



The Brook

When he was young, he and his brother would walk down to the brook. They would look inside for fish. Some days there were fish. Some days there were none. If they saw fish, they would take out their hook. On the days that they got a fish, their mom would cook it for dinner. If there were no fish, they took out a book. They sat in a nook by the brook and read their book. The brook was a nice place to be.



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