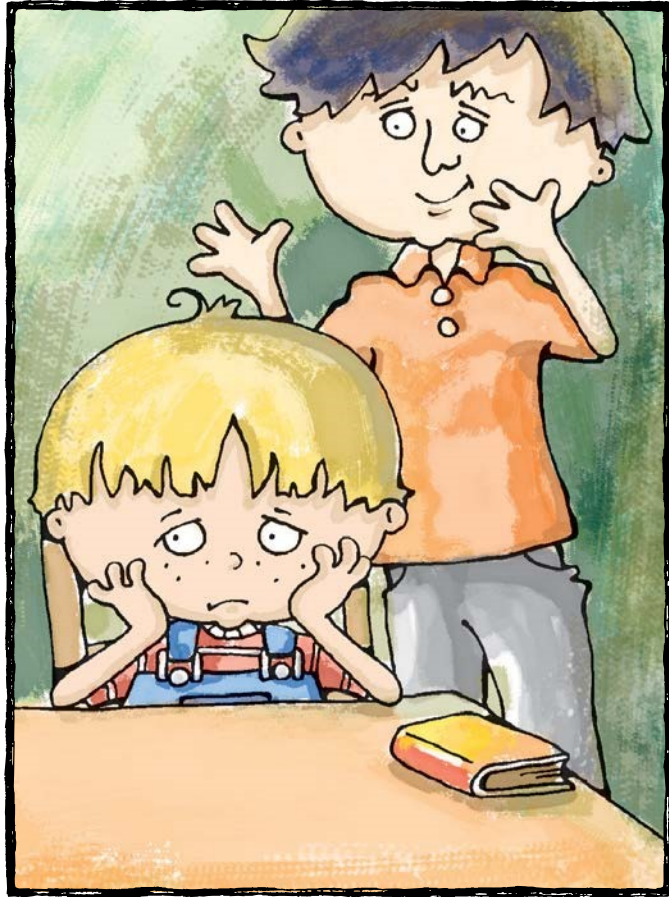


The Mind Game

A Reading A-Z Level K Levelled Book
Word Count: 400

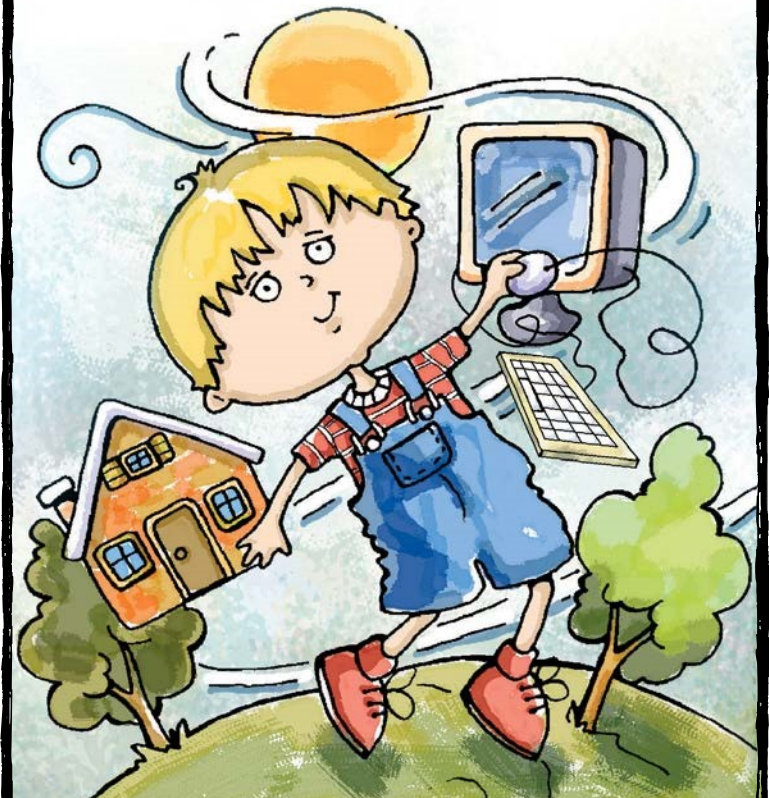


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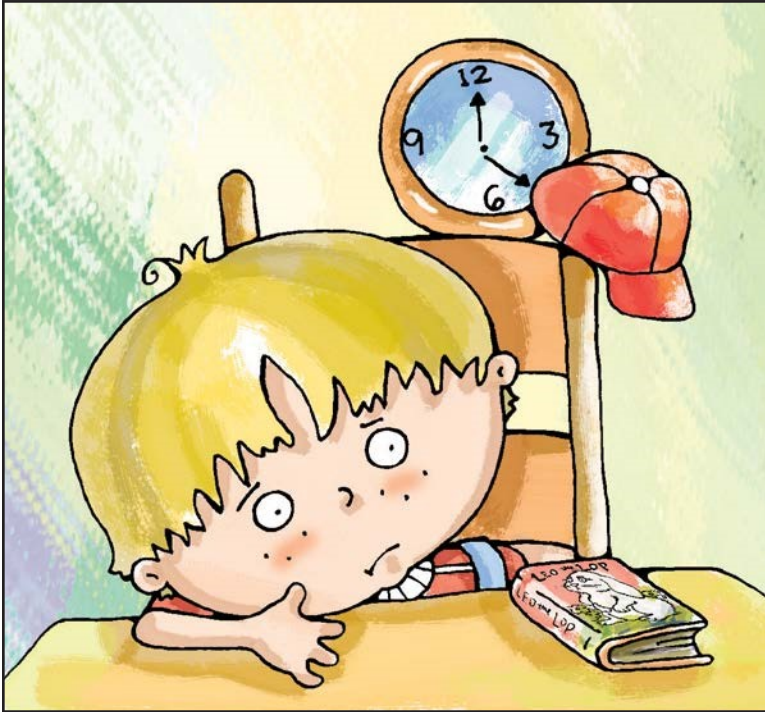


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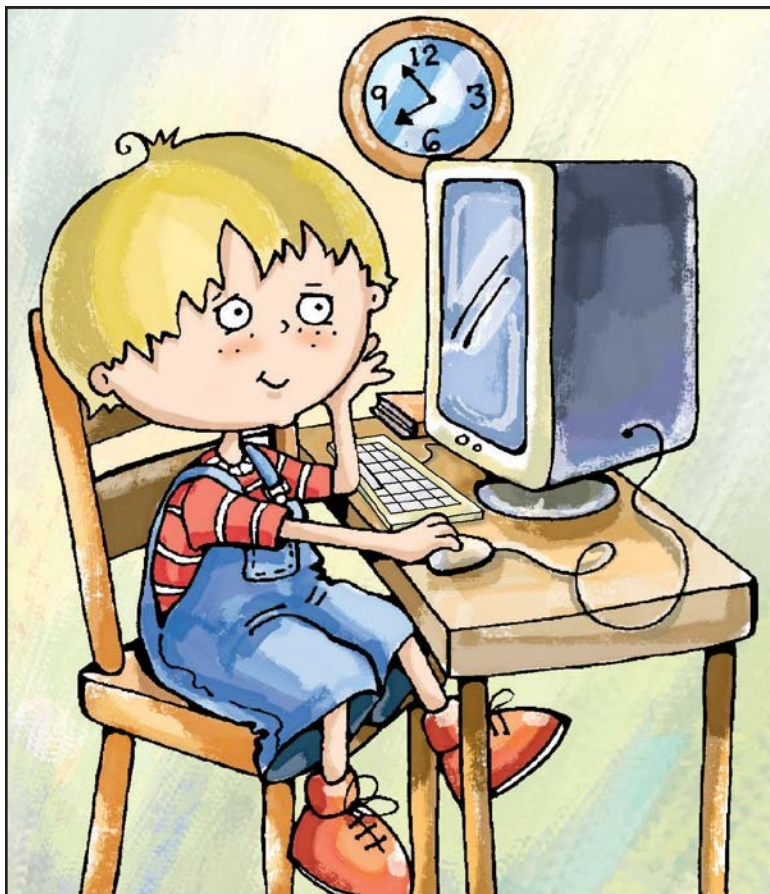
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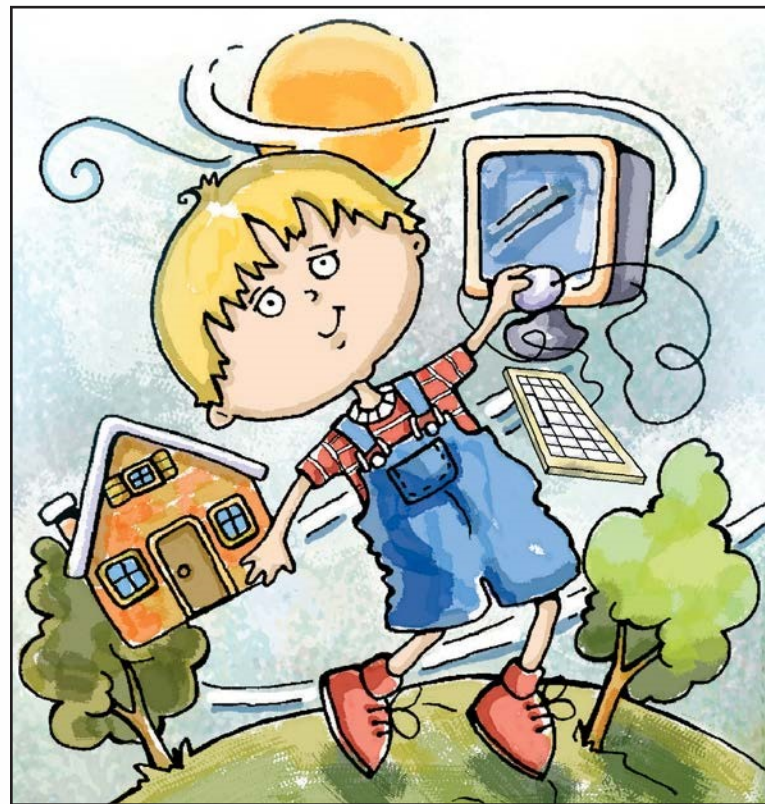
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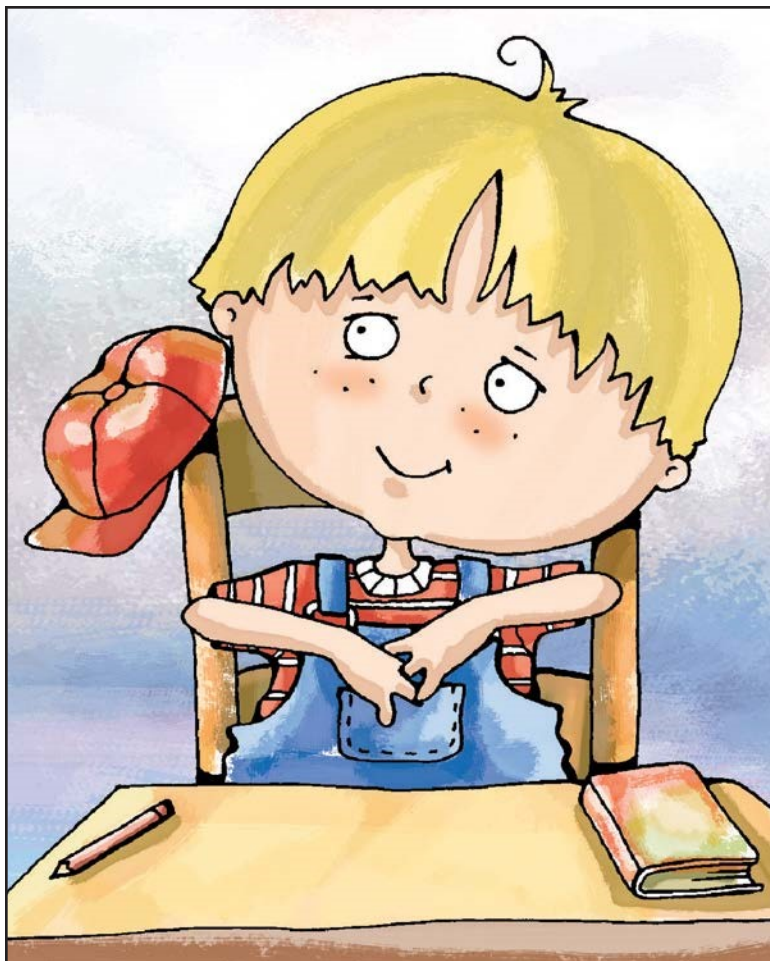
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There once was a very special boy who loved to play games on a computer that sat on his mother's desk. When his mother wasn't using the computer, he was allowed to sit and play for as long as he liked.

When he was playing, the game was like a dream in his mind. He was so wrapped up in the game that he didn't know if it was sunny outside. He wouldn't have noticed if a tornado was blowing away his house.





And then one day it happened!
He climbed into the chair at his
mother's desk. He twisted his neck,
flexed his fingers and got ready
to play a game, but . . .

. . . the keyboard was gone!
And so was the monitor and even
the mouse.

"Mum!"





The very special boy's scream brought his mother and his father running from the kitchen.

"What is it? What happened?" they cried, rushing to his side.



"Mum!" he said, pointing at the desk.

"Look!"

His mother looked. His father looked. "At what, son?" they asked. "There's nothing there."

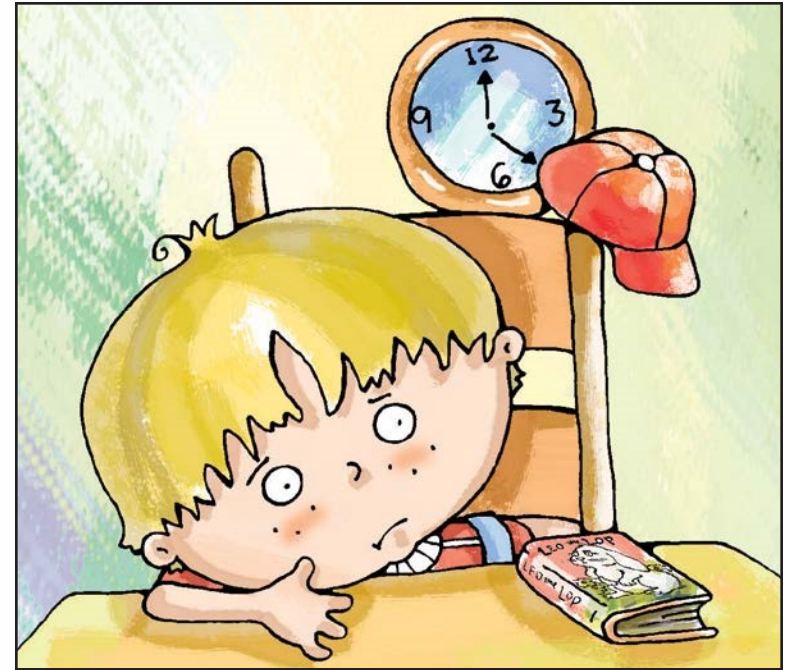
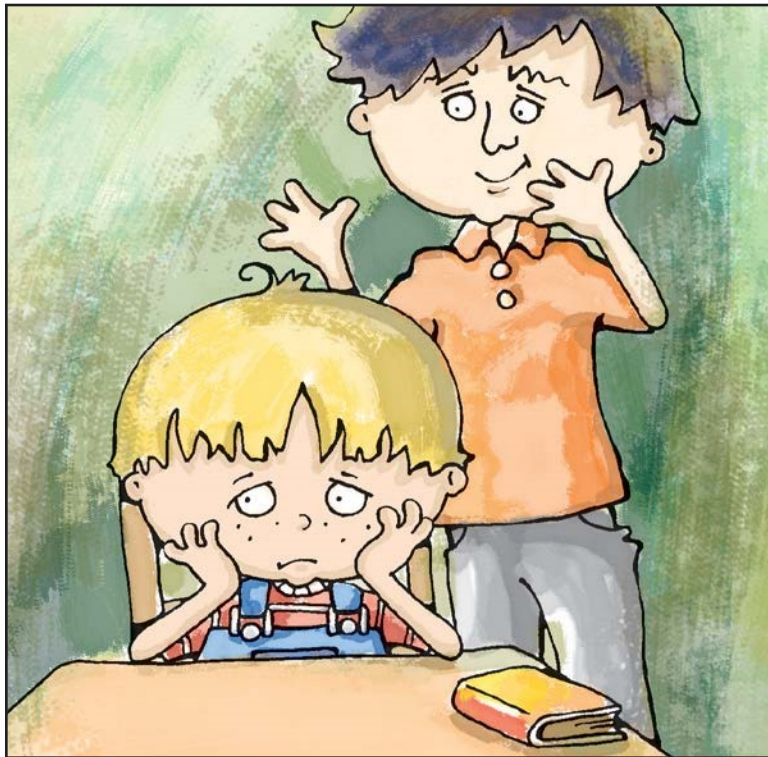
"I know. I know," he said. "The computer is gone!"

"Oh, is that all," said his mother as she went back to the kitchen.

"The computer is broken. We're having it repaired. It'll be back soon."

"How soon is soon?" the boy cried.

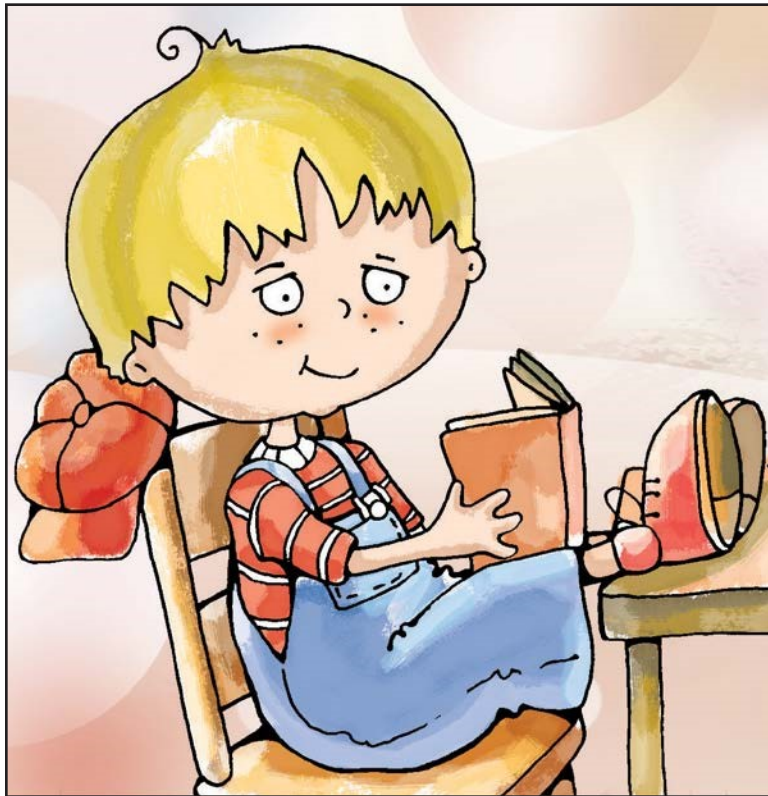
"A week or two," chuckled the father.



It might as well have been a million years. The boy was left alone with nothing to do.

He sat, forlorn, at the desk. He stared at the empty place where the screen, keyboard and mouse used to sit. Now there was nothing except a raggedy-paged old book called *Leo the Lop*.

With a deep sigh, he opened the book and looked at the words spread across the page. He read a few words and then a few more. He was surprised to find that pictures began to form in his mind, just like with the computer game.



Like a river, the pictures from words began to flow through his mind as he read the wonderful story.



He read that book and another
and another. He read stories about
bunnies, butterflies and bears.



In time, the computer was returned.
But the very special boy now had a
very special game that didn't need a
mouse or a keyboard.

For from books come dreams,
and from dreams come magical
tomorrows.

