ran to get it.



Beth sat back down to work. She let a ray of sun bake her new tray. It was a very good day by the bay.